



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

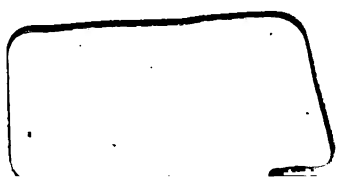
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



















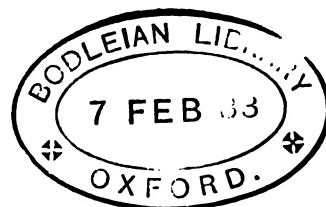
BEETON'S  
YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.





BEETON'S  
YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

A Volume of  
PURE LITERATURE, NEW FASHIONS,  
AND  
*PRETTY NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.*



LONDON:  
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,  
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1875.

*Per. 17563. d. 42.  
-3.*



---

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SIMMONS & BOTTRELL,  
Shoe Lane, E.C.

# CONTENTS.

— 124 —

COLOURED FASHION PLATES, to face		PAGE
page—		
January . . . 1	July . . . 361	
February . . . 61	August . . . 421	
March . . . 121	September . . . 481	
April . . . 181	October . . . 541	
May . . . 241	November . . . 601	
June . . . 301	December . . . 661	

COLOURED FASHION PLATES, DESCRIPTION OF OUR :		
January . . . 35	July . . . 395	
February . . . 95	August . . . 455	
March . . . 155	September . . . 515	
April . . . 215	October . . . 575	
May . . . 275	November . . . 635	
June . . . 335	December . . . 695	

CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS, DESCRIPTION OF OUR : 35, 95, 155, 215, 275, 335, 395, 455, 515, 575, 635, 695.

DIAGRAM SHEETS :	
January—Girl's Double-breasted Polonaise and Dolman Mantle	
February—A Lady's Jacket and Bodice, and Little Girl's Pinafore	
March—New Polonaise, with Sash Ends	
April—A Little Girl's Dressing Gown	
May—An Opera Cloak	
June—A Boy's Sailor Suit, from 6 to 8 years of age	
July—A Bathing Dress, and Lady's Collar and Cuff	
August—A Lady's Travelling Cloak	
September—A Lady's Night-dress	
October—The Hyde Park Wrap	
November—Ladies' Flannel Knickerbocker, and Low Petticoat Bodice	
December—New Tight-fitting Paletot.	

DRAMATIC, MUSICAL NOTES AND : 51, 114, 174, 234, 294, 351, 414, 474, 530, 590, 651, 698.

DRAWING-ROOM, THE YOUNG ENGLISH-WOMAN'S : 59, 118, 178, 238, 298, 358, 418, 478, 538, 599, 659, 710.

EXCHANGE, THE YOUNG ENGLISH-WOMAN'S : 60, 120, 180, 240, 300, 360, 420, 480, 540, 600, 660, 712.

FASHION SKETCHES, DIAGRAM SHEETS ON :		Nos.
Aprons, Ladies for Children and		378
Bodice, Under, Girls . . .		615
Bonnet, Lea, Fine Straw in . . .		667
Cap, Morning . . .		241
„ Muslin . . .		169
„ Mull . . .	240, 443	
„ Novelties in . . .		509
Chapeaux, Lingerie, and . . .		121
Chemise, Girl's . . .		66
Chemisette, Lawn . . .		438
„ Nansook . . .		437
Coiffure, Curled . . .		72
„ Evening, for . . .		668
„ Indoor . . .		68
„ Season, for the . . .		122
Coiffures, Young Ladies' . . .		243
Collar, Ladies' . . .		617
Costume, Ball Fancy, Ladies for Children . . .		172
„ Cashmere, Girl's . . .		440
Costumes, Children's . . .	119, 168, 331, 372, 374, 448, 510, 539, 543, 544, 611, 621	
„ Coming Season, for the . . .		675
„ Faille of, Cashmere and . . .		451
„ Fashionable . . .	316-319, 321-324	
„ Girl's, Little . . .		375, 446
„ Grey Toile de Laine . . .		452
„ Hunting . . .		67
„ Ladies . . .	168, 331, 372, 374, 448, 544, 539, 622	
„ Nurse's . . .		65
„ Season, Present, for the . . .		541
„ Summer . . .		501
„ Violet Coloured, Barege of . . .		452
„ Walking . . .		670
„ „ Girl's . . .		124
„ Young Ladies' . . .		119
Crinolines, Corsets and . . .		178
Dolman, Elderly Lady, for . . .		506, 507
„ Mantlets for . . .		505
Drawers, Gentleman's . . .		613
„ Girl's . . .		65
Dress, Breakfast, Ladies' . . .		674
„ Little Girl, for . . .		447
„ Walking . . .		666
„ „ Morning . . .		546
Dresses, Children's . . .		235
„ Ladies', Young . . .		243
Fichus, Berthes and . . .		178
„ Figured Net, of Black . . .		504
„ White Mull of . . .		502
Hats, Dolman's, and Young Ladies, for . . .		444
„ Garden . . .		370
„ New, Bonnets and . . .		242
„ Straw, Black . . .		669
„ Summer . . .		442

Hats, Winter, Young Ladies		Nos.
Head-dresses, Evening . . .		63
Jacket, Girl's, Long Cloth, of . . .		75
Mantles, Children's . . .		441
Paletot, Black Grosgrain Silk, of . . .		65
Pinafores, Children's . . .		449
Robe, Morning . . .		607
„ „ . . .		542
Shirt, Gentleman's . . .	616, 619	
„ Night, Gentleman's . . .		618
„ Short . . .		612
Stays, Jean White, Belts, with . . .		445
Supporter, Young Lady, for . . .	328, 329	
Toilets, Ball . . .	123, 125	
„ Bridal . . .	620, 622	
„ Bride's . . .		120
„ Children's . . .		237, 508
„ Confirmation . . .		236
„ Evening . . .		125
„ for the Month . . .		73, 177
„ Ladies, of . . .		508
„ Out-door, Children, for . . .		327
„ „ Young Lady, for . . .		327
„ Walking . . .		170
Vest, Fichu . . .		173, 176
„ Flannel, Gentleman's . . .		614
Waterproofs, Girls . . .		450
„ New . . .		673

FASHIONS, THE		PAGE
Apron Batiste, Girl's Little . . .		220
„ Black Corded Silk . . .		702
„ Cambric . . .		221
„ Children, for 5 to 7 years old . . .		401
„ Girl, Little, for, of 7 to 9 years old . . .		513
„ Grosgrain, Black, of . . .	521, 702	
„ Lawn Grey . . .		221
Berthe Net, Black of . . .		163
„ Rose-coloured Velvet . . .		163
„ Silk Flowers of, and . . .		162
Bib, Baby's . . .		285
Bodice Jacket (Back) . . .		93
„ „ (Front) . . .		92
„ „ Dinner, Dress for . . .	102, 103	
„ „ Fawn-coloured, Grosgrain, of . . .		341
„ Under . . .		582, 583
„ „ Child's . . .		285
„ „ Tunic . . .		582
Bonnet . . .	292, 293	
„ Felt, Clay-Coloured, of . . .		633
„ Cream-Coloured . . .		644
„ Velvet, Black . . .		644
Boots, High-Buttoned . . .		44
„ Satin, Black . . .		44
Boy's Overcoat . . .		103
„ Waistcoat . . .		162
„ „ Trousers, and . . .		44
Cap, Blonde, White, of . . .		463
„ Dress . . .	102, 342	

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Cap, Lady's . . . . .	463	Dresses, Dolls' . . . . .	42	Shoe, Kid, High. . . . .	44
" " Morning . . . . .	342, 645	Dolman, Cashmere, of . . . . .	463	Skirt, Cashmere, Violet . . . . .	276
" " Lady's . . . . .	161, 280, 281, 582	Feather, Trimming, Bird, with . . . . .	281	" " Beige, Trained . . . . .	277
" " Lawn, Fine, of . . . . .	582	Fichu . . . . .	393, 523	Sleeves . . . . .	653
" " " Young, for. . . . .	583	" " Cloth, Sicilienne, Black (Back) . . . . .	212	Slippers, Lady's . . . . .	44
" " " Netted. . . . .	582	" " " (Front) . . . . .	213	Toilets, Batiste, Ecu, of . . . . .	517
Chapeau "Masaniello" . . . . .	632	" " Crepe de Chine, Blue . . . . .	101	" " Children's . . . . .	96
Chemise, Child's . . . . .	285, 640	" " " of, Lace, and . . . . .	342	" " Dinner, Simple (Back) . . . . .	156
" " Girl's . . . . .	583	" " " Pink . . . . .	101	" " " (Front) . . . . .	157
Chemisette . . . . .	653	" " Lace . . . . .	41, 103, 223, 522	" " Indoor . . . . .	696, 697
Coiffures, Ball . . . . .	222, 223	" " Muslin . . . . .	222	" " Morning . . . . .	700
" " Fashionable . . . . .	400	" " " White, of . . . . .	580	" " Spring . . . . .	217
" " " Lace . . . . .	400	" " " Silk, Grosgrain . . . . .	101	" " Visiting . . . . .	642, 643
" " " Net-Spotted, Black . . . . .	463	Frock, Girl's, Little . . . . .	221	Tournure . . . . .	342
" " " Ribbon . . . . .	43	Hair Pin, Ornamental . . . . .	222, 223	" " Train Skirt, of . . . . .	462
" " " Flowers, and . . . . .	43	Hat, Black Felt . . . . .	41	Trousers, Boy's . . . . .	162
" " " Roses, and . . . . .	43	" " Felt, Green . . . . .	281	Under-Skirt . . . . .	585
Cloak, Travelling . . . . .	403	" " " Grey . . . . .	280	" " Lady's, Fine Long Cloth, of . . . . .	462
Collar . . . . .	289	" " Rembrandt . . . . .	40	" " " Short, the . . . . .	462
" " " Linen . . . . .	463	" " Shape . . . . .	222	Waistband, Beaded . . . . .	161
" " " Fine, of . . . . .	462	" " Spring . . . . .	282	Waterproof . . . . .	402
" " " Plain . . . . .	462	" " Straw . . . . .	284, 289	" " Child's . . . . .	640
" " " Two . . . . .	585	" " " Brown . . . . .	282	" " " (Front) . . . . .	640
Collarette . . . . .	281, 282, 283	" " " Grey . . . . .	284, 289	" " " (Back) . . . . .	641
Collars, Cuffs, and . . . . .	280, 281	" " " Rice, Grey . . . . .	401	" " " (Front) . . . . .	641
Confection, Child's . . . . .	645	" " " Yellow, of . . . . .	401	Wreath, Cut Jet, of . . . . .	222
" " " Another . . . . .	645	" " Winter . . . . .	101		
Coronet, Jet, Cut, of . . . . .	223	Jackets, Boys' . . . . .	44, 162		
" " " Lace . . . . .	43	" " " Cashmere . . . . .	152		
Corset . . . . .	293	" " " Black . . . . .	332, 333		
" " Children's, for . . . . .	583	" " " Cloth . . . . .	32		
" " Lady Young, for . . . . .	583	" " " Sicilienne . . . . .	153		
Costume, Back View of, Fig. 5. . . . .	462	" " " Dressing . . . . .	585		
" " " Diagram Sheet, on . . . . .	462	" " " (Back) . . . . .	585		
" " " Back View of Fig. 4. . . . .	463	" " " Girl's, Little . . . . .	220		
" " " Diagram Sheet, on . . . . .	463	" " " Seal's Skin, Sleeveless (Back) . . . . .	41		
" " " Boy's and Girl's, Little . . . . .	100	" " " " (Front) . . . . .	40		
" " " Complete . . . . .	396, 397	" " " Sleeveless . . . . .	44, 392, 402, 403		
" " " Girl's . . . . .	401, 644	" " " Tight-Fitting . . . . .	33		
" " " Grosgrain, Black, of (Back) . . . . .	525	" " " Walking, Velvet . . . . .	160		
" " " " (Front) . . . . .	524	Lingerie, Bonnets, Bibs . . . . .	343		
" " " " of Batiste, Ecu, . . . . .	573	Mantle, Cashmere . . . . .	220		
" " " " and (Back) . . . . .	573	" " " Clasp, Ornamental, for . . . . .	160		
" " " " of Batiste, Ecu, . . . . .	572	" " " Lady's . . . . .	97		
" " " " and (Front) . . . . .	572	" " " Plaid (Back View). . . . .	272		
" " " " of Cashmere, and . . . . .	337	" " " " (Front View) . . . . .	273		
" " " Morning, Doll's . . . . .	581	" " " Tight Fitting . . . . .	703		
" " " New Winter . . . . .	693	Mantelet, Girl, Little, for . . . . .	288		
" " " New Black Velvet and Faille . . . . .	701	" " " Ladies, Elderly, for . . . . .	460		
" " " Out-Door (Back and Front) . . . . .	456	" " " " Back View of . . . . .	461		
" " " Sailor, Boy's, for, 3 to 5 . . . . .	401	" " " New (Back). . . . .	641		
" " " Self Coloured, of Striped . . . . .	401	" " " " (Front) . . . . .	641		
" " " Toile-de-Laine, and . . . . .	336	" " " Tablier, and, Cloth Vigogne . . . . .	464		
" " " Walking . . . . .	702	" " " Grey, of . . . . .	464		
" " " Walking, Girl's . . . . .	42, 100	" " " Tablier, and, Cloth Vigogne . . . . .	465		
Cravat . . . . .	293	" " " Grey, of (Front View) . . . . .	465		
Cuff, Lady's . . . . .	288, 289	Ornament, Cut Jet, Hair, for the . . . . .	223		
Cut-Out Pattern, Illustration of . . . . .	521, 645	Paletot, Boy's . . . . .	640		
Drawers, Children's . . . . .	102	" " " Children, for . . . . .	640		
" " " Girl's . . . . .	582	" " " Girl's . . . . .	220		
" " " Little . . . . .	583	" " " Half-Fitting, Short . . . . .	641		
" " " Knickerbocker . . . . .	285	" " " " (Front) . . . . .	641		
" " " Lady's, Young . . . . .	582, 583	" " " New, A. . . . .	640		
" " " " 10 to 12, from . . . . .	583	" " " Tight Fitting . . . . .	703		
Dress, Cashmere, Baby's . . . . .	101	" " " Tight-Fitting, Cloth Sicili- . . . . .	452		
" " " Dinner . . . . .	703	" " " enne, Black . . . . .	452		
" " " Evening, Girl's Little . . . . .	100	" " " Tight-Fitting, Cloth Sicili- . . . . .	453		
" " " Foulard, Grey . . . . .	283	" " " enne, Black (Back View of) . . . . .	453		
" " " Girl's, Little . . . . .	161	Petticoat, Jacket, Dressing, and . . . . .	584		
" " " " for, of 9 to 10 . . . . .	512	Pinafore, Cambric . . . . .	40		
" " " " " for, of 2 to 4 . . . . .	521	" " " Child's . . . . .	280		
" " " " " years old . . . . .	512	" " " Grey Pique . . . . .	40		
" " " " " years old . . . . .	521	Polonaise, Girl, Little, for (Back) . . . . .	576		
" " " " " years old . . . . .	516	" " " " (Front) . . . . .	577		
" " " Improver . . . . .	462	Robe de Chambre . . . . .	284		
" " " Indoor . . . . .	216	" " " Morning (Back) . . . . .	636		
" " " " (Back) . . . . .	36	" " " " (Front) . . . . .	637		
" " " " (Front) . . . . .	35	Ruffle, Lisse, Pleated . . . . .	160		
" " " New, Children, for . . . . .	640	" " " Muslin . . . . .	160		
" " " Night, Child's . . . . .	285	" " " Lace, of Flowers, and . . . . .	162		
" " " " Girl's . . . . .	283	Sash, Plaid . . . . .	42		
" " " " Lady's . . . . .	582, 585	" " " Silk, Pink . . . . .	42		
" " " " Young, for . . . . .	585	Shape, Bonnet . . . . .	222, 223		
" " " Silk, Black . . . . .	282	" " " Net . . . . .	222		
" " " Taffetas, Grey . . . . .	340	" " " Paris . . . . .	222		
" " " Toile-de-Laine, of Ecu, coloured . . . . .	520	Shirt, Boy's . . . . .	285		
" " " " " Front View of . . . . .	521	" " " Night-Shirt . . . . .	583		
		" " " Gentleman's . . . . .	283		

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS :

Introduction . . . . .	4
CHAP. I. Proverbs and their Interpretation . . . . .	9
II. Studying to Answer . . . . .	63
III. Pattern of Old Fidelity . . . . .	67
IV. A Goodly Heritage . . . . .	69
V. Waste Places . . . . .	123
VI. The Day of Temptation . . . . .	126
VII. A Bitter Draught . . . . .	129
VIII. As a Dream when one Awaketh . . . . .	183
IX. The Blot Cleaves . . . . .	185
Part II.—The Fruit of the Way.	
I. Through a Mist . . . . .	188
II. Strengthened out of Zion . . . . .	191
III. Seeing, but Understanding Not . . . . .	243
IV. Patient Waiting . . . . .	246
V. Under the Oaks . . . . .	303
VI. Of Clay . . . . .	305
VII. Hidden Riches . . . . .	309
VIII. The Wind Changes . . . . .	363
IX. The First Links of a Chain . . . . .	365
X. Feeling His Way . . . . .	367
XI. Sleepless Nights Appointed . . . . .	370
XII. A Consultation . . . . .	423
XIII. Dinner Table Talk . . . . .	426
Part III.—The In-gathering.	
I. Unfoldings . . . . .	429
II. The Foundations Fail . . . . .	428
III. Building Anew . . . . .	483
IV. Partings . . . . .	485
V. With a Double Heart . . . . .	488
VI. Overburdened . . . . .	490
VII. A Business Letter . . . . .	544
VIII. Smoother than Butter . . . . .	546
IX. A Wicked Device . . . . .	548
X. A Clue . . . . .	551
XI. Too Late . . . . .	603
XII. Escaped . . . . .	606
XIII. The Way Stopped . . . . .	608
Part IV.—A New Field.	
I. Recovered . . . . .	610
II. New Acquaintances . . . . .	611
III. Farview . . . . .	663
IV. A Word in due Season . . . . .	665
V. An Aimless Stroll . . . . .	668

HOME DRESSMAKING . . . . .	568, 638
Home Millinery . . . . .	638, 690

## JESSAMINE :

CHAP. I. . . . .	21
II. . . . .	24
III. . . . .	76
IV. . . . .	80

HAP. V.	83	Fichu, Hood with, Knitting, Netting,	Nos.	Case, Knitting, Embroidered	PAGE
VI.	135	in Crochet, and		detail of	473
VII.	141	Lace for Underlinen	435	Cloak, Baby's, Design for	593
VIII.	195	Lambrequin, Applique in, Marble	377	Collar, Corner for, Venetian Point, in	228
IX.	200	Mantelpiece		Corner, Embroidery, in	292
X.	205	Mantilla, Capote and, Knitting and	371	Point Lace, Collar for	108
XI.	252	Crochet in	69	Corset	293
XII.	256	Mantilla, Capote and, Knitting and	71	Coronet, Jet	45
XIII.	258	Crochet in (Front)	330	Coverlet, etc., Section of a	588
XIV.	317	Overshoe, Child's	672	Coverlets, Squares for	529
XV.	322	Petticoats, Pretty Pattern for	671	Cravat	293
XVI.	380	Pinafore, Braided Pattern, Children's,	74	Cravat End, Point Lace, in	592
XVII.	382	for		Curtains, Window, Design in Netting	165
XVIII.	386	Pouch, Hunting, Design for	174	and Darning for	
XIX.	434	Vandyke, Applique, Brackets, Paper	175	Cushion, Emery, Shape of a Sailor's	48
XX.	438	Baskets, etc., for	610	Hat	468
XXI.	495	Vandyke Braided, Brackets, Paper		" Pin, Embroidered	469
XXII.	499	Baskets, etc., for		" " Ornamental	589
XXIII.	555	Window, Arrangement of Curtains,		" " detail of	589
XXIV.	557	double set with		" Section of, Berlin Work, in	232
XXV.	619			" Sofa, Berlin Work, in	173
XXVI.	622			" Cross-stitch, in	593
XXVII.	677			D'Oyley Stand	292
XXVIII.	679			Ear-Ring	652
LADIES' OWN MATERIALS FITTED	455			Edging Crochet	532
LETTERS ON ETIQUETTE AND POLITE- NESS: 17, 74, 132, 210, 290, 372, 432, 493, 569.		NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS:	PAGE	" " in Mignardise Braid,	
LIVING WOMEN, NOTABLE:		Antimacassar, Squares for	49, 349, 412	and 45, 109, 226, 592	
Queen Victoria	28	" Corner for	168	" Embroidered	48, 49, 288
Nightingale, Florence	85	" Design for in Netting	111, 164	" New Design for	588
Patti, Adelini	147	and Darning	473	" Crochet and	588
Bonheur, Rosa	196	Quilts, Corner Pieces for	704	" Point de Venise	48, 589
Ex-Empress of the French, The	264	Applique, detail of Embroidered Folio, in	592	" Lace	109
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness	313	Aumonière	52	" Underlinen, for	592, 593
Sand, George (Madame Dudevant)	375	" Embroidered, Ladies'	169	" Washing Materials, for	704
Ristori, Adelaide	442	" Oxydised Silver, of Silk and	472	Embroidery, Nansook Muslin, in Satin	
H. R. H. Princess of Wales, The	504	" Velvet, Black	472	Stitch, and	468
Schumann, Madame	562	" " detail of waist-	472	" Net, on	288
Cook, Eliza	615	" band	225	" Satin in, Overcast and	408
Mary Carpenter	672	Bag Chatelaine, Point-Lace, Orna-	104	Stitch	48
MISCELLANEOUS:		mented with	469	Etui, Needles for, Cotton, and	292
American College for Ladies, An	510	" Clothes	469	Footstool	408
Autographs	73, 194	" Embroidered, Balls of Cotton,	413	Fringe, Beaded	648
Baltimore Bonapartes, The	328	etc., for	469	" Cord, Fine Black, of	705
Camellias	111	" Pegs to Hold	413	for Dresses	289
Gather up the Fragments	56	Band-Swathing, Baby's	528	Glove, Lady's	648
Haunted Closet, The	13	" detail of	528	Hammock, Swinging, Netting in	649
Important Notice to our Readers	475	Baskets, Card		" " detail of	589
Lace Scrap-book, A	399	" Embroidered, Cottons, etc.,	468	" Border Embroidered, for	228
Marriages in the Fashionable World	158	for	468	" Cambric	589
May-Day Observances, Curious	250	" Fancy	292	" Corner, Lace	647
Memory	531	" Knitting, Embroidered	528	" Embroidered, Ladies'	48
Mother of Fanny Kemble, The	594	" Paper Waste	348	Headgear, Sportsman	409
Novelties of the Month	571, 639	" " detail of Lam-	348	Holder, Chatelaine	284
Our Readers, To	35	brequin	472	Houseboot, Ladies'	409
Painting, Miniature	263	" Work, Embroidered	473	Insertion, Crochet in Mignardise, and,	108, 228, 229
Things, Good	38	Bib, Crochet, Infants'	169	" Embroidered	49
Violets	98	" " detail of (159)	169	" Jet, Mantles, Trimming for	652
Women, Music and	627	" Pique, Infant's	48	" Muslin, Applique in Em-	229
Words, A Few, for the New Year	50	Bird, Lady's Hats, for	104	broidery, and	224, 225
NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS, DIAGRAM		Border, Berlin Work	173	" Point Lace	589
SHEETS ON:	Nos.	" Cushions, etc.	172	" Pretty, A	
Antimacassar, Rosette, Crochet in for	70	" Braid Work in	232	" Tatting and Crochet, Under-	
" design	126, 171	Corner, Berlin Work in, Cush-	104	linen, for	412
" Medallion for Lace, Braid	439	ions, etc., for	104	Underlinen for	49, 705
" in Crochet, and	503	Embroidered	45, 108, 109	Jacket, Girls', Little (Back and Front)	349
" Rosette, Crochet for 238, 503	239, 325	" Basket, etc., for	52	Lace, Dresses for	592
" " Small	325	" Embroidery, Cross-stitch, in	413	" Mantles, Dresses, etc., for	353
" Star, Crochet for	545	" Handkerchief, for	648	" Underlinen, for	408
Border, Fauteuils for Applique Em-		" Lace Mignardise, in Crochet,		" Washing Materials for	532
broidery in	320	and	104	Lambrequin, Darning on Netting	533
" Corners with, Firescreen for	540	" Muslin Applique in, Curtains,	112	" Flower Stands, Mantel-	
Chair, Design for, Applique in Em-		etc., for	412	pieces, etc.	105
broidery and	244	" Netted	412	" Marble Mantelpiece, for	345
Corner, Point Lace in	326	" Net, Embroidered	224	" Work Table, etc., for	653
Curtains, Arrangement of, etc.	608	" Useful purposes for	648	Lamp Mat, Section of	168
" details of	609	" Veils for	353	Lamp Screen, Cardboard of Silk and	413
Edging, Linen, Embroidery for	375	Bordering, Mantles, Dresses, etc., for	408, 412	Letter Case, Embroidered	53
Embroidery, A New Design for	511	Bracelet, Jet	45	" " design for	53
		" Cut	45	" " detail of	289
		Braiding design, Dresses for	104, 105	" " Ornamental, Carafes for	589
		Cap, Night, Netted	588	" " detail of	588
		" Smoking, Embroidered, Gentle-	344	Monogram Embroidery	469
		man's		Necklet, Embroidered	472
		" Smoking, Embroidered, Gentle-	344		
		man's, detail of crown	344		
		Case, Handkerchief, Embroidered	472		

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Neck Rest, Embroidered . . .	528
" " " " detail of . . .	529
Overboot, Ladies' . . .	409
Overshoe, Carriage and Ball . . .	232
Knitted . . .	344
Pen-Wiper, Embroidered . . .	52
Pouch, Tobacco, Case for Cigarette . . .	48
Papers, with . . .	348
Protector, Chest . . .	532
Purse, Crochet . . .	533
" " " " detail of . . .	704
Rosette . . .	528
Sachet, Ornamental . . .	413
Slippers, Bags, Footstools, etc., Pat- tern . . .	233
" Berlin Work, in . . .	473
Square, Underlinen for, Point Lace, Braid, Crochet, and . . .	528
Stand Flower . . .	652
" Gardening Tools, for . . .	652
" " " " detail . . .	53
Towel-Horse, Embroidered . . .	53
" " " " Medallion, for . . .	49
Tray, Pen, and Pencil . . .	45
Trimming Applique, Lace Mantles, for . . .	293
Ball Dresses, for . . .	409
" Gimp Cord of Crochet, and . . .	289
" Net on Chainstitch, in . . .	349
Under-Jacket, Ladies', Knitted . . .	408
Under-Skirt, Little Girl for, 1 to 3 years old . . .	348
Under-Stays, Knitted . . .	104
Wing, Ornamental, Lady's Hat, for . . .	109
Work-Basket, Embroidery with, Orna- mented . . .	468
Work-Case, Embroidered . . .	468
" " " " detail of . . .	159, 231, 331
NEW BOOKS . . .	110, 167, 231, 480
NEW MUSIC . . .	373, 449, 536, 560, 650, 686.

## PARIS FASHIONS, THE :

	PAGE
January . . .	32
February . . .	92
March . . .	152
April . . .	212
May . . .	272
June . . .	332
July . . .	392
August . . .	452
September . . .	512
October . . .	572
November . . .	632
December . . .	692

## POETRY :

	PAGE
Day Dream, A . . .	211
Days that are Long, The . . .	21
Despair Not . . .	331
Dollie . . .	543
Down the Shadowed Lane . . .	116
Gone Away . . .	535
Lavender . . .	631
Letter, The . . .	155
Lost Bride, The . . .	75
Magic Picture, The . . .	451
O Birds that Flit by Ocean's Rim . . .	151
Old Woman of Surrey, The . . .	62
Our Comrades . . .	279
Relenting . . .	134
Song . . .	84
Stars, Beyond The . . .	626
Story of a Rose, A . . .	579
The Tides . . .	662
Unfinished Still . . .	95
Visit, The . . .	195
Watching, Waiting and . . .	275
What She Thought . . .	355
Which? . . .	596
When? . . .	671

## POLITICS FOR LADIES .

## PAGE

## SEASONS OF SENTIMENT :

	PAGE
On Good Intentions : A Lay Sermon for New Year's Day . . .	1
Valentines . . .	64
Goodness and Cleverness . . .	121
Life's Spring-Time . . .	181
Garden of Girls, A . . .	241

SOMETHING TO DO : 171, 218, 271, 339,  
390, 470, 566, 653, 685.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER :

	PAGE
February . . .	90
March . . .	170
April . . .	219
May . . .	278
June . . .	338
July . . .	411
August . . .	458
September . . .	518
October . . .	578
November . . .	629
December . . .	687

TOPICS OF THE TIME : 89, 145, 230,  
269, 326.

WORK-ROOM, THE YOUNG ENGLISH-  
WOMAN'S : 58, 117, 176, 236, 296,  
356, 416, 476, 537, 597, 657, 707.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, THE : 447, 507, 613,  
683.

## YOUNG LADIES :

I. Young Ladies Generally, Of . . .	301
II. Young Ladies in the Middle Ages, Of . . .	361
III. Young Ladies of the Poets and Essayists, The . . .	421
IV. Young Lady, Imaginative, The . . .	481
V. Young Lady, Literary, The . . .	541
VI. Young Lady in Love, The . . .	601
VII. Young Lady at Christmas, The . . .	661





-NOT

H. 100 L'effort imp l'art

Ad. Goubaud & Fils Ed. 100 Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
 The "Young Englishwoman"

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Neck Rest, Embroidered . . . . .	. 528
" " " " detail of . . . . .	. 529
Overboot, Ladies' . . . . .	. 409
Uppershoe, Carriage and Ball . . . . .	. 232
" " Knitted . . . . .	. 344
Pen-Wiper, Embroidered . . . . .	. 52
Pouch, Tobacco, Case for Cigarette Papers, with . . . . .	. 48
Protector, Chest . . . . .	. 348

## PARIS FASHIONS, THE :

January	.	.	.	.	.	32
February	.	.	.	.	.	92
March	.	.	.	.	.	152
April	.	.	.	.	.	212
May	.	.	.	.	.	272
June	.	.	.	.	.	332

## SEASONS OF SENTIMENT :

On Good Intentions : A Lay Sermon	1
for New Year's Day . . . . .	64
Valentines . . . . .	121
Goodness and Cleverness . . . . .	181
Let's Spring-Time . . . . .	241
Garden of Girls, A . . . . .	





THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
 The "Young Englishwoman"







JANUARY, 1875.

## ON GOOD INTENTIONS.

A LAY SERMON FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

“WHILE the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease;” and as with the earth, so with man; for as long as man shall live upon the earth, the seed-time and harvest of the human heart, whether for good or evil, the cold of sin and the heat of well-doing, the summer of prosperity and the winter of adversity, the day of rejoicing and the night of sorrow, shall come and go as surely as the seasons which God’s faithful promise has made for ever sure.

It is probable—I earnestly trust that it may be more than probable—that many a Young Englishwoman who has read thus far will be prompted to inquire when the seed time of the human heart may be, and what may be the seed that is sown therein. It is by no means difficult to reply to such a query. For human nature, the chief seed-times are undoubtedly the beginnings of times and seasons, the recurrence of those epochs of time when the heart seems softer and more susceptible of better influences than on ordinary occasions. I am not now alluding to those seasons of great sorrow which, in God’s mercy, come indeed, but come not often to any one of us; but to the recurrence of those periods which mark the lapse of life and time, as mile-stones mark our progress on the way from place to place. Advent, Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, New Year’s-day, birth-days, wedding-days, death-days, times of parting and times of meeting again, are seasons of reconciliation and renewal of love and friendly

intercourse, which are all opportunities of beginning a new life, or to do better for the future, which are mercifully offered to us, and of which we should never be slow to take advantage, as we can never know which or what may be the last that shall be granted to us.

And what are the seeds that are to be sown at these times of sowing? Can the question want an answer? Scarcely, I think, for the brain-power must be dull and slow indeed in those who have not divined, long ere this, that the good seeds which are dropped in the heart’s soil at such seasons as I have enumerated are good intentions, or, as some may choose to call them, good resolutions. It remains to a great extent with the sower whether these seeds, like the good seed in our Saviour’s parable, shall be lost ere they have had time to germinate, even as though devoured by the fowls of the air; or put forth leaves, and struggle for a time as sickly plants deprived of light; or be choked by undue cares on the one hand, or worldly prosperity on the other; or bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some a hundred-fold. God will give the increase, undoubtedly, if the sower show signs of caring for the seed which he has sown in thought, but if not, they will no more come to perfection than seed which is scattered in a garden, and left to struggle as best it may among the weeds that spring up with it, and rob it of its sustenance.

Good intentions are, for the most part, the results of an awakening to a sense of wrong-doing—a feeling that

we have indeed been doing those things which we ought not to do, or leaving undone those things which we ought to do; and then comes the resolve to repair the fault or make up for the shortcoming—to make amends for the sin of commission on the one hand, or the sin of omission on the other. There is not one amongst us but what fails—ay, and fails miserably—in the duties and relations of life, whether towards God or neighbour; but as life, after all, is nothing more than a series of attempts and failures, we must never allow the latter to discourage us from resorting again and again to the former. Attempts, even though they miss the mark, and are not crowned with full and ripe success, are nevertheless valuable for the very effort we have been led to make. Says the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, “God will accept your first attempt, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The beginning is the promise of the end. The seed always whispers ‘oak,’ though it is going into the ground acorn. I am sure that the first little blades of wheat are just as pleasant to the farmer’s eye as the whole field waving with grain.” None need be discouraged. Success will ultimately follow attempts, though many an essay to do better fail altogether; for repeated trials prompted by a sincere wish to do well must lead to earnestness of purpose; and this, which is begotten of perseverance, will in God’s time, by God’s grace, procure the victory.

It may be of assistance to many to mention some of the good intentions that may be sown at this the beginning of a New Year; but perhaps, before doing this, it may be well to say, Do not try to sow too many at once, lest one interfere with another, for even this is possible! A young gardener will succeed better with few plants than many, and thus it is with good intentions and good resolves. Carry out one or two thoroughly and completely at first, and in the future, perhaps, you will find it as easy to carry out as many as you will; but in making a resolution, be it on what subject it may, let it always be prefaced and accompanied by prayer to God for aid to maintain it; and never attempt to walk in your own strength alone, for this must lead to utter failure. Do not say merely, I will do so and so, as if all things were possible to you; but, I will try to do so and so, God being my helper! Remember the just rebuke of the apostle James to all who are self-confident, and who are not, “Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live to do this or that.”

Of good intentions with regard to your duty towards God, I will not say much here. It is too wide a field of thought and teaching to enter on in the little compass of this short lay sermon. I will but ask you to make one good resolution—you cannot make a better—to kneel upon your knees before Almighty God morning and

evening every day, even though you utter no more than His Son’s comprehensive prayer and the humble publican’s entreaty, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” and let this be preceded or followed by reading a portion of the Bible, however short. It will be seed, believe me, that will bear its fruit in the far future, and prove a fitting stepping-stone for other good intentions. Begun and persevered in for a short time, this most wholesome and salutary practice will gradually become part and parcel of your daily life, and will be continued as long as you have being.

With reference to our social duties—the relations of life towards one another which are laid down and comprehended under our duty to our neighbour—good intentions may be considered in several aspects—namely, and notably, as regards our duties towards dumb animals, and our duties towards our inferiors in social standing, our friends, companions, and schoolmates, our brothers and sisters, and lastly, our parents, whom we are bound to obey and love, and our teachers, and all who are set in authority over us, whom we are bound to obey and honour. Let us dwell briefly on each and all of these, beginning at the lowest, and ascending from one step to another, as such a course may help us to form and adhere to many a good resolve, and awaken feelings that might have lain dormant for years, or possibly might never have been roused. In all this, let it be remembered that I am addressing young people especially, the wives and mothers of the future, who are still under parents and guardians and teachers, and are standing on the threshold of active life, rather than those who have already husbands and children, and whose good intentions must of necessity have a wider range.

And first, as regards dumb animals, which for our pleasure, use, and benefit are and were created: resolve never to be guilty towards these of an act which may even bear the slightest suspicion of cruelty. To dog, cat, horse, or bird, or any animal, whether it call you owner or not, resolve ever to be kind and gentle, for it is by kindness and gentleness that the best qualities of the brute creation are elicited, and by the reverse that their worst qualities are roused and set in action. It is on record that a trifling act of kindness previously rendered to a lion once saved the life of a trembling slave, when thrust into a circus to be slain and mangled by savage beasts. It is equally on record how an elephant, suddenly mindful of some trifling injury, has trampled the very life out of the body of the man, who, in a spirit possibly of wanton cruelty, had wrought the wrong.

Resolve ever to be kind and courteous to those who serve you, and all whom fortune’s chances and caprices have placed below you in this world. We are apt to think too much of social distinctions, forgetting, unhappily, that we are all on an equality in the sight of God, and that sooner or later death will do away with all differences of station. The most powerful among us brought nothing into this world; the richest among us can take with him

none of his wealth. We are all inheritors of a common fate, and must all return to the dust of which we are made. Does not this go far to topple down the pride that we may have hitherto cherished in self-glorification, and satisfaction in ability, rank, or fleeting beauty, that may have led us to think that we are not as other men are, and to assert a petty superiority over those to whom fortune has been less kind. Servitude, even in its best aspect, is not a pleasant lot, and the scarcity of women servants at the present time, and the difficulty that so many experience in procuring good ones, is due partly to the natural desire for liberty which is implanted in every heart, the natural longing which every man and woman has to be master or mistress, as the case may be, of his or her time, especially after certain hours of the day, and partly to the fact that the treatment which servants very frequently experience is not such as is calculated to make the yoke of servitude sit easy. If our conduct towards those who are our inferiors socially speaking, but who in God's sight are our equals, were always regulated by the golden rule of life—Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—there would be far less to complain of on either side than there now is. An attempt to put yourself in the dependent's place and position, and to consider how you would wish a mistress or a master to act towards you, will on all occasions prove your greatest safeguard, and ever preserve you from acting imperiously, uncourteously, or unkindly. Civility, above all things, is current coin, and costs nothing; and "If you please," and "Thank you," uttered with a pleasant smile and pleasant manner, will never fail to win for you a willing service, that a mere order would utterly fail to extort. Resolve, then, to be kind and gentle, and even respectful, in speech and act, to those who stand below you in the social scale.

To your friends resolve ever to be true as steel, and to your companions and schoolmates, generous and kind-hearted, in honour preferring them to yourself. In all contentions, whether in matters of dispute or of generous rivalry, always be the first to give way. Resolve never to listen to—much less speak—words in disparagement of any one you have taken to your heart of hearts as a friend; but if perchance you know of any failing in your friend, and, alas! there are none of us who are perfect, let not earnest speech and entreaty be wanting to win your friends to better things. To the great standard of friendship, shown us by the Chief Friend and Exemplar of us all who dared to die for us, few may hope to attain, and few have been, or will be, called on to accomplish such a sublime act of devotion as is pictured in the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Whatever betide—whatever may be the changes that progression through life may bring about, resolve ever to cherish an enduring love for brother or sister, and let nothing that may occur ever tend to check its fervour. Next to the protecting love of an affectionate husband

comes, or ought to come, the cheering and sustaining love of a brother or sister. In times of sorrow and distress of mind, whether caused by death or misfortune, there is little that brings more consolation than the sympathy of those who owe their being to the same parents as ourselves. It is worth while then—nay, it is an imperative duty—to win this for ourselves at any cost; but fortunately the cost is little, for as love begets love, affectionate kindness towards our brothers and sisters, exercised under any circumstances whatever, will soon give for us the full possession of that which no one should lack to whom God has given either brother or sister, or both.

To our parents our first and last duties are due, and those who neglect them cannot fail to attract and incur the dread displeasure of the Almighty. To a parent ever resolve to be dutiful, obedient, respectful, and loving. If you honour not your father and mother, how in time to come, if it be your lot to become a mother, can you expect your children to honour you? If you refuse to respect and cherish the authors of your being, how can you expect your children to respect and cherish you? It is only when you become a parent yourself that you will be able to recognize what devotion and tender love has been lavished on you in your early years; the sweet pain and fond anxiety you have caused from time to time since your first cry broke on your mother's delighted ear. You have received much; resolve, then, to return love for love in no niggardly spirit to those whom you are bound by the laws of God and man and Nature to obey and love.

Resolve ever to show deference to authority, for all authority is of God, and to this, as emanating from Him, it should be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to show respect and obedience. Our teachers are the first to claim our honour, and all, be they who they may, to whom our parents have been pleased to place us in temporary subjection. For the time they stand to us in our parents' place, and as their representatives we are bound to show them all honour. The greater the obedience we show to these when we are children, the greater chance there is that we shall become good citizens when we have attained manhood and put away childish things; and having shown respect to our teachers when children, we shall be better able to expect and obtain respect from others when we ourselves are placed in positions of trust. The quality of obedience attained in youth will colour our lives. We shall learn to respect the monarch, the fountain and source of law, order, and honour, and we shall respect all who are placed in authority under the monarch, which is acceptable to God, who is the great primary source from which springs the authority of the monarch.

Little remains to be said in conclusion. An unmeasurable wealth of teaching is summed up in the Apostle's bidding, "Fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the King;" resolve ever to do this in all integrity of purpose, and in doing it you will find that you are well nigh doing all that is required of man by his Maker.

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## INTRODUCTION.

VERY beautiful was the long vista of the elm-arched street. So irresistibly did it woo the eye to linger among its grey columns and green arches, or wander adown its fair, temple-like perspective to the hazy vanishing point, that the wayfarer might easily forget to observe what sort of dwellings were ranged along its sides. Nor did they seek to force themselves upon his notice. They were all plain, substantial structures, with no obtrusive marks of ostentation or of meanness about them; and they all stood a little back from the street, leaving room for a trim grass-plot, or a thicket of flowering shrubs, between them and the passer-by. They would impress him, collectively, as genuine, well-to-do homes, free alike from the struggles of poverty and the temptations of wealth, without troubling him to recognize them individually, or diverting his gaze from the over-arching elms that were so much better worth his looking at.

Such, at least, would be the fact, until he came to a certain corner; where a large square structure of stuccoed brick, coming boldly forward to the pavement, and planting its heavy steps thereon, would be sure to arrest his glance, and, perhaps, faintly stir his curiosity. It was too large for a private building, and too unpretending for a public one; what was it? If he had put the inquiry into audible words, he would have been told that it was the Medical College. And if his interlocutor had chanced to be a white-haired, genial-faced old man, long ago flung aside from the stream of active life, and, consequently, with time on his hands for a little chat with a stranger—he would, doubtless, have woven into his answer the popular witticism:—

"Everything here, sir, is arranged just as it should be. The divinity school is on the road to the poor-house; the law-school adjoins the jail; and the medical college—this building before you, sir—is hard by the cemetery;—you can see the monuments rising above the hedge yonder."

But the young man now coming up the street, through the pleasant play of sunshine and shadow beneath the elms, would neither have asked the question, nor smiled at the answer. He knew the stuccoed building well, as a three years' occupant thereof must needs do; and he had heard and repeated the witticism too many times to leave it the faintest sparkle. It was doubtful, too, whether he gave a thought to the loveliness of the elm-arched vista that stretched before him,—partly by reason of his familiarity therewith, partly on account of a preoccupied mind, and still more, perhaps, because his bright, brisk, energetic temperament was not of the sort which is quickest to feel the subtle charm, and recognize the delicate outline, of the spirit of beauty. He came on

rapidly, with an elastic step and a cheery whistle, and, as he neared the college, he cast a quick glance at one of its upper windows. What he saw there would have been a pretty enough sight to most people,—merely a tiny brown bird hopping to and fro on the window-sill, and turning its small head briskly from side to side in its search for infinitesimal crumbs; but it brought a shadow to his broad, frank brow.

"Not yet up," he uttered, "or that wren wouldn't be trotting up and down there so complacently! To be sure, he may have gone out, but it isn't likely."

Neither for the look nor the thought did he pause, but strode straight up two flights of stairs, his firm tread resounding loudly through the empty, uncarpeted halls, and knocked at the door of a front room. There was no response. He knocked again, with a somewhat impatient hand, tried the door and found it locked, waited a moment, beat a third emphatic rat-tat-too upon the panel, without eliciting other reply than a faint and dreary echo from the attic above; and, finally, turned on his heel, and walked downstairs. At the head of the second flight, a thought seemed to strike him; after a moment of hesitation, he turned and knocked at a door close at hand. Scarcely waiting for the prompt "Come in!" he opened it, with the question, "Have you seen Arling this morning?"

The occupant of the room was a broad-shouldered young man, sitting at a table covered with books and papers, and deeply absorbed in study. He only half turned his head, showing a regular, clear-cut profile, as he answered—

"No. I left him so late last night that I overslept this morning, and have thought of nothing but making up lost time. And really, Trubie, a man might be excused for forgetting his best friend—if he had one—in examination week. But is Arling any worse?"

"That's what I should like to know, Roath," returned Trubie, planting himself a little more firmly on the threshold, but taking no notice of the chair that the other had carelessly pushed toward him. "At any rate, he's out."

Roath started, and turned completely round, giving a view of a square-featured, somewhat moody, but still handsome face. "Out!" he repeated, looking both amazed and startled.

"So it would seem. The door is locked, and I rapped and rattled loud enough to wake the dead."

"Oh," said Roath, with a prolonged falling inflection. And after a moment's consideration, he turned back to his books, as if there were no more to be said.

Trubie lingered. Not, evidently, from any special liking for Roath's society, but because he was undecided

what to do next. "I don't understand it, Roath," he said slowly. "You know Arling was to have kept his room to-day, by way of gaining strength, and guarding against a relapse. And we were to have gone over 'Barnes' together this morning, so as to be all primed for Professor Beers to-morrow. What *can* he have done with himself?"

"Perhaps," said Roath, absently, with his eyes on his book, "some of the others may have seen him."

Trubie took the hint—if such it was meant to be—and withdrew. He spent the next half hour in knocking at sundry doors, and repeating, with slight variation, the questions and remarks wherewith he had favoured Roath. No one had seen Arling; no one knew anything about him. All seemed surprised to learn that he had gone out; but all were laboriously cramming for the examinations in progress, and the surprise made but a faint and transient ripple on the surface of their troubled minds. Trubie's persistency impressed them much more strongly; they wondered that he had leisure to bestow upon any anxiety not connected with those dreaded examinations, any fear save that of failing to secure the right to sign himself, "Frank Trubie, M.D."

Nor, to represent him fairly, was the young man himself wholly insensible of his absurdity. "Well!" said he, at last, "I can't afford to spend my morning in this way. I must go back to my room, and set to work. When Arling comes in, tell him I've been here." And away he went through the dancing elm-shadows, more quickly than he had come.

Two hours passed. Then Roath closed his books, gathered up his papers, and took his way to the examination room, amid the groups of assembling students. Many eyes followed him, some with admiration, some with envy; few or none, it was plain to see, with affection.

"No question but that he'll pass!" said one. "He's all brain—I'd be content with half as much."

"And his memory!" exclaimed another. "It appears to be constructed on the principle of a rat-trap; ingress is easy, egress—not provided for."

"No one can keep step with him but Arling," remarked a third; "if he gets well enough, there will be a close race between them."

"I bet on Arling," said a fourth—a somewhat slender young man, with an easy, almost careless, air, but a thoughtful face—Mark Tracey by name.

"Eh? why?" asked the first speaker.

"Because, as you said just now, Roath is all brain. Whereas Arling, while he does not want for brain, has also a heart and a conscience. And in medicine, as in everything else, that wonderful trio are too strong for brain alone."

"Moralizing, as usual," returned the other with a light laugh.

"Not at all. It is plain common-sense. The history of the world shows it. Perhaps there is no better type of

pure intellect than Satan. And Michael, the archangel, does very well for a representative of love, duty, and intellect, combined. You remember which beat?"

"It is not possible, Tracey, that you believe that fable?"

"Grant that it is a fable," replied Tracey, lifting his eyebrows; "it nevertheless stands for the concrete wisdom of the ages which preceded it."

The last words were spoken on the threshold of the examination room, and, of necessity, closed the discussion.

Roath's examination, on this day, did not disappoint the general expectation. Although somewhat paler than ordinary, he was thoroughly self-possessed; his answers were clear and to the point; not once did his memory play him false; scarcely once did he hesitate for a word. He gave evidence not only of close study, but of careful analysis, and profound, sagacious thought. But he looked worn when it was over, as if the mental strain had been severe; and seemed scarcely to hear the comments and congratulations showered upon him.

Into the midst of these burst Trubie, with the old question, "Have you seen anything of Arling?" and hardly waiting for the general "No" which answered it, upstairs he rushed, three steps at a time, to the room of his friend. The stream of talk had scarcely resumed its flow, ere he was back again, with a hurried step, and a perturbed face.

"It's odd about Arling," he began, abruptly. "I can't get any answer, and there's nothing stirring in the room. But I looked into the keyhole, and the key is certainly inside."

Some few of the students, startled by his words, and the deep gravity of his look, gathered around him to discuss the matter, when a stout, grey-haired professor came out from the examination room.

"Good-day, Mr. Trubie," said he, as he passed the group. "I hope your patient is doing well."

"I—I don't know, sir," faltered Trubie; "I have not seen him since yesterday, at dusk. And he is unaccountably missing this morning; at least, I thought he must be out when I went to his room, at eight o'clock, and couldn't get in. But I have just been up again, and—the door is certainly locked on the inside."

Being already in possession of the main facts of the case, namely, that Alec Arling, one of the class of medical students now undergoing examination for their degree, had been suffering for some days from severe and increasing intestinal trouble, and had been advised by the faculty to keep his room for a day or two, under the care of his friend, Frank Trubie; the professor now, by means of a few rapid questions, elicited the additional facts, that Trubie had been suddenly called away, on the previous evening, by family affliction, to his home in a near suburb, and had spent the night there; and that Edmund Roath, who had volunteered to keep a little watch over the sick-room during his absence, had remained with



Arling till past midnight, engaged in comparing notes of clinical lectures, and in psychological talk (with which matters Arling *would* busy himself, in spite of remonstrance), and had then left him, recommending him to go to sleep at once, and had heard the door duly locked on his exit. Roath further stated that, in consequence of this protracted sitting, and previous hard work, he had slept late this morning; and, taking it for granted that Trubie, according to promise, was already back at his post, he had seated himself at his books, immediately upon rising. Very shortly after, Trubie had appeared, and informed him that Arling had gone out, whereat he had been considerably surprised—not that the young man was unable to leave his room, but because it was inexpedient to do so. Nevertheless, he frankly acknowledged that his mind was too much preoccupied to give more than a passing thought to the matter, especially as he knew well that any remissness on his part was sure to be amply atoned for by Trubie—he and Arling being, as everybody knew, the Damon and Pythias of the class.

The professor was a man of few words, quick conclusions, and prompt action. "There is but one way of getting at the bottom of the matter," said he, at the end of this rapid statement. "Let somebody bring a crowbar, and prise open the door."

Scarce sooner said than done. The door yielded easily to the rude implement, in Trubie's impetuous hands, and was followed by a rush of the assembled students towards the opening; though, even in this moment of eager curiosity, the instinct of subordination allowed the professor to pass in first. He went straight to the bed, where was seen a human form, lying on its side, in an easy attitude of slumber. He bent for a moment above this form, while a sudden silence fell upon the startled spectators; he touched the brow, lifted the hand, and then, turning slowly round, said, in deep, serious tones,

"He is dead!"

Trubie let fall the crowbar, darted forward, and caught the hand of his dead friend, with a kind of indignant incredulity. But the icy touch, the marble pallor, the lifeless weight, brought instant conviction. He stood as if stunned.

The professor had turned from the bed to the table, where a glass, a spoon, and four or five phials, stood within easy reach of the dead man's hand. He held the spoon to his nostrils, and then examined the phials, holding them up to the light. In one, labelled "Mag. Sol. Morph.," he seemed to find what he sought.

"Mr. Trubie," said he, turning round, with the open phial in his hand, "did your friend ever say anything to you that indicated a disposition to suicide?"

The question roused the young man from his stupor, although it was a moment or two ere he seemed to comprehend its purport fully. "Never, sir!" he exclaimed, indignantly, a hot flush rising to his brow; "Alec Arling would have scorned to do such a thing! He was neither

a fool nor a coward, sir! Besides, there was no earthly reason why he should do it."

The professor shook his head. "He seems to have done it, nevertheless," said he, thoughtfully. "To be sure," he added, after a moment, "it is barely possible that he took it by mistake."

"Most likely that is the real state of the case," remarked Roath, who was standing on the other side of the table, calmly and gravely observant of the scene.

In temperaments like Trubie's, the transition from grief to anger is often curiously direct; the one is the natural outlet of the other; and in this instance, the sound of Roath's voice seemed to afford the bereaved and horrified young man the object of indignation that he so sorely needed. Springing quickly forward, and clenching his fist, he confronted the speaker with a convulsive rage and excitement in strong contrast with Roath's grave composure.

"You know better!" he shouted. "It was neither a suicide nor a mistake. You killed him!"

Roath gave a violent start, and seemed about to speak, but his lips only trembled nervously. He was evidently confounded, almost bewildered, by the suddenness and fierceness of the accusation.

Trubie went on with scarce a moment's pause, and with still hotter indignation, "You were last in his room—you acknowledged it. And you hated him."

Roath had regained his self-command,—which, to do him justice, he had but for an instant lost. "If you were not beside yourself with grief," said he, coldly, "there could be but one answer to such a charge as that. As it is—"

"As it is," I repeat it," interrupted Trubie, with bitter scorn. "I repeat it, and am ready to maintain it, always—anywhere—anyhow!"

Roath drew himself up. "I, too, am ready," he begun, haughtily, but the professor interposed. "Mr. Roath," said he, with dignity, "I command you to be silent. Mr. Trubie,"—laying his hand on the shoulder of the agitated young man, and speaking in a tone of grave rebuke,—"*much may be forgiven to the first excitement of sorrow and horror, but this is going too far. Such an accusation is not to be made lightly.*"

"Lightly!" repeated the frantic Trubie; "he hated Alec, I tell you! He couldn't forgive him for rivalling him—aye, and beating him, too—everywhere; in scholarship, in popularity, in"—he hesitated for an instant,—"*in love.*"

Roath's face grew dark; a frown traced a deep, vertical line between his brows; he set his teeth, and made a quick stride forward. But a dozen hands seized him, a dozen others laid hold of Trubie, and both were half forced, half led away to their rooms; while the faculty of the college, hastily called together, gathered round the corpse, to examine more minutely into the cause of death.

A coroner's jury was duly summoned. It examined

the body, weighed the evidence, and being about equally divided in regard to the question of suicide, finally agreed upon "Accidental Death by Poison," as, upon the whole, the safer and less objectionable verdict. There seemed to be no good reason to suspect murder, nor any ground whatever for implicating Roath, or anybody else, as a perpetrator thereof.

Trubie, to be sure, persisted in his accusation; but it was with a vehemence and a dogmatism so unlike his wonted careless good nature, as to suggest the idea that his mind had been temporarily thrown off its balance by the shock of his friend's death. This idea gained colour from the fact that all which he could offer, in support of so grave a charge, was the statement that he had long seen or suspected, in Roath, a secret hatred of Arling, and a willingness to do him covert mischief. He had even mentioned the suspicion to his friend; but Arling—being himself of the most candid and generous, as well as unsuspecting temper, unable to conceive of any but an open, honourable enemy—had refused to entertain it for a moment. Trubie also solemnly affirmed that his passionate accusation of Roath, by the side of the newly-discovered corpse, was the involuntary result of an intuition so sudden, so clear, and so powerful, that, though little given to look for supernatural agencies in human affairs, he could not rid himself of the conviction that it was the direct inspiration of his dead friend. But it may readily be imagined how much weight a statement of this sort was likely to have with men of plain minds and sturdy understanding, searching among the external phenomena of the event, for grounds upon which to base a reasonable verdict.

On the other hand, the theory of accidental poisoning was supported, negatively, by the lack of apparent cause for self-destruction; and positively, by the fact that on the dead man's table, side by side with the potent narcotic before mentioned, stood a phial of exactly the same size, and with equally colourless contents. Of this Arling had been accustomed to take two or three spoonfuls, mixed with a few drops of a third preparation of exceeding bitter flavour. A careless hand might have mistaken the one phial for the other. The taste of the morphine, so swallowed, would be much disguised; while the dose was sufficient, under the circumstances, to produce death. It will be seen, therefore, that the verdict rendered was the only one upon which a coroner's jury could well have been expected to agree.

The body was next solemnly laid in a vault, to await the disposal of the parents, who lived in a western state; and the widening circles of excitement, horror, curiosity, and regret, of which it had been the unconscious centre, rapidly subsided, or were effaced by the growing interests of the now imminent closing examination.

Even Trubie, though he flatly refused to acquiesce in the coroner's verdict, was forced tacitly to accept its results. He took refuge in a complete personal proscription of Roath; he neither spoke to him nor looked

at him; he treated him precisely as if he did not exist. To a person of Roath's cold, hard, steely temper, and obtuse sensibilities, this demeanour was, perhaps, the most tolerable of which the circumstances admitted. It spared him the necessity of being either conciliatory or resentful; he was well content to ignore Trubie as completely as Trubie ignored him.

He soon found, however, that he had greatly underestimated the moral force of an abhorrence deeply rooted in inimitable distrust. Though largely given to psychological studies, and profoundly learned, for his years, in the intricacies and tendencies of the human mind, he was astonished to find how soon the atmosphere grew heavy around him, how quickly Trubie's dogged dislike communicated itself, more or less strongly, to others; while the increased cordiality of a few, though kindly intended to offset it, only served to point him out more clearly as one set apart, for the time, from life's ordinary course and level, by the force of an unenviable, if undeserved, notoriety. Not that he ever appeared to be conscious of either of these manifestations, or of their ultimate effect. Nature had given him a moral and intellectual fibre so tough, and he had trained himself to a control so perfect, that the keenest observer could not detect the least variation from his usual composed, somewhat moody demeanour. Whatever of suffering, or of sin, lay at the bottom of his heart, not a shadow thereof was seen in his face.

It might well be, however, that he was glad when the examination was over, his degree obtained, and himself left free to depart by any one of the many paths which life opened before him.

Yet he was in no suspicious haste to be gone. His departure was fixed for an early hour on the following morning. Meanwhile, at dusk, he went out for his habitual solitary stroll. Never had he invited companionship, and seldom was it thrust upon him. He had no intimate friend. Though he had been not only admired, but respected, by many, for his intellectual gifts, and for a certain firm, even texture of character, and dispassionateness of judgment, that often looked like virtue, whether such in reality or not, he was beloved by none.

Where he went, what he thought, is not to the purpose of our narrative. His walk was long, however; he did not return until dusk had deepened into clear and starry, but moonless night. As he came up through the great, dim elm-arches, with their solemn resemblance to a vast cathedral nave, a strange tremor seized him. A complete sceptic in regard to all superstitions and forebodings, he yet felt his nerves shaking with an undefined fear; he could not rid himself of the impression that something unprecedented and sinister was at that moment taking place. Reaching the collége, he ascended the steps with a strange mixture of eagerness and reluctance; and immediately became aware of a subdued but excited murmur of voices in the upper hall. At the same moment, Mark Tracey came rushing down the stairs, carpet-bag in hand.

"What's up?" asked Roath, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself.

"I don't rightly know," responded Tracey, hurriedly; "I am so late for the train, that I couldn't stop to hear. Something about a diamond that Trubie has found in Arling's glass—the one from which the poor fellow drank his death-draught, I believe. Good-bye!" And away he went.

Had he waited but for an instant, he would have been startled and spell-bound by the deadly whiteness of Roath's face. Through all the glimmering indistinctness of the dimly-lighted hall, his features were clearly discernible, by reason of that marble pallor. For the moment, he seemed to lose sense and consciousness; he would have fallen, except for the friendly support of the wall against which he leaned.

But it was only for a moment. The man's hard energy of character, his iron will, his rigid self-control, though they had gone down before the suddenness and severity of the shock, quickly rose again. With a mighty effort, he rallied his broken forces; back into his face came the look of purpose, the sense of power, the sternness of immitigable resolve; and this with so rapid and almost imperceptible a change, that it seemed as if the granite man must have stood there from the first, and the weak man not at all. While Tracey's receding footsteps still echoed faintly from without, going swiftly in the direction of the city's principal thoroughfare—while the murmur of voices from above was still at its eager, wondering height—he had turned, noiselessly descended the steps, and was gliding down through the sombre elm-arches, swift and stealthy as a phantom. The street was shadowy at best, but he chose the darker side; it was well nigh deserted at that hour, but he soon turned into a still less frequented one, and then struck into a more assured and less noiseless, as well as swifter, pace.

As he went, he drew a ring from his finger, and glancing hastily round, to make sure that he was unobserved, he flung it far into the dusky shadow of a garden thicket. Only the day before a friend had said to him, "Roath, do you know that the stone is gone from your ring?" and he had answered, "Yes, and I am sorry to have lost it, for it was my father's." And he had proceeded to point out the antique setting, and to describe the peculiar shape and tint of the gem which it had enclosed. He gnashed his teeth as he recalled the short but momentous conversation. But for that, he would not have fled.

The garden into which he had flung the ring adjoined a small cottage; and at one of the open windows a grey-haired dame sat in a high-backed chair, listening to the clear, musical voice of an invisible reader. This fragment of a sentence floated out to him on the dim night air—"He shall be holden with the cords of—"

Even at that moment, the words struck him sharply. Involuntarily he slackened his pace, and half-turned to catch the remainder of the sentence, but it was inaudible. The uncertainty before him, the terror behind, were for

the time almost forgotten in a certain chill curiosity. "Holden with the cords—holden with the cords," he repeated to himself, as he hurried on; "I wonder what book she was reading! I should really like to hear the end of that sentence!"

Still keeping up his swift pace and vigilant glance, he nevertheless sank into a partial abstraction. Some disconnected sentences, breaking at intervals from his lips, served to show the current of his thoughts.

"Set it down, once for all," he muttered, "that crime—absolute crime, of which the law can take hold—is a mistake. Into the best-laid scheme, the one most carefully framed and skilfully executed, Chance—many would say, Providence (*can* there be a Providence, after all?)—drops some trivial, fortuitous circumstance, which disconcerts or betrays everything. The question is, could it have been foreseen? I have worn that ring for sixteen years. No! no! it is too subtle and too intricate a matter to think about now. I have more pressing subjects of reflection. Only, set it down for future use, that the essential thing is to keep clear of crime."

"Holden with the cords!" echoed suddenly and pertinaciously through his memory, as if by way of defiant answer to the conclusion that he had reached. He set his teeth, and dashed more swiftly onward.

Bre long, he reached the railway dépôt. In a large, underground space, half filled with smoke and steam, a train stood on the track, the engine fretting and snorting like a steed impatient to be off, and the bell ringing out a hasty summons, curiously typifying the sharp call to leap on to some favourable train of circumstances, and be borne away to fortune or to ruin, which life often gives us, at certain fatal moments of its rapid career. Roath sprang to the rear platform, and on the instant the train moved.

Swiftly it left the dépôt behind: decayed fences, rickety outhouses, heaps of rubbish and offal, quickly receded into a dingy perspective of backside city life; scattered coal-yards, and freight and engine-houses, succeeded; and then the cool, moist air coming in at the windows, and a swift-gliding panorama of what looked like a terrestrial sky and stars, told him that he was being borne rapidly along the causeway that traversed the broad bay, in the tranquil waters of which the fair night-heavens were faithfully mirrored. Hastily running his eye over his fifty or sixty fellow passengers, and finding no familiar face, he settled himself back in his seat with a long-drawn breath of relief. He remembered that he was on an express train, with twenty miles between him and the next station; he could count upon a safe half hour, at least, for the working out of the difficult problem before him. To that problem he at once addressed himself, with the whole force of his intellect and will; though ever and anon that perplexing fragment of a sentence *would* float distractingly through his mind, saying itself over and over to the accompaniment of the sharp click of the rails, "Holden with the cords—Holden with the cords!"

From that night, for many years, Edmund Roath disappeared as completely from the sight and search of all who had known him, as if from the train wherein he sat he had suddenly flung himself headlong into the narrow causeway, and those deep, silent, star-mirroring waters, closing above him, had steadfastly refused to give up their dead. In brief space of time, his very name, as well as the circumstances that had made it notorious, was forgotten by those who had been most diligent in passing it from mouth to mouth. Seldom was it recalled even by the few who had known him best, and had yielded the heartiest admiration to his rare intellectual gifts. Having never taken any real hold of any human heart, it was but natural that he should pass behind the first intervening cloud, and leave no vacancy.

Did he thereby escape the worst consequences of his sin?

## Part First.

### A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT.

#### I.

#### "PROVERBS, AND THE INTERPRETATION."

THE road was straight, level, and monotonous. It seemed to stretch on for miles, walled in, on either hand, by the rank and profuse foliage of the South. Great cottonwoods and water-oaks, walnuts, cypresses, larches, and junipers, stood side by side, with their brawny arms interlaced, and their trunks hidden in a dense and varied undergrowth; while jessamines and wild grape-vines climbed up to meet the sunshine at their tops, and pendent moss hung their boughs with swaying drapery of grey-green leaves and filaments.

What lay beyond these walls of verdure was only to be guessed at from occasional and indistinct glimpses. Here, a transient view of corn or vegetable rows, and a sound of voices, gave token of the vicinity of a small plantation or market garden. There, a scarcity of deciduous trees and a predominance of evergreens, a more lush and succulent character of undergrowth, and a dark gleam of stagnant water, betrayed the proximity of an extensive morass. Frequently, the eye lost itself in the complicated vistas of thick pine-barrens, stretching far away to right and left. And, ever and anon, a sudden break in the long line of verdure, and a sight of a diverging wheel-track, quickly lost amid overhanging boughs, served to show in what direction some large rice or cotton estate lay hidden in the circumjacent forest.

It scarcely needs to be added that the road was pleasantly cool and shadowy in the late September afternoon. Even at mid-day, its track would present but few and scant patches of sunshine, alternating with dense masses of shadow or spots of flickering light and shade. Now, therefore, with the sun hanging red and low in the

western horizon, scarce a fitful orange gleam fell athwart the path of the only traveller in sight,—a young man, of thoughtful face and stalwart figure, striding on at a firm, even pace, with a portmanteau strapped across his shoulder. Both the face and the portmanteau seemed to indicate that his walk was not for pleasure merely, but tended to some definite, anticipated goal; while the keen, observant glance with which he noted, not only every object of interest along his route, but the character of the soil beneath and the foliage overhead, showed that his road was as unfamiliar as it had been, for the most part, solitary. Since he left the outskirts of the city of Savalla behind, more than two hours ago, he had seen but three human faces. First, an old negro woman, wrinkled and white-haired, had ducked her decrepit form to him in what would have been, but for the stiffness of her joints, a most deferential courtesy. Later on, a teamster, of the same dependent and obsequious race, had doffed to him the ragged remnant of a palm-leaf hat, and uttered a civil, "Good ebenin, Massa." Lastly, a lank, listless, unkempt, sallow-skinned personage, in a white covered waggon, snapping a long-lashed whip at a nondescript team, and belonging to the curious class known as "crackers," had suddenly nodded to him, after a prolonged, and, at first, contemptuous stare, as if finally convinced of his claim to the civility.

For some time past, the road had led through a monotonous pine barren, and the traveller had fallen into a fit of thought. Raising his eyes, at last, from the path on which they had been fixed in abstraction, he saw that the long vista before him was once more enlivened by a moving object. His keen, far sight, trained in western wilds, easily made it out to be a half-obsolete kind of chaise, moving in the same direction as himself, but moving so slowly that he gained on it at every step. In a few moments, he was close behind it, quietly observing its superannuated style and condition, as well as the skinny little horse that furnished its motive power. Hearing the sound of his quick, firm tread, its occupant lifted his eyes from the tattered volume over which he was poring, and turned to look at him.

He himself, in a very different way, was well worthy of observation. He was small and spare, probably not more than sixty years of age, but looking much older. He had that parched and wizened look, oftenest the work of circumstances rather than years, which makes it difficult to realize that the possessor was ever young. His hair and complexion had once been light; the one was now grey, the other sallow, except for a faint suggestion of red at the tip of an otherwise handsome nose. His breath exhaled a perceptible odour of strong drink, surrounding him as with an atmosphere of inflammable gas. His dress was made up of divers ill-fitting garments that had doubtless accrued to him from cast-off wardrobes; not one of them bearing any relation to the other, but all being in an advanced stage of seediness well suited to the wearer. Something of the same fusing of special

incongruities into general fitness also characterized his manner; wherein the mean and furtive air of the shiftless old vagabond was curiously blended with the pathetic dignity of the decayed gentleman.

He eyed the young foot traveller narrowly for a moment, though with a sidelong rather than a straight-forward glance; then, bringing his willing horse to a stand by a jerk of the reins, and a sonorous "Whoa!" he lifted his hat and gravely accosted him:—

"*Manus manum lavat.* Men were meant to help each other. Have a ride, sir?"

The stranger hesitated, perhaps trying to reconcile the address and the speaker, perhaps with a natural enough doubt as to the character of the companionship thus offered. "Thank you," said he, at last, "but I doubt if it be worth while."

"Good and Quickly seldom meet," responded the other, sententiously. "Besides," he added, seeing that the traveller was puzzled to understand the drift of his saw, "Pegasus—I call him Pegasus because he's not winged—is 'like a singed cat, better than he looks.' Moreover, *Compagnon bien parlant vaut en chemin chariot branlant.* Which may be freely translated, 'Good company shortens the road as much as a swift horse.'"

"Oh! I meant no disrespect to your equipage, I assure you," returned the young man, smiling. "Only, I suppose that I must be near my journey's end. Is it far to Berganton?"

"That depends. 'The last straw breaks the camel's back.' It is three miles, more or less. But I should have said, from your face, that you would want to stop this side of that."

"Do I look so tired? Indeed I am not."

"Um—no, I should say not. But faces show something besides weariness,—'like father, like son,' you know. If your looks are to be trusted, there's an old mansion about a quarter of a mile further on, whose door ought to open to you of its own accord—if it can open at all."

The young man smiled and shook his head. "I am sorry that my looks should belie me," said he, "but I have no claim upon the said mansion's hospitality."

"Umph! 'tis a wise child that knows its own father. Tush, tush, man!" he added, hastily, seeing the young man's cheek flush, "I meant no harm; proverbs run from my tongue like water from a Dutch roof. Besides, *Nao ha palavra mal dita se não fora mal entendida*,—that is to say, 'No word is ill-spoken which is not ill-taken.' But come! come! jump in! I'll carry you to Berganton, since that's your goal, and welcome. The night is drawing on apace; you'll be glad of my pilotage before we get there."

The young man glanced down the darkening road, from which the last ray of sunlight had vanished, and seemed still to hesitate; but finally sprang lightly into the chaise, and the horse jogged on.

"Proverbs," continued the old man, treating his three

last sentences as mere parentheses, "have been the study of my life. I know Lord Chesterfield bans them as vulgar, but is he wiser than Solomon? or better authority than Cicero, and Scaliger, and Erasmus, and Bacon, and Bentley? Bah! the whole gist of his writings might be compressed into two or three of the maxims that he affects to despise. 'Fair-and-Softly goes far in a day,' will live when his 'Letters' are forgotten. And a good reason why. Proverbs are the royal road to wisdom. They're the crystallized experience of the ages. They epitomize the minds and manners of the people that brought them forth. Who but a 'smooth, fause' Lowland Scot, for instance, would have said 'Rot him awa' wi' butter an' eggs?' Who but a marauding Hielander would have declared, 'It's a bare moor that ane goes o'er and gets na a coo?' Who but poor priest-ridden, king-ridden Spain, would have said, *Fraile que pide por Dios, pide por dos*, 'The friar that begs for God, begs for two;' *Quien la vaca del rey come flaca, gorda la paga*, 'He who eats the king's cow lean, pays for it fat;' but I ought to beg your pardon, perhaps you know Spanish?"

"Not very well," good-naturedly replied the young man, taking pity on his companion's inveterate habit of translation, and the delight which it plainly afforded him.

"Well enough, I suppose, to know that it's a mine of wealth to the proverb-hunter," rejoined the old man, graciously. "Here, now, is a good one, of a different character, *Adonde vas, mal? Adonde mas hay?* 'Whither goest thou, misfortune? To where there is more?' And here is a pertinent question for people who live well without visible resources, *Los que cabras no tienen, y cabritos venden, de donde les vienen?* 'They who keep no goats, and yet sell kids, where do they get them?' But, after all, for right sharp and serviceable proverbs, commend me to the Danish. Here is an old collection that I've lately picked up, printed at Copenhagen, in 1761; just let me read you two or three."

He opened the dingy volume aforementioned, and proceeded to read, translate, and comment, with infinite zest. "*Ingen kommer i Skaden, uden han selv hjælper til*, 'No man gets into trouble without his own help' (a moral which no one can point better than your humble servant); *Naar det regner Vælling, saa har Stodderen ingen Skee*, 'When it rains porridge, the beggar has no spoon' (there's no contenting discontented people); *Ingen Ko kaldes broget uden hun haver en Flek*, 'A cow is not called dappled unless she has a spot' (most gossip has some small foundation); *Hvo som vil gjøre et stort Spring, skal gaae vel tillage*, 'He that would leap high must take a long run' (else we should have bishops and judges without grey hairs); *Det kommer igien, sagde Manden, han gav sin So Flæsk*, 'It will come back again, said the man, when he gave his sow pork;' don't you see how the patient, shrewd, humorous character of the Danes peeps through them all?"

"Yet, if some proverbs are national, others are cosmopolitan, and fit all generations, and all countries. For

instance, there's the Greek saw, 'Ἀρχὴ ἡμῶν πατὴρ; see how it comes down through every language under the sun, till, at last, it settles into terse English rhyme,

'Well begun  
Is half done.'

Or, take that common saying, 'To carry coals to Newcastle,' which seems to have originated in the East. At least, we find it first in the Persian of Saadi, 'To carry pepper to Hindostan;' then the Hebrews have it, 'To carry oil to the City of Olives;' the Greeks, 'owls to Athens;' the Latins, 'wood to the forest;' the French, 'water to the river;' the Dutch, 'firs to Norway;' the Danish—Hallo! Pegasus; what are you about?"

The horse, being left to his own guidance while his master was riding his favourite hobby, had taken occasion to shoot off from the main road into an apparently little-used track, cut through a thick pine-barren at the left. He had made several lengths before his driver, taken at a disadvantage, could pull him up.

"Pegasus is of the opinion that 'the longest way round is the surest way home,'" remarked the old man, apologetically, as he scanned the narrow, tree-lined track, with a view to the possibility of turning safely around. "Or," he added, with a glance of sly humour at the traveller, "perhaps he thinks, as I did just now, that Bergan Hall is your natural destination."

"Bergan Hall!" repeated the young man, in a tone of extreme surprise, "is this the way to Bergan Hall? I thought you came to the village first, from Savalla."

"So you did, once," rejoined the old man, looking surprised, in his turn; "but that must have been before you were born, if your face doesn't belie your age. The road used to make a long elbow, to get round that swamp which you crossed a mile back. But it was straightened thirty years ago at least—*Autre temps, autre chemin*—a different time, a different road. And so you are going to Bergan Hall? Well, thanks to luck and Pegasus, you're in the right way."

"But I must not take you out of yours," responded the young man, good-naturedly. And he had jumped out of the chaise before its owner was well aware of his intention.

"*Canis festinans cæcos parit catulos*," muttered the old man, in a tone of chagrin. "In other words, 'Look before you leap.' I'd as soon have gone this way as the other. My place lies between the Hall and the village, and the choice of roads isn't worth shucks—at least, in comparison with a pleasant chat. However, you're out, and I suppose it's no use to ask you to get in again, since the Hall is but a few rods away. Keep straight ahead till you come to the old avenue, then turn to the left. Good-day, *il n'y a si bons compagnons qui ne se separent*—the best friends must part."

"Yes—to meet again," said the young man, pleasantly.

"Very true; *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," re-

turned the old man, slowly and cautiously backing his crazy vehicle around. And with another "Good-day," and a parting gesture, he quickly disappeared among the fast-falling shadows.

The young man stood looking after him for a moment, with a smile half of amusement, half of pity, upon his lips. But his features soon settled into something more than their accustomed gravity, and suddenly facing about, he pursued his way.

Ere long the tall, crowded pines of the barren gave place to various stubble and fallow grounds, with here and there a late crop waiting to be harvested; and shortly after, the narrow, irregular track that he had been following encountered a broader and more beaten one. Recognizing this, with some difficulty, as the "avenue" of which his late companion had spoken, he stopped, and gazed up and down with a look of surprise and pain.

It was bare of trees; but on either side extended a long row of live oak stumps, the size of which showed what massive trunks and far-reaching branches had once columned and arched it like a temple. Here and there, some forgotten bole or bough lay and rotted upon the very spot which it had formerly overhung with a soft canopy of verdure, and made beautiful with pleasant play of sunshine and leaf-shadow; while around it gathered a rank luxuriance of weeds, transmuting its slow aristocratic decay into teeming, plebeian life. In one or two cases, as if moved by an almost human sympathy, vines had sprung up around the bereaved stumps, and sought to soften their hard outlines with clinging drapery of leaves and tendrils. They had also done their best to cover up various unsightly gaps in the long lines of ruinous fence that divided the avenue from the open fields on either side. Yet the final effect of these gentle touches was only to deepen the painful impression of the scene. Where they did not reach, the bareness was so much more bare, the dilapidation so much uglier.

The young observer felt this bareness and dilapidation to his heart's core; felt it all the more keenly because an image of the avenue's pristine grandeur, derived from the surrounding fragments (or from some other source), continually rose before his mind's eye, to heighten its present desolation by contrast. His brow contracted as he gazed; and the expression of his face changed rapidly from surprise to dissatisfaction, from dissatisfaction to perplexity, from perplexity to doubt. Once, he turned as if half-minded to retrace his steps; but the next moment, he shook off his irresolution with a gesture of disdain, and immediately hastened forward.

The avenue terminated in an open, circular space. Evidently, it had once been a lawn; but it was now covered with half-obliterated furrows, showing that at some not very remote period, it had been planted with corn. Around it stood a number of gigantic live-oaks, heavily draped with moss, and brooding dusky shadows under their massy boughs. Fronting upon it, was a large mansion of dark brick, consisting of an upright,

two-storey main building, with a huge, clustered chimney in the midst, and long, low, rambling wings on either side.

The whole place had a deserted and melancholy appearance. The moss on the live-oaks swayed slowly to and fro in the evening breeze, with a wonderfully sombre and funereal effect; and the mansion was dark and silent as any ruin. Not a light shone from the closed windows; not a sound came from the deep, shadowy doorway; and the unsteady stone steps, slippery with damp and green with moss, gave the impression of a spot where no human foot had left its print for many years.

The young man halted at a little distance from the dark building, and surveyed it moodily. Can *this* be Bergan Hall?" he murmured. "Can this gloomy old ruin be the open, cheery, hospitable mansion, full of light and life, that my mother has so often described to me? It looks a habitation for ghosts—and for ghosts only! I wonder if any living being——"

Breaking off abruptly, he ascended the moss-grown steps, only to find that the vines which so heavily draped the portico, had woven a thick network across the door. It was plain that it had not been opened for months, perhaps years. Nevertheless, not to be easily daunted, he found and lifted the knocker. It fell with a dull, lifeless sound, that smote the young man's heart like a sudden chill. A dreary reverberation came from within, and then died away into silence. He knocked again, and, listening intently, he fancied that he heard the sound of stealthy footsteps within, and a slight creaking of the floor. But so dead a silence followed upon these imaginary sounds, that he soon became convinced of his involuntary self-deception.

Turning from the door, he now noticed a little footpath running round the end of one of the long wings. Committing himself to this timely guide, he soon came in sight of the rear of the mansion, which looked upon a sort of court; where a few ornamental shrubs still held an uncertain tenure against the encroachments of divers sorts of lawless and vagrant vegetation. At a little distance, was a long range of dilapidated offices, showing upon what an almost princely scale the housekeeping had once been administered. But this part of the premises was not less dark; silent, and deserted than the other.

The footpath still held on, however, past the court and the offices, towards a bright light at a considerable distance. "The negro quarter!" muttered the young man, recognizing the whereabouts of one of the most salient features of his mother's well-remembered descriptions. "At least, I may learn there what it all means." And, quickening his steps, he soon came upon a busy and picturesque scene.

In the midst of a large, quadrangular space, flanked on three sides by double rows of negro-cabins, and on the fourth apparently sloping down to a water-course, was a rough sort of threshing-mill, now idle, but showing satisfactory results of its day's labour in a large heap of rice

by its side. A crowd of negroes, of both sexes, coarsely and uncouthly clad, were busily filling odd, shallow baskets from this heap, which they then poised on their heads, and bore off down the slope to some unseen goal. There were two regular, silent files, the one coming, the other going; and the heap of grain steadily and even swiftly diminished. Near the mill, stood the only white person visible,—a large, powerfully-framed man, carelessly and even shabbily dressed, yet with the unmistakable air of ownership about him. At his left hand, a half-naked, impish looking negro boy was holding a blazing pitch-pine torch, by the light of which he seemed to be jotting down some sort of memoranda in a small book.

The scene was even more strange and weird than picturesque. The dark figures of the negroes, filing noiselessly up the shadowed slope, suddenly grew distinct, wild, and fantastic, within the circle of enchantment made by the flaring light of the torch, only to become dim and spectral again when received back into the dusk. They might have passed for embodiments of those vagaries of the mind, which come from no one knows whither, play their fitful parts within the illuminated circle of the imagination, and vanish as they came. The young man would almost have taken it as a matter of course, had the whole spectacle suddenly melted into thin air.

Yet, even in that case, he would have expected the masterful personage aforementioned to have remained, as the one tangible link between the phantasms and the earth. In truth, a single glance at his massive figure, which seemed to have been hewn out of the rock, rather than moulded from any softer material, went far to disenchant the scene. Here was a touch of the actual, the substantial, and the dogmatic, not to be mistaken; and serving as a clue to the reality of everything else.

Toward this personage, after a moment's scrutiny, the young man unhesitatingly made his way, with the air of one who has found something certain amid much that is confused, illusory, and perplexing. He was immediately spied by the negroes, and followed by their curious gaze; albeit, they ventured not to intermit their labour for an instant, but contented themselves with slowly and stiffly turning their burdened heads toward him as they marched on, and keeping their shining black eyes fixed on him to the last, in such wise that the heads of the retreating file seemed to have been set on backwards. The boy with the torch was perhaps the most wondering, open-mouthed gazer of them all.

As yet, the master of the premises had not been made aware of the stranger's approach; but, looking up to reprimand his torch-bearer for inattention, he observed the imp's dumbfounded gaze, and turned to see what had caused it.

"My uncle, Mr. Bergan, I presume," said the young man, taking off his hat, and bowing low: "I am Bergan Arling." And he added, after a moment, seeing that the other did not speak, "I bring you a letter from my mother."



## THE HAUNTED CLOSET.

MY sister wrote me that she had taken a house for the summer, "a queer, old-fashioned house," away down on the lonely Georgian coast, where the children would have the benefit of the sea-breeze and the surf-bathing prescribed for them after a sickly spring season. And she urged me to come at once and join them in their new abode.

Queer and old-fashioned indeed I found it—a jumble of brick and stone and timber, each room of which had the appearance of having been built separately, by successive owners, with regard only to personal convenience, and in open defiance of all architectural rules. Yet I liked this very irregularity and the odd nooks and corners which were for ever unexpectedly "turning up" in the most improbable places. The halls were large and airy, and the rooms abundantly supplied with closets, windows, and doors—the latter, for the most part, opening upon broad piazzas, or queer little porches stuck here and there, like excrescences upon the walls. Very cold and bleak in winter, no doubt; but for a summer residence delightful.

At the back of the main building projected a sort of long and narrow wooden gallery, consisting of a row of three or four small rooms—last used, it appeared, as store-rooms for grain and vegetables—all opening upon a covered passage-way connecting with a brick office, which had formerly stood separate from the house. These rooms and the office were unused by the family; for the gallery was not in very good repair, and the office-room, as it was called, was quite too remote to be desirable; besides, there was plenty of room in the main building.

Yet the first time I visited this little brick office it at once took my fancy. It was a good-sized, comfortable room, with a fire-place on one side, and a queer little triangular closet, or cupboard, in a corner, bearing the marks of books and ink-stains on its shelves. There was a door opening into the gallery, and another upon a quiet and secluded corner of the garden, out of sight of the house; and the two windows, one looking towards the sea, and the other over the large grassy back-yard, were shaded from the sun by vines and the long drooping branches of a weeping-willow, which cast green shadows and breathed fresh odours throughout the apartment. The very place, I thought, for a study; a charming nook in which to lie reading some interesting volume by day, or quietly dreaming by night, away from the noise of the children and the screaming of baby: so I at once chose this little room for my own—bed-room and study in one—and, after giving it a thorough purification and airing, took possession.

It proved quite as pleasant as I had anticipated. Here, awakening in the morning, I would open the windows

and let in the fresh sea-breeze, with the fragrance of the dewy vine-leaves that clustered on the walls without. Here, in the sultry noon-tide, I dozed or dreamed away the hours, lying upon the little lounge near the window, and glancing from the book in my hand upward into the deep, cool recesses of the willow branches above; and, when evening came, I would sit in my little garden-door, looking upon the neglected wilderness of bowery shrubs and dewy flowers, and rejoice in the quiet and seclusion which I loved so much.

Thus I was sitting, about twilight, a few days after I had moved into my little hermitage, as I called it. The air was very still, scarce a rustle disturbed the branches of the willow, and the surf rippling on the beach made but a low murmur. Suddenly, in the midst of this silence, I became aware of a strange sound near me—a faint, uncertain sound, like the whispering of voices and rustling of garments. Fancying that my sister or the children had playfully stolen upon me in my abstraction, I looked around; but, to my surprise, there was no one visible.

It must have been a fancy, of course, I thought, and turned once more to my book; but hardly had I done so, when again I heard the rustling of drapery, and what sounded like a footfall upon the floor. I was startled, and sat breathless, staring around and listening. Once or twice it was repeated, and then all was still as before.

In order that my story may be fully comprehended and credited, I must inform the reader that I was at this time a woman of four-and-twenty, had never in my life been ill or nervous, was the farthest possible from being superstitiously inclined, and had been accustomed to regard with ridicule all stories concerning ghosts, goblins, and other so-called spiritual manifestations. Such being the case, it is not to be supposed that the circumstance just narrated should have made any deep or lasting impression on me. On the contrary, though regarding it as certainly singular, I set it down as one of those odd and fleeting fancies which do sometimes puzzle and bewilder even the most rational, and, as such, thought no more of it at the time.

But on the following day, and again on the next, the mysterious sounds which I have described were repeated. It was exactly as though some person, or persons, were occupying the room with me—moving with soft footsteps and speaking in low whispers, as if unwilling to be heard. Once it seemed as though some small article were dropped upon the floor, with a metallic sound dulled by a carpet, though there was none in the room; and then I distinctly distinguished a grating noise, as of a key turned in a lock: after which, for the rest of the day, all was quiet.



I said nothing to any one about these noises ; though, by this time, I was almost convinced that they were not the effects of my imagination, I yet decided to wait, to watch for their recurrence, and to be thoroughly convinced of their real existence before exposing myself to laughter and ridicule by relating so improbable a story.

It was not long that I was kept in suspense. A day or two after, about four o'clock in the afternoon—a most unghostlike hour—I was reclining on my couch between the door and the window, reading “The Woman in White,” then just out. Suddenly, as I turned a leaf, I heard a faint grating sound, as of a key, just behind me, and then a voice speaking in a low, indistinct murmur, inexpressibly hollow and sepulchral.

I did not stir. I arrested the hand which was about to turn the page, and, holding my breath, listened with deliberate eagerness. I would now be certain that this was no fancy playing me fantastic tricks.

For an instant only came the indistinct murmur, and then a silence. The sunlight was streaming down in slender, golden threads through the gently-swaying branches of the willows ; out on the lawn I saw the gardener at work, and on the beach heard the merry voices of the children : I felt courageous. Rising, I searched around the room, under the bed and lounge, and in the triangular cupboard in the corner—the only places where a person could be concealed. Not a living thing was to be seen, and I was about closing the closet door when I heard distinctly a low, faint laugh close in my ear, and then a moaning sigh or groan, which seemed to die away into infinite distance.

I confess that at this instant my nerves did fail me, and a cold shiver ran curdling through my veins. I hastily closed the closet door, and, without waiting even to snatch up my book, ran along the gallery to the other part of the house.

Should I tell my sister and brother-in-law ? No ; I still shrank from the thought of their laughter. Should I return to the room which appeared haunted by some invisible presence, and sleep there again alone ? I must confess that I did not like the idea ; yet what good reason could I give for so suddenly changing my apartment ? Finally—and the reader will credit me with the possession of almost more than feminine courage in so doing—I resolved to keep silence for the present, and spend the night, as usual, in my little office-room.

The first few hours passed away quietly, and I was just falling into a doze, when I was aroused by the door of the corner closet slowly creaking. A faint moonlight illumined the room sufficiently to enable me to perceive that this door stood ajar, though I distinctly recollected having closed it before retiring. It had neither lock nor bolt by which it could be secured.

I sat up in bed, watching the closet and looking half fearfully around the room ; and as I looked, with my eyes fixed upon the half-open door, I heard within a jingle of glasses and phials. It was a sound not to be mistaken,

and almost at the same instant a voice said near me, in a hoarse whisper—

“Bring a light !”

I started up, trembling, and, with a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead, reached for a match and the lamp, and tried to strike a light, but in vain. I had but one or two matches left, and as I dropped the last in despair, I heard the voice which had before spoken say, slowly and distinctly—“Poison !”

My first impulse now was to flee from this haunted room ; but as I arose for that purpose, a feeling such as I had never before known—a feeling of superstitious fear and horror—overcame me, and, had my life depended upon it, I could not have passed that closet and sped through that long deserted gallery alone. I sank back upon my pillow and drew the sheets about my head, and remained thus until daybreak.

It was now no longer a question with me as to whether I should or should not inform my relatives of what had occurred. I told them the whole, and, as I expected, was met with laughter and badinage.

“Try it yourself !” was all I could say in answer ; and on that night my brother-in-law, Mr. Walton, agreed to occupy the office room, I remaining with my sister.

“Well, Richard, did you see or hear anything of Louisa’s ghost ?” inquired my sister, playfully, on our meeting at the breakfast table in the morning.

“I saw nothing,” he answered, rather thoughtfully. “But really, Emma, it did appear as though, more than once during the night, I heard some unaccountable sounds—the turning of a key in a lock ; a sort of moaning and sobbing child’s voice ; and very distinctly the shutting of a small door. And this last sound,” he added, decidedly, “certainly came from the closet or cupboard in the corner of the room.”

Emma opened her eyes and looked frightened.

“Good gracious, Richard ! you don’t really think that you heard these sounds in that room, with no one there but yourself ?”

“It is very unaccountable at present, I admit, but you know that I do not believe in the supernatural. We must examine more fully into this matter.”

For some days he kept sole possession of the room, reporting once or twice that he had again heard the mysterious noises, and in especial the grating of a rusty key, as in the lock of the corner cupboard, was very distinctly audible. Three times, he said, he had heard this sound, and yet, as we all knew, there was neither lock nor key to the closet door, only traces of one that had been there. He had examined all the doors and windows, he had searched the whole room minutely, but without discovering the slightest clue to the mystery. There was no room adjoining, no cellar below or garret above, whence the sounds could have proceeded, and the whole thing was most singular and unaccountable. And once he even hesitatingly suggested, “Could it be possible, after all, that there were in reality such things as

spiritual manifestations?" My own mind echoed the inquiry.

Our nearest neighbour was a farmer who lived about a mile distant, and of himself and his wife we made inquiries in regard to the former occupants of the house.

It had for twenty years within his memory, Mr. Grover said, belonged to a small planter, an illiterate but good sort of man, who had finally sold out in lots and purchased a better place farther south. Then the house, with a part of the land adjoining, had been taken by an Englishman, who was known as Doctor Mather, and was understood to be a very learned man and a writer. Mr. Grover and the rest of the neighbours believed him to be "a little cracked." He used to go about the country gathering sea-weeds, plants, and insects, but would repel all approach to acquaintance, and reply very rudely to any inquiry of the country people as to the use or purpose of his collections. He had a wife, with whom it was said he lived on bad terms, and three sickly children, whose presence he would scarcely tolerate. The wife and two of the children died, and then Doctor Mather went away with the remaining child, leaving the place to an agent for sale. It was then rented for a time by some people, who, for reasons known only to themselves, would not remain their term out; and finally, we had taken it, furnished as it was, for the summer. This was all that Mr. Grover knew.

Upon hearing this simple account, there instinctively formed in my mind an explanation, if such it can be called, of the mysterious circumstances which had so puzzled and disturbed us. This Doctor Mather—this morose and unsocial man, and unkind husband and father, as he was described to be—this solitary collector of herbs—of what deeds might he not have been guilty here, in the seclusion of this lonely old country house? "They had all three died;" and my memory reverted with a shudder to the word "*Poison!*" which I had heard uttered by that mysterious voice. Perhaps murder had been committed in this house—even in that very office-room which I had appropriated; and this impression was deepened upon being informed by Mr. Grover, in answer to my inquiries, that that room had in reality been Doctor Mather's study or library, into which no one was ever admitted; and that he would sometimes remain in it whole days and nights together without being interrupted, having his meals brought and deposited outside the door, in the adjoining gallery.

The office and gallery were now carefully shunned by us all, with the exception of Mr. Walton, who haunted it with a persistency doubtless equal to that of the ghost itself. He was determined, he said, to learn all that could be learned of this mystery, and, if possible, to thoroughly unravel it.

One evening, after a rain, a heavy sea-fog set in upon the coast, and the atmosphere became all at once so damp and chilly as to render a fire indispensable to comfort. As I have said, the rooms were all large and airy,

and were, moreover, carpetless and sparingly furnished. This was pleasant enough in warm weather, but inexpressibly dreary in this chill and damp spell. The two most comfortable apartments of the house for cool weather were undoubtedly the nursery and the office room, which were situated at opposite extremities of the long building. So, leaving the former to the nurses and children, Mr. Walton proposed that he and Emma and I should make ourselves comfortable for the evening in the haunted room, as he now called it, mauger the ghosts; and, as an inducement, promised us a hot oyster supper. The oysters were to be had fresh out of the water, almost at our very door, just for the trouble of picking them up.

Certainly the room, as Emma and I rather hesitatingly entered it, looked pleasant and cheerful enough, with its blazing pine-wood fire and the tea-kettle steaming on the hearth. No one made any allusion to the ghost; Mr. Walton, indeed, seemed to have forgotten the subject in the interest of the supper, though I, and I fancied also Emma, felt a little nervous as we occasionally glanced furtively round the room. One or twice, also, I caught myself instinctively looking over my shoulder toward the corner cupboard behind me.

Supper over, Mr. Walton, who was a fine reader, entertained us with some chapters from Dickens's latest work, and we were soon so much interested as to forget everything else. In the very midst of this, however, I was startled by feeling a faint breath of cold air upon my neck, and at the same instant saw my sister's eyes lifted with a frightened glance toward the corner closet behind me.

I instinctively started up and crossed over to the opposite side of the fire place.

"What is it, Louisa?" said Emma, nervously; "I saw the door of the closet open."

Mr. Walton closed his book and sat looking attentively at the cupboard. And it was whilst we were all thus, perfectly silent and motionless, that a sound broke the stillness,—at first what seemed the jingling of phials and rattling of chains, and then the faint, uncertain sound of muffled voices which I had heard more than once before, all coming unmistakably from the little triangular closet in the corner.

"Oh, Richard, do you hear?" gasped Emma, seizing fast hold of her husband's arm. For myself, I came very near screaming outright.

"Hush,—be quiet!" said Mr. Walton. And taking the lamp, he advanced to the cupboard, threw wide open the door, and surveyed it minutely.

It was simply a closet built of deal boards against the naked whitewashed walls of the room. Three rickety shelves, unoccupied and much stained with ink and other liquids, were all it contained. Between the lower and middle shelves was a strip of wood nailed against the wall, as if to cover a place where, as we could see, the plaster had fallen away; and beneath this strip could be

discerned part of what seemed to be a rat-hole. Besides these, not a thing was visible in the closet.

And yet, as I live, while we three stood there gazing into the empty closet, from its recesses came a hollow laugh, and a low, childish voice said, plaintively :—

"Three—all dead—poisoned!"

Emma sank down, half swooning. Even Mr. Walton's face, as I fancied, became a shade pale; and then we heard the voice again :—

"Bury them,—grave under the magnolia—."

I looked again at my brother-in-law, and saw his lips compress and a kind of desperation appear in his face. He advanced close to the closet, put his head almost within and shouted loudly and distinctly :—

"Who are you? Who is it that speaks?"

In answer came a shriek, loud and appalling, ringing in our very ears. Then the same breath of cold air swept past, followed by the violent shutting of a door and grating of a key in a lock. We looked at each other aghast, but before we had time to utter a word, we were again startled by a different sound,—that of children's cries, and footsteps hurrying along the gallery to the room in which we were. The next moment the door burst open, and in rushed Momma Abbey, the coloured nurse, bearing baby in her arms, and followed by her assistant, Chloë, dragging the three elder children after her—all the latter pale and terrified, and, Freddy in particular, shrieking shrilly.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" screamed Emma, forgetting her own recent terror in alarm for her children.

"Oh, marster! oh, missus!" gasped Momma Abbey, piteously, her eyes rolling white in their sockets, "a ghos'! A ghos' in the nursery!"

"A ghost?"

"In the corner-closet in the nursery! I heerd it! We all heerd it! Marster Freddy was lookin' in dat closet to see if dar was any mice in de trap what he'd set, and sure's I's alive, dis minute, marster, somebody in dat 'are closet hollered out, 'Who is you? Who dat talkin' dar?' We all heerd it, we did!"

Mr. Walton turned around and once more looked into the closet. Then, taking the tongs from the hearth, he inserted them behind the bit of board which I have mentioned as nailed to the wall, and wrenched it away, exposing, as he did so, a small aperture surrounded by a metallic ring.

"I have discovered the mystery at last!" he said, turning to us with a smile. "It is no ghost, but simply

a speaking-tube. Stay here, and when you hear the spirits, place your mouth to this and answer them."

He left the room, and in a few minutes we again heard the mysterious sepulchral voice in the closet, only much more distinct now since the board had been removed.

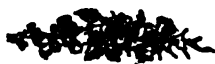
"How are you all?"

I summoned courage to answer: "Much better!" And then there came a low laugh, ghostly enough, certainly, to have caused our blood to curdle had we not been aware of the identity of the apparent ghost.

And so it was all explained, and the mystery of the haunted closet cleared up. There was, as Mr. Walton had said, a speaking-tube communicating between the office-room and the distant nursery—placed there, doubtless, by the eccentric English naturalist, Dr. Mather, for his own convenience; and he, on leaving the house, had simply carelessly boarded over the mouths of the tube, not dreaming of, or indifferent to, the consequences of his negligence. Probably it had been these very mysterious sounds which had driven away the last occupants of the house; and certain it is that, but for the fortunate discovery of their source, we ourselves might have been won over to the ranks of spiritualists and ghost-believers. Such results have, ere now, been produced by slighter causes than these.

The explanation of the various sounds heard by us in the office-room is very simple. The corresponding mouth of the tube was in a closet in the nursery, precisely similar to that in the office. Momma Abbey stored in this closet the various cups, phials, and so forth, used in the nursery, and, to secure these from the children, the closet was generally kept locked. It was the opening and shutting of this closet door, with the grating of the key in the rusty lock, that had so often alarmed me; and when it was open, and a search going on among its contents for some special article, the noises thus made and the words spoken in the closet could be heard more or less distinctly in the office. Also, when the closet-door was suddenly shut to, it would produce a current of air through the tube sufficient to slightly open the loosely-hung door of the office cupboard. Master Freddy's idea of setting a mouse-trap in the closet, baited with poisoned food, had added much to the effect of the mystery; and it was little Mary's voice which had pleaded so pathetically for the three victims of her brother's experiment, imploring that they might be buried under the magnolia-tree.

Mr. Walton used to say that it was almost a pity that the secret of the tube should have been discovered, and thereby so capital a ghost-story spoiled.



## LETTERS ON ETIQUETTE.

WE beg leave to warn our readers that in these letters on etiquette we do not intend to confine ourselves to the simple rules of conduct. We aim higher. We wish, if possible, to make a journey into the region from whence these rules spring. We want to teach our readers not only how to enter a ball-room, but what they must be if they want to enter any room with success. Instead of bringing conduct down to a dull uniformity, we should like to have them set it upon principles that, instead of making all uniform, would make each harmonious—a much more difficult work.

To begin with, what is Etiquette? As we take it, it is the grammar of politeness. Of course the next question is, what is Politeness? To that there are a variety of answers, of which we know none better than the gospel maxim :—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

But it is worth while to examine the different definitions that have been given to that which is called politeness by great men and small, in order that we may form our own opinion. The other day we were standing on the Paris quai, opposite the Louvre, turning over the old books that are exposed for sale there. We opened one, and the first words we saw were, "What is politeness?" A friend called our attention at the moment, and we read no further; but the words rung in our ears and made us think of them in spite of ourselves. At last, to get rid of their din, we resolved to issue invitations to some great men we dare to call our friends, to answer the question for us. Accordingly, we made a bright fire to welcome them, lighted our lamp, and, in imagination, sent the following letter of invitation :—"M. N. presents his compliments, and begs you to do him the honour of coming to pass a few hours with him this evening." And we addressed the letters to—Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer, sometime yeoman to King Edward III.; to M. François Rabelais, sometime curé of Meudon; to Mr. Burns, sometime ploughman; to Lord Chesterfield; to M. Michael de Montaigne; to Madame la Marquise de Lambert; to M. Luc de Clapiers, Marquis de Vauvenargues; to M. Jean de la Bruyère; to Mr. Ruskin; to Mr. Addison; to M. Blaise Pascal; to M. le Duc de la Rochefoucauld; to M. Jean Jacques Rousseau, citizen of Geneva; to Madame Ducrist de Saint-Aubin, Marquise de Sillery, Comtesse de Genlis; to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; to Mr. Alexander Pope; to M. Charles Duclos; to M. Sebastian-Roch-Nicholas Chamfort; to M. François-Marie Aroutet de Voltaire; to M. Joseph Joubert; to Julius Cæsar; to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson; and to a host of others, for we wanted the question settled once and for all. They heard the question in silence, and answered in their turn as follows :—

*Chaucer.*—"Whoso is vertuous,  
And in his path not outrageous,  
When such one thou seest thee beforene,  
Though he be not gentil borne,  
Thou mayst well sein (this is in sothe)  
'That he is gentil because he doethe  
As longeth to a gentil man.

And again, to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gentrie of the bodie bemireth the gentrie of the soule; and we ben al of a fader and of a moder."

*Rabelais.*—"My friends, I don't understand your language (polite apologies). I believe it is the language of the antipodes."

*Burns.*—"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
A man's the gowd for a' that."

*Montaigne.*—"I have been brought up carefully enough in my childhood, and have lived in good company enough not to ignore the laws of French civility. I like to follow them, but not so blindly as to make my life uncomfortable. I have often seen men unpolite from too much politeness and importunate courtesy. After all, the science of etiquette is very useful. Like grace and beauty, it softens the first steps of intercourse and familiarity."

*Marquise de Lambert.*—"Politeness is one of the greatest ties by which society is held together, since it contributes the most to peace. It is a preparation to charity, and an imitation of humility. Politeness is the art of conciliating with comeliness what we owe to others and to ourselves."

*Lord Chesterfield.*—"The gay and easy politeness of the French covers a multitude of sins. A good number of them are wanting in common sense, many more who fail in ordinary learning, yet, in general, they make up for these defects by their manners; so that they almost always pass unperceived. I have often said, and I think really, that a Frenchman who joins to a foundation of virtue, erudition, and good sense, the manners and politeness of his country, has attained the perfection of human nature. If you are not polite, your qualities, virtues, and talents will be of no use to you. Politeness is the result of much good sense, a certain dose of good nature, a little renunciation of self for the sake of others, in order to obtain the same indulgence."

*La Bruyère.*—"It seems to me that the true spirit of politeness is to take pains that by our words and manners other people may be pleased with us and with themselves. Politeness does not always inspire goodness, equity, kindness, and gratitude, but it gives the appearance of these virtues, and makes men appear on the outside what they ought to be within. . . . It is true that agreeable manners enhance merit and make it more agreeable, and

we must have a great many eminent qualities to be able to do without politeness."

*La Rochefoucauld*.—"Politeness is only the wish to receive it, and to be esteemed polite."

*Rousseau*.—"All that is hypocrisy. Your politeness is more vicious than virtuous; if you have a kind heart, you will be always polite enough; if you have not, you have only one means of being useful to your fellow-creatures, it is to let them see it, so that they may guard against it."

*Joseph Joubert*.—"Politeness is the flower of humanity. He who is not polite is not human enough. Politeness is a sort of blunting instrument that envelopes the asperities of our character, and prevents them from wounding others."

"Politeness is to kindness what words are to thoughts."

*Julius Cæsar*.—"I can say with certainty that in my most arduous struggles, I owed a great part of my success to qualities of a secondary order—*lenities*—*virtutes*—such as civility, good nature, and the desire to please other people."

*Madame de Genlis*.—"Politeness is not a trifling thing; in all times it has contributed to the celebrity of those people who have brought it to perfection. The urbanity of the Athenians, after so many centuries, still seems to us one of their titles to glory, and alticism will always be a flattering epithet."

*Duclos*.—"Politeness is the expression of social virtues; social virtues are those which make us useful or agreeable to the people with whom we have to live. A man who could possess them all would be necessarily polite in the highest degree."

*Chamfort*.—"When we read the memoirs of the time of Louis XIV., we find even in the worst company of those days, something that we miss in the best company now."

*Pascal*.—"All men naturally hate each other; society has been obliged to invent politeness to make itself possible."

*Voltaire*.—"Politeness is to the mind what grace is to the face: it is the sweet image of a kind heart."

*Vauvenargues*.—"Men, born enemies of one another, have unimagined politeness in order to give laws to their incessant wars. If men did not flatter one another, there would be very little society possible."

*Pope*.—"Virtue in rude and uncultivated men is like a precious stone badly set; it loses part of its brilliancy."

*Diderot*.—"I knew a man who knew everything except how to say good-morning, and to bow. He lived and died poor and despised."

*Buckingham*.—"If I have raised myself to the summit of favour and power, I do not owe it so much (we acknowledge these things when we are dead) on account of my merit, but because of my polite and gracious manners; and I never appeared so great a minister to my master, James, as the first time I finished a letter to him, 'Your slave and your dog.'"

*Alphonse Karr*.—"After laws for security, men were obliged to invent laws of politeness for the pleasures of life. Politeness is divided into two parts: the first is comprehended in few words, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you; do not unto others that which ye would not they should do unto you.' Ask your reason what to avoid, and your heart what to do. The other part is less important. People with leisure and education, those, above all, who have dubbed themselves exclusively 'good society,' wish to recognize one another by peculiar signs, and they have invented particular grimaces and a particular slang. We may, without harm, ignore these things; but it is more convenient to know them. You may generally wager that a thing accepted by everyone is a stupidity, or at least a vulgarity; but to go against certain established customs is to declare oneself wiser than other people, and brings down on one's head much unnecessary ill-will. If it is puerile to submit to some customs, it is ridiculous to submit to none."

"There are certain tyrannies of custom against which it is a good thing to protest. *It is the custom*, is not, whatever people may say, a peremptory answer to everything. In little, or rather indifferent, things, it is easier to submit to custom than to take the time to reflect, discuss, or combat; but in momentous things we must reserve ourselves the right of examination, and not submit blindly to the judgment, so often without appeal: *it is the custom*."

"Ask a cannibal why he eats his enemies, he will answer you: 'It is the custom.'"

"Without politeness, men would never meet together except to fight. We must therefore either live alone or be polite."

"We are three at table, two men and one woman. A fowl is served; naturally, we all three want to eat a wing. Without politeness, the man who carves would begin by taking one of the two wings; the other man would seize the second. If the third guest was a man, there would be a fight."

"But, thanks to politeness, we begin by giving one wing to the woman; each of us has diminished by half his chance of eating a wing; but he is recompensed for this doubtful sacrifice by the vanity of passing for a polite and cultivated man. I offer you the second wing; you insist that I shall keep it. If I give way, it is to obey you; you are deprived of a small pleasure, but you are not humiliated, and you have an advantage over me, which makes you forgive the small privation of which I am the cause. Besides that, I did not take the wing; you gave it me, and I offered it to you. What I have said of a fowl's wing may be applied to all human relations."

*Portalis*.—"True philosophy respects forms, as much as pride despises them; but we require a discipline for our conduct, just as we require an order for our ideas."

*Ruskin*.—"A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of that structure of the

mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies, or, as one may simply say, fineness of nature.

"This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic bodily strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of its boughs, but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feelings in the glow of battle, and behave itself like iron.

"I do not mean to call the elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot, but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way, and in his sensitive trunk, and his still more sensitive mind and capability of pique in points of honour. Hence, it will follow that one of the probable signs of high breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicate more or less firmness of make in the mind."

The very fact that politeness has been written about by so many and by so great men is a proof of its importance; we will therefore pass at once to its rules, beginning with that care of oneself that we owe to ourselves and to others.

To be truly polite, or, what is better, well cultivated, we owe as much care to our bodies as to our minds; a dandy whose highest ambition rests in the cut of a coat or the bow of a cravat, is nothing but an object of ridicule; but a man who neglects the proper care of his outside appearance is just as blameable, be he never so learned.

The first thing exacted by the laws of politeness is personal cleanliness.

Cleanliness consists in the certain attentions that we pay to our bodies, our garments, the places we inhabit, and even to the air we breathe.

We ought to accustom children to these attentions from their earliest infancy. Many ancient nations made a virtue of what they called the cultivation of oneself. It was a kind of secret instinct of the high dignity of man which religion has revealed to us since.

To keep in good health and to appear in public, we ought to wash, clean our teeth, our ears, and our nails, and brush our hair every morning. It is a good thing to give the least possible time to all these operations; it is a thing so necessary that the necessary time must be given to it, but we must not let it descend into minutiae, or an end in itself. The early morning hour, when we first get up, is the best for head-work, and it is not right to waste it. Plenty of cold water, and good soap to soften it, are all that are required.

Do not have anything to do with essences, vinegars, powders, and all the rest of the charlatan's materials.

Even when they do no harm, they do no good, and they are always a useless expense.

Montaigne affirms, that if we want to smell nice, we must smell nothing. Perfumes are quite gone out of fashion in good society. A lady may make an exception in favour of a few very delicate and expensive scents, such as Parma violet and cedar, but she should use them very sparingly. A gentleman never uses them at all.

The simplicity of masculine garments admits very little difference between those of old and young men. Old gentlemen will not choose garments too tight or too short; their end in dressing must be cleanliness and ease.

No precise laws on toilet can be given to women; the form of her dresses, the quality of their materials, changes from season to season; we can only remind our readers that simplicity is always in season even in the richest toilet, and that there ought always to be harmony between that simplicity and the age of the woman. Nothing is more ridiculous than, as the people say, "an old ewe dressed lamb fashion," one of those popular sayings that are more forcible and true than anything we could invent to gild the pill.

As to fashions, we advise ladies neither to adopt them too soon nor to follow them too late. However advantageous a fashion may be to feminine charms, it only ought to be worn if it be compatible with good health and with the position of the wearer.

Much has been written lately, by doctors and others, about the wearing of stays; the doctors condemn them altogether: they are wrong. There are stays and stays—the French corset, elastic and easy, is advantageous both to look and health; it prevents that tendency to lean forward which is so pernicious to women, and it gives a decent and graceful shape to a dress.

There are mysteries in dressing of which the women of the upper ten keep the secret. One must have been intimate with a *très grande dame* before understanding all the charms of simplicity; she varies her toilet according to circumstances; her morning dress is the simplest, even for calls; her evening dress richer; her ball dress the most elegant.

All the art of dressing for a man lies in his cravat, which must be irreproachably new and well tied.

Both men and women ought to wear irreproachable gloves and boots; they are even more important than the fit of a dress or the cut of a coat.

Men ought not to wear jewels, or only very simple ones; a watch and chain, a cravat-pin, and a ring are all that may be tolerated. The chain must be a gentleman's chain, not a jeweller's, and the ring is almost too much; the large seal or diamond *chevalière* are both vulgar and *parvenu*.

Women's toilet is scarcely complete without jewels, but there is nothing in which it is easier to show vulgarity. Heavy, inartistic, and dear jewels are worn by women whose only riches lie in their purse. A lady consults and

shows her taste by the simplicity of her parures by the way they match her toilet and suit her beauty.

"There is no one," says Horace Raison, "who has not perceived the advantage of being always well dressed; many men have owed their fortune to their coat. A negligence in dress may cost us much. There are very few men who, at least once in their life, have not had occasion to say with Sedaine, *Ah ! mon habit, que je vous remercie.*"

Lastly, in dressing, as in everything else, affectation is mortal. Its art consists in uniting good taste and elegance.

We have mentioned the "upper ten," and no letters on etiquette would be complete without giving the different ranks and titles of honour of the best English society.

The titles of emperor, king, and prince denominate the highest rank; then come the five orders of nobility, namely—duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron. All these titles are hereditary, and the wives and children of peers are entitled to appropriate titles. Next comes baronets, and their title is hereditary. Below the baronet comes the knight, but his title is not hereditary; it expires with its owner, and does not descend to his heir.

There are also ecclesiastical, academical, legal, and municipal distinctions, which have their titles of honour that are not hereditary.

The title of *esquire*, so usurped in this generation only *legally* belongs to the eldest sons of knights, and the eldest sons of younger sons of the nobility, by virtue of birth, justices of the peace, officers of the Queen's Court and household, and of the army and navy, from the rank of Captain upwards, by virtue of office. Doctors of law, barristers, and physicians are *esquires*.

A few words on heraldry are necessary now when

every parvenu makes himself an object of ridicule by buying his arms and crest.

Heraldry began and grew with the feudal system, but may be said to have developed into a science with the Crusades; the leaders in the wars of the Middle Ages assumed an outward distinctive sign by which they might be known to their friends; the closed armour of that day covered the faces of friend and foe.

Devices were then placed on the shield, which was always conspicuous in a battle-field as well as on the surcoat and banner. The crest was originally the ornament worn upon the helmet. Mottoes were originally the war-cries of the different knights. Supporters, as the figures of men and animals, which are sometimes seen, one on either side of a shield, are seldom borne by any but peers.

In marriages the wife's paternal arms are impaled with the husband's, or placed upright on the left side of the husband's in the same escutcheon. If the lady be an heiress, her husband places her arms in an escutcheon over his own. The children bear the armorial bearings of father and mother, quarterly.

A widow bears her husband's and her father's arms impaled in a lozenge. A maiden lady her father's arms in a lozenge. Ladies bear no crests.

If the gentleman be a Knight of the Garter, or of any other order, the arms of the wife are placed in a separate shield.

No real gentleman or lady will use coats-of-arms, etc., unless they are perfectly convinced that they are descendants of the family that owns the arms; the same name alone does not prove this, and people are often at the mercy of charlatans who sell them their titles to honour.

## THE DAYS THAT ARE LONG.

"I'll sing you a song  
Of the days that are long;  
Of the woodcock and the sparrow;  
Of the little dog  
That burn't his tail,  
And he shall be whipt to-morrow."

THAT is the song the world sings  
Of the long bright days:  
That is the way she evens things,  
Portions and pays.

The dog that let his tail burn,  
Proving one pain,  
Shall be whipt next day that he may learn  
Wisdom again.

That is the song the world sings  
To sin and sorrow:  
Over her limit her hard lash flings  
Into God's morrow.  
Measures his dear divine grace  
In compass narrow:  
Counts for nothing the infinite days;  
Forgets the sparrow.

The world sings only a half song;  
Leaves our hearts sore:  
Heaven, in the time that is tender and long,  
Will sing us more.

## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER 1.

A YOUNG girl lay upon a lounge in the recess of an oriel window. If disease held her there, it had not altered the contour of the smooth cheek, or made shallow the dimples in wrist and elbow of the arm supporting her head; had not unbent the spirited bow of the mouth, or dimmed the glad light of the grey eyes. Most people called these black, deceived by the shadow of the jetty lashes. They were wide open, now, and the light of a sunny, mid-day streamed in upon her face through the window, yet the upper part of the iris was darkened by the heavy fringe that matched in line the well-defined brows. Her hair, also black, with purple reflections glancing from every coil and fold, was braided into a coronal, and about the heavy plait knotted at the back of the head was twisted a half-wreath of yellow jessamine. Her skin was dark and clear, but she had usually little colour; her forehead was not remarkable for breadth or height; the nose was a nondescript, and the mouth rather piquant than pretty, with suggestions of wilfulness in the full, lower lip, and the slight, downward lines at the corners. Her dress was white muslin, with no ornament beyond the gold clasp of her girdle, and a spray of jessamine at her throat.

The casement was canopied with the vine from which this last had been plucked. Hundreds of bright bells were swinging lazily in the warm breeze, and were tossed into livelier motion and perfume by the kisses of brown-coated bees and vivid humming-birds. Heightening the glow of the tropical creeper, while they relieved the eye of the spectator, drooped still, lilac clusters of wistaria, and these the girl put aside with impatient fingers when she raised herself upon her elbow to obtain a better view of the outer scene. A flower-garden, lively with Spring blossoms, opened through a wicket in the white fence into a churchyard—green and level on the roadside—green likewise, but swelling into long ranks of unequal and motionless billows behind the building. This was an ancient structure, as was shown by the latticed windows with rounded tops, and the quaint base of the steeple that yet tapered gracefully into a shimmering point against the pale noon of the sky. But loving eyes had watched it, and reverent hands guarded it against decay. The brick walls were sound, the masonry of grey stone about windows and doors smooth and solid with cement made hard as the stone by years and weather. The sward was shaven evenly, and the two great elms at the entrance to the rural sanctuary were the pride of the region. A double row of these trees bordered the road for a hundred yards in either direction, and now offered shade and coolness to an orderly herd

of horses tethered beneath them. A few handsome equipages were there, two or three stately family carriages and several jaunty buggies, but most of the vehicles to which the animals were attached, bore the stamp of rusticity, hard usage, and infrequent ablutions, while the preponderance of roadsters and ponderous draught horses over blooded stock, betokened that in this, as in other agricultural districts, the beautiful was held in subordination to the useful. The little church, thanks to the taste of the present pastor and the economical proclivities of past generations, had escaped the vulgarizing influence of "a good coat of paint." Slow circles of lichens, hoary and russet, had toned down the original rudeness of the bricks, and green mosses dotted the slated roof. It stood on the edge of a cup-like valley, surrounded by mountains. So near was the lofty-chain on the north-east, that the rising sun sent the shadow of the Anak of the range—"Old Windbeam," across the graveyard to the foot of the sacred walls; so remote on the west that the Day-god looked his last upon the fertile pastures, winding streams, and peaceful homesteads, over hills round and blue with distance.

The watcher in the oriel window saw neither flowers nor elms; noticed the throng of patient dumb horses and motley collection of carriages as little as she did the mountains, near and far. Every feature was stirred with exultant wistfulness, and her eyes never moved from a certain window of the church from which the inner shutters had been folded back. The house was densely packed with living beings—she could see through this—galleries and aisles, as well as pews, and dimly, in the dusky interior, she discerned an upright and animated figure—the orator of the occasion. Into the heat and hush of high noon—heat fragrant with waves of odour from resinous woods, and clover-fields, and garden-borders—a hush to which the tinkling bells of browsing kine in the meadows, and the hum of bird and bee close by, brought a deeper lull instead of interruption—flowed a voice sonorous and sweet; now calm in argument or narrative—now breaking into short, abrupt bursts of impassioned declamation; anon, rising with earnest, majestic measures, most musical of all, that brought words with the varied inflections, to the rapt listener. Smiles and tears came to her with the hearing; light that was glory to the eyes; softness that was tenderness, not sorrow, to the sensitive mouth.

When the speaker's tones were drowned by the storm of applause that shook the church, and the mass of human heads swayed to and fro as did the cedars in Old Windbeam's crown on gusty winter nights, the girl



fell back upon her cushions and fairly sobbed with excitement.

"My hero! my king!"

A slight bustle in the hall distracted her attention, and warned her of the necessity of self-control. A man's voice questioned, and a woman's—provincial and drawling—replied, and steps approached the parlour.

"Here's a gentleman wants Mr. Fordham, Miss Jessie," said an ungainly country girl, opening the door.

A tall figure bowed upon the threshold.

"I am an intruder, I fear," he said, taking in at once the facts of the young lady's inability to rise from her sofa, and the confusion that burned in her dark cheek at the unexpected apparition. "But they told me at the hotel below that I should find Mr. Fordham here. He is my cousin."

The glow remained in all its brightness, but it was painful no longer, as she held out her hand.

"Then you are Mr. Wyllys?" smiling cordially  
"You are very welcome."

She waved him to a chair near her lounge with an air of proud, but unconscious, grace, that did not escape the visitor.

"I am sorry you did not arrive in season to participate in the celebration of our Centennial. You know, I suppose, that Mr. Fordham is the orator of the day?"

Warily observant, with eyes that habitually looked careless, and were never off guard, Mr. Wyllys remarked the smile and glance through the window at the church, which accompanied this bit of information, but his reply evinced no knowledge of aught beyond what was conveyed by her words.

"I should be ashamed to confess it, but I was not aware until this moment that any public celebration was going on, unless it were a religious service in the church—a saint's day or other solemn festival. Is this, then, the anniversary of a notable event in the history of your lovely valley?"

There was a tincture of commiseration for his ignorance mingled with her surprise at the question that must have diverted the stranger if his sense of humour was keen. Her answer was grave as befitted the importance of the subject.

"The founder of this colony among the hills was a direct descendant of the Scotch Covenanters—one David Dundee, from whom the settlement took its name. He emigrated with a large family of sturdy boys and girls, and his report of the rich lands and genial climate of his new home drew after him many others—all from his native land—most of them his former friends and neighbours. They cleared away forests, built houses, dug, and ploughed, and reaped, and worshipped God after the fashion of their fathers, having, within fifteen years after David Dundee's establishment of himself and household here, erected the substantial church you see over there. At the time of the breaking out of the French and Indian war, there was not a more prosperous and happy com-

munity in the State. In response to the call to arms, the bravest and best of the young and middle-aged men formed themselves into a company and marched away to fight as zealously and conscientiously as they had felled the woods and tilled the ground. A mere handful—and most of these infirm from age and disease—remained with the women and children, upon whom devolved much and heavy labour if they would retain plenty and comfort in their homes. They were literally hewers of wood and drawers of water; they sowed the fields and gardens, and gathered in the crops with their own hands—these heroic great-grandmothers of ours!—herded their cattle and repaired their houses, besides performing the ordinary tasks of housewives. And—one and all—they learned and practised the use of firearms, kept muskets beside cradles and kneading troughs, and when they met for worship on Sabbath, mothers carried their babies on the left arm, a gun upon the right. One day, late in April—perhaps as fair and sweet a day as this—news came to this secluded hamlet that a large body of the enemy—chiefly Indians and half-breeds—was approaching. Providentially, old David Dundee was at home on a furlough of three days—he asked no more that he might rally somewhat after the amputation of his left arm in hospital. He had the church bell rung (it was a present from a Scottish lord, and it hangs still in the steeple), and after a brief consultation upon the green in front of the 'kirk,' with the wisest of his neighbours—a council of war from which women were not excluded—he collected the entire population into the church, first allowing them an hour in which to bury or otherwise secrete their valuables. The feebler women and the children were sent, for safety, into the cellar, which extends under the whole building; the lower parts of the windows were barricaded with feather-beds and mattresses, with loop-holes through which guns could be thrust, and these stout-hearted matrons and young girls volunteered to defend. The men were mustered in the galleries. A sentinel from the bell-tower soon gave warning that the foe was in sight. From their loop-holes the colonists saw their houses and barns fired, their horses and other stock maimed and butchered, gardens, fields, and orchards wantonly laid waste; but not a woman wept or a man swore or groaned in the crowded church. On they came, flushed with success, ravaging for human blood. David Dundee spoke twice before the uproar without made hearing, even of his stentorian voice, impossible. 'Haud your fire 'till ye hear me gie the word!' he said, when his small army looked to him for orders, as savages and half-breeds rushed forward to surround the building. A minute later—'The Lord have maircy upon their souls, for we'll hae nane upon their bodies! Fire!'

"The fight was a fierce one and lasted until night-fall."

"Then," says the chronicler of the story, 'seeing that the enemy had withdrawn a little space, we thanked the

God of battles, and took some refreshment; then set about caring for our wounded and preparing for the renewed attack we believed the savages were about to make. Finding the hurt of our leader, David Dundee, to be mortal, and that our ammunition was well nigh exhausted, and being, in consequence, sore distraught in spirit, we gave ourselves anew to prayer—*then, stood to our arms!*”

“Wasn't that grand!” the girl interrupted herself to say, her wide eyes all alight with fire and dew.

“Glorious! One likes to remember that upon such a foundation as your Dundee and his followers our Republic was built,” assented the listener. “And then?”

“And then”—taking up the words with singleness of interpretation and a grave simplicity that nearly provoked the auditor to a smile—“the darkness closed down and hid the face from their sight. With the dawn came a glad surprise. The invaders had retreated, bearing their dead and wounded with them. The garrison had lost but twenty in all, five of them being women. They were buried in the graveyard over there, with the exception of the rugged old chieftain, who was interred directly under the pulpit. All this happened a hundred years ago. When Mr. Fordham was here last summer, the committee having the centennial anniversary in charge, requested him to deliver the oration.”

“I am somewhat surprised that he has never mentioned this new distinction to me, although I knew his modesty to be equal to his ability,” said the visitor.

The black brows were knit and the lip curled.

“It is ‘no distinction’ to him to deliver an historical address to a crowd of yeomen, you may think, and rightly! His consent to do this is a proof of his kindness of heart and willingness to oblige his friends. I understand as well as you do, that our pride in the one event that has made our valley memorable in the history of our country, may seem overstrained to absurdity in the eyes of others. But there are some in Mr. Fordham's audience who appreciate his talents, and all admire. Listen!” her forehead smoothing as the applause broke forth again.

Mr. Wyllys was too well-bred to recall to her mind what she should have learned from his frank avowal of ignorance of her cherished tradition—namely, that the “one event” had been, in that hurrying modern age, forgotten by the world outside the noble amphitheatre of hills. The country girl had told the story well; her face had been an engaging study while she talked, and there was novel refreshment in her naïve belief that the tale must interest him as much as it did herself. Otherwise, he might have found the recital a bore.

“You misunderstood me if you imagined that I intended to sneer—did me an injustice you will not repeat when you are better acquainted with me. The highest honour that can be awarded the American citizen is the opportunity to serve the people. And my cousin—any man—might well be proud of the compliment conveyed

in the invitation to be speaker on an occasion like this. The theme should be of itself inspiration. I am disposed to quarrel with him for excluding me from the number of his hearers. His reserve on the subject of the appreciation that meets his worth and talents everywhere is sometimes trying to the temper of those who know how to value these, and the reputation they have won for him.”

“He is singularly modest. But that is a characteristic of true merit,” said the young lady, laconically. “You came down from Hamilton to-day?”

“I did!” with a slight shrug of the shoulder and a comic lifting of the eyebrows. “Actually arising at four o'clock to take the train. I saw the sun rise, for the first time in twenty years. Your home is very beautiful, Miss Kirke.”

“We think so. I ought to, for I was born here, and have known no other. But I am not Miss Kirke, only Miss Jessie. My elder sister is in the church. When she comes home, she will play the hostess better than I do.”

“Excuse me for saying that you are scarcely a competent judge on that point.”

She met the gallantry with the half-petulant expression and gesture that had answered his allusion to his cousin's “new distinction.”

“I did not say that to provoke flattery. Apart from the truth that my sister is my superior in nearly everything that goes to make up the dignified lady, she is, just now, in better physical trim than I can boast. I sprained my foot a week ago,” smiling, and blushing so brightly as to arouse the spectator's curiosity, “and I am forbidden to use it, as yet.”

She turned her face to the window as the crash of a brass band proclaimed that the oration was at an end. While she beat time on the sill to the patriotic strains, the visitor inspected the room and its appointments.

It was a square parlour, low-browed and spacious, and wainscoted with oak. Venerable portraits adorned the walls, and the furniture belonged to the era when mahogany was plentiful and upholstery expensive, if one might judge from the disproportion in the quantity of polished wood and that of cushions. A modern piano was there, however, and the carpet was new and handsome. The lounge on which Jessie lay was evidently the workmanship of a neighbouring carpenter, but was far more comfortable than the stately sofas at opposite ends of the apartment, being broad and deeply cushioned, and covered with a pretty chintz pattern. An old china bowl, full of pond-lilies, was upon the centre-table; tall vases of the same material and antique style stood on the mantel, and a precious cabinet of carved wood—Mr. Wyllys wondered if the owners knew how precious—was in a far corner. The most conspicuous ornament of the room was a large picture that hung over the mantel. It was a portrait of the second daughter of the house, taken several years before, for it represented a girl of sixteen,

kneeling beside a forest spring. She had just filled a leaf-cup with water, and, in the act of raising it to her lips, glanced at the spectator with a smile of saucy triumph—a face so radiant with roguish glee as to win the gravest to an answering gleam. The likeness was striking still, and the painting excellent. The figure was spirited, the attitude one of negligent grace, and the accessories to the principal object were well brought in. A vista in the woods revealed the craggy front of Wind-beam, and about the old beech, shading the spring, clung a jessamine in full flower.

Mr. Wyllys got up to take a nearer view of the picture, and Jessie looked around.

"That is one of my father's treasures," she said, without a tinge of embarrassment or affectation at seeing him intent upon the scrutiny of her portrait. "It was painted by H——" pronouncing a celebrated name. "He spent a summer in this neighbourhood, four years since. He was with us on a picnic to the wishing-well—every county has a wishing-well, hasn't it?—and there made the first sketch of that picture."

"A neat way of informing me that he was struck with her attitude and face, and asked the favour of reproducing them upon canvas!" reflected the guest.

"It is a masterpiece!" he said, aloud.

He marvelled inwardly at the paternal devotion or extravagance that had tempted the master of the unpretending manse to make himself the owner of what he knew must be a costly work of art.

Jessie answered as if he had spoken.

"Mr. H—— gave it to my father, who had been attentive to him during a severe illness."

She scanned the new-comer narrowly while his regards were engaged by the painting, never dreaming that he was quite conscious of the scrutiny, and prolonged his examination purposely that she might have time and opportunity for hers. He stood fire bravely, for his mien of easy composure did not vary by so much as the nervous twitch of a muscle; his attitude was one of serious attention; his eyes did not leave the picture.

A tall, lithe figure, with a willowy bend of the shoulders, slight, but perceptible, especially when he spoke, or listened to her; fair, almost sandy, hair; blue eyes; a pale, and by no means handsome, face, inasmuch as the forehead was narrow, the cheeks thin, the mouth large, and the luxuriant beard had a reddish tendency in the moustache, and where it neared the under lip—each of these particulars and the *tout ensemble* awoke in Jessie's mind disappointment, which found vent in a little sigh and a droop of the corners of the mouth as she withdrew her eyes.

Then silence abode between them for awhile. The music of the band had ceased, and whatever were the concluding exercises of the celebration in the church, they were inaudible in the great parlour, where cool shadows slept in the corners, and the scent of pond-lilies and jessamine steeped the air into languorous stillness. It would

have seemed like a dream to a romantic or imaginative man, and the glory of the place and hour been the figure among the pillows on the couch, her dark cheeks stained red as with rich wine; the sultry yellow of the blossoms in her hair and upon her bosom making more black her wealth of hair, more clear her olive skin, the while, forgetful that she was not alone, she watched with parted lips and eager, love-full eyes, for the coming of her lord.

We shall have abundant proof, hereafter, that Mr. Wyllys was the reverse of romantic, and that his imagination never misled his judgment, but æsthetics was a favourite study with him, and his taste being good, he decided within his calm and patronizing self that the hour spent in the "best room" of the Dundee parsonage was not utterly wasted.

He had had a study in colour—and of more kinds than that which met the eye—if nothing else.

## CHAPTER II.

"Here they are!"

The low exclamation, fraught with delight and ill-suppressed impatience—genuine and artless as a child's—drew Mr. Wyllys to join Jessie's lookout at the window.

The road and churchyard were full of the retiring crowd, and a group of three persons was at the wicket-gate. A white-haired man, of dignified and benign presence, bowed somewhat under the weight of his three-score years and ten, walked with his arm about the shoulders of one youthful and erect, who retarded his gait to suit the measured tread of his companion.

"Stand back! don't let him see you until he comes in," ordered Jessie; and Mr. Wyllys retreated without having made other observation of the lady at Mr. Kirke's side, save that she was of medium height, and neatly dressed.

Mr. Fordham's face brightened with pleasure and amazement at sight of the figure standing at the head of Jessie's sofa.

"Orrin! you here?"

"In body and in spirit, Roy!"

Jessie's eyes were busy, as their hands lingered in the hearty clasp of greeting.

"What a contrast!" she thought, 'twixt pity for the one and exultation in the other.

The epithet most aptly descriptive of Roy Fordham's features and bearing was "manly." The broad brow; the hazel eyes, rather deeply set, that looked straight into those of the person with whom he talked; the resolute mouth and square chin; his upright carriage, stalwart frame, and firm step—all deserved it. His height did not equal that of his cousin, but he seemed taller until they stood side by side. Without relinquishing the visitor's hand, he turned, with serious courtesy that became him well, to the lady who had entered with him.

"Miss Kirke, allow me to present my friend and relative, Mr. Wylls!"

It was a formally worded introduction, for Miss Kirke was punctilious in these matters. She bent her head graciously, but with no effusive cordiality such as had gushed forth in her sister's welcome to one with whose name she was pleasantly familiar.

"We are happy to see any friend of Mr. Fordham in our home," she said in a clear monotone that accorded perfectly with her calm face and reposeful demeanour. "My father, Mr. Wylls!"

The back of the latter was to the lounge when Miss Kirke had committed him to the host's care, and betaken herself to some other part of the house; but he knew that Roy was bending over his betrothed, smiling tender reproach into eyes that filled with happy, foolish tears at his query—"Have you been very lonely?"

"Not at all! I have enjoyed the morning intensely. I could see into the church very plainly, and hear much that was said. It was almost as good as going myself."

"I told you you would be reconciled to the disappointment by noon."

"But not in the way you meant!"

The wilful ring was in the voice, loving as it was.

Mr. Wylls' visage was a model of bland deference, and his answers to Mr. Kirke's remarks pertinent, the while he was reflecting—"You are likely to have lively work on your hands, my good cousin, with your Kate. I should hardly have cast the part of Petruchio for you, either."

"I think I will have mine brought to me here, to-day!" he heard Jessie say, softly, when dinner was announced.

Roy's reply was to lift her in his arms and carry her across the hall to the dining-room, where one side of the table was taken up by a settee heaped with cushions. She pouted and laughed as he laid her down among these.

"I believe you imagine that I am losing moral volition as well as bodily strength! I have taken my meals in this *à la fairy princess* style for seven days," she added to Mr. Wylls, when they were all seated—"have personated Cleopatra and Mrs. Skewton to my own content and my friends' amusement. I find it so comfortable that I shall regret the recovery which will doom me to straight-backed chairs, drawn up in line of battle against the table. If you want to know the fulness and delight of the term *dolce far niente*, practise clumsy climbing among our steep hills, and the fates may send you a sprained ankle—a not intolerable prelude to a month of such luxurious indolence and infinitude of spoiling as I am now enjoying."

"The indolence and the petting might be less to his taste than they are to yours," replied her father, indulgently.

"Don't you believe it!" said Jessie, with a saucy flash of her great eyes across the table at the guest. "I

have a notion that both would be altogether to his liking. Unless I am mistaken, he has had Benjamin's share of these luxuries already."

"You have been telling tales out of school, Roy!" said his cousin, threateningly, as Mr. Fordham laughed.

Jessie anticipated the reply.

"You are wrong, and the accusation is unflattering to my perceptive powers. You betray your ease-loving propensities in every motion and accent. Don't frown at me, Euna! I am complimenting him, although he may not suspect it. Indolence—not laziness, mind! but the graceful *laissez-faire* which sometimes approximates the sublime—is the least appreciated of the social arts."

Mr. Wylls answered by a quotation—

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil—the shore  
'Than labour in the deep mid-ocean.'"

"The gospel of ease, of which Tennyson is the apostle!" said Roy. "Sleep is never sweeter than when it comes to the labouring man, nor is the shore so welcome to him who never leaves it, as it is to the mariner who has gained it by toiling through the deep mid-ocean."

Jessie made a dissenting gesture.

"*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle?*"

"Yes, if rest and ease be the chief goods of life," was the rejoinder.

It was made gently and affectionately, but Jessie appealed to Mr. Wylls, in whimsical vexation.

"Wouldn't anybody know that he is a college professor? He is a merciless logician, and logic was always a bore to me. I don't know the difference between a syllogism and a sequence. Poor Euna! what a fearful trial she had in her pupil!"

"You use the past tense, I observe!" Mr. Wylls remarked, demurely.

Everybody was tempted to badinage in talking with her.

"Because my days of nominal pupilage are over. The trial remains in full force."

"You may say that, my dear," Mr. Kirke laid a caressing hand upon her head. "Your sister and I would hear the slander from no one else."

Miss Kirke said nothing, only smiled in a slow, bright way, peculiarly her own. While Jessie could not speak without action, the blood leaping to cheek and lip as did the fire to her eye and ready retort to her tongue, her sister sat, serene and fair, observant of every want of those about her, graceful in hospitality, hurried in nothing, careful in all she said and did. She must have been twenty-five years old, Wylls decided, but she would look as young at forty, after the manner of these calm-pulsed blondes. The soft brown hair was put plainly back from her temples; her features were like her father's, Greek in outline, but more delicately chiselled; her eyes were placid mirrors, not changeful depths. Her dress was a dun tissue that yet looked cooler than Jessie's muslin,

and her lace collar was underlaid and tied in front with blue ribbon. Mr. Wylls had an eye—and a critically correct one—for feminine attire, down to the minutest details, and he approved of hers as befitting her age, position, and style.

He noted, moreover, with surprise and approval, that there was not a touch of rusticity in the appointments of the table and the bill of fare. Old-fashioned silver, massive and shining; china that nearly equalled it in value, and cut-glass of the same date, were set out with tasteful propriety upon a damask cloth, thick, snowy, and glossy, and ironed in an arabesque pattern. From the clear soup, to the ice-cream, syllabubs, and frosted cake which were the dessert, each dish bespoke intelligent and elegant housewifery. Yet the only servant he saw was the lumpish girl who had admitted him. She removed and set on dishes without a blunder, decent and prim in a white cape-apron, directed, Mr. Wylls was sure, in every movement, by the mistress' eyes, unperturbed as these seemed.

Crude brilliancy—mature repose—thus he described the general characteristics of the sister's behaviour, by the time the meal was over. Both were strong, both women of intellect and culture. One was as self-contained as the other was impulsive. He had never before—and his acquaintance with the various phases of American society was extensive—met the peer of either in farm-house or country parsonage.

"I should as soon have looked for rare orchids in a daisy-field," was his figure.

The cousins went out for a walk in the afternoon, a ramble that led them by a zig-zag path, to the summit of Old Windbeam. They had climbed the hugest boulder of his knobby forehead, and sat upon it in the shadow of a low-spreading cedar, smoking the cigar of contentment, and surveying at their leisure the magnificent panorama unrolled beneath them, when Orrin laid his hand upon his friend's knee, with a half laugh that had in it a quiver of wounded affection.

"Why have you left me to find all this out for myself, old fellow? Did you doubt my sympathy, or my discretion?"

Roy did not turn his head, but his fingers closed strongly and lingeringly upon his cousin's.

"I doubted neither. There was nothing I could tell you until very lately. I came to Dundee, last September, to pass my vacation at the hotel in the village below. There were excellent hunting and fishing hereabouts, I had been told, and I brought letters of introduction to Mr. Kirke from Dr. Meriden and Professor Blythe, who were his college friends. Before my return to Hamilton, I asked and obtained his permission to correspond with his younger daughter, confiding to him my ulterior motive for the request. He consented and kept my secret. Our letters were such as friends might exchange, and mine were usually read aloud to her father and sister. When I reappeared here at the beginning of our inter-

mediate vacation ten days ago, she received me without suspicion or embarrassment. She never knew what my real feelings toward her were until last week—the day of the accident. We were walking together when she slipped and fell. In the alarm of the moment, for she nearly fainted with the pain, and I thought the hurt far more serious than it afterwards proved to be, I spoke words that could not be misunderstood nor recalled. Not that I would recall them! They secured for me the great blessing of my life."

His voice changed here. Up to this sentence the story was a quiet recitative he might have learned by rote, and uttered at the bidding of one he felt had a right to hear it. The lack of spontaneity did not offend the auditor. He appreciated his cousin's richer and fuller nature sufficiently to understand that the most abundant springs of affection and passion lay too far below the surface to be easily forced into view. He saw, too, that the confession of his wooing and winning was made with pain; that the spirit to whose exceeding delicacy of texture and sentiment few did justice, shrank from the revelation, even to his nearest of kin. He doubted not that when the "alarm" of which Roy had spoken, cleft the sealed stone, the hidden waters leaped to the light with power that swept reserve, humility, and expediency before them; that Jessie had listened to pleadings more fervent, to vows more solemn than are poured into the ear of one in ten thousand of her sex.

"Does she recognize this truth?" he speculated within himself. "Or does she—the petted darling of an old man and an only sister—receive all this as the tribute due to her charms? account her flippant talk, flashing eyes, and schoolgirlish arts an equitable exchange for this man's whole being and life?"

His tact was marvellous to womanliness. His tone took its key from that which last met his ear—was slightly tremulous—purposely subdued.

"Thank you for allowing me to share in your new happiness! I need not tell you how heartily I congratulate you—how fervent is my wish that your wedded life may be all sunshine. I believe the lady of your choice to be worthy of your regard. I am sure she will have the best husband in the land."

Roy gripped his hand hard.

"You are kind to say it. It is a step I might well tremble to take—this asking a young girl who has lived in an atmosphere of love and indulgence, and known care only by hearsay, to share my toils, to divide with me the burden of whatever sorrow Providence may send me in discipline or judgment; to endure my caprices, be patient with my faults—be loving through and above all."

Orrin held down his head to hide a smile.

"I am continually reminded when the theme of our discourse is 'dear, delightful woman,' of what Willis says of his chum in his 'Slingsby Papers': 'It is seldom one meets with a spark of genuine chivalric fire nowa-

days. Job lit his daily pipe with it.' If another lover were to talk to me as you do, I should accuse him of rank affectation. I believe you feel all you say. Miss Kirke should be a proud and happy woman."

"She cannot abide that title," said Roy, smiling. "And, indeed, it suits her as ill as it sits well upon Eunice."

"Is that the elder sister? I thought she was 'Una.' That would be a fitting name for the chaste beauty. I glanced down, involuntarily, for the tamed lion couchant beneath her chair, when Miss Jessie spoke it."

"She is 'Eunice' to everybody else. They had not the same mother, and there is a difference of ten years in their ages. The first Mrs. Kirke was, I judge, a sedate pastress, who looked well after her household and her husband's flock. Her praise is still in the churches of this region. She died when the little Eunice was at the age of five. Four years afterwards, Mr. Kirke brought to the manse a beautiful woman—city born and bred, refined, accomplished, and delicate. She fell into ill-health very soon. Bland as this climate seems to us who live so much further north, it was harsh to her. She was a South Carolinian, and her fondness for her old home grew into a longing during her residence among these mountains. Her invalidism became confirmed after the birth of her babe. In memory of the sunny bowers in which her girlhood had been passed, she gave it the fanciful—you may think fantastic—name of Jessamine."

"It is odd, but pretty, and it suits her."

"Her fondness for the vine and fashion of wearing the flower may appear to you and to others a girlish whim. In reality, they are the motherless child's tribute to the memory of the parent whom she recollects with fondest devotion, although she was but five years old at her death."

"She told me she had known no home but this valley. The sisters were not educated in the country, I take it?"

"The elder graduated with distinction at Bethlehem. It was her mother's dying request that she should, at a suitable age, be sent to the Moravian Seminary at that place. She was thorough and conscientious in her studies, as in everything else, cultivating her talents for music and modern languages with especial diligence that, as she has told me, 'it might not be necessary to send little Jessie from home to school.' The younger sister has had no teachers except Eunice and their father, who is a fine classical scholar."

"And a man of far more than ordinary ability, I should suppose. Why has he buried himself alive in this out-of-the-world region?"

"Because he is essentially unworldly, I imagine. He has here ample opportunity for study, and he loves his books next to his children. Then, his attachment to the parsonage and to his people is strong. 'I was ambitious of distinction in my profession, once,' he said to me, the

other day; 'but this was before my wife's death.' It may sound like exaggerated sentiment, but I believe he means to live and die in sight of her grave. I have learned from Eunice something about his love for her, and his grief at her death.

"I have given you this sketch of the family history, that you may better comprehend what passes in the household. My lodgings are at the hotel, as are yours, but most of our time will, of course, be spent at the Parsonage. I want you to know and like them all—particularly Jessie. It may be that you can be of service to her while I am abroad."

"What does she say to that scheme?"

"I have said nothing to her about it. I dread the task!" Roy looked very grave. "Her father agrees with me that it is wiser to be silent on the subject until my plans are definitely laid. I would prolong the clear shining of her day while I can."

He arose, apparently anxious to dismiss the subject. "We must go! Eunice's tea-table is ready at sunset."

"He cannot trust himself to discuss this matter of their separation," said Orrin, inly, following the rapid stride of his thoughtful cousin down the mountain. "One tear from his pert Amaryllis would reverse his decision at this, the eleventh hour. 'Lord, what fools these lovers be!'"

The manse meadows were gained by a rustic foot-bridge spanning the creek which skirted these. Two young men, whom Mr. Wyllys rightly supposed to be members of the "Committee upon Orator of the Day," were waiting here to speak to Mr. Fordham, probably to solicit a copy of his address for publication, the considerate kinsman further surmised, and sauntered on to the garden, leaving the other to follow when he would. Lingerer among the fragrant borders, momentarily expecting Roy to rejoin him, he lost himself in a rose labyrinth, so affluent of bloom and odour, that he did not know where he was until warned of his proximity to the oriel window by Jessie's voice. Through a crevice in the creepers, he could see her lounge set in the spacious recess, and the back of her head as she raised it to speak to some one within the room.

"Roy described him as *distingué* and fascinating!" she said, in an accent of chargin. "I call him positively homely! Don't you?"

Orrin should have moved—assured as he was that he was the subject of unflattering remark. In his code, this was a reason why he should remain acquiescent and hearken for more. Perhaps others who make higher pretensions to the minor moralities would have done likewise.

"He is not handsome, certainly," returned Miss Kirke. "You are disposed to be unreasonable because your expectations were unduly raised."

"By his cousin who told me he was the most popular man in Hamilton—one of the glass-of-fashion and mould-

of-form kind, you know," continued Jessie, in increasing vexation. "Am I to be blamed if I loose at least the outposts of my temper when, having expected an Adonis, I behold——"

"A gentleman!" Her sister finished the sentence. "Since he is that, dear, and Mr. Fordham's cousin, he should be safe from our criticism. At least, while he is our guest."

There was a pause before Jessie spoke again.

"Darling Euna! are you displeased with me?" she said coaxingly. "I was cross and unladylike, I acknow-

ledge. I ought not to—I did not expect that he would be Roy's equal in appearance or manner, but I am grievously disappointed."

"Not to be outdone in generous candour, I own that I am, also," was the reply.

The elder sister approached the window as she said it; and Mr. Wylls effected a skilful retreat.

The labyrinth had its terminus in a matted arbour near the churchyard fence. Sitting down in this, the subject of the recent discussion indulged himself in a hearty but noiseless fit of laughter.

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

### QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE object of the present series of articles is to acquaint the reader with the lives and deeds of the most celebrated women of the day. This will be a pleasant occupation, and a profitable one as well. It is certainly worth our while to hear about the lives of others, if only that we may gather examples for our own imitation. We shall confine ourselves to no special sphere: we shall walk with queens in royal palaces; visit authoresses in their studies, and artists in their studios; stand with self-devoted nurses by the bedside of the sick and wounded; and listen to the sweet strains of great musicians in the concert-room. There will be no lack of incident, and no lack of interest, from the beginning to the end of our notable catalogue.

And who will occupy the first place? About that there is no difficulty: loyalty demands, and personal esteem requires, that it be given to our most gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria. A long story is made short by beginning at the right place, so we shall start by telling that her Majesty was born at Kensington Palace, on the 24th of May, 1819. She was the only child of the Duke of Kent and of "Her Serene Highness Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, widow of Heinrich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold." For some time before her birth, the Duke and Duchess had resided on the Continent, but in anticipation of the event they hastened home in April, being desirous that their child should be "born a Briton."

Before the "Mayflower" of Kensington, as her grandmother used to call her, was a year old, she was fatherless. The Duke of Kent died on the 23rd of January, 1820. When a deputation appeared at Kensington Palace to present an address of condolence from the House of Commons, the Duchess appeared in person with the infant Victoria in her arms. She presented the child to the deputed ministers, and pointed to her as the treasure, to the preservation and improvement of which

she was resolved to devote her best energies and fondest love. The interview was a very touching one.

One of the earliest notices of the infant Princess, the future Queen of England, is contained in a letter written by Wilberforce to his friend Hannah More, on the 21st of July, 1820. He says: "In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine, animated child on the floor by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one." The Princess spent her childhood and early youth in sweet contentment, thinking nothing of the high duties to which she was about to be called. Indeed, until her twelfth year, she was kept entirely ignorant of the fact that the shadow of the crown of England rested on her brow. On learning it, the anxieties and responsibilities attending upon royal life occurred to her mind, and she was far from overjoyed. Her intellectual and physical training were attended to with the utmost care, and the Princess gave great satisfaction to her instructors;—she promised to be well worthy of inheriting the throne of the mightiest land in Europe.

With studies, trips to various watering-places, and visits to the country-seats of some of the nobility, time flew quickly past, and we come to the year 1837, when the death occurred of the Queen's uncle, William IV. It was on the 20th of June, early in the morning, that Her Majesty received the news of her accession. Later in the day followed the scene of taking the oath of allegiance, when, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, "the prelates and chief men of her realm advanced to the throne, and, kneeling before her, plighted their troth, and took the sacred oath of allegiance and supremacy—allegiance to one who rules over the land the great Macedonian could not conquer, and over a continent of which even Columbus never dreamed: to the queen of every sea and of nations of every zone."

On the following day, the 21st of June, the Queen



was publicly proclaimed as Alexandrina Victoria I.: since then she has abandoned the "Alexandrina," and preferred to be known simply as "Victoria."

On the 17th of July she went in State to the House of Lords to dissolve the Parliament; such being the constitutional usage and enactment on the demise of the Crown. She concluded her address by saying:—

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I shall, upon all occasions, look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament and the affections of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the Crown and ensure the stability of the constitution."

The coronation took place on the 28th of June, 1838. A gorgeous procession accompanied the Queen to Westminster Abbey, and both sides of the line of march were covered with enormous multitudes, of all ranks and conditions, exultant and joyful, eager to greet their youthful sovereign.

When the Queen reached the western entrance of the Abbey, she was met by the great officers of State, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. It was shortly after mid-day when the grand procession began to enter the Choir. The Queen had on her royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, and on her head was a circlet of gold. Her train was borne by eight ladies. She looked most charming, we are told, and had a very animated expression of countenance.

On her appearance in the midst of the dazzling assembly which filled the Choir, she was greeted with hearty applause from all parts of the building, and when she was proclaimed in the formula:—"Sirs,—I here present unto you Queen Victoria—the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"—a burst of cheering rent the air, mingled with cries of "God save the Queen!" Still greater enthusiasm was manifested when the crown was placed on Her Majesty's head. Then followed the ceremony of doing homage, and this was marked by an incident very characteristic of the Queen's kind heart. Lord Rollo, who was upwards of eighty, advanced to perform his homage: he stumbled and fell on the steps of the throne. Immediately Her Majesty stepped forward, and, holding out her hand, assisted the aged peer to rise. Her manner of doing this, as well as the action itself, called forth the loudly-expressed admiration of the entire assembly.

The procession on its way to the Abbey had been

imposing; on its return it was still more so, for the Queen appeared in all the magnificence of regal state: she wore the crown, and the royal and noble personages wore their coronets. The mass of brilliants, relieved here and there by a large coloured stone, and the cap of purple velvet, was allowed to become Her Majesty uncommonly well, and to have a superb and classic effect. The rejoicings which followed the coronation were on a grand scale: it would be tedious to tell of all the banquets which were given, of the fireworks in the Green Park, and the fair in Hyde Park, of the theatres open gratuitously, the illuminations regardless of expense, the hearty good feeling of the metropolis, and the equal enthusiasm of the provinces. Before leaving the coronation we shall mention an interesting fact. The coronation of George IV. is said to have cost £243,000; that of Queen Victoria did not cost more than £70,000.

But better fortune than a crown was in store for the Queen—she was to wed him to whom she had given her heart. And here Prince Albert enters upon the scene. He was cousin to her Majesty, and the second son of Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In the year 1836 he had visited England, and at his Aunt Kent's first met the Princess Victoria. The Queen's ever-watchful uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, had even then fixed upon Prince Albert as the best possible husband for his niece; but it was resolved to leave the young people free to follow their own inclinations. A mutual affection sprung up. All, however, did not go quite smoothly; there were doubts and uncertainties, as in all affairs of the sort, mingled, as was natural in disposing of a Queen's hand, with dynastic ambitions and diplomatic intrigues.

In the close of 1839, Prince Albert, accompanied by his brother, came again to England, actually under the impression that the engagement was broken off—at least for some years; but he played the part of a royal lover with such singular grace, that all obstacles were at once overcome. Never willingly did he absent himself from the Queen's society and presence, and her every wish was anticipated with the alacrity of an unfeigned attachment. The Queen's position rendered it imperative that any proposal of marriage should first come from her. This was a dilemma which must appear painful to those who derive their idea on the subject from the practice of private life, and consider it the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself. But where there is the will a way is easily found. The Queen became more and more charmed with her cousin, and, a week after his arrival, told her Premier, Lord Melbourne, that she had made up her mind to the marriage. He made a sensible reply, saying kindly, "You will be much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any length of time, in whatever position she may be."

In a touching letter to his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Gotha, Prince Albert tells of his betrothal to the Queen. The letter was written from Windsor, on



the 11th of November, 1839. "The Queen," says the Prince, "sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing my life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was, that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together."

"Since that moment, Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible."

The Queen officially announced her intended marriage, to the Privy Council on the 23rd of November. The meeting of the Council was held in Buckingham Palace, and about eighty members were present. "Precisely at two, the Queen records in her Journal, 'I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most thankful and happy when it was over."

"Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The news of the marriage was received in England with universal satisfaction, and the Queen's choice of a husband met with general approval. The event came off on the 10th of February, 1840, at one o'clock, in the Chapel Royal. At half-past twelve the Queen left Buckingham Palace for St. James's, her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland being in the same carriage with her; and Her Majesty is careful to tell us that on that occasion she wore the sapphire brooch which the Prince had given her the day before.

It would be pleasant if we could give here an account of the arrangements and of the ceremony itself; but space forbids. We must imagine for ourselves the formation of the several processions of the bride and bridegroom, and of the Royal personages and others invited to the wedding. All went off well; the chief actors in the scene went to chapel and they returned, but on coming back the Queen had the chosen companion of her life by her side. At the palace-door her husband handed her from the carriage, and in the presence of all the Court she ascended the grand staircase leaning on her husband's arm. It would be unpardonable were we to omit to mention that at the ceremony her Majesty

wore a dress of a rich white satin, trimmed with orange flower blossoms. On her head she had a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but not so as to conceal her face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. The bridesmaids were in white, with roses.

The wedding-breakfast at the Palace followed the ceremony in the chapel, with a toast to the health of the happy pair. In the afternoon the Queen and Prince left for Windsor Castle. "Our reception," the Queen relates in her Journal, "was most enthusiastic, hearty and gratifying in every way; the people quite deafening us with their cheers." "The sovereigns of this country," remarks one writer, "cannot enjoy on such an occasion the privacy which is the privilege and happiness of their subjects."

The Queen was now wedded to the husband of her choice amid sincere and general rejoicings. "It is the fact that he is the husband of your choice," said Lord Melbourne, "which makes your Majesty's marriage so popular; people know it is not for mere State reasons."

Prince Albert proved a model husband. He was graceful and handsome, yet without vanity. As a Prince, in spite of much misconception and misrepresentation, he did his duty nobly, never thrusting himself forward, but cheerfully lending his aid to whatever was worthy of support. For domestic life no one could have been better fitted, and to all who surrounded him he became an object of sincere attachment. The principle upon which he always acted was, to use his own words, "to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself, or for himself—to shun all ostentation—to assume no separate responsibility before the public; in short, to make his position entirely a part of the Queen's." Such was his conduct in public life: in private he insisted with firmness, and at the same time gentleness, on filling his proper position as head of the family. Some busy-bodies would urge upon the Queen that, as sovereign, she must be the head of the family, as well as of the State: to these her Majesty would reply that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to "obey" as well as to "love and honour," and this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away.

A love of rural life and beautiful scenery, inspired by a similar taste on the part of Prince Albert, now began to be awakened in the mind of the Queen. Before her marriage she had been wretched to leave London, and only too happy to return to it again; now, it was quite the reverse. "The solid pleasures," her Majesty records in her Journal, "of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all-in-all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike these sometimes."

As years went on, we are told by the Hon. C. Grey, this preference for the country on the part of the Queen grew stronger and stronger, till residence in London became positively distasteful to her, and was only made

endurable by having her beloved husband at her side to share with her and support her in the irksome duties of Court receptions and State ceremonials.

An attempt on her Majesty's life was made on the 10th of June, 1840, by a youth, about seventeen years of age, named Oxford. The Queen and the Prince were setting out on their usual afternoon drive, and were proceeding slowly up Constitution Hill, when Oxford—a little, mean-looking man—fired two pistol-shots at her. The Queen and the Prince were both uninjured, and displayed the utmost self-possession. As for the would-be assassin, he was at once arrested. On being tried, he was declared insane, and doomed to incarceration for life. The sentence was not carried out to the letter, however. In 1867 he received a free pardon and release, subject only to the very proper provision that he should expatriate himself, and never again return to this country.

On the afternoon of the 21st of November, the welcome news was heard by the country of the birth of the Queen's first-born, the Princess-Royal, now Crown-Princess of Prussia. About a year later a "London Gazette" extraordinary appeared, announcing the birth of a prince. The heir to the throne was born on the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's Day; in fact, he came into the world just at the very moment when the time-honoured procession was starting from the City for Westminster. On the 4th of December the Queen created her son, by Letters Patent, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

In the early part of her reign the Queen was actuated, as she herself acknowledges, by strong feelings of partisanship. Among the happy consequences of her marriage may be included the gradual extinction of any such political sentiment. We shall dismiss the subject of her Majesty's connection with politics by quoting the words of an able writer, who says, "The Queen is the only person in English public life who, for nearly forty years, has been in close contact with affairs, who has been in direct relations with every successive administration; who has been familiar with the views of, and exchanged political confidences with, every statesman of eminence who has held office during her reign. The testimony of the leading men of both parties is, that these unexampled opportunities, and this wide-spread experience have been wisely used; and that her acquaintance with business, and the tact that comes of uninterrupted practice in affairs, have often been of the utmost importance.

Turning from such topics, let us glance at the Queen's domestic life. That hers was a happy home, and such as an outsider might envy, let the following extract bear testimony from her Majesty's Journal on the birthday of the Princess Royal: "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (the Princess-Royal) in such a smart white merino dress trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good. And as my precious, invaluable Albert sat

there, and our little Love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God."

In August, 1842, her Majesty visited Scotland for the first time, and was received by her northern subjects with unbounded enthusiasm. So great was her admiration of this romantic land, that a few years later we find the Highland mansion and domain of Balmoral selected as a royal residence.

In the autumn of 1849, the Queen visited her Irish subjects. The following year was made interesting by a visit to Belgium, and, for the sake of convenience, we may mention in this paragraph some other visits paid by her Majesty to her Continental neighbours. These were—one in 1843 to King Louis Philippe, at the Chateau d'Eu; another to Germany in 1845; a third to Paris in 1855; a fourth to Cherbourg, Berlin, and Potsdam in 1858, and a visit to the Princess-Royal in Prussia, in 1860.

The year 1851 was that in which the Great Exhibition was opened by the Queen—a work with which she, and especially the Prince Consort, will be for ever associated.

An extraordinary legacy is the next event in the life of her Majesty. In the autumn of 1852 an eccentric miser named John Camden Nield, died and bequeathed the whole of his vast property, estimated at £500,000, after deducting some trifling legacies, to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Two caveats were entered against the will, but subsequently withdrawn, and the Queen was left to take undisputed possession of the property.

Between 1852 and 1861 what have we to tell of the Queen but to record the performance of public and domestic duty? Her care for the welfare of a large family—numbering in all four sons and five daughters—had added to it an eager anxiety for the prosperity of a realm on which the sun never sets. Such ceaseless labour probably never occupied a woman before; and considering this, and the able manner in which the labour has been performed, we gladly know that her Majesty now enjoys a season of comparative repose.

On the 16th of March, 1861, the Queen encountered a severe domestic affliction, in the death of her mother the Duchess of Kent. Misfortunes never come singly; and in December of that year, the Prince Consort was attacked by sickness, and expired after a short warning. The death of this estimable Prince was a source of great national grief. Sorrow for his loss and deep sympathy for his royal widow were long the upmost feelings in every mind.

Since the death of the Prince Consort her Majesty has lived much in retirement, mourning his loss with a womanly devotion to his memory which cannot but excite sympathy in every feeling heart. She has, however, occasionally appeared in public: for example, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Albert Hall, in 1867; at the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872; and on her visit to the Victoria Park in the East End of London in 1873.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

SEVERAL grand balls are to come off this month in our grand monde officiel, and our couturières are racking their brains to find new models and devices. Sometimes the simplest are after all the best. The two following are very pretty ball-dresses :—The first is of palest pink faille and tulle illusion. The

fringe veiled over with blonde, and headed with a fine fluting of faille. The low cuirasse bodice is trimmed in the same style. A long tunic of tulle illusion falls over the train at the back, and is gracefully looped-up with light garlands of tea-roses and rosebuds mixed with myrtle and mignonette. A spray of the same



1.—CLOTH JACKET.

faille skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce, headed with a bouillonné, both of which are much deeper behind than in front. The bouillonné is finished with a slightly gathered blonde border of the same shade. In front there is a square tablier of faille, quite plain, edged all round with deep silk

flowers is placed upon the bosom, and a wreath of the same in the hair.

The second is of pale blue silk and white and blue striped gaze de Chambéry: The under-skirt is of plain blue faille, and is trimmed with a deep flounce of the gauze, cut on the cross. The tunic of the

same striped gauze is edged with a light frilling; it is long, but very artistically looped up with a sash of broad light-blue ribbon, brocaded in camaïeu shades with a pattern of acanthus leaves. The bodice is a low cuirasse of blue silk, which is very tight fitting, and laced at the back. It is trimmed with gauze flutings and sprays of white jessamine. The sleeves are of striped blue and white gauze, with blue bows.

train of brocade, faille, or satin. The dress worn on a recent occasion by the Countess de P. is quite a type of this new fashion, which is, in fact, but a copy of the dresses of a hundred years ago.

This dress was of white satin. A handsome white lace trimming was put on spiral fashion over the very scant skirt. The train of white satin was trimmed with large bouillonnées, and finished with a deep flounce,



2.—TIGHT-FITTING JACKET.

Catogan bow of blue ribbon and wreath of white jessamine in the hair.

Young ladies prefer; and with reason, for ball dresses, toilets of tulle gauze or tarletane, with veil-like floating tunics, to all other fabrics; for with them dancing is the great object, and, therefore, the chief desideratum is a very light dress. But married ladies, who care more for fashion and elegance than for pleasure, adopt the scant underskirt and long ample

veiled over with white lace. A sash of white brocaded ribbon was arranged in numerous wide loops, which cover all the upper part of the skirt behind, and finished with fringed lappets; a wreath of full-blown roses without foliage was thrown across the front part of the skirt, and large clusters of the same disposed among the folds of the train and sash. The cuirasse bodice was long and square in front, and edged with white silk fringe. It had a berthe of white lace,

through which runs a light garland of rosebuds, with long sprays upon the shoulders. The coiffure was ornamented with two beautiful clusters of roses, one in front and one to fasten the Catogan of long blonde curls.

The new ribbon of the season is the broad ribbon of soft grosgrain, brocaded with a pattern of acanthus leaves, either of the same colour or in camaïeu shades. The shaded and plaid ribbon, though less new in style, are still, however, in great vogue.

Coiffures are much less high than they were, though still arranged in coques and rouleaux all over the head; plaits in a coronet are rather gone out of fashion, a loose torsade being preferred; but for the Catogan, the hair is generally plaited, and tied up with a bow. For evening, and especially for ball coiffures, the plait is frequently exchanged for a flow of curls, which is infinitely more graceful and becoming.

The new sorties de bal are half circular, half dolman, with wide sleeves in Oriental style; they are trimmed with feathers, light fur, or white jet, according to the style of the dress.

It is a fact that a small waist is once more considered as a great charm in female beauty, and it is probable ladies will take greater pains with their figures than they have been used to do, in France, at least, during the last few years.

Madame la Mode has decreed that the female waist should be long and slender, and of course her votaries will now endeavour to come up to that standard. There certainly seems already an improvement, whether produced by the long-waisted, well-fitting cuirasse bodice, or by more compulsory means, we cannot tell. While the costume complete was universally worn, there was so little difference between in-door and out-of-door dress, that a lady never showed off her figure to advantage, always wearing loose-fitting things about her. But now, when she takes off her wraps, she appears in all the graceful symmetry of a slight figure unencumbered with any superfluous clothing. The tight dress fits well, and there is a pleasant contrast between the toilet meant for the privacy of the house and that which is shown publicly in the streets.

The robe à tablier, though still very fashionable, is no longer, we should warn our fair readers, the very tip-top of novelty. The newest and most stylish dresses we have seen at Worth's and Kerteux's were not made thus; they had, so to speak, two tabliers, one on each side of the dress. In front the trimmings were put on plain, and at the back the train spread itself out in long full folds. Two examples will illustrate our meaning.

First, a dress of black Lyons grosgrain and black silk matelassé. The tabliers, or side-pieces, are of matelassé, edged with a heavy fringe of silk and jet; the front of grosgrain silk, very plain and scant, is trimmed with bias, merely edged on either side with one row of jet beads. These bias are put on lengthwise. The train is also of grosgrain. It is trimmed at the bottom with a flounce,

which is gradually decreased at the sides (under the side-pieces of matelassé), and finished under the outer bias of the front trimming. At the back, the flounce is full twenty inches deep, and is headed by three large bouillonnés. All the space between the upper bouillonné and the pointed basque of the bodice is filled up with the wide coques of a scarf sash of black grosgrain, the ends of which are fringed with jet. The corsage, long-waisted and whale-boned like a cuirasse, is of silk matelassé, and is trimmed with jet beading and fringe to match the side-pieces. The sleeves are of grosgrain, with revers of matelassé, ornamented in the same style as the bodice.

The second is a dress of seal-skin coloured faille, and velvet of the same colour. It has side-pieces like the preceding; they are of velvet, edged with a border of coq en colere feathers. The train, of thick rich faille, is made with the Duchess pleat. This pleat is eight inches wide, with four folds on either side, and forms a very grand sweeping train. It takes up a great quantity of material, as each fold is double. There is no trimming to this train. The front part, also of faille, is arranged in perfectly plain folds all the way down, three on either side. A sleeveless cuirasse of velvet, edged with coq en colere, forms the bodice, and the sleeves are of faille, puffed in the upper part, and with velvet parements to match the bodice.

Pekin velvet—that is, a fabric composed of alternate stripes of velvet and satin, or velvet and faille—is also combined with plain faille to make up dresses of the above description, or, if a more simple style is preferred, good velveteen may be employed with poplin or cashmere.

We noticed an elegant dress of violet and black striped Pekin velvet for the bodice and side tabliers, and of plain violet faille for the front and train. The front part was trimmed with flounces put on spiral fashion. The train was disposed in the Duchess pleat, but trimmed up the middle of the pleat with an ornament of passementerie and jet. The bodice was edged with a very pretty new style of fringe, composed of ends of narrow finely gaufréd silk braid. This fringe closely resembles a feather border, and is very fashionable. The bodice is cut at right angles in front, showing in the lower part the points of a gilet of faille, closely embroidered with jet beads. The sleeves are of faille, also richly trimmed with jet.

We have mentioned this style of dress as very new and fashionable; but we do not mean to imply it is exclusively so; on the contrary, other façons which we have already described, such as the robe à tablier and the cuirasse tunic, are equally in vogue. Dresses of vigogne, cashmere, and other woollen fabrics are much trimmed with velvet, (but this trimming is no longer put on in plain rows as it used to be. It is placed round the edge as a piping (without cord), and turned back about two inches deep inside, so that the trimming is really more on the wrong side of the material than on the right.



Of confections, the half-fitting paletot with wide dolman sleeves is decidedly the favourite. It is made both of velvet and of matelassé, edged with feathers or fur. A new model, named after Princess Czartoriska, is also very distingué. It is a long half-fitting paletot of black faille, lined throughout with fur, double-breasted, and fastened on the left side with large silk buttons. It is edged all round with sable.

Bonnets are of a more en levée shape than ever. The

border is turned up in front or at the side, with a cluster of flowers or a large bow of ribbon of a lighter shade of colour than the chapeau itself. The crown is ornamented with large coques of faille and velvet, and with feathers. Large stuffed birds are also employed for trimming both hats and bonnets. Not the head or tail only, but the whole bird is placed upon modern chapeaux; nor are they mere humming-bids—pigeons, doves, and cockatoos are especial favourites.

### DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

1. Alsacian Broom-seller dress of scarlet cashmere, with band of black velvet round the edge, embroidered stomacher, with velvet braces and muslin chemisette, percale apron, velvet head-dress.

2. Huntress Louis XVI., short skirt, embroidered round the bottom with green and gold, polonaise of green velvet, with revers of white satin fastened with gold buttons, revers on the sleeves to correspond, lace under-sleeves,

and embroidered collar. High green boots, with gold tassels.

3. Marchande d'Oublies, Louis XV. short skirt with two velvet bands, draped tunic of plain material, and long gilet of the same. Black velvet vest, with collar and revers. Embroidered chemisette, with deep turn-down collar and short puffed sleeves, ornamented with coloured bows. Striped stockings, and high patent shoes with buckles.

### DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

#### YOUNG LADY'S WALKING JACKET.

At the request of several subscribers, we give the pattern of Walking Jacket for young lady, from 14 to 15 years old. Our pattern is suitable for cloth, velvet, or any winter material; it should be edged all round with braid, excepting the front, which is buttoned down to the bottom, to simulate a Louis XV. waistcoat. The braid is sewn

flat up the front, from the point, and continued round the neck; the back and shoulders may be further ornamented with beaded passementerie, leaves, and tassels, if preferred. Our pattern consists of 4 pieces, viz.—the front, side-piece, half of back, and sleeve.

### TO OUR READERS.

MYRA is now so well known to the readers of the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, that it will be, no doubt, with a feeling of regret that her readers will hear of her late illness, and that a stranger will, in future, occupy her place in the "Work Room" and the "Drawing Room," as well as in the letters that appear in each number of the Magazine. As her successor, I feel that her popularity has both its advantages and its disadvantages for me; its advantages, in that it has established a friendly tone of feeling towards the Drawing Room and Work Room, and its disadvantages, inasmuch as a new face appearing at a door when we expected to see that of an old friend, is always a disappointment.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door."

Simultaneously with the new year, untried as that, I present myself to our readers, ready and willing to tread in Myra's footsteps, anxious to be as useful as she was,

and hopeful of gaining, in time, some portion of the regard she was so happy as to inspire. If a sincere wish to be useful were any qualification for an onerous post like this, I should be fully qualified, without doubt! But I know that more than that is necessary—that the desire, however warm, must be backed up by earnest endeavour, and that the good will must be supplemented by the good deed. It shall, however, be my endeavour so to act that

"each to-morrow  
Find me further than to-day"

on the road to the confidence of our readers. Could any Englishwoman wish for a more congenial audience than the young girls of her own country? Surely not; and I feel that the privilege of addressing them carries with it a great responsibility.

Looking forward to much pleasant interchange of thought during the months of the new year, I beg to wish that they may be fraught with happiness for all our readers.

SYLVIA.

### Indoor Dress.

---



3.—INDOOR DRESS (FRONT).

3.—INDOOR DRESS.

Perfectly plain dress of grosgrain silk, with tight-fitting sleeves and long trained skirt. Sleeveless polonaise of black net and lace, with waistband and écharpe of black grosgrain.



Indoor Dress.



4.—INDOOR DRESS (BACK).

4.—INDOOR DRESS.

Perfectly plain dress of grosgrain silk, with tight-fitting sleeves and long trained skirt. Sleeveless polonaise of black net and lace, with waistband and écharpe of black grosgrain.

## GOOD THINGS.

SO many applications reach us for information respecting one thing and another, that we have determined to bring under the notice of our readers from month to month, some brief remarks on "Good Things," on which experience enables us to speak with confidence, in the hope that they may serve as finger-posts to indicate what to buy and where to buy it, to those that are seeking to purchase what is really useful and serviceable.

Although up to the time at which we are writing, the close of autumn and beginning of winter have been mild—too mild, in fact, to be seasonable and healthy—we have had a few days cold enough to remind us that colder times must soon follow, and that if we have not done so already, we must think at once about renewing or repairing our winter wraps. We shall need them yet for many months to come, for it is an old saying and a true one, that "as the days grow longer the cold grows stronger," while good advice that it would be well for every one to take to heart is conveyed in the somewhat roughly-worded rhyme, "Before May is out, never cast a clout."

Of all kinds of winter wraps commend me especially to furs, than which there can be nothing prettier or more ladylike, or better calculated to impart a finish to a well-considered costume. In addition to this they are cosy and comfortable to the wearer, and this, perhaps, should be the first consideration, as winter assuredly is a season in which appearance should yield precedence to comfort. It is possible, however, to procure furs that combine both these desirable qualities, and we recommend ladies who may stand in need of a pretty set to visit the establishment of Messrs. JANNINGS AND SON, 16, Fenchurch Street, E.C., where it is possible to procure furs of the very best quality at really low prices. This well-known firm supply sets of genuine seal fur, comprising a well-made collarette and cuffs, at 24s. and 30s. per set.; while, for about the same prices, beautiful sets of the softest, warmest beaver fur may be procured, nicely wadded and lined with silk. Those who do not care so much for collarette and cuffs, will find a useful substitute for the former in the half-guinea squirrel-tail boa supplied by Messrs. Jannings and Son, and comfort for the hands in the ample recesses of their pretty muffs in beaver, ermine, racoon, black jennet, black lynx, and seal fur, which range from 18s. 6d. to 40s., according to size and quality of the fur. To those to whom money is not so much an object, we can confidently recommend this firm's sable muffs, which are really cheap at the prices asked—namely, from four to six guineas. In speaking of the specialities of Messrs. Jannings and Son, we must not forget to mention the soft and supple COPENHAGEN GLOVE that they supply

in single and double buttons, and in all the fashionable colours, for winter wear for ladies and gentlemen; and to remind gentlemen who are at a loss to hit on some suitable and appropriate present for a lady at the present season, that Messrs. Jannings and Son's GLOVE and HANDKERCHIEF BOXES, made in all colours in expanding leather, are both pretty and useful, and all the more acceptable if filled.

Other comforts for the winter season will be found by ladies in the DOWN VESTS and DOWN SKIRTS manufactured by Messrs. BOOTH and FOX, of 81, Hatton Garden, E.C. While the lower parts of the body are protected by the latter, the former—which are not only prettily made, but fit the figure nicely, and are by no means clumsy—afford complete protection to the chest and lungs against the searching winds from the cold north and east, which seem to penetrate to the very marrow of one's bones, and rob even the most robust of vital warmth. No one to whom the slightest suspicion of delicacy of the chest and lungs attaches, should venture without doors in winter without one of these down vests; which, like the skirts, are lined with purified down from the eider duck and arctic goose, and are very light, while they are warmer than many thicknesses of flannel. Even the skirts do not exceed a pound-and-a-half in weight; and, as these are sufficient to lend all the support that is needed to the dress itself, and allow it to drape the figure in graceful folds, no dress-improver is required. The same firm also supply comfortable DRESSING GOWNS at low prices, which will be found a great boon by invalids, and those who are weak and delicate, and unable to bear the weight of the ordinary blankets and quilts in bed, will find everything that they can desire in the PATENT DOWN QUILTS, which, in addition to their lightness and warmth, are also cheap and durable, and may be washed at pleasure, like an ordinary coverlet. Being covered externally with a material that has the appearance of a rich and handsome chintz, they will not soil as quickly as a white quilt, and in cold weather impart a warm and comfortable look to a bed-room.

Among the most useful products of the present day, for ornamental purposes, JUDSON'S DYES stand pre-eminent, and enable the amateur to dye materials of any kind at home for a few pence, which would cost shillings if sent to a professional dyer. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple. The article to be dyed is first plunged into hot water placed in an ordinary earthen vessel, and when thoroughly soaked through and through, is removed. A bottle of dye, or less, if the material to be dyed is not large, is poured into the water, and the article is once more immersed and moved about with the aid of a couple of sticks until the whole of the dye is absorbed by the

material. If the tint be not dark enough, the article must be taken out, and more dye added to the water before the process is continued. The material must then be dried before a moderately brisk fire, and pressed with a hot iron. Ribbons may be finished by rolling them round a glass wine-bottle filled with hot water. A curious and novel use of Judson's Dyes was made a short time since at one of the principal exhibitions of poultry held in this country. Some young ladies, who were the possessors of some fine white Aylesbury ducks, bethought themselves of tinting their plumage by the aid of these liquid dyes, and the result was such as puzzled and astonished most of those who happened to visit the exhibition. The brilliant orange body of one of these *rare ones* was contrasted by a head of dazzling blue. Another was gay with stripes and bars of crimson and mauve, while a third was as rich in coloured stars and patches as a clown in a Christmas pantomime. The ducks thus furnished with gorgeous plumage that seemed to belong to parrots and parrakeets, rather than aquatic fowl, were placed on a piece of ornamental water near the entrance to the show, where they soon became the observed of all observers. A few of the more knowing among the lookers on—but very few—saw through the joke; but many, loud in their praises of the "beautiful ducks," were eager to learn from what part of the world they came; while others anxiously inquired if it were possible to procure any of the eggs of "those lovely birds," and would have willingly given a guinea a-piece for them if the fair operators had been bold enough to run the risk of obtaining money under false pretences. It is not generally known that JUDSON'S BRONZONETTE produces a most beautiful glazed bronze, on the natural leaves of ivy, laurel, etc. The leaves taken fresh from the trees should be wiped clean, and then simply painted with the Bronzonette.

For trimming ladies' underclothing of every description, there is nothing prettier than CASH'S COVENTRY CAMBRIC FRILLINGS, which are made in two qualities, best and second. The frillings of the best quality are distinguished as Plain Frilling, Lace Edge, Imperial Lace Edge, Three Spires Pattern, the Lily, Forget-me-not, Violet, Hawthorn, Royal, and Double Cords. The second quality includes the Britannia Frilling, Broadway, Crown, Rosebud, and the American Stripe. The last-named is very pretty, and has quite a novel effect, the stripes resembling rows of fine pearl stitching. It is made in nine widths, varying from half an inch to three inches, the narrower being more suitable for the adornment of chemises, night-dresses, etc., while the wider are more appropriate for petticoats, and even sheets, pillow-cases, toilet tables, etc. Insertions are made to suit these pretty trimmings. One edge of the Violet Frilling resembles the most delicate embroidery, while the other is furnished with the thread peculiar to all the Coventry frillings by which they can be drawn up to the desired extent, dispensing with the ope-

ration known as "whipping." The CAMBRIC RIBBONS produced by the Messrs. Cash are also beautiful and useful, and will be found as serviceable as the frillings for all the purposes to which the frillings can be applied.

Ladies who are fond of embroidery, knitting, and crochet, will do well to send to Messrs. ADAMS AND CO., of 5, New Street, Bishopsgate Street, E., for specimens of their FILOSELLE, AND EMBROIDERY AND IMPERIAL KNITTING SILKS. The former is supplied in about one hundred and thirty different shades, at about one-third the price usually charged for this article; and although it is so much cheaper it is by no means inferior to the most costly materials of this description. It is much used for grounding instead of Berlin wool, and for crochet and knitting, for which this material has hitherto been considered to be too expensive. The Embroidery and Imperial Knitting Silks are more especially used for the purposes indicated by their names. The latter is manufactured in two sizes, the thinner sort being more especially suitable for machine work, while the thicker description is more pleasant to work with in the ordinary way. The price per ounce of 8 skeins (each skein containing 15 yards) of the Filoselle in one shade, is 2s.; in mixed shades, 2s. 6d.; or a single skein will be supplied for 4d. An ounce hank of Embroidery Silk containing 14 skeins of 20 yards, all of one shade, is supplied for 1s. 6d., or in mixed shades at 2s.; a single skein is sent for 2d. The Imperial Knitting Silk, thick or thin, is supplied at 1s. 6d. per ounce. In sending stamps for specimens an additional stamp should be sent for postage; but stamps will not be received for large orders, or in payment of accounts, unless sent at the rate of thirteen to every shilling. We mention this to enable ladies sending for specimens to avoid any difficulty.

A paper on "Good Things" would be incomplete without some reference to something to eat, and we are glad to recommend to all our readers who are not yet acquainted with them, CADBURY'S PURE CHOCOLATES and COCOAS, which have the merit of being perfectly free from adulteration, and being the best and purest possible. They are also easy of digestion, and therefore suitable in every way for invalids. The Cocoa Essence prepared by this firm is economical to use, because a little of it will go a great way, and this really renders it as inexpensive as the cheapest, although the price per ounce or pound is higher. The Mexican and Rock Chocolates when made according to the directions furnished, afford a most delicious beverage for breakfast, luncheon, or tea. The boxes of chocolate creams, almond chocolates, and chocolate bonbons, supplied by Messrs. Cadbury and Co., furnish most elegant presents at all times, but are more peculiarly appropriate at the present season of Christmas and the coming new year. Some of these boxes are made of finely plaited straw, while all are gaily adorned with pretty and artistic pictures and designs, rendering the boxes themselves well worthy of preservation when their delicious contents have been consumed.



6.—GREY PIQUE PINAFORE.



5.—REMBRANDT HAT.



7.—CAMBRIC PINAFORE..

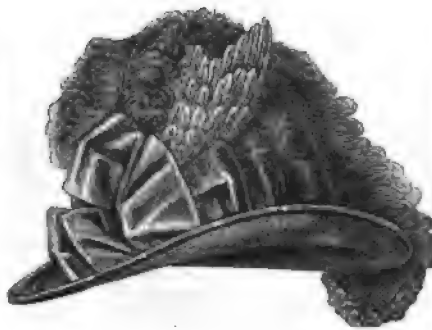


8.—SEAL SKIN SLEEVELESS JACKET (FRONT).





10.—LACE FICHU (FRONT).



9.—BLACK FELT HAT.



11.—LACE FICHU (BACK).



12.—SEAL SKIN SLEEVELESS JACKET (BACK).



13.—PLAID SASH.



15.—GIRL'S WALKING COSTUME.



14.—PINK SILK SASH.



16.—DOLLS' DRESSES.





17.—COIFFURE OF RIBBON AND FLOWERS.



18.—LACE COIFFURE.



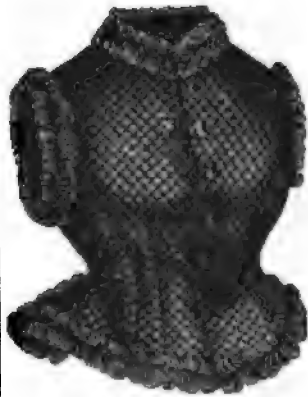
19.—CORONET OF LACE.



21.—COIFFURE OF ROSES AND RIBBON.

20.—COIFFURE.





22.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (FRONT).



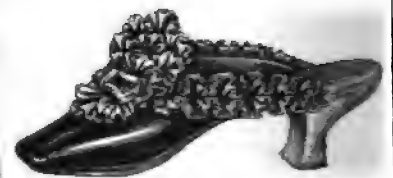
23.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (BACK).



24.—HIGH KID SHOE.



28.—LACE RUFFLE.



25.—LADY'S SLIPPER.



26.—HIGH-BUTTONED BOOT.



27.—BLACK SATIN BOOT.



30.—BOY'S WAISTCOAT AND TROUSERS.



29.—BOYS' JACKET (BACK).



31.—BOYS' JACKET (FRONT).



33.—CUT JET BRACELET.



34.—JET BRACELET.

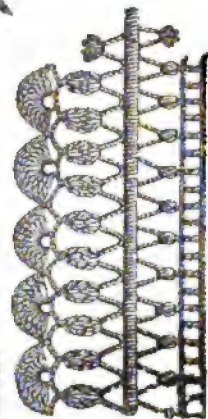
32.—JET CORONET.



35.—JET NECKLACE.



36.—EMBROIDERED BORDER.



37.—EDGING IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE BRAID.



38.—APPLIQUE LACE TRIMMING FOR MANTLES, ETC.

## No. 1. CLOTH JACKET.

Tight fitting jacket of grey blue velvet cloth with collar, pockets, and tabs of black velvet. Both sleeves and jacket are bordered with strips of grey blue grosgrain silk stitched with black. Metal buttons and agraffe.

## No. 2. TIGHT-FITTING JACKET.

Jacket of matelassé fitting to the figure, with revers, collar, cuffs, and pockets of black velvet, ornamented with steel buttons.

## No. 5. THE REMBRANDT HAT.

Black felt hat, with high crown, and turned-up brim; the latter bound with black velvet. Bands and loops of grey blue velvet, and long ostrich feather of the same colour.

## Nos. 6, 7. CHILDREN'S PINAFORES.

No. 6. Is made of grey piqué, trimmed round the bottom, neck, and sleeves with narrow white embroidery, and embroidered in chain stitch, as shown in Illustration.

No. 7. This pinafore of white cambric has braces terminating in pointed tabs, and trimmed with braid insertion to correspond with the bottom and sleeves.

## Nos. 8, 12. SEAL SKIN JACKET.

Sleeveless jacket of seal skin, trimmed with otter and passementerie ornaments. The sleeves of the dress should be trimmed to correspond.

## No. 9. BLACK FELT HAT.

Black felt hat with curved brim bound with velvet, a wide band of velvet surrounds the crown, and a cluster of bows fasten a white wing and long black feather which falls over the brim.

## Nos. 10, 11. FICHU OF LACE AND BEAD EMBROIDERY.

The pattern is cut out in stiff net, and a box pleating of white net is then sewn on. Between the two rows of white net is a frill of black lace. Above is a similar frill with an embroidery of black beads; the fichu is headed with a ruching of crepe lisse, and finished off in front with bows and ends of black grosgrain ribbon.

## Nos. 13, 14. SASHES FOR EVENING WEAR.

No. 13 is an echarpe of blue and white plaid ribbon, eight and a half inches wide, and requires two yards and three-quarters to make it up, exclusive of the waistband. One end of the ribbon is fastened to the centre of the band at the back, and it is then arranged in loops, bows, and ends as our Illustration directs.

No. 14 gives another style, in pink silk ribbon of two widths—namely, six and a half and eight and a half inches respectively. The waistband, which is made with folds of the same ribbon, is trimmed only at the back, in the loops and ends having the centre bow fringed out at each end for about two inches in depth.

## No. 15. GIRL'S COSTUME OF FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD.

Dress of grey poplin, with bands of the same material in a darker shade, and oxydized silver buttons. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet, and long ostrich feather.

## No. 16. DOLLS' DRESSES.

Fig. 1. Promenade costume of grey cashmere. The skirt is trimmed in front with bands and puffings, and at the back with flounces of the same material. The bands are piped with dark grey taffetas. Jacket of black velvet, lined with lutestring, and trimmed with fur.

Fig. 2. Bridal toilet of white taffetas. Long trained kirt, trimmed in front with flounces and bows of the same material. Wreath of myrtle, and veil of white tulle.

Fig. 3. Toilet Alsacienne. Skirt and bodice of scarlet flannel; the skirt trimmed with an embroidered band of black velvet. Chemisette of fine lawn, with pleated frill, below which a small scarlet handkerchief, with black fringe and raised spots of black wool, is crossed and fastened at the waist behind. Low bodice of black velvet laced in front so as to show the chemisette. White apron with two stripes embroidered in scarlet wool. Head-dress of black velvet

bows and ends arranged as shown in the Illustration. This pretty costume is designed from that worn by the peasant girls of Alsace.

## Nos. 17 to 21. COIFFURES FOR THE SEASON.

No. 17 is arranged with bows and loops of pale lilac grosgrain ribbon, relieved by frilling of crepe lisse, and sprays of pink moss roses.

No. 18. We recommend this to our fair readers. An open wreath of black lace is arranged on a small frame of ribbon wire, and finished at the back by loops and ends of black grosgrain ribbon. In each rosette-shaped curve of the lace is placed a small rose, crimson or pale pink, as the wearer's complexion may require.

No. 19. Coronet of white lace, with a cross-way band of blue poul de soie. Bows and loops of blue poul de soie and wreaths of daisies.

No. 20. A pretty contrast of colour is effected here by mixing crimson and clear pale grey ribbon with the white lace wreath. The crimson ribbon is slanted on the cross, and fringed out for an inch in depth.

No. 21. Pink and very pale yellow roses, carefully selected as to shade, are placed on a tuft of rich white lace, from which loops and ends of pink grosgrain ribbon edged with narrow lace, fall at the back. At the side a shaded wing.

## Nos. 22, 23. SLEEVELESS JACKET.

Tight-fitting sleeveless jacket of black matelassé, silk edged all round, with fur trimming.

## Nos. 24 to 27. LADY'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

No. 24. Black kid shoe, with high heel, and ornamental buckle.

No. 25. Lady's slipper, of black patent leather lined with blue satin, stitched with white purse silk, and ornamented with a blue ruching, rosette, and steel buckle.

No. 26. High boot of black leather, with bright buttons, scalloped edges, and steel buckle.

No. 27. High boot of black satin, with slashed front to show the stocking, buttons, and fancy buckle.

## No. 28. LACE RUFFLE.

Ruffle of black lace, frilling of fine white net, and centre of feather trimming.

## Nos. 29 to 31. COSTUME FOR BOYS OF FIVE TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Trousers, waistcoat, and jacket of grey blue cloth, with black braid and buttons.

## Nos. 32 to 34, 35. JET ORNAMENTS.

No. 32. Coronet of rosettes made of jet beads, fastened on to a slender wreath of cut steel.

Nos. 33, 34. Bracelets of jet beads threaded on elastic, and ornamented with jet medallions.

No. 35. Necklace of jet beads of different sizes, with fringe of pendants.

## No. 36. EMBROIDERED EDGING.

This pattern was designed to be worked on a ground of clear grey linen, with grey thread. The stitches used are plain satin, overcast, and button-hole, but would be equally suitable for under-linen if worked on cambric.

## No. 37. EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN, ETC., IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

For the following pattern a braid is required, which has on each side a four-fold group of loops; it is then crocheted as follows—\* 1st row : \* 4 treble in the 1st of the 4 loops, these treble must be drawn up with one effort of the needle, 5 chain, 4 treble in the next of the 4 loops, drawn up like the last, 2 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 double in the 1st chain stitch, 2 chain; repeat from \*. 2nd row : \* 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain, 11 treble in the next purl; repeat from \*. 3rd row : along the other side of the mignardise alternately 1 double in the 4 loops of 1 group, 5 chain. 4th row : alternately 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2.



**No. 38. APPLIQUE LACE TRIMMING FOR MANTLES, ETC.**

This effective trimming is embroidered on a ground of black tulle, with an appliqué of black areophane or silk grenadine outlined with black soutache. The principal part of the embroidery is worked in satin stitch, but overcast and lace stitches are also employed, the latter being embroidered with silks of different thicknesses. The trimming is then worked round with buttonhole stitch and purls, and the appliqué and the tulle itself are cut away as the Illustration directs.

**No. 39. ETUI FOR NEEDLES AND COTTON ORNAMENTED WITH POINT RUSSE.**

This pretty and useful souvenir consists of a strip of canvas ten inches long and one and a half inch wide, lined on the one side with brown sarsanet, and embroidered on the other side with brown chenille and brown filoselle in point russe. The inside is then fitted up with small leaves of vandyked flannel, and reels of cotton fastened in with brown soutache.

**No. 40. TOBACCO POUCH, WITH CASE FOR CIGARETTE PAPERS.**

The lower part is composed of two pieces of cardboard covered with brown silk, between which the cigarette papers are placed, and fastened by a button and loop as in Illustration; the top or pouch is in the form of a bag drawn up with silk cord, and embroidered with coloured silks in satin stitch and point russe.

**No. 41. INFANT PIQUE BIB.**

Baby's bib of white piqué trimmed with a strip of batiste embroidered in knotted stitch, and with an edging of white lace.

**No. 42. EMERY CUSHION IN SHAPE OF A SAILOR HAT.**

The original of our illustration is crocheted with black purse silk in double crochet. The hat is begun in the centre of the crown, with 6 chain stitches closed into a circle, and eight rounds of double crochet are then worked over black cotton cord. In the 1st of these rounds, 2 stitches are crocheted into every foundation stitch; in the following rounds the number of stitches are increased, so as to keep the work flat. In the 9th to the 13th rounds, inclusive, the number of stitches is neither increased nor decreased. In the 1st round of the brim 2 stitches are crocheted in every other stitch, and in the remaining 5 rounds the number is increased as required by the work. The crown of the hat is then filled up with a little emery cushion, and below this is strips of cardboard lined with black sarsanet, and ornamented with a narrow blue ribbon and an anchor.

**Nos. 43, 44. POINT DE VENISE EDGINGS.**

These edgings are worked on a ground of mull muslin; the stitches used are satin and overcast, the venetian bars and purls are worked in the ordinary way, and the central parts of the design are in lace stitch. Finally the mull muslin is cut away, as shown in the Illustration.

**No. 45. LADIES' EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.**

In our present Illustration we give designs for a novel and beautiful style of handkerchief border. The borders are of batiste écriu, or if intended for mourning, can be embroidered in black and white, the centre of the handkerchief being of fine cambric. The embroidery is worked partly with coloured thread or zephyr wool; partly with white embroidery cotton in satin stitch. The outlines are worked round with buttonhole stitch.

**Nos. 46, 47, 53, 54. EMBROIDERED EDGINGS.**

These edgings for underlinen are embroidered on a ground of lawn, batiste, or mull muslin, in satin, buttonhole, and overcast stitch. The lace stitches are then worked with thread according to the Illustration, and the ground cut away as required.

**No. 48. PEN AND PENCIL TRAY.**

The tray itself is of oxydized silver, lined with brown Russian leather, and ornamented with appliqué embroidery

of dark brown silk on a light brown cloth ground. The stitches used are satin and overcast.

**Nos. 49, 51. EMBROIDERED INSERTIONS.**

The ground required for both insertions is lawn, batiste, or mull muslin. The simpler pattern of No. 49 is embroidered wholly in satin and overcast stitch. For No. 51 the design is first traced on the material selected, and the work proceeded with as follows:—Go over the outline of the ribbon pattern with embroidery cotton, work the bars with buttonhole stitches of thread, and the outlines with overcast. The remainder is worked in satin, plain, and overcast stitch. The wheels are edged with buttonhole stitch, and the ground cut away from the central bars, as shown in our Illustration.

**No. 50. SQUARE FOR ANTIMACASSAR.**

This square would look very effective joined to embroidered muslin square for antimacassars. It is darned with glaze cotton on fine Brussels net, and edged all round with close buttonhole stitch.

**No. 52. INSERTION FOR UNDER-LINEN.**

This pattern à l'antique is embroidered on mull muslin, batiste, or fine lawn, in overcast and lace stitch. The broader outlines being worked in buttonhole stitch. The ground is then cut away from beneath the embroidery. See Illustration.

**No. 55. EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR BASKETS, MAPS, ETC.**

Satin stitch and chain stitch. The embroidery is worked on a ground of coloured cloth, rep, velvet, or cashmere, with two shades of purse silk, in satin and chain stitch.

**No. 56. EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.**

The pen-wiper, which is fitted with a black brush, consists of a square box of cardboard, the sides of which are graduated so as to be narrower at the top. The box is covered with dark brown Russian leather, and has in front a monogram, or initials, embroidered in satin and overcast stitch, with brown purse silk, on a ground of brown cloth.

**No. 57. LADIES' EMBROIDERED AUMONIERE.**

This elegant little pocket is intended to be worn à la chatelaine. The pocket itself is of black velvet, lined with silk, and richly embroidered in satin and chain stitch, with black purse silk. It is then spangled over with small silver beads, and edged round with black fringe. The completed pocket is then fitted with a steel rim and clasp.

**No. 58, 62. ORNAMENTAL TOWEL HORSE.**

The framework of this stand consists of black polished cane, ornamented at the ends, with mother of pearl studs. The length of the frame is twenty-three inches, and the height nine inches. At the back there are small hooks for hanging up brushes, etc. The towel is hung over the front bar. The back is fitted with cardboard, covered with dark grey satin, and ornamented with an embroidery of pale grey satin. The leaves are in appliqué of grey taffetas, surrounded with buttonhole stitch in grey purse silk. The rest of the embroidery is worked with two shades of grey purse silk, in satin, overcast, and chain stitch. The stand is fastened to the wall like a bracket, and therefore is specially designed for small rooms, as it takes up much less space than the ordinary towel horse.

**Nos. 59 to 61. EMBROIDERED LETTER CASE.**

The case is made of fawn-coloured corded silk, and lined with white moiré antique. Our Illustrations (59 to 61) give the design for the embroidery of the front and the flap. When the pattern has been traced on the case, work the embroidery of the flying wheel in satin, overcast, knotted stitch, and point russe, with brown purse silk of different shades. The bird is embroidered with the same silk in plain and interlacing satin stitch. The flap is embroidered with silk, in satin and overcast stitch. The inside of the case is then fitted with pockets of fawn-coloured corded silk, and bound with brown sarsanet ribbon. A metal lock is required for fastening.



39.—ETUI FOR NEEDLES AND COTTON.



41.—INFANT'S PIQUE BIB.



40.—TOBACCO POUCH WITH CASE FOR CIGARETTE PAPER.



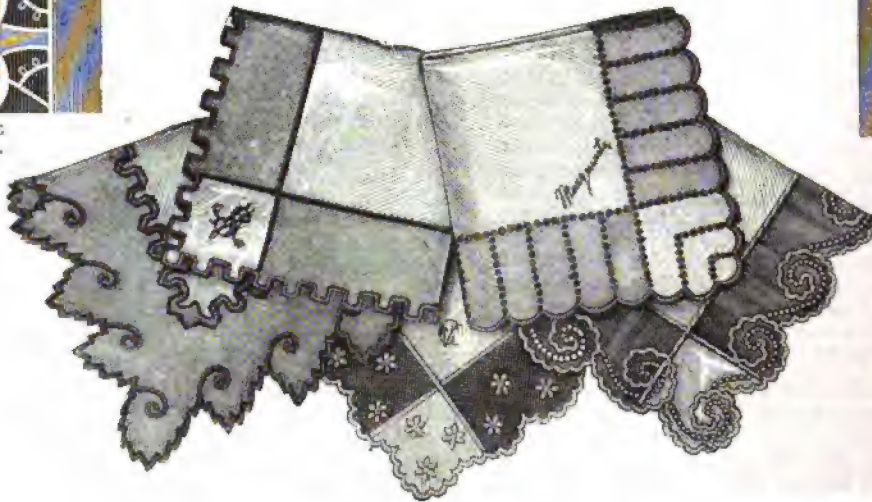
43.—POINT DE VENISE EDGING.



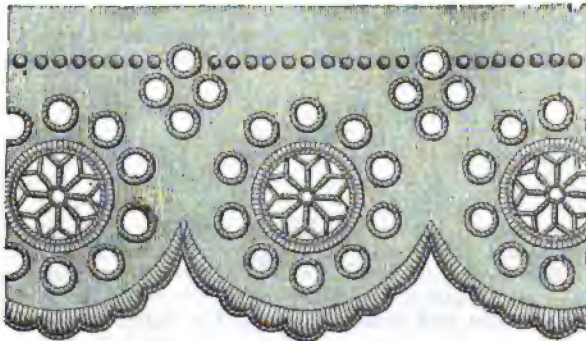
42.—EMERY CUSHION IN SHAPE OF A SAILOR HAT.



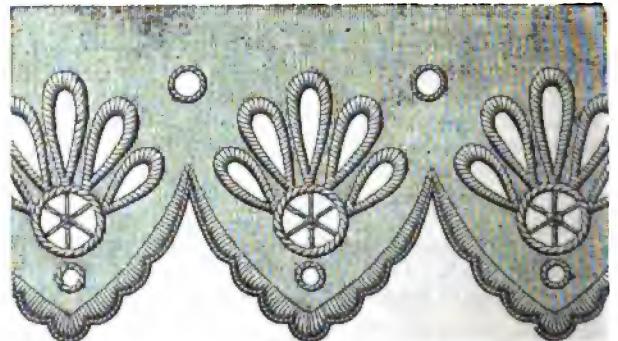
44.—POINT DE VENISE EDGING.



45.—LADIES' EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.



46.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.



47.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.

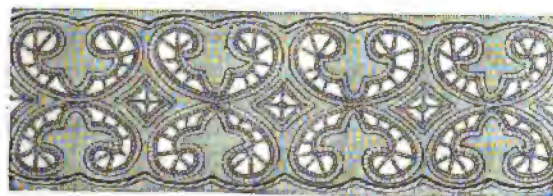




48.—PEN AND PENCIL TRAY.



50.—SQUARE FOR ANTIMACASSAR, ETC.



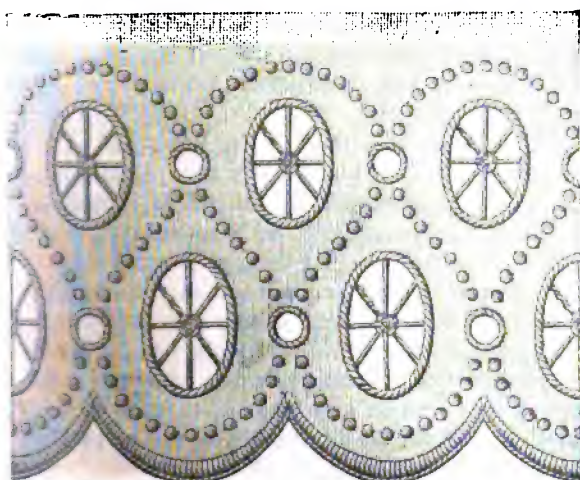
52.—INSERTION FOR UNDERLINEN



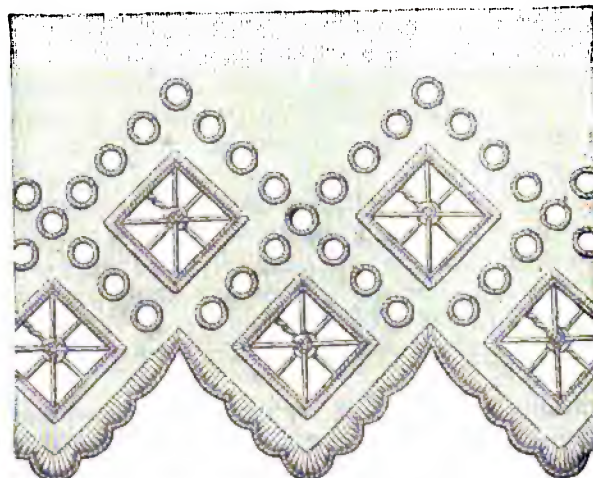
49.—EMBROIDERED  
INSERTION.



51.—EMBROIDERED  
INSERTION.



53.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.



54.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.

*Worked with Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread and Embroidery Cotton.*

## A FEW WORDS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE beginning of a New Year is always a time of promises and good resolutions. We undertake to forsake all our errors of theory and practice, turn over a new leaf, and produce during the coming months something which shall surpass all our past efforts. We determine to give effect to the famous proverb, that "death is the gate of life," by showing that the dead Old Year has led us to the beginning of better things. Very commendable resolutions for us to make as individuals, and happy, doubtless, shall we be if the retrospect which the next New Year induces should prove to be quite satisfactory. We may say the same for ourselves in our editorial capacity. Writing at the commencement of 1875 we are about to promise the readers of the *YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* that our pages will offer additional attractions, that new pens will be engaged in the work of contributing to their information and amusement, and that new features will appear in the publication. We trust that we are justified in our confidence, that when the time comes for us to review another year's work, we shall have increased our circle of readers, and established new claims upon the confidence of our old friends.

It is very pleasant for a new editor and new contributors to know that they are addressing readers who, by long attachment to a publication, are predisposed to place confidence in, and welcome to the work, those who are undertaking the anxious duty of maintaining its reputation; this feeling is very encouraging to all engaged in the work, and it is an encouragement which we have good reason to know is given to our efforts.

We intend to add several new features to our publication. One, which we venture to think will be found highly interesting, will be a series of Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Women of our own time, who have made themselves eminent in literature and art, or whose great quality of mind and noble characteristics have marked them out as illustrious examples of true womanly value. We live now in a time when women are claiming a larger recognition as worthy sharers in the duties and responsibilities of intellectual, political, and social life than has hitherto been accorded them. These claims have been too often met with levity, or even contempt; the best reply to which is to produce the unanswerable evidence of woman's high qualities, as illustrated by distinguished examples, the force of whose character and the greatness of whose abilities are universally recognized; and the biographical sketches we intend to present in our pages will furnish that evidence, while they supply personal information respecting those whose names are known to all, and with whom we naturally desire a more intimate acquaintance.

Another new feature of the *YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* will be a *resumé* in every number of the leading political and social events of the month, with especial reference to

the interest which intelligent women may be expected to take in them. John Milton, who was a philosopher of the best kind, and a great poet too, said of the study of philosophy, which some folks who knew nothing about it called dry and uninteresting—

"How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

We may say almost as much for the "horrid politics" which some young ladies have such a dread of. It was good advice given to a timid person, "If you see anything you feel frightened at, go straight up to it, and the chances are a hundred to one that you will find reason to laugh at yourself for having been so easily alarmed." That is just the case with politics—or let us substitute another name, which may put the matter in another light—a knowledge of public affairs. Now-a-days public matters are so associated with the interests of private and social life, that we decline to leave them only to the consideration and management of the masculine intellect. Women really cannot, as intelligent beings, afford to be unacquainted with what is going on in the world; they must be prepared to bear their part in conversation, by making themselves familiar with facts and theories, and it will go hard indeed if the intuitive feminine perception does not sometimes reach to the very centre of a vexed political or social problem. We hope to present the subjects we may be called upon to note in such a manner, that "politics" will not seem "harsh and crabbed," but the subject of pleasant and profitable study.

Side by side with facts will be fiction. This is very far from being a new item in the contents of our publication. We think that very many of our readers retain agreeable recollections of the stories that have appeared in our pages; and we think we can promise new stories, by new authors, which will be highly attractive. We have made arrangements with writers of recognized talent and great popularity, to contribute to this department of our publication, and we feel confident that we shall be able to present to our readers stories of peculiar and sustained interest.

Need we say that the Fashion Pages will be as interesting as ever? The subject is always attractive, and we have made special arrangements for supplying the most complete information, with abundant illustrations. We can but promise that the reputation of the *YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* shall be sustained in respect to all the specialities which have made it so popular and attractive; and thus, with sincere wishes for the health, happiness, and prosperity of our readers, and an expressed desire on our own part that we may be found to retain their regard and confidence, we lay down our pen, and prepare for the work of the coming year.



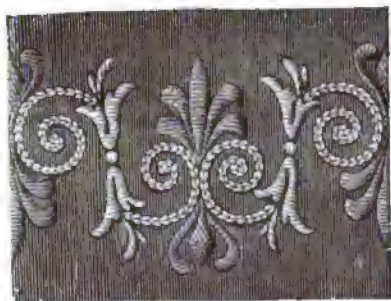
## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THERE is the usual dearth of novelties just at present at nearly all the theatres, owing to the necessary preparations for the Christmas season; though, singularly enough, we can hardly recollect any period when so many attractive pieces were "on." There is an unusual *embarras de richesses* in the list of theatrical advertisements, and almost any and every taste is suited. Should the intending theatre-goer be an admirer of the higher walks of the art, there is "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, with Mr. Irving in the character of the Danish prince, supported by an admirable Ophelia in the person of Miss Isabel Bateman; by Mr. Compton, the very driest and raciest of grave-diggers, and a thoroughly good working company. Few things have attracted so much attention in the theatrical world of late years as Mr. Irving's assumption of this part, which seems to be a sort of goal for all tragic actors to aim at; and while on the one hand there are those who do not hesitate to declare it all but faultless, there are others who take grave exceptions not only to certain points in the business of the acting wherein Mr. Irving differs from his predecessors, but also to the actor's general conception and presentation of the character. One thing, at all events, will be allowed by all, which is, that it gives evidence from the first appearance of Hamlet upon the stage to his death at the end of the play, of careful and conscientious study. We confess that there are many alterations that we do not think improvements; but whether right or wrong, one is bound to feel that Mr. Irving is himself fully satisfied with its correctness, and that we are witnessing the result of a carefully-formed judgment, and not of idle caprice. Equally beyond question is it that his present assumption is far beyond anything he has yet attempted. There is more repose, and a singular and welcome absence of that tendency to rant which threatened very much to militate against his advance as a tragedian. Miss Isabel Bateman is, as we said before, an admirable Ophelia; of course there is room for improvement: the part is one that may tax to the utmost the powers of an actress of far greater experience and ability; but there is so much that is beautiful in her performance, that we would rather give Miss Bateman credit for what she has achieved, than criticise in detail faults, or, let us rather say, shortcomings, which further experience may fairly be expected to correct. One good result we would fain look to from Miss Bateman's success, which is that some other young actresses may be induced to follow in her train. We have a sad dearth of real actresses at present, though there is no dearth of the fair sex in the profession; only very few of them have any idea of acting at all, in the proper sense of the word. The demand, as is very often the case, is regulated by the supply; and the list of our really good

actresses is getting smaller and smaller every day. What we want is a few intelligent actresses who would take the trouble to work hard and conscientiously, and not fancy they have climbed to the top of the ladder when their feet are really only on the lowest rung. At the Vaudeville, Mr. Alberty's comedy, "The Two Roses," with which the fortunes of the house were inaugurated, has been revived with great success; though, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Thorne, who still plays Caleb Deecie, the whole of the cast has been altered. Mr. David James succeeds Mr. George Honey as "Our Mr. Jenkins," and plays it in a style peculiarly his own, while Mr. Farren takes the part of Digby Grand, originally played by Mr. Irving. The burlesque of "Romulus and Remus" has also been revived. "Lost in London" is still the principal attraction at the Princesses, but will have to be put aside for the Christmas piece. It has been supplemented recently by the production of a slight sketch, entitled, "Hamlet the Hysterical," which is, of course, aimed at the Lyceum performance. The principal character is taken by Mr. Belmore, who is worthy of something much better than arch buffoonery—in fact, we shall be glad when the Christmas change does come.

Pantomime appears to be more than usually in the ascendant this year. A few years ago the pirouettes of Columbine and the tricks and tumbles of Clown were to be seen at only two or three theatres, and people prophesied a speedy extinction of the old entertainment. But pantomime has held bravely on notwithstanding, and the good little boys and girls will have plenty to amuse them this time. Old Drury, as usual, comes to the fore with a grand pantomime, entitled "Aladdin," in which the Vokes family are to appear; and Mr. Rice's "Babes in the Wood, or the Big Bed of Ware," at Covent Garden, which is said to have been in rehearsal since May last, promises to eclipse the glories even of last year's pantomime, and from the appearance of the names of Miss Annie Goodall, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, in the cast, we may expect that some special attention has been devoted to the musical department. Pantomimes are also in preparation at the Adelphi, at the Holborn—which Mr. John Hollingshead has taken in hand—at the Standard, and at Sanger's Amphitheatre.

An especial treat may be expected at the Gaiety Theatre, where the "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be given, with Mr. Phelps in the part of Falstaff, supported by an unusually strong cast, including Mrs. John Wood, Miss Furtado, and Miss Rose Leclercq, and Messrs. Herman Vezin, Righton, Cecil, and Maclean. Not the least of the attractions of the piece will be the new music, which has been composed especially for the occasion by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who, it will be remembered, first



55.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR BASKET, &amp;C.



56.—EMBROIDERED PEN WIPER.



57.—LADIES' EMBROIDERED AUMONIERE.





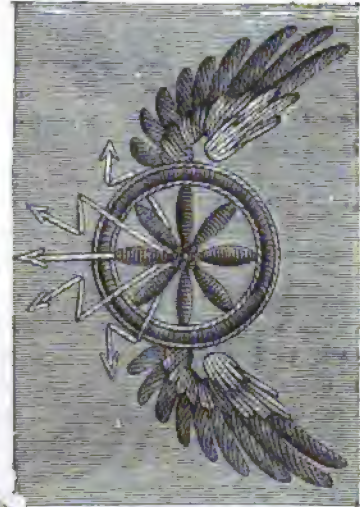
58.—ORNAMENTAL TOWEL HORSE.



60.—DESIGN FOR LETTER CASE 59



59.—EMBROIDERED LETTER CASE.



61.—DESIGN FOR LETTER CASE 59.



62.—EMBROIDERED MEDALLION

FOR TOWEL HORSE 58.

made his fame by the exquisite music which he wrote for the "Tempest."

Lecocq's latest opera-bouffe, "*Les Prés St. Gervais*," which was brought out at the Criterion on Nov. 28, only a fortnight after its production in Paris, has had a triumphant success, and promises to be almost as long-lived as the famous "*Madame Angot*." The plot is good, and, for a wonder, intelligible, the music bright and sparkling throughout; and there is nothing that can offend the ear of the most fastidious. Madame Pauline Rita, who plays the principal character—that of a young Prince de Conte, whose adventures at a *bourgeois* picnic party, which he visits in disguise, forms the subject of the piece—sings the music allotted to her charmingly, though as an actress she has much to learn. The rest of the cast is fairly good, and the chorus and orchestra are all that can be desired.

Probably there has never been a time when it has been possible to hear so much good music in London as now. The Albert Hall Concerts offer a constant succession of musical treats of the highest order. The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts supply the one class of music which cannot be heard at the Albert Hall.

At the Crystal Palace there is the annual series of classical concerts by Mr. Mann's unrivalled band; and the veteran Sacred Harmonic Society have commenced their yearly performances of oratorios at Exeter Hall. As for the first of these, it would take far more space than we have at our command to go through in detail a tithe of the music that has been heard at the Albert Hall during the last few weeks. The original programme has been so far adhered to with tolerable fidelity, though the line which separates the music of the "English" night from that of the "Popular" and "Ballad" nights is a very thin one, hardly perceptible to the outside public. In fact, it has been found desirable to particularize some of these nights by giving to the selection some special character, and we have had two "Scotch nights," which proved brilliant successes, an "Irish night," and a "Welsh night." The oratorio concerts are of course the principal feature of the scheme, and they have been, on the whole, the best attended; but the performance of an oratorio every week is as severe a task on the devotion of the public as it must be on the attention of the chorus. It is much to be feared also that with such frequent performances, habits of insufficient rehearsal, and consequent carelessness, will grow up, which will prove fatal in the end. We should

really be glad to hear that there is truth in the report that the directors intend abridging the number of concerts to two in each week, as we believe that the performances would be better and the audiences larger. In the miserable weather which is too common at this time of year, a visit to—and worse still, departure from—the Albert Hall, entail miseries which only the most devoted amateurs of music will be prepared to face. The two latest oratorio performances have been the "*Elijah*" and the *Passion Music* ("*St. Matthew*"). The former laboured under several disadvantages, the chief of which were the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves and a want of steadiness in the chorus. Messrs. Montem Smith and Carter did their best to atone for the former, and Mr. Barnby tried his hardest to counteract the latter, but neither were particularly successful. In the *Passion Music*, the choir was heard to far greater advantage.

The Sacred Harmonic Society opened with "*Elijah*," which they followed up with "*Solomon*," on Dec. 11. Considerable alterations have been made in the *personnel* of the choir, and several of the veterans have been replaced by younger members, but there is still plenty of room for improvement in the direction of firmness and accuracy of attack.

The ante-Christmas series of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts come to an end on Dec. 19, when we believe Sir F. G. Ouseley's new oratorio, "*Hagar*," will be given. The most interesting of the more recent ones was that of Saturday, Dec. 5, the anniversary of Mozart's death, in consequence of which most of the music was selected from his works. The "*Jupiter*" symphony and the "*Figaro*" overture naturally found a place in the programme, and both were magnificently played. M. Sainton introduced a violin concerto, written by the Master for his own use, and played it with his well-known breadth of tone and accuracy of intonation, but the piece itself was not specially interesting. At the concert of the 12th, Schubert's magnificent C Major symphony was given.

The old Hanover Square Rooms, having been for years the centre of classical music in London, are about to be converted into a club-house, and a farewell concert will be given there by the Royal Academy of Music on Dec. 19. The rooms long enjoyed the reputation of being the very best in London for sound, and a wonderful host of musical associations cluster round them.



## POLITICS FOR LADIES.

IN our opening article this month, we give our reasons for adding this feature to the contents of our Magazine, and we feel assured that current events will always supply enough subjects of interest to justify us in appropriating the space necessary to record them.

It is a very important question, not only to statesmen and professed politicians, but to society generally, what is to be the future of France? It is now nearly four years since the Germans completed their conquest, and since France undertook to establish a Government to replace that of the fallen Emperor, and how much nearer is it to a settlement? At present there seems to be a lull in the great strife of parties; but it is only a lull, and any moment may witness the outbreak in the civil conflict. One year of the Septennate has expired, but he would be a daring man who would predict that Marshal Macmahon has a safe lease of power for the coming six years. Perhaps there may be some of our readers who are not quite clear as to the meaning of the Septennate, and we will try to explain. In December, 1873, it was agreed by the Legislative Assembly that the Marshal should remain in power as President for seven years; but it by no means decided what was to come after the seven years were ended. The Septennate (meaning, of course, term of seven years) was a truce, not a settlement. A Republic was only definitively established, and the Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans were alike hopeful that time might bring such changes, that, when the seven years have expired, they will be able to command such a majority of the nation as will establish the form of government they desire. Marshal Macmahon is not, then, the first of a line of Presidents, constitutionally established, like the Presidents of the United States, with a seven years' lease of power, but only a President *pro tem.*, charged with maintaining order and public security, and developing the resources of the country. In his message at the opening of the Assembly he claims no higher position, and, devoid as he is supposed to be of personal ambition, he may, no doubt, safely be depended on to perform the duty he is charged with. There is a slight tendency observable amongst those moderate members of the Monarchical parties to accept a Republic as the only possible Government, and certainly the mercantile community, satisfied with the development and increasing wealth of the country, are disposed to defer theoretical politics and personal prejudices in favour of a government which can insure peace and prosperity. But thoughtful observers cannot avoid thinking what might be the state of France, with the chief of the army and the most popular soldier in the country as the arbiter of its destiny, were not that chief the moderate, unambitious man, faithful to his duty, that Marshal Macmahon has proved himself to be.

Our Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 5th of February, and then we shall soon know

what the deliberations of the Cabinet are likely to produce. One matter about which some alarming prognostications have been uttered—the state of the national finances—promises to wear a more satisfactory aspect than it was supposed would be the case. Our national housekeeping is a subject in which ladies should feel an especial interest. It is the domestic difficulty on an enlarged scale. The great national family is to be taken care of, and provided for, and the bills must be met when due. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, must have had an anxious time for the last few months. He had estimated that a certain amount of revenue would be available by the time the next Budget would have to be prepared, and for a time it seemed that his calculation was utterly fallacious, and that a very ugly deficiency would be the feature of the next financial statement. Visions of a recurrence of the income-tax to its rate before the last reduction, haunted the dreams of nervous heads of families; but it now seems more than probable that, not only will the year's receipts be ample to cover the expenditure, but that very possibly there may be an available surplus.

Mr. Gladstone's attack on Ritualism and the Vatican decrees are the first note of conflict, in which we may expect he will engage in the coming session. His shots at the Romish Church have told well, and he appears to have a reserve of ammunition for the Ritualists. The position they now occupy is a very strange one. They are neither in the Church nor out of it. Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's Church, is suspended for six weeks by a decree of an ecclesiastical court, but he has given notice of an appeal to the Privy Council. Virtually the Ritualists smile at the power of the law to control them, and are almost as independent of it as if the union of Church and State were the fiction it almost appears to be when the State-supported bishops are so powerless. Either they must be strengthened to deal effectively with the clergymen in their dioceses in enforcing uniformity, or the Church must be disestablished, and naturally divide into the various sects of which it is actually composed, each to depend upon itself for support.

It is not exactly an agreeable reflection that, in these times, when we are disposed to value so highly the results of our boasted civilization, and the influence on the minds of the lower classes of society of better intellectual and moral instruction, one of the chief topics of conversation is the prevalent, and, apparently, increasing brutality of men towards their wives, and the best means of making such an example of convicted ruffians as may deter others. One of our ablest judges, Mr. Justice Mellor, has publicly expressed his opinion that he has felt it his duty to overcome his natural repugnance to the use of the "cat," from a growing conviction that no other form of punishment will be efficient. In such a case, any talk about "degradation" would be simply absurd.



## GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

**I**F the man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before, is to be esteemed a benefactor to his country, surely the woman who can make the materials for a meal which have hitherto been considered but enough for one sufficient for two, must be considered a benefactor to her country in an equal degree. The one will be a proficient in the art of agriculture, the other well versed in the art of cookery—arts of civilized nations on which depend, to use the words of Count Rumford, “the number of inhabitants which may be supported in any country upon its internal produce.”

To hope to support the inhabitants of the United Kingdom on the food that can be raised within its limits, is to expect the realization of an impossibility, for much, if not most, of the food we consume comes (and in future years must come in a far greater degree as population increases) from foreign lands, and therefore there is all the more need that the women of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland should be proficient in the art of cookery, and skilled in the science of domestic economy. To have a thorough knowledge of the former, in fact, is to be master of the latter, for good cookery means economy and carefulness, as a good cook will never throw away even a fragment of bone till all the nutritious matter it contains has been extracted from it; and even then, the bone itself, bereft of all its gelatine, should be preserved for transfer to those who collect such substances for the manufacture of manure, or, better still, utilized at home by being crushed for the garden, for all plants are improved by an admixture of bone-dust in the soil in which they grow; and to single out one class of vegetables which are particularly valuable as a heat-producing article of food, for leguminous plants it is most essential.

In nature nothing is ever lost—nothing that has been called into being by the Creator can ever suffer destruction. What we call destruction is merely change. We throw a lump of coal on the fire, and because, when it is burned, we see it no longer in the form and condition in which it was when it was placed on the fire, we say in common parlance that it is destroyed, gone, lost. This, however, is not so; the form in which it met our eyes when it was brought from the depths of the earth, and stored in our cellars for use in due season, is destroyed it is true, but the elements of which the coal was composed remain. They have been separated by the agency of heat, and have entered into new combinations—have assumed new forms. The chief constituents of coal are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; combined with these in small proportions are nitrogen and sulphur, and there is a residue of earthy matter which we call “ash.” Where coal is subjected to the action of heat in a stove or open

grate, part of the carbon escapes up the chimney unconsumed in the form of smoke or small fine particles of carbon, much of which is attracted to and remains on the sides of the chimney in its passage upwards, and renders necessary its cleansing by the chimney-sweep at certain times. The oxygen of the air, without which a fire cannot burn, unites with part of the carbon that is disengaged, and forms the gaseous substance which is called carbonic acid, and with the hydrogen of the coal the oxygen of the air forms water, which is expelled in the form of steam. By this chemical union of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, heat is evolved. The nitrogen of the coal is dispelled as gaseous ammonia, and the sulphur as sulphurous acid. The earthy matter or residue remains in the grate. Thus, though the coal is burnt it is not destroyed, but the elements of which it was composed are merely liberated from the peculiar bond of union that has so long held them together, and set free to enter into other combinations, and to do other work in the great laboratory of Nature.

Cinders or half-burned bits of coal are sadly wasted in most houses, through the reluctance of the servant to sift the ashes when removed from the grate, and save all that is large enough to be placed on the fire once more. In his lectures delivered in the cookery schools at the International Exhibition for 1873 and 1874, some of which are now printed in an abridged form,\* Mr. Buckmaster gives the following useful lesson on the value of cinders in lighting a fire. “Fuel,” he says, and it is a truth to which every householder will give assent, probably with a sigh, “has now become a very expensive article in every household, and the proper management of a fire should be the constant consideration of the cook. To light a fire, begin by placing a few cinders at the bottom of the grate, then take some crumpled-up paper, a letter, carpenters’ shavings, or light dry brushwood, then a few dry sticks loosely across each other, then some of the largest cinders, then a few pieces of nobby coal about the size of a tennis ball, and finish with a few pieces nicely placed between the bars. Light the fire in two or three places at the bottom with a lucifer or lighted paper. A servant who uses a candle is wasteful and untidy. When the fire is well lighted, place some larger pieces of coal and cinders at the back, and always put on the coals either with your hands, for which you may keep an old glove, or a shovel, never throw them on from the scuttle. All the smaller coal, cinders, and refuse, place on the top, and in a few minutes you will have a good fire, and by a good fire is not meant a wasteful and extravagant

\* BUCKMASTER’S COOKERY. George Routledge & Sons.

fire, but one suitable for its purpose. How often are fires allowed to blaze and waste away when there is nothing to cook, and then suffered to go nearly out, when wood is used to make it draw up. A steady uniform fire may, by attention, be kept up with less fuel than one constantly stirred and going out. Always make the best use of the fire when it is burning; your labour will be lightened by timely forethought. When a family sits round the cottage fire in the evening, why not think about to-morrow's dinner? The same fire will warm you and prepare your food; and this applies especially to soups, broths, and stews. These, in the family of a working man, cannot be overestimated. No fire can burn without a supply of air; if your cinders and coals are closely packed, the fire will neither light easily nor burn freely. The heat of the fire causes a current of air, which mostly passes through the lower part of the fire, and it is for this reason that a fire should always be stirred from the bottom. Remember always (even when you are cooking) to keep your fire-place, and everything about it, clean and tidy; and, while the fire is burning up and the kettle boiling, you can do many little things about the kitchen. Never be idle, and be not ignorant of anything in a great or small matter. If you want a clear fire for the gridiron, place a few cinders at the top and sprinkle the fire with a little salt."

There is in the above a wholesome and useful lesson against waste in one of those things which are most frequently wasted—namely, cinders, or half-burnt fuel. They are useful, nay, necessary, in lighting a fire and in keeping it burning, and they are essential for one of the most delicious and appetising of all modes of cookery—broiling by the aid of the gridiron. In the performance of this culinary operation cinders or home-made coke cannot well be dispensed with, and yet they are wasted and, by the ignorant maiden who wastes them, the mistress who insists on their retention and use is often sneered at as being mean and stingy. Let not this, however, influence any mistress to slacken her efforts to prevent waste. The teaching, if conveyed by kind words, a little actual showing, and some instruction on the philosophy of the matter, and why and wherefore the thing which she orders should be done, will soon awaken an interest in the ill-trained mind of the maid.

Another fruitful source of waste in most houses is the shameful manner in which crusts of bread, scraps of meat, and vegetables that have been left uneaten, are thrown away. Servants downstairs, for example, will not eat up the surplus bread and butter that may at times be sent down from the nursery; and I have heard of a case in which a cook threw a whole plateful of bread-and-butter on the fire, that the children had not touched, rather than eat it. Wilful waste cannot but produce woeful want; and so, sooner or later, it must in this case, which occurred but very recently. Children should be obliged to finish any piece of bread or bread-and-butter

that they have bitten; but if this has been done, the bitten part can be neatly pared away, and the remainder as well as the broken pieces of bread—which are too frequently removed from the dinner-table—can always be saved and made into a bread-pudding. The writer of this has more than once found half-rounds of bread thrown into an iron bucket, kept beneath the sink for the reception of refuse, and thus immediately lost as food.

There are thousands starving in our streets—literally wasting away and perishing in the midst of plenty—and many of these would rather endure and sink beneath the pangs of hunger than beg. I believe that true charity—I am using this word in its secondary sense, and not in its best and primary meaning as taught us by St. Paul—I believe that true charity, in the sense of giving, consists rather in teaching people how to help themselves than in helping them by gifts of money, which tends rather to keep a poor man a pauper than draw him out of his poverty. If the broken meat thrown aside in the wealthy and well-to-do families of the metropolis and great cities of England were placed daily in some suitable repository, and taken away by a duly organized staff of boys similar in constitution to the shoeblack brigades of London, to cheap dining-houses established in densely-populated districts, the materials for cheap and wholesome meals would be furnished for the mere cost of collecting, for which and for the cost of cooking, fuel, rent, utensils, etc., and wages, the money paid in purchase of the meals would assuredly suffice. What has been done in Paris can be done in London, and it seems that the experiment is well worth trying. The well-fed, well-paid servants in the houses of the wealthy might attempt to resent the loss of what they doubtless look on as their perquisites at present, but this would soon vanish under the steady persistence of their mistresses. It is surprising to see the immense quantities of surplus meat and vegetables sent away from the colleges in Cambridge, where the cook and sometimes the scullion too, has the privilege of disposing of all that is left of the meat and vegetables placed on the tables at the ordinary dinner in hall at four o'clock, the former, in some at least, being provided at the rate of two pounds of uncooked meat per head. Extravagance like this doubtless prevails in many a London dwelling, though not to such an extent, and in many cases the broken victuals are either sold to swell the wages of the cook, to hangers on, who, on the principle of "light come, light go," may waste the greater part, or given to tramps and beggars, who do rid themselves of the unwelcome burden by throwing it over the first hedge they come to, or possibly over Hyde Park palings.

Should the experiment I have suggested be tried, I think it cannot meet with failure; at all events, it will be a laudable attempt to follow and fulfil our Lord's commands in that gathering up of fragments which religion, economy, and common sense alike demand.



## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, before the fifth of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

ANNIE E. would feel obliged to Sylvia if she would kindly give her a little assistance. I want to make up a dress for evening wear, but do not wish to go to a great expense with it. I have a plain dress with coat sleeves, same as pattern enclosed; it has six widths in skirt, two of which are plain; all the others are gored, and slightly trained. The body of dress being very much damaged, I should be glad if you would kindly suggest some plan to make use of skirt without it. I have a black gauze shawl, striped with white, which measures nearly one yard and a half square; also a black one with satin stripes, same size as one with white stripes. Would either of these be of any use for trimming dress, as Annie E. is now wearing slight mourning, and thinks the dress must be trimmed with something black? Could Sylvia kindly suggest some way to alter it into a pretty dress for indoor wear? [You will find no difficulty in altering your dress nicely thus: Shorten your dress and reduce its width to measure four and a half to five yards round. From your black satin striped shawl cut polonaise, fronts quite long, and jacket back with deep basques. Edge the basques with bias silk, and put the same bias round the polonaise fronts, which form a long tablier. Make new sleeves with the silk saved from the skirt, and finish with fluted flounce of the gauze shawl. Take the remainder of the shawl and cut it into four-inch bias. Hem this, and add to the skirt as far as it will go, making one plain, in slightly gathered flounces, all round, and putting the rest at the back. If your material will allow it, you can head each flounce with silk; but I do not think you will have enough for this. Of the white striped gauze shawl you can make a nice polonaise, to wear over a low black silk dress, which you can manage out of the remainder, as it takes so little, and drape with white flowers or black velvet. You can wear this over the black skirt above described. To trim the white striped edge with white bugle braid (which you can make yourself), and finish with silk fringe or white lace.]

ATQUILLE writes, Will Sylvia kindly oblige by telling her what kind of brush and comb bags are used by gentlemen, and what kind by ladies; if they are always braided, and of what shape? [Brush and comb bags are the same both for ladies and gentlemen. They are made in pique and braided in colour, or of applique

muslin on net, and lined with pink or blue. The shapes vary.]

EVERGREEN would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia could help her in the following matters. Will she recommend her what to buy for a baby's cloak? It must be of a colour suitable for summer or winter, boy or girl. What does Sylvia think of a dark blue merino or cashmere, and what will be the best trimming for it? Evergreen does not care for braiding, and though she makes all her own and children's things, she is afraid she would not be able to undertake the quilting now so fashionable. [A pretty drab or dove-colour would look best, with quilted silk of the same shade. This you could get done by any machinist cheaply.] Also at what age do children leave off pelisses? [Two years for little boys; girls wear them until they are three or four.] Also, what will be a nice material to make summer pelisses for children under two years? It must be washing stuff as E. lives in what is called the black country. [White piqué is the best material, as it always washes well.] She has only to add that she does not care for much elaborate ornament, provided the materials are good; and hopes Sylvia will be kind enough to answer her questions in an early number, for which she will be very grateful.

LILY would feel much obliged to Sylvia if she would tell her how to make a black cashmere dress, so as to look nice and stylish. She has nine and a half yards. Lily has just gone into mourning for her mother-in-law. Height about five feet. Will Sylvia at the same time tell her what she can trim a black silk velvet mantle with? It is quilted and lined with silk. Lily has been a subscriber for several years, and likes the magazine very much. Will esteem it quite a favour if Sylvia will answer the above questions in the December number. [You do not say if your cashmere is double width or not. Nine and a half yards single width will only make a plain skirt and polonaise. Trim with folds of crape, relieved by cut jet beads. Replace the silk on your mantle with crape, and add beads to match the toilette.]

LENA would be extremely grateful if Sylvia would help her a little. Lena has ten yards of grey silk rep, and would like it made up into a walking dress; but having so little, and not being able to match it, is puzzled how to do it. What would Sylvia suggest to trim it with, and how? [Ten yards of grey silk rep is not enough material for a walking dress, you must therefore add rep of a darker shade to make up with. Make the corsage of light grey rep, with rounded points in front, and short full postilion basques behind. The tablier of dark rep, very long in front, and curved away to fasten under the postilion basques. Sleeves of dark rep, with light rep parements. Tablier edged with silk fringe of the lighter shade, and corded with light rep. Skirt with one deep flounce, almost plain, at the back alternate flounces of light and dark rep, or the dark flounce continued with a dark rep heading. You will require about three and a half yards of dark rep in addition; but you must cut your material carefully.] Lena has also fourteen yards of dark-blue satin cloth. Will Sylvia kindly tell her how to make it up into a walking-dress? Lena is twenty, tall, and dark-complexioned. [Satin-cloth dress, plain skirt, Duchess polonaise.

Trim with velvet on all the outlines, and edge the velvet with large cut jet beads, about three to the inch.] Also, Lena has a handsome black cloth jacket, open at the throat. Would Sylvia please to tell her what would be nice to wear round the neck? A collarette of any description would be too thick. [Leather collars are very fashionable; fur ties are also worn. Silk ties or foulard neckties, if these are too warm for you.] Will bonnets with strings be worn this winter? [Strings are worn by married ladies now, and in Paris strings are put on the newest models, but they are not likely to be general all at once.]

Loo would be much obliged if Sylvia would kindly reply to the following questions. How can I make up seventeen yards of plaid pattern enclosed, for two girls, age thirteen and fourteen? I intended it for two boys, age six and seven, for Highland costume, but I have never made one, and felt a little afraid to venture, and also fear that the shoes and things I may require to complete the dress would be very expensive. With Sylvia's kind help every month, I make nearly everything for myself and six children, four of which are boys. [You are right not to attempt a Highland costume yourself; the work, if not well finished, is not presentable, and the details are endless. Make your girls' dresses both plain in front to the hips, then kilt-pleating all the way round. Polonaise with short basques at the back, and long front rounded off under the basques. Coat sleeves, with kilt-pleated cuffs. Trim with a crossway bias on all the polonaise outlines, and black fringe on the polonaise fronts, at the edge, and black buttons. If the girls want jet buttons, buy some beads and let them bead them for themselves. They can also prepare all your bias for you after you have cut it out.] I have eight and a half yards of grey cloth to pattern. How can I make it up for myself? It must have a darker shade for trimming. I am tall and dark and always a colour, and not stout. [Your grey material would make a pretty and useful polonaise. You could wear it over black, brown, or a darker grey skirt. You will have plenty to trim it with of the material. Bias bands of two widths would look well, if corded with black.] I have also five and a half yards of homespun. Could I make it up with any other colour like the costume 675 in last month's magazine? I have a kilted skirt of brown silk, quite new, of a darker shade, that I could wear in change with a brown skirt. [Make your homespun up into a tunic polonaise, and wear over the brown kilted skirt. With five and a half yards you can make jacket-backed polonaise with long fronts. Plainly stitch the outlines with seven or nine rows of machine stitching.] I have a blue silk dress with train skirt—four and a half in width and one and a half in length, and large sash, and high and low bodice. I always feel that I want a darker shade on it to feel quite in the dress. It is not soiled. Would kind Sylvia help me in my difficulties, and tell me if my letter is correct, as it is the first time I have written, though I have taken the magazine for the last twelve years, and value it more each year. [I do not quite understand the inquiry, but if you require to tone down the brightness of the silk, a black net cuirasse and tablier will do this, or a velvet sleeveless jacket, or trimming the skirt with darker blue.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**OUR EXCHANGE.**—Ladies wishing to effect exchanges through our columns can do so **GRATIS**, on the following condition:—1. That they give an address, *which may be printed*. 2. It is not possible for us to undertake to forward letters and enter addresses; but ladies who wish to exchange, and who object to their addresses being published, can advertise an exchange, without address given, on payment of one shilling for thirty-six words, when their names will be entered, and letters forwarded, without further expense.

BESSIE LAWER inquires, if a gentleman were playing the accompaniment of a lady's song, would it be proper for the lady to turn over the music? [The gentleman should, if possible, turn over the music.] What is the correct thing to say when anyone begs your pardon? [It is granted, certainly.] Does the Editor consider this writing too much like a school-girl's for one who has left school for some time? [Your writing is very fair, and will improve by practice; we would not advise you to alter the style.]

ALICE would be much obliged if the Editor would tell her of some book explaining simply the various stitches in knitting and crochet. [Madame Goubaud's "Knitting and Netting," price 1s., can be had of the publishers of this Magazine.] Also, if the Editor would kindly explain how to take off the patterns of the large diagrams. [Lay a sheet of fine tissue paper over, and mark the pattern out with pencil.] Alice likes the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN very much, and looks forward to it with great pleasure every month. Alice also wants so much to know what kind of cloak is most serviceable for parties and the theatre; it must not be expensive.

CONSTANCE's compliments to the Editor of the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and desires to thank him for his kind and very satisfactory answers given in the September magazine to her former—and first—questions. She writes to him now on account of advertisements she saw in the "Daily Telegraph" of Tuesday Nov. 24, about his "Christmas Annual." There are two advertisements, and a "Notice to the Public" of seven lines: rather a confused notice, I think. At any rate I cannot understand whether there is only one "Annual," or two. Will you kindly explain it in the next number, if possible, and much oblige one of your interested readers. [There is only one "Beeton's Christmas Annual," which is entitled "The Fijid; or, English Nights Entertainments," and is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.]

C. H. will feel obliged to the Editor if he will, in the next number, tell her how the gauffering on muslin dresses that are bought ready made is done, to keep it out stiff. [A thread runs through the back part of the flutes will keep the gauffers in place.]

IMO would like to exchange the following songs and pieces for a good black fan, or open to offer. IMO is an old subscriber, and admires the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN immensely. Songs: Once Again, I Love the Merry Sunshine, Gentle Troubadour (ballad), Oh! how delightful, Oh, tell me, lovely Bird, I pray, Slumber (by Sims Reeves), Oh, a-day, Alack the day. The following are all pianoforte solos: Pluie d'Etoiles (Talexy), La Gazelle (Wollenhaupt), When the Rosy Morn (G. West), Home, Sweet Home (Thalberg), Grande Valse (Tito Mattei), Les Huguenots (Rummel), Chilpéric (Koutski), Echoes from Erin (Trekell), Quadrone Dance (Velej), Silver May Bells (Trekell), Robinson

Crusoe (Betjemann). The above are in excellent order, several are quite new.—Address, IMO, Post Office, Lee Green, Kent.

B. D. writes, I want to ask your advice about a matter which will, perhaps, be out of place in the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN; but which troubles me so much that I must write to you. I am a young girl, and like most young girls, I am afraid I am rather vain; or, at least, I take some interest in my personal appearance. Well, my chief beauty lies in having nice dark eyebrows and long eyelashes; and, alas! these very eyebrows and lashes are dropping off by degrees. I do not rub them hard when washing, but yet in drying my face, several hairs, roots and all, adhere to the towel. I cannot account for this, than that every morning when I awake I find my eyebrows standing on an end, as if rubbed up the wrong way; and yet I take as much care as I can not to rub them against the pillow. Can you tell me what to do? Perhaps there is some other cause, but I do not think there can be, for I am young (17), very healthy, etc. Then on the eyelashes (at the roots) a sort of white scurf collects, which causes the lashes to fall out. Could you suggest a remedy? If my eyebrows go, I shall be terribly ugly, I'm afraid; so please try and help me. Then there is one more question. Do you think eyelashes and eyebrows, if once pulled out, grow again? I was wondering if, perhaps, it was only in the autumn, at the fall of the leaf, that they fell, in the same way as the hair of the head does; but can scarcely think so. [Bathe the eyebrows and lashes night and morning with tepid water, and apply glycerine and lime-water in the interval.] Is tincture of myrrh in any way injurious to the teeth? [No.]

ROSE will forward on receipt of a stamped envelope and a shillingworth of stamps, a certain cure for chilblains. She has tried it herself and found it effectual.—Address, Miss Rose, Post Restante, Dingwall, N.B.

ANNIE would be much obliged if any correspondent could tell her the composer and name of two songs. One begins something like this—

"The long and weary day  
I sit and watch and pray."

The other begins—

"The cold winds of autumn blow mournfully  
by,  
The leaves are all sere and withered and dry";

and has a refrain after each verse—

"Oh, Dennis, dear, come back to me,  
I count the hours away from thee;  
Return, and never part again  
From thy own faithful Kate O'Shane."

JENNIE asks—The beau ideal embroidery, what is the price of it, and what is the smallest quantity you can have? [About 3d. per yard; one dozen yards.] What is the most fashionable colour this winter? [Blue.] Can light or dark blue be worn with navy blue? [Yes.]

A. W. N. has two Spanish combs, one quite new, for which she gave 3s. 6d., and is willing to exchange them for anything of equal value.—Address, A. W. N., Post Office, Huntingdon.

MRS. MEADEN, 25, Grosvenor Place, Bath, has many numbers of the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN to dispose of, very cheap; 1867 to 1870; also parts of 1871 to 1873, and 1874 to June.

A. writes—If it would not be troubling you too much, would you kindly tell me how I

could dye white kid gloves and boots some dark colour, as brown, green, or bronze, having had six weddings in our family, we have several pairs quite useless in their present state, as we are quiet people, balls and parties not being in our line? [Any glove-cleaner will dye your boots and gloves black, or any colour, wished.]

M. S. has the following music to dispose of: Pianoforte duet, Zampa (Diabelli), 1s. Solos—Those Evening Bells (Jules de Sivrai), 1s.; Fantasia sur le Prophete (Favarger), 1s.; Martha (Sydney Smith), 1s.; Sound the Loud Timbrel (Osborne), 6d.; Consolation (Dussek), 6d.; Il Trovatore (Kruger), 6d.; Malbrook (F. Praeger), 9d.; Bacchanale (Kuhe), 1s.; The Derby Day (Basquit), 1s.; Damask Rose Valse (C. Richardson), 9d. Songs—So the Story goes (Molloy), 1s.; By the Blue Danube (F. W. Green), 9d.; We'd better Bide a Wee (Claribel), 6d.; The Blind Girl to her Harp (Glover), 6d.; Clouds and Sunshine (Glover), 6d.; Cora (A. Lee), 6d.; Truth in Absence (Harper), 1s.; Was there any Harm in that? (F. W. Davies), 6d. Also Nos. 11 and 21 of Boosey's Household Music. M. S. wants Children's Voices, Maggie's Welcome, Walter's Wooing, and Silver Chimes (all by Claribel), The Bridge (Miss M. Lindsay), and The Wishing Cap (N. T. Wrighton). She would exchange any of the above pieces of music or songs for either of those she requires.—Address M. S., Challock, Ashford, Kent.

E. D. S.—Seeing how easily your correspondents get all they want through you, could you or they kindly give me the whole poem of which the following verses are a part? I have seen extracts, and some years ago picked up a bit of paper, on which are the verses I forward:—

" 'Ah, Richard,' said the gentleman,  
'You gladly yield the rose  
Because I chose to take it; this  
A lesson may disclose.

"I thought it worthy of a place  
Within this house of mine;  
Your Heavenly Father plucked your rose,  
And will you still repine?

"Rather rejoice that He should you  
A fitting gard'ner deem,  
To tend awhile a lovely flower,  
Then yield it up to Him."

J. E. G.

ALMA would be much obliged if the Editor of the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN would answer the following questions through the medium of that valuable journal: When Alma is walking with a friend, suppose that friend meets an acquaintance who is unknown to Alma, and stops to speak, should Alma stand also, or should she walk on? Or should Alma have a bowing acquaintance with her companion's friend, what should she do in that case, particularly if both companion and acquaintance are gentlemen? [In neither case should you leave your friend, who will introduce you, and you will merely bow.]

PERDITA would feel greatly obliged if you could tell her some simple and becoming way of doing up her hair. She is five feet three inches in height, has red hair, not very long or very thick, oval face, fair skin, bluish-grey eyes, slim figure. [Do your hair in the fashionable Catogan.] Could anyone tell her also if the duet, Love, the Spirit of Beauty, occurs in Fleur de Lys; if so, is it published separately, and by whom?

MARGARET writes—You answer questions so kindly, that, having been a subscriber many years, I take the liberty of writing to you. Could you give a braiding pattern for cravat and bow? Also, where can I buy the small cooking affair called a "conjuror," and what price would it be? Do any of your readers possess a good recipe for potted head, and would they give it to me? The Scotch are famous for it. [See Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," price 7s. 6d.] And lastly, has anyone a sewing-machine in good repair to sell or exchange, and what would be required, price or exchange? [See notice at commencement of Our Drawing-room.] I cannot conclude without warmly thanking you for the valuable information you so constantly give us in the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. The hints on dress, etc., are really valuable to ladies living, as I do, in the country.

ANNY THE FAWN asks—Can any one tell me a good way of getting up linen cuffs to make them keep stiff as when they are bought? [Starch them in raw starch, and iron very damp.] I want to know a cure for chilblains. I have been recommended to wear wash-leather socks. Can any correspondent tell me if they are a good remedy, and how they are made? What is the price of cases for binding the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and when are they ready? [Cases for BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN can be had of the Publishers, price rs. 6d. each.] I have been delighted with "Marjorie's Quest," and hope the next story may be as nice.

AIGUILLE asks—Who was Barbara Freitchie, mentioned in Marjorie's Quest? [Can only refer you to the author.] What is meant by the term, Poet Laureate? [This title is given to our first living poet.]

E. T. B. makes corded lace for the fashionable bag-tidies, 5s.; pretty collarettes, rs. 8d.; butterflies, 8d.; well-worked tatting, hand-knitted wool mittens, any colour, rs. a pair; clear MS. songs, from 6d. each. Douglas, Prise des Alpes, Good Bye, etc. Many more. List or patterns for stamps.—E. T. B., Post Office, Teignmouth, Devon.

MISS A. MICKLETHWAITE, Hardflats, Wakefield, offers for exchange one pair of very strong balmoral boots, size 3, price 30s., made by Kerr and Son, of Glasgow (bill can be shown). They are a misfit, and have had from two to three weeks' wear. Wanted, trained longcloth petticoat, or well-worked embroidery edging. Others offers invited. No postcards. Silence a negative.

A. would be so much obliged if the Editor, or any of his correspondents, could kindly tell her how to sugar the American popcorn. She has a popper, and can pop the corn, but cannot succeed in sugaring it.

MARY MURRAY writes—Can any of your lady friends inform me where I can procure a piece of sandal wood, either as an ornament for wearing, or the drawing-room? But I would prefer a simple plain little piece, to put into a desk with paper, or a glove-box, merely for the sake of the odour. What would be considered a fair equivalent or price? Either might be sent by post. I would like an answer very soon. We have taken your magazine since its commencement, I think, and like it exceedingly. We weary for it very much, its simple, pleasant tales, so unlike the excitable writing one generally meets with. We are often benefited by the shapes and ideas for dressmaking, and the fancy work is often very beautiful. Could anyone give me the words of the Beating of My own Heart, also, when convenient? Many thanks for much pleasure and help received.

S. K. is much pleased with the Ladies' Garden Guide in the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. Would the Editor kindly inform her if the

writer of these monthly chapters has published any books, or tell her of a good and simple book on flower gardening. [Beeton's Shilling Gardening Book.] S. K. has written to the address given by Heather Bell for fern roots. Letter returned from Dead Letter Office, Edinburgh, "No such place as Eddeston in the delivery."

M. F. LILEY, 17, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, has for exchange or sale the magazine complete, with diagram sheets and cut-out patterns; also, the new edition of Colenso's Arithmetic, and White 7s. 6d. Latin English Dictionary. Open to offers.

HELEN GRAHAM.—We cannot well advise you as to the best mode of altering your conservatory. We recommend you to consult an experienced carpenter or builder.

EVERGREEN writes—I should feel greatly obliged if you would insert and answer, as far as you can, the following questions, in an early number: Can you tell me the meaning of the letters, "Op.," which I so often see in connection with sonatas, and other musical compositions? Will you, or any of your subscribers, recommend me a trustworthy and practical book on the diseases of children, with simple remedies? It must not be too expensive. [Beeton's "Management of Children in Health and Sickness," price rs., Ward, Lock, and Tyler.] Also, I should be glad of information: respecting a good washing-machine, that will mangle and wring too, and the price? ["The Home Washer," or Bradford's Vowel washing-machine, can be recommended. They vary in price from four to twelve guineas.] Also, may I suggest that a few patterns of Irish crochet in the magazine would be found acceptable by many subscribers beside myself, such as sprays and edgings? I have only begun to take the magazine this year, but I am greatly pleased with its high-class tone.

JENNIE has taken in this magazine through the past year, and likes it very much. She has noticed that many offer music for exchange. She would be very glad to exchange some, as she has a great quantity of all kinds, and would send a list to any one who wished to exchange theirs. She very much wants My Queen, song, by Blumenthal, and Once Again.

SHAMROCK wishes to dispose of the following pieces, all in good condition, but not new: Les Huguenots, fantasia (Thalberg); Souvenir du Danube (E. Ketterer); Zampa, arranged (E. Ketterer); Adelaide (F. Liszt); Wellenspiel (F. Spindler); Pluie de Corail (Du Grau); Ophelia, mazurka (Ch. W. Smith); Allegro Capriccio (H. F. Kufferath); Romance sans Parole, No. 4 (Ch. Andreoli); Happy Moments (S. A. Pearce); Evening Dew, duet (G. A. Osborne); Nine original pieces by Ascher (No. 9, Boosey's Musical Cabinet). She would exchange these for Sullivan and Molloy's twelve songs, being No. 158 of Boosey's Musical Cabinet; either Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte, Books 3 and 4 (Boosey's Musical Cabinet); or Beethoven's Sonata Pastorale, etc. (Boosey's Musical Cabinet, No. 49); or she would give six of her pieces for either of these three books.—Address, Shamrock, Belle Vue Lodge, St. John's, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

E. R. makes very pretty useful babies' bibs in thick ribbed and raised crochet, for rs. 6d. each. Address, E. R., Box 44, Post Office, Coventry. No post-cards. E. R. also begs to inform an Inquirer that the Little Pilgrim can be obtained for 1d. from any bookseller. It is too long to give in the Drawing-room.

LOUISE MAY asks—Should plum pudding be tied close, or should it be allowed room to swell? [Tied close.] How should lettuce, radishes, and cress be eaten? with the hand? [Yes.] What should be eaten with a salad? [The salad is handed round mixed; it can be

eaten with cold meat, or with bread only.] And is it suitable for dinner and supper? [Both.] Black or white pepper, which should be put in the cruet stand? [Both.] When a gentleman friend calls on a bride, should she offer him cake and wine? [This custom has nearly gone out.]

MISS O. L., The Canonry, St. Asaph, North Wales, makes babies' boots, socks, crochet and knitted jaquets, as well as crochet antimacassars, and every kind of fancy work.

A. B. C. has an elegant opera jacket, scarlet wool, beautifully embroidered with silk, and trimmed with swansdown and white silk cord, etc.; cost two guineas; never worn on account of mourning; would take 25s. in cash, or exchange to 30s. Also, an 18 carat gold ring, set with two rubies and a diamond, worth four guineas, would take pounds.—Address, care of Mrs. David, 3a, Temple Street, Birmingham.

PUZZLED says—Could you, or any reader of the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, give me any plain directions how to knit stockings? I have bought the "Stocking Knitter's Manual," but find it too difficult for a beginner, as it does not tell you how many needles to use, or how to join a round, so I am quite at a loss how to begin. If you would kindly give me any assistance, I shall be extremely obliged to you. [For knitting stitches, see Madame Goubaud's Knitting Instructions, price 6d.]

IDA G. wishes to dispose of a stamp album, containing several hundred foreign stamps, maps, and particulars, ranging them, value 7s. 6d. I. G. would like to receive orders for floral crosses, prices rs. 6d. to 1s. 6d. Some pretty ones for Christmas. Address, Editor.

M. A. writes—I wish to inquire through your columns, if any of your readers can give me the words of a short piece of poetry, about four verses, the last line of each verse ending with—

"There is a heart for everyone, if everyone could find it."

I rather imagine the words are by Charles Swain. I should be particularly obliged to any one who would send them.

Mrs. M. asks—What is the price per vol. of the Clarendon Press Series, and where are they to be bought? Also, is Chaucer and Spenser written in old English or modern? The former is so difficult to read. Another thing I wish to know is the proper title of the Manual mentioned in "Girls" for October, and which is said to have conquered the French nouns. Where can it be got, and the price? [The prices vary. Chaucer is 2s. 6d.; Faerie Queene, 2s.; Hooker, 2s. 6d.; Merchant of Venice, rs.; Richard the Second, rs. 6d.; Macbeth, rs. 6d.; Hamlet, 2s.; Bacon, 4s. 6d.; Milton, 6s. 6d.; Dryden, 3s. 6d. Chaucer is written in old English, with notes and glossary. The name of the French Manual is "How to Speak French," price 5s. Longmans and Co.]

LETITIA writes—From your kind answers to all your subscribers, I feel sure you will not think me troublesome if I ask you to help me in a little difficulty. When one gives a dinner party, which is the proper time to hand the champagne? [With the entrées.] And if the dinner is at four, and the company spend the evening, should supper be served? How should Balzac be pronounced? [Barizak.] Will the boots with high heels be worn this winter? [Yes.] How soon should a visit be paid to a bride after her return from the honeymoon? [A month from marriage-day.] Is it fashionable to wear white or light kid gloves for balls and parties? [Yes.]





THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
The "Young Englishwoman"







FEBRUARY, 1875.

## SEASONS OF SENTIMENT.

AT certain special times of the year we experience a tendency to indulge in mental associations more or less connected with the sentimental and emotional side of our nature. At no time are the best women, or men either, free from such influences, for the thoughts and actions of good lives are always regulated by them; but they are comparatively private and undemonstrative, except at the particular seasons to which we allude. Religious feeling, for instance, ought at all times to direct and guide us; but special times are selected for a more public profession. It would be a bad thing for the world if we were affectionate, genial, and home-loving only at Christmas time, yet it is then we indulge in a more open expression of those qualities. We are not actually more kindly, more desirous of promoting the happiness of others in the last week of December than at any other period of the year, but traditionary custom—influenced by certain religious associations—induces us to make a more outward demonstration, to interchange “compliments of the season,” send Christmas cards, and employ other means of communicating with our relations and friends in an affectionate and cordial manner.

February has one day on which a little playful sentimentality and *badinage* are sanctioned by custom. St. Valentine's Day gives a measure of freedom which at no other season could be permitted. A young lady may then receive a tastefully ornamented epistle, containing a few lines of conventional sentimentality, and smile at what, sent at any other time, would be considered an unwar-

ranted freedom; the season sanctions the sentimentality by depriving it of any specific meaning, and makes it merely a compliment which may be interchanged between friends. A young lady must be very inexperienced who would attach any serious meaning to the pretty words embedded in garlands of flowers and all the glories of lace-paper, and artistic colour-printing which the postman—who ought by rights to look as much like a valentine Cupid as the exigencies of modern costume will permit—delivers into her hand on the morning of the famous fourteenth of February.

It has now become the custom, and a very pretty custom too, to send little valentines to little children, with pretty little pictures and verses which they can understand. How delighted are the tiny Mauds and Kates when the dainty little missives are handed to them, and they are left to guess all day who could have sent them, and are only enlightened when papa and uncle and cousins look very mysterious, and ask if they have had any valentines this year?

We have known valentines sent to those who are no longer young by their partners through many years of wedded life. A smile on the face, still beautiful, although the freshness of youth has passed away, speaks the pleasure the letter has given, but the contents are sacred, treasured up in the storehouse of the heart. Such a valentine, like a Silver Wedding, revives old memories, but it cannot add to the calm intensity of ripened love, which has matured with the progress of

years and the community of joys and griefs. "I know well you love me, as you did when I was younger, but it is pleasant to be told so," are the words of many a happy wife whose once bright hair is tinged with silver, but to whom advancing years have brought no diminution of tenderness or sympathy.

It is very pleasant to see the smile of fathers and mothers when the daughters of the house jump up at the postman's knock, and laughingly and blushing open the pretty envelope. Real love-letters are not read in public and handed round afterwards for inspection, as valentines are, and the fair recipients have no difficulty in guessing who sends them, although the names may not be duly signed. But there is always a little pleasing, teasing mystery about valentines—a mystery which gives rise to many speculations and a considerable amount of joking on the part of brothers and sisters, and grave papas, too. For papa, while he jokes his girls, often, no doubt, remarks that years ago he sent a valentine to a young lady whom he thought to be the most charming creature in the world, and who, indeed, is little less charming now, as she sits at the head of the breakfast table, smiling demurely, not, most likely, without sharing the thought that is flashing into the mind of papa himself, how people do not, when they are old, forget their early lives; they see in their children their own youthful life reproduced, and, knowing their own happiness, trust that a similar joy will be realized by the young hearts about them.

"You, in your girls, again be courted,  
And I go wooing in my boys,"

is the silent adoption of the words of the old balladist, by many a man of middle life while gazing on his wife amid the laughter and gaiety which mark the morning of St. Valentine's Day.

This "season of sentiment," then, is a time for playful sentiment of the versifying kind, with no very deep feeling underlying it. We have the flashing ripple of the brook, not the strong unswerving current of the deep stream which flows and flows for ever. We must be careful not to mistake the one for the other. Valentines are toys, charming, graceful toys, but they are not the expression of that mysterious powerful emotion which links lives in the most sacred and most enduring of earthly ties. But, while toys, valentines should deserve the epithets, "charming and graceful," we have given to them. We will not speak to our readers of the coarse productions which are named "valentines," and sent to gratify spite, or a mean, despicable liking for insulting the weak and unprotected. But there is a tendency sometimes exhibited, which should be guarded against, to extend the proper licence of the time to unkind jokes and even sneers and sarcasms. "Omit it altogether." Good taste always goes hand-in-hand with good humour; and our valentine Cupid, when he gives his double knock at the door, should bring nothing but what good taste and good feeling can sanction, in alliance with the pleasant merriment and pretty sentiment appropriate to the day.

## THE OLD WOMAN OF SURREY.

"There was an old woman in Surrey,  
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;  
Called her husband a fool,  
Drove the children to school,  
The worrying old woman of Surrey."

'TWAS an ancient earldom over the sea,  
And it must be now as it used to be;  
Yet the sketch is of one I have known before,—  
The very old woman that lives next door.

One thing is unquestionable,—she's "smart,"—  
As they say of an apple that's rather tart;  
For her nearest friends, I think, would allow her  
To be at her best but a "pleasant sour."

There's a certain electrical atmosphere  
That you feel beforehand, when she's near:  
And—unless you've a wonderful deal of pluck—  
A shrinking fear that you might be "struck."

She moves with such a bustle and rush,  
Such an elemental stir and crush,  
As makes the branches bend and fall  
In the breeze that blows up a thunder-squall.

And yet, it is only her endless "hurry";  
She's not so bad if she wouldn't "worry,"  
And, for all the worlds that she has to make,  
If the six days' time she'd only take.

You may talk about Surrey, or Devon, or Kent,  
But I doubt if a special location was meant;  
It may sound severe,—but it seems to me  
That a "representative" woman was she.



## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## II.—STUDYING TO ANSWER.

MAJOR BERGAN—to give him the title by which he was known throughout the country round—displayed no alacrity of welcome. He first scanned his visitor closely from head to foot, and then silently extended his hand for the letter which the young man had drawn forth from an inner pocket.

"Hold that light here!" were his first words, in a tone deep as a thunder-peal, and addressed not to Bergan Arling, but to the aforesaid torch-bearer. "And quit your staring, and mind your business, or I'll——"

The sentence died away in an inarticulate growl, but the boy was plainly at no loss to understand its purport. With a startled look, he fixed his eyes on the torch, and only ventured to withdraw them for an occasional, furtive glance at the object of his curiosity. Meanwhile, his master opened the letter, and read it deliberately from beginning to end. The light of the torch fell full upon his face as he did so, giving Bergan Arling an opportunity to study him, in his turn.

His face was a striking one; in youth it had doubtless been handsome. Now, his brow was too massive, his mouth too stern, his eyes too cold, his beard too grey and heavy, to bear any relation to mere personal beauty. All soft lights and lines had long gone out of them; what remained was hard, bold, and rugged, as a rocky headland in winter. The rude strength which was the marked characteristic of his form, repeated itself emphatically in his face. Comparing it with the mental portrait, carefully touched and retouched by his mother's hand, which Bergan had carried in his mind since childhood, he felt that the one resembled the other only as a tree in autumn, stripped bare of its foliage and its blossoms, resembles the same tree in its gracious summer bloom and verdure. Little trace of the frank, proud lineaments, the warm, yet generous temper, of that ideal picture, was to be found in this harsh, stubborn, sarcastic face; the face of a man long given over to the hardening influences of a solitary and a selfish life. In short, Major Bergan confirmed anew the old truth that no man can live long for himself alone, shutting out all gentler ties and amenities, and driving straight at his own practical ends, unmindful of either the ways, the opinions, or the feelings of others, without reaping his due reward in a loss of moral health, and a gradual decay of all his finer sensibilities and higher instincts.

The only point wherein the real man resembled the ideal one, was in a certain ineffaceable pride of birth, showing itself not only in his port, but darkening his harsh features with a heavy shade of hauteur.

Yet a smile might do much to light up and soften the

Major's face; and the smile came when he had finished the letter, and did its work all the more effectually because it was a somewhat sad one.

"Forty and two years," said he, musingly, "since Eleanor went! Yet I can see her now, with her bright face and her arch ways! She was the sunshine of the old hall; it has never been the same place since she left it. And she would hardly know it, if she were to come back now! But times change; and we are fools if we do not change with them. Well, my boy! I'm glad to see you, and that is not what I would say to many,—I'm not much in the way of having visitors. But Eleanor's son is heartily welcome to the old place."

He took his nephew's hand, shook it cordially, and continued to hold it in a vice-like grasp, while he once more attentively scanned the young man's features.

"You are a true Bergan," he said, at length, "I'm glad to see that! And you have *her* eyes, too. Ah, what eyes they used to be! as soft and bright as any fawn's! Well! well! it's no use to think of the old times—they can't come back. But I *am* right glad to see you, my boy; and I take it very kind of Eleanor to have sent you to me. Is she much changed?"

"I suppose so," said Bergan, smiling,—"*that is, since* you knew her. She has not changed greatly during my remembrance. She is a young-looking woman yet, for her years; her eyes are still bright, and her cheeks rosy. Our western climate and life have agreed with her well. Yet I cannot fancy her a young lady."

"Ah, but you shall see her as a young lady! There's a portrait of her in the old house, taken not long before she went away, that does everything but speak and move. Indeed, I used to imagine that it did both, when I had it in my quarters out here, as I did for a time. But it gave me the blues so, to look at it, and think how things used to be, and see how they had altered, that I finally sent it back to its old place in the portrait gallery. But how did you get here at this hour?"

"I walked from Savalla, leaving my baggage—except this portmanteau—to come on by stage to-morrow."

"Walked! A nice little tramp of thirteen miles or more! Why, in the name of sense, didn't you ride?"

"I was too late for the stage, and could not readily find a hack. To be sure, I wasted but little time in looking for one; I do not mind walking, I'm used to it."

"That may do very well for the West. But you'll lose caste, my boy, if you walk here. You must have a horse."

"When I can afford it," replied the young man, lightly shrugging his shoulders. "Meanwhile, doubtless,

I shall find my Western habit useful, if vulgar. But I am not prepared to admit that it is vulgar. A young English nobleman, who spent some months in our neighbourhood, was a practised walker; he thought nothing of fifteen or twenty miles, on occasion. And if it was 'caste' for him, why not for me?"

"Humph! we Southerners boast a good deal of our English ancestors, but we don't feel called upon to imitate them!"

With the softening recollections of his youth, the Major had also laid aside his unwonted gentleness of manner; and the freezing tone of his last words, though it was doubtful whether he meant it for himself or his nephew, pained the young man's ear. Instinctively he dropped the discussion.

"I forgot to mention," said he, "that I did not walk quite the whole distance. A queer old character whom I overtook, insisted upon giving me a lift to Berganton."

"To Berganton! What had you to do with Berganton, I should like to know?"

"I was not aware that the road had been changed. I supposed that I must needs pass through the village on my way to Bergan Hall. I intended to stay there over night, and come to you early in the morning. I did not think it right to descend upon you suddenly, late at night. But, finding myself unexpectedly on the road hither, and almost in sight of the Hall, I regarded it as an indication of Providence not to be misunderstood."

"And well you did!" returned the Major, with rude emphasis, "well you did! I should have taken it as a direct insult if my sister's son had slept anywhere in this region but on the old place. I wish I could say, under the old roof," he went on, in a friendlier tone, "but that leaks like a sieve, and I quitted it long ago. Of course, it might have been mended; but, to tell the truth, the old house was much too big and gloomy and damp and disagreeable to keep bachelor's hall in comfortably, and I was glad to get out of it. Besides, I'd had all sorts of trouble with my overseers, and I decided that the only way to have things managed to my mind was to manage them myself. In order to do that, it was necessary to be on the spot. So I fixed up my overseer's cottage into a snug little box for myself, where I'm as cosy and comfortable as a rat in a rice-heap. But, come in, and see for yourself how it looks. Jip, you rascal! why don't you take your young master's portmanteau?"

The torch-boy caught the portmanteau, and Bergan followed his uncle into a small cottage at one corner of the quadrangle, so situated as to command a view both of the mill and the cabins. The room into which he was ushered was plainly but comfortably furnished. A fire of pitch-pine knots blazed on the hearth, reddening the rough walls and the bare floor with its pleasant glow. A slipshod negress, with a gay turban, was busy laying the table for supper. The effect was, upon the whole, cheery, and ought to have been especially so to a tired and hungry traveller; yet Bergan looked around him with a manifest

air of disappointment. His uncle noticed it, and remarked, apologetically—

"You would prefer to see the Hall, eh? Well, you shall see it in the morning, and I reckon you'll agree with me that it's anything but a cheerful-looking abode. Though, if I had known that a nephew of mine was coming to keep me company, I don't know but what I should have stayed there."

The negress now signified that supper was on the table, the food having been brought in, ready cooked, from the nearest cabin; and Major Bergan pointed to a chair opposite his own.

"Sit down, Harry, and fall to. Your tramp must have given you a right sharp appetite."

"Thank you. But, uncle, my name is Bergan, not Harry."

"Not Harry!" repeated the Major, sharply, "I should like to know the reason why! Didn't your mother write that she had named you for me?"

"Yes, certainly. But she regarded you as the head of the family, and in giving me the family name—"

"She named you for the whole breed—my degenerate half-brother and all!" interrupted the Major, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force that threatened to demolish it. "I tell you what it is, sir, I shall not stand any half-way work! If you are named after me, you've got to go the whole figure. Harry Bergan Arling you are, and Harry Bergan Arling you shall be—at least as long as you stay in these parts."

The imperious tone of this speech was by no means agreeable to Bergan's ear; it was not without an effort that he replied, pleasantly—

"Call me what you like, uncle. I shall not refuse to answer to any name that you are pleased to give me."

Major Bergan was evidently much gratified.

"That's right, my boy! we'll shake hands upon that!" he exclaimed, heartily. "I'm glad to see that Eleanor has raised her son in the good old fashion of submission to elders. Bless my soul! I thought it was entirely obsolete. Young men round here know more at twenty than the fathers that begot them. As for obedience, they leave that to the negroes."

The meal was abundant and substantial. It consisted of a single course, of bacon, vegetables, and corn-bread, very simply, not to say rudely, served. It would seem that the master of the feast cared no more for refinements of table than of manner. Here, as elsewhere, were to be seen the pernicious effects of his solitary mode of life. He ate greedily; he forgot his duties as host, or they came but tardily to his remembrance! he fell into fits of abstraction, and started as from a dream at the sound of his nephew's voice. Yet tokens were not wanting that he had once been well versed in the art of external manners. At intervals, answering involuntarily, as it were, to the touch of Bergan's fine, natural courtesy, the gentlemanly instincts of earlier days revived, and flung a

momentary grace around his words and actions. It was like the sunbeams that occasionally glimmer out over a cloudy landscape, attracting the gaze even more surely than any full blaze of splendour, yet causing a certain impatience, as if they ought either to kindle into satisfactory brightness, or be wholly extinguished. The rudeness of his ordinary manner was only thrown into bolder relief by these flashes of a half-extinct good breeding.

To meet the demands of thirst, a bottle of brandy, and another of water, stood by Major Bergan's plate, and, after filling his own glass, he pushed the spirit over to his nephew.

"There, Harry! that is what will put new life into you, after your journey."

"Thank you; but I seldom use brandy."

"A little too strong for you, eh?" returned the Major, indulgently. "Well, there's a stock of wine in the cellar of the Hall—I reckon some of it must be fifty or sixty years old, it has been there ever since I can remember—I'll send for a bottle or two of that." And he uplifted a stentorian call of "Jip," which brought that urchin-of-all-work to the door, in breathless haste.

"Uncle," begun Bergan, but the Major was thundering out minute directions about cellars, and keys, and tiers, and labels, and either could not, or would not, hear.

"I am sorry that you have given yourself the trouble," said Bergan, when quiet was restored. "I do not care for wine."

Major Bergan set down his glass, and looked at his nephew sternly and gloomily. "Don't tell me that you are a mean-spirited teetotaller," he growled. "I can't say how I might take it. There never was a milksop in the family yet."

"No, I am hardly that. But I am not accustomed to use spirituous liquors of any sort, and I certainly do not need them. I am in perfect health; I hardly know what it is to feel tired."

"I wish I didn't!" muttered his uncle, a little less savagely. "I'm pretty hearty, for my years, to be sure. But an ache gets into my bones now and then, just to remind me that I am not so young as I was once; and the best thing to rout it is a good glass of brandy. Better take one?"

"Not if you will be so good as to excuse me," replied Bergan, with a smile so frank and a gesture so courteous, that the Major was irresistibly mollified.

"A guest's wish is a command," said he, with one of his rare glimmers of courtesy. "But here comes the wine! I really cannot excuse you from that—at least, I should be very loath to do so. I'll even join you in a glass. Here's to your mother's health and happiness! You won't refuse to drink that, not on the place where she was raised."

If Bergan was annoyed by his uncle's persistency, he forebore to show it. But, having duly honoured the

toast, he pushed his glass aside, and declined every invitation to have it refilled.

"Well, well," said his uncle, at last, in a tone of resignation, "we won't quarrel about it now. But I see that [your education is incomplete, and I shall take it upon myself to finish it. If I don't teach you to drink like a gentleman in a month, I shall know that you are no true Bergan, in spite of your looks."

Bergan only smiled.

"Your temperance is the one thing I don't like about you," pursued his uncle, filling his own glass to the brim. "Ah, yes, there's one more; your mother writes that you have studied law, and mean to practise it."

"Yes; I received my licence just two months ago."

"Humph! it's well named! 'Licence,' indeed! Licensed to lie, cheat, steal; or, at least, to help others to do so, which amounts to the same thing. No, no, Harry, it may be well to know law enough to keep one from being imposed upon, but a Bergan can't stoop to practise it. Lawyers are, without exception, a set of miserable, lying sneaking pettifoggers. You could drop the souls of a dozen into a child's thimble, and they'd rattle in the end of it after she had put it on her finger."

Bergan's cheek flushed a little, but he was more impressed by the comic than the provoking side of his uncle's dogged prejudice, and he only answered good-humouredly—

"I am sorry that you should have had occasion to think so badly of the profession. I shall feel that it is incumbent upon me to make you change your opinion."

"Never!" growled Major Bergan, with an oath. "You would find it easier to lift the Gibraltar rock on the point of a needle. Unless," he added, after a moment, "you can tell me how to make a suit lie against Godfrey Bergan. I've been trying it for ten years, and I've spent money enough to buy another plantation as large as this."

"My uncle Godfrey!" exclaimed Bergan, in much surprise. "Why, what has he done?"

"You had better not call him your 'uncle Godfrey' in my hearing," responded the Major, grimly. "In ceasing to be my half-brother, he ceased to be your uncle. Done! What hasn't he done? First, he got his head filled with cursed Abolitionist notions, and freed all his slaves. Next, he offered the greater part of his land for sale at public auction; just think of it! some of the old lands of Bergan Hall put up to be knocked down to the highest bidder! But I settled *that* business, by proclaiming far and wide that whoever bid for them might expect to reckon with me for his impertinence; and as I'm known to be a man of my word, no one dared to lift his voice at the sale, and I got them at my own price. Finally, Godfrey capped the climax of his degeneracy by opening a hardware store in Berganton. Think of that, Harry!—a Bergan of Bergan Hall, with a long pedigree of warriors and nobles at his back, standing behind a

counter, selling hoes and tea-kettles to negroes and crackers!"

Bergan was silent. Though not without some touch of family pride, derived from his mother, he had nevertheless been taught to believe all upright labour honourable, to hold that life was ennobled from within, by its motive and aim, rather than from without, by its place and form. He could not help suspecting, therefore, that his host, deliberately leading the narrow life of an overseer of slaves, on his ancestral estate, was in reality a more degenerate son of his house than the relative whom he so bitterly contemned. Yet he foresaw that any attempt to defend Godfrey Bergan would but result in bringing down upon himself a torrent of fierce, half-drunken vituperation. Seasoned vessel though he was, the Major's repeated draughts of brandy, very little diluted, had not been without effect, in flushing his face and inflaming his habitually irritable temper. His present mood would ill brook contradiction.

Fortunately, he neither expected nor waited for an answer. Hastily emptying his glass and filling it again, he went on.

"Now, Harry, if you can tell me any way by which I can ruin his business, turn him out of his house, and make him quit the country, I'll own that I've done the law an injustice, and give you a handsome fee besides. Can the thing be done?"

Bergan silently shook his head; he would not trust himself to speak.

"Just as I told you!" exclaimed the Major, with great virulence of expression. "The law has plenty of quibbles and quirks for the help of rogues and scoundrels, but it can't lend a hand to an honest cause, at a pinch! I'll none of it, Harry! I'll none of it! Get what you know of it out of your head as soon as you can."

The Major paused long enough to empty his glass, and then resumed, in a more amiable tone. "The best thing you can do, Harry, is to stay here with me; I'll make a rice-planter of you. It doesn't take a ninny for that, by any means; your talents will not be thrown away. And if we suit each other, as I think we shall, I'll give you Bergan Hall when my title to it expires. To be sure, I'm strong and hearty yet; but no one lasts for ever. And as you are named after me, and I like your looks, I would rather give it to you than anybody else. In fact, I've had it in my mind, for some time, to write to Eleanor and ask her to do just what she has done—send one of her boys to live with me, and be my heir."

"You mistake," said Bergan, quickly, "neither my mother nor myself had any such idea. She merely wished me to consult you about commencing my profession in——"

"Tut! tut! Harry," interrupted his uncle, "I meant it, if you and she did not. And I mean it more than ever now; that is, if you'll yield to my wish about the law. But if you persist in sticking to that, I give you up, once for all—mind, I give you up!"

"I should deserve to be given up," replied Bergan, smiling, "if I were lightly to forsake a vocation for which I am fitted both by taste and education, to enter upon one of which I know absolutely nothing. I may reasonably hope to succeed as a lawyer; I fear I should make but a poor planter. Moreover, it would not suit me to be dependent upon any one."

"Stuff! nonsense!" exclaimed Major Bergan, bluntly. "I defy you to make a poor planter under my tuition; I claim to understand that business. As for dependence, never you fear but that I shall get aid and comfort enough out of you to make our accounts square. For, after all, Harry, it is a dreary kind of a life that I'm leading, without chick or child, kith or kin, to speak to, or to care for. I cannot help asking myself, sometimes, what is the good of it all, and how is it to end. But with a fine young fellow like you here, to enter into my plans now, and carry them out after I'm gone—why, it would be like a fresh lease of life to me! We'll rebuild the old house, you shall drop the 'Arling,' and behold the seventh Harry Bergan of Bergan Hall, on *this* side the water! And really, I don't see how you can do better, Harry. Here are wealth, position, influence, and a chance to oblige your old uncle, ready to your hand. Stay, my boy, stay!"

The Major's bluff voice had sunken to a hoarse tone of sadness, in his confession of loneliness, and finally, to one of entreaty, that touched his nephew's heart. Nor was the prospect held up before him without its own peculiar and powerful attraction. He looked thoughtfully into the fire, debating with himself what and how he should reply. His uncle watched him keenly for a moment, and then said, in his kindest tone and manner—

"Well, Harry, I won't press you for an answer, now. Stay here a month or two, and look around you; and then, we'll talk the matter over again, and see if we cannot settle upon something that shall be mutually satisfactory. For so long, surely, you can afford to be my guest."

### III.

#### "PATTERN OF OLD FIDELITY."

BEFORE Bergan could answer, there came a low tap at the door. A negro woman of unusual height, and singularly venerable and dignified aspect, stood courtesying slightly, on the threshold. She was plainly of great age—her face was deeply furrowed, and her hair, where it could be seen under the dark blue kerchief that covered her head, was white as snow,—yet her shoulders had not bent under the burden of years, her tall frame, though gaunt, was little palsied by the touch of actual infirmity. Although she carried a cane, it was not so much for its support, as for its aid in feeling out her way along her accustomed paths; she had been blind for many years.

"Master Harry," said she, clasping her hands over the head of her cane, and speaking in a slow, somewhat tremulous tones, but with neither the slovenly utterance nor the vicious pronunciation of the ordinary slave,— "Master Harry, excuse me if I interrupt you, but I could not wait any longer,—I wanted so much to see Miss Eleanor's son!"

"It is Maumer Rue," said Major Bergan, not only with unwonted kindness of tone, but with something akin to respect in his manner;—"your mother must have spoken to you of our old nurse, Harry?"

"Indeed she has!" exclaimed Bergan, earnestly, starting up to take the blind woman's hand. "Your name has always been a household word with us. The story of your devotion to my mother, in saving her from the flames, at the risk of your own life, and with the ultimate loss of your sight, was the one story of which we children never used to tire. Probably we felt, in our vague, childish way, that it was the one which came from the profoundest depth in her own heart,—since she could never tell it to us without a little tremor in her voice, and a soft dewiness in her eyes,—and that was the secret of its charm for us. You may be sure that she has never forgotten how much she owes you!"

The old woman's lips trembled, and large tears gathered in her sightless eyes. "The Lord bless my dear young lady!" she ejaculated fervently,— "I knew she would never forget her old Maumer. And it's like her to make much of my little service; but I did nothing but what was my duty—nothing."

"She thinks otherwise," replied Bergan, kindly. "She regards it as one of those rare instances of courage and devotion, for which the whole world is better [and] brighter. She bade me give you her kindest love, and tell you that you must not despair of meeting her once more, even on this side the grave. When the new railroad is finished, as far as our place,—which it promises to be in a year or two,—she fully intends to revisit her childhood's home, and look once more upon the faces of her childhood's friends. She furthermore charged me to pay you an early visit, in your own quarters, and tell you everything about her Western home and life that you might care to hear."

"How kind of Miss Eleanor to think of that!" responded the blind woman delightedly. "It shows that she's just her own self, always trying to think what everybody would like, and then doing her best to give it to them. Of course, there's a hundred questions that I should like to ask about her; and if you really don't mind answering them, and will do me the honour to step into my little cabin, some day when you're passing by, I shall be more obliged to you than I can rightly tell. But as to my ever seeing Miss Eleanor again,—I beg your pardon, sir; you see I've not yet learned to say Mrs. Arling,—though there's nothing on earth that would make me so glad as to meet her again, and hear the sound of her sweet, cheery voice, yet I'm getting

to be too old to dare to reckon much upon the future. But the next best thing to meeting her, is to meet her son, here on the old place; and I thank the Lord He has let me live long enough for that."

The old negress bent her head devoutly for a moment, and then turned to Major Bergan. "Does he favour Miss Eleanor much, Master Harry?" she asked.

"Yes, he is a good deal like her, Maumer; he has her eyes exactly. But he is even more like what I was forty years ago; it really makes me feel young again to look at him. He's a real Bergan, I can tell you that."

Maumer Rue smiled as if well pleased; yet the smile seemed a little burdened with sadness, too; and Bergan saw that it was followed by a look of extreme wistfulness.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, kindly,

"Nothing, master,—unless—if it is not asking too much,—and if you would not mind the touch of an old woman's fingers, that have to serve her instead of eyes, I could get so much clearer an idea of your looks,— " and she finished the sentence by raising her hand significantly towards his face.

Bergan was much moved. "Of course I should not mind," said he, drawing near to her;—"examine me as closely as you like. It would be strange indeed if there were anything unpleasant to me in the touch of hands that have done so much for my mother!"

"It's easy to see that you are Miss Eleanor's son, you have just her kind, pleasant ways," responded the blind woman, gratefully. "He is a little taller than you, Master Harry," she continued turning toward the Major, as she laid her hand on Bergan's head,— "yes, just a little taller, though not much."

"All the better for that," remarked the Major, parenthetically, "the Bergans must not degenerate."

Maumer Rue went on, without noticing the interruption; passing her fingers lightly over Bergan's features, as she spoke. "His brow is square and full, like yours, and he has the same straight nose; but his eyes are not so deep-set, nor his eyebrows so heavy. His jaw is like yours, too,—the set, square jaw of the Bergans,—but his mouth is more like Miss Eleanor's:—a sweet, pleasant mouth *she* had, the mouth of the Habershams, her mother's family. Yet it could be firm enough, too, when there was need; our Miss Eleanor had plenty of character. And I'm right glad to see that you are so much like her; you couldn't resemble any one better or handsomer."

She made a slight pause, and then added, in a half-humorous way,— "I reckon she couldn't give you any spice of the 'black Bergan temper,' as she had none of it herself."

"I am afraid she did," answered Bergan, laughing, yet colouring, too; "and many a scrape it has gotten me into before now. But I hope that I am learning to control it a little."

"I don't see why you should," broke in the Major, gruffly. "The Bergan temper is an heir-loom to be proud of; it identifies the breed. It has run in the blood



from time immemorial. A Bergan without it—that is, a male, of course a woman counts for nothing—would be no Bergan at all."

"You say true, Master Harry," rejoined Rue, composedly; "it's always run in the blood, and heated it more than was good for it, many a time. Yet now and then, there has been a Bergan who has learned how to keep it under, and been all the better for doing it. You surely must recollect what a mild, kind gentleman your father was, young as you were when he died; and I've heard say that there never was a truer Bergan, or one more respected all the country through."

The Major made a grimace, and muttered something unintelligible, in a tone half of acquiescence, half of irritation.

Rue turned again to Bergan. "You have been very patient with an old woman's talk, and an old woman's infirmity," said she, with a kind of natural dignity—"I will not trouble you any longer. Good night, and thank you, Master—what name shall I say?"

Bergan hesitated, and looked doubtfully at his uncle.

"He says his name is Bergan," explained the Major, shortly; "but I have given him to understand that he is to be known by my own name, Harry, while he stays here."

Rue shook her head. "There can be but one Master Harry for me," she said, quietly—"the one that I nursed as a babe and petted as a child, the one that I have lived with so many years, and who has always been so kind to me—kinder even than he has been to himself. So please let me call him Master Bergan; but, of course, the rest of the people will give him any name that you say."

"Of course they will," returned the Major, haughtily, "or I'll know the reason why. As for you, Maumer, I shall let you do as you please; you've had your own way too long to be balked of it now. But take care that the others don't hear and imitate you, or you know what they'll get."

"Thank you, Master Harry," replied Rue, as gratefully as if the assent had been more graciously given, "you are always good to your poor old Maumer. Good-night." And she turned to go.

But on the threshold, she paused, and lifted her sightless face toward the dim night-sky, across which dark clouds were swiftly scudding.

"Master Harry," said she, suddenly, "Do you remember how I told you, six months ago, that the Bergan star was set, and how angry you were?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," exclaimed the Major, hoarsely and eagerly; "what of it?"

She slowly raised her right hand, and pointed skyward, with a strange, intent, watchful expression in her uplifted face. "See! it is rising!" said she; "it comes up through the clouds—they try to hold it back, but they cannot—it grows brighter! it rises higher!—ah!"—drawing her breath hard and gaspingly—"it stops—it goes down again!—the clouds cover it!—it is—No! it is

not gone! it shines faintly behind the clouds—it breaks through—slowly, slowly, slowly—it rises! it rises!"

Yielding, half-unconsciously, to the powerful influence of the blind woman's rapt, ecstatic manner, Bergan had drawn near to her, and now saw, with surprise, a single star shining for a moment through the rifts of the clouds. Glancing at the Major, whom he had before seen to be hanging with breathless interest upon the words of the old negress, he perceived that his eyes were fixed upon it also, with a gaze that was half-awed, half-triumphant. He knew not what to think.

Maumer Rue still stood in the same commanding attitude, with raised hand, and intent, uplooking face. Suddenly, her arm fell by her side; her head drooped on her breast; the majesty that had informed her pose and gesture went out like an expiring flame; she shivered, tottered, and would have fallen but for the Major's prompt support. Without a word, he guided her safely to the door of her cabin.

Coming back, he reseated himself at the table, which had been cleared of everything but the bottles and glasses, and hastily poured out and swallowed some raw brandy. Then he remarked, in a half-explanatory and half-apologetic tone,

"She enjoys the reputation of a seer, or prophetess, among the negroes; and I really think she has some faith in it herself. Certainly, she seems to have strange visions now and then; and some of her predictions have come true; I confess she puzzles even me. At all events, she is the best and most faithful old creature that ever lived. She was born on the estate, brought up in the Hall with my father and his sisters, shared their education, is thoroughly steeped in the family traditions, duly infected with the family pride, and entirely devoted to the family interests. She is the only person that I allow to do pretty much as she pleases; her long and faithful services to my father, Eleanor, and myself, deserve that much, I think. And really, she is of great use to me; I scarcely know what I should do without her. The negroes all believe her to be a hundred years old—undoubtedly she is past ninety—and that, together with her reputation as a prophetess, gives her great power over them, and saves me a heap of trouble in managing them. She has very good judgment, too, in many things; I frequently take her advice, and never yet had occasion to regret doing so. Indeed, it was chiefly at her instigation and entreaty that I had made up my mind, as I told you, to write to your mother about sending me one of her sons."

He paused for a moment, and then asked, in a careless tone, but with a quick, keen glance at his nephew, from under his shaggy brows, "Did you see that star?"

"Yes," answered Bergan. "It was a curious coincidence."

"Hum—very," returned his uncle, evidently not quite satisfied with this view of the matter. But he said no more.

The conversation now turned into various other channels. It touched for a brief space upon the indefatigable quoter of proverbs whom Bergan had overtaken on his way to the Hall; and whom the Major declared to be the only living representative of one of the oldest and most influential families in the county. He had been reared in affluence, had been educated in Europe, and had inherited a large fortune and a fine estate. But he had early fallen into bad habits—not so much from viciousness of temper and taste, as from weakness of will and consequent inability to resist temptation—had run a short, rapid career of folly, extravagance, and dissipation, in which he had frittered away his inheritance, and so had gradually sunken into his present state of semi-vagabondage. He lived, by sufferance, in a little cabin, on one corner of the estate which he had formerly owned. From his wholesale shipwreck of fortune, position, will, energy, and hope, he had saved but one thing—his love of proverbs. It had even grown stronger in proportion as other things wasted and failed—like a plant striking deep root into soil enriched by the decay of many sister plants. He had learned several languages solely for the sake of their proverbs; he had even been seen to hesitate and waver long between the diverse, but powerful, attractions of a bottle of ardent spirits and a dingy old collection of saws, when but one came within the compass of his purse; and he was known far and wide by the sobriquet of “Proverb Dick.” His real name was Richard Causton.

In listening to this history, Bergan could not but be struck by the curiously-discriminating character of the Major’s animadversion. He had little or nothing to say in disapproval of the depraved and ungovernable appetite for strong drink which, it was easy to see, had played so important part in ruining poor Richard Causton; while he could find no words strong enough to express his bitter contempt for the flabby will, the pitiable irresolution, and the insane extravagance, which had joined hands with that appetite for his complete destruction. Tender, as a mother to her babe, over the fault which he knew himself to possess (if he secretly acknowledged it to be a fault), Major Bergan was merciless to the weaknesses from which he was saved by a hardier will and a more energetic temperament.

But as the evening wore on, and the brandy slowly worked its way up to the stronghold of his brain, the Major’s talk grew discursive, profane, and incoherent; until Bergan, shocked and pained, and anxious to escape from the mortifying spectacle, pleaded fatigue, and begged permission to retire. Jip was accordingly summoned, and he was conducted to a little low room under the cottage roof, where his portmanteau had been bestowed, and some little provision made for his comfort.

Here Bergan quickly threw himself on the bed, to find, for the first time in his life, that it was one thing to woo the fair maiden Sleep, and another to win her. Recollections of his Western home, of his mother, of the ancestral

traditions on which his childish imagination had fed, of his youthful studies and aspirations, of his recent journey, and the disappointment in which it had ended, mingled with half-conceived plans and half-acknowledged hopes,—a vague, changeable, teasing, tireless procession of thoughts and images,—filed slowly through his mind, compelling his reluctant gaze, and blocking up every avenue to Slumberland. And if, for an instant, the vexing march stopped, and the importunate images began to waver and blend, sounds of stamping feet, of jingling glass, of muttered oaths and sentences, or two or three half-sung, half-shouted lines of a drunken ditty, coming up from below, startled him once more into wakefulness, and told him that his uncle’s solitary debauch was not yet ended. It was already grey dawn, when, worn out with restlessness, he fell into a brief slumber, and dreamed that old Rue, with the Bergan star in her hand, was beckoning him to follow her over a dreary, desolate country, full of briars and pitfalls, wherein he was so constantly entangled that, in spite of his best endeavours, he could never get any nearer to her. Turning suddenly, she flashed the star into his eyes, and—oh, horror of horrors!—he was blind!

Starting up, all in a tremble, he found that the risen sun was shining full in his face, through the uncurtained window. It was morning.

---

#### IV.

##### A GOODLY HERITAGE.

EARLY as was the hour, Bergan found the table already laid for breakfast in the room below, where he was soon joined by the Major. He brought with him (besides a noticeable odour of brandy) a cordial morning greeting, and a temper which, though by no means urbane, had a certain flavour of bluff good nature, in pleasing contrast with his extreme irritability of the preceding evening. Encouraged by these and similar signs of a clearer mental atmosphere, Bergan ventured to mention his uncle Godfrey, and to remark that he had been charged with a letter to him from his mother, which he must take an early opportunity to deliver.

“Eh! what?” asked the Major, laying down his knife and fork, with the look and tone of a man who doubts the evidence of his own senses.

Bergan quietly repeated his words.

The Major’s face grew dark, and his eyebrows met in a heavy frown. “I shall take it mighty hard of you, if you do,” said he, sternly and gloomily. “I tell you, Harry, he is no Bergan at all, and he ought not to be treated like one. Eleanor would never have written to him, nor desired you to visit him, if she had known the true state of affairs;—you can safely take that for granted, and act accordingly. Besides,” he went on, after a slight pause, “it is only fair to warn you that any one who goes from Bergan Hall over to Oakstead (that’s what he calls his place), doesn’t come back again,—with my consent.

There's no relation, nor commerce, nor sympathy, nor liking, between the two places; and there never can be any while I live,—nor after I am dead, either, if I can help it. So just put that matter out of your head, Harry, and say no more about it."

Bergan looked down, and the colour rose to his brow. Without seeking to know the merits of the quarrel between his two uncles, he nevertheless felt that the abject submission, the complete surrender of principle and will, expected of him by Major Bergan, was simply impossible; and he began to wonder if it were not his wisest course to place himself at once on tenable ground, by saying that, while he should always be glad of his uncle's advice, and ready to give all due and respectful consideration to his wishes, yet, in matters involving questions of right and duty, the final appeal must needs be to his own conscience. Something of this sort was upon his lips, when the Major spoke again, and in a more amiable tone.

"I am really sorry, for your sake, Harry, that things are just as they are," said he. "Of course, it is not agreeable to you to run thus unexpectedly against a family feud;—I really ought to have written Eleanor about it, but I thought to spare her the knowledge of her half-brother's disgrace. Besides, as Godfrey is our nearest neighbour, it might be pleasant to be on visiting terms, if he and his were only the right sort of company to keep."

"I think he has children near my own age," remarked Bergan.

"Not now. His two eldest died a few years ago."

"Ah, yes; I remember hearing of it when I was in college."

"He has but one left—a daughter," pursued the Major. "A pretty, bright little thing she was, too, as a child; I was really quite fond of her, and she used to spend half her time here,—that is, in the old Hall;—and Maumer Rue almost idolized her, because she fancied that she was something like what Eleanor was at her age. She even used to run away and come over here, after the trouble began; but I reckon they must have found it out, and put a stop to it." And the Major ground his teeth at the recollection, as if he owed his brother an especial grudge on this very head. "However," he went on, "it is better so; for though I could never have found it in my heart to be unkind to the child,—so fond of me as she was, too!—yet I want nothing to do with anybody, or anything, that belongs to Godfrey; and so I am glad, on the whole, that she stopped coming. Doubtless, she will soon merge the name of Bergan into Smith, or Brown, or something equally desirable; and as Godfrey has no son, to bear his patronymic and carry on his business, we may hope that there will be an end of them."

The last words were spoken with ineffable contempt. Then, suddenly rising, as if to dismiss the subject, the Major remarked, with an entire change of tone and manner:—

"But I must not sit here chatting any longer, for I suspect that Ben—that's my head driver—is waiting for

instructions. Will you come with me, or do you prefer to amuse yourself about home?"

"I will go with you, uncle, if you are willing."

"Both willing and glad. Come on."

Bergan followed his uncle out into the quadrangle,—here called the "street,"—and found it to be, for the most part, silent and deserted. The cabins, many of which, on the evening previous, had been brightened by a little gleam of firelight within, or vivified by moving figures, were now closed and locked, the occupants being away at work in the fields. They were all neatly whitewashed; and they stood well apart from each other, leaving room for little gardens between, where vegetables, and occasionally, flowers, were growing. Here and there, too, a pig rooted and grunted in a rude sty; or hens and chickens fluttered and cackled, in their busy, enlivening fashion, around the door.

One of the buildings, of considerable size, and two stories high, where several women and children, with peculiar haggard, heavy, listless, and withal resigned faces, were lying or sitting around the porch, Bergan easily recognized as the infirmary. Another, seemingly stuffed with babies and young children, under the charge of several half-grown girls and one superannuated old woman, he knew to be the day-nursery; for the safe bestowal of the infant population of the quarter, during their mothers' absence in the fields. Here Maumer Rue seemed to be making a visit of inspection; though invisible herself, the slow tones of her voice, exhorting one of the young nurses to greater watchfulness, sounded distinctly from within; and becoming quickly aware of the approach of her master and his guest, she came to the door, and made them a stately courtesy, as they passed.

Quite apart from the quarter, yet within sight, stood a cabin of especially rude and forlorn aspect; the open door of which disclosed a strong stake driven into the ground in its centre, and divers rusty chains, handcuffs, padlocks, *et cætera*, hanging round its sides. This was the prison. Human justice being thus provided with a fitting abode, Bergan involuntarily looked around in search of a corresponding dwelling for Heaven's mercy, in the shape of a little cross-tipped church or chapel, but saw none.

Major Bergan first stopped at the threshing mill, where Engine (that is to say "Engineer") Jack, a remarkably intelligent negro, and an exceedingly black one as well, was waiting to bring to his master's notice certain slight repairs necessary to the machinery. While the needful discussion was going on, Bergan looked around him, the better to understand the topography of the place.

He observed that Bergan Hall, the roof of which he saw afar off, rising among the trees, was situated upon a considerable elevation—a sort of bluff, overlooking a small inlet, or arm of the sea. To this circumstance, Major Bergan owed his ability to live upon his plantation throughout the year, instead of fleeing therefrom, like most of his class, at the approach of summer. For, just

when the home-scenery takes on its most tender and fascinating grace—when the rice-fields are green as the meadows of paradise—when the temple-like oak-glades are most beautiful with gentle gloom and glinting sunshine—when every thicket has its garland of bloom and every tree has its clinging, flowering vine—when the sweet-smelling pine-woods are glittering with the gorgeous colouring, and melodious with the multifarious voice, of thousands of birds and insects; just then, the rice-planter has to flee for his life from its final, treacherous charm; the soft-shining mist, the deadly malaria, that creeps up at night from the marshes, and covers the land like a sea. If he lingers for but one ramble in the fair, moon-lighted, and moss-festooned avenues, through that silver haze, fever walks by his side under the grand arches, and death waits for him at the end of the alluring vistas.

From this terror and this necessity, the owner of Bergan Hall was free. His vast plantation stretched across the border-line which divides the pestilential rice-swamps from the healthful sea-islands; one extremity touching the river, and the other the ocean. At one time, its chief revenue was derived from the far-famed sea-island cotton, to the production of which its sea-board portion was well adapted, but as that crop declined, and the rice-crop rose in value, its neglected swamp-lands were gradually reclaimed and brought under cultivation; and were now the most valuable portion of the estate. Too remote from Bergan Hall to poison it, or its vicinity, with their malaria, they were yet quite near enough for necessary superintendence.

The negro quarter lay somewhat lower than the Hall. On its left, the ground sloped gradually down to a little creek; where lay several flat boats loaded with rice, to show what had been the goal of the negro procession of the previous evening. Along the opposite bank ran a dark fringe of pines.

Horses were now brought. The one assigned to Bergan was a superb blooded filly, full of life and fire. While he stood taking delighted notes of her many fine points, she sniffed round him in half-wild, half-curious fashion; now starting quickly back, now timidly drawing near—and ended by frankly putting her nose in his hand, as if in token of amity. Nor had he been long on her back, ere he felt, with an electric thrill of pleasure, that perfect sympathy between horse and rider, that singular blending of their identity, which is the purest delight of horsemanship, and best explains the fable of the Centaur.

"How do you like her?" asked his uncle, at this juncture.

"Exceedingly," replied Bergan, with enthusiastic emphasis. "I think that I never rode anything more admirable."

"Henceforth, then, she belongs to you. And never mind the thanks—I am really glad to hand her over to a fitting master. She is too much given to dancing and frolicking for my use, my sober-paced horse meets my

wants a great deal better; consequently, Vic—that's her name, short for Victoria—Vic stands in the stable, eating her head and kicking her heels off, for the greater part of the time. She will be much happier in the hands of a master young enough to sympathize with her."

Bergan could not fail to be delighted with a gift so generous and so timely; bestowed, too, with a delicacy of manner, an appearance of asking a favour instead of conferring one, in strong contrast with his uncle's wonted bluntness. Visions of long, solitary rides of exploration rose fascinatingly before him. Nor would he suffer his pleasure to be alloyed by any insidious doubt lest the gift might some day take the form of an unpleasant obligation.

The road ran along along the bank of the creek, passing divers fields under cultivation, and divers others long "turned out;" that is, exhausted, and left to lapse back into their primitive pine-barrenness. In the course of an hour, the two gentlemen came upon a second negro quarter, considerably larger than the first, but with the same general characteristics, even to the threshing-mill. This one, however, ran by water power instead of steam.

The horses were here left in charge of a negro, while the gentlemen walked over to the rice-fields. They soon came into view, stretching, almost as far as the eye could reach, along the bank of a broad, turbid river. Bergan speedily became much interested in their complicated system of dykes, ditches, canals, and gates; as well as in watching the dusky labourers, both men and women, that were busy therein. Leaving details for results, however, he could not but be impressed with the fact that a vast amount of hard work was annually done, and a rich and remunerative crop annually reaped. Plainly, Major Bergan was an energetic, skilful manager.

On his part, the Major was greatly pleased with his nephew's intelligent interest, and predicted, more than once, that he would make a rice-planter of him, in due time, who would show his neighbours "what was what."

The sun was half-way down the western slope, when the uncle and nephew returned to the cottage. Dinner over, the Major civilly expressed his regret that he was unexpectedly called to another part of the plantation. Bergan could accompany him; or, not to disappoint him of his promised visit to the old Hall, he could get the keys of Maumer Rue, and explore it by himself.

Bergan eagerly caught at the latter alternative. Nor, to do him justice, was the Major at all displeased thereby. Without troubling himself to analyze his own emotions, he yet felt an unconquerable aversion to the task of showing his nephew through the deserted home of his forefathers. Though little accustomed to care for the opinions or the feelings of others, he foresaw an inevitable mortification in looking with Bergan upon the ruin and desolation for which he knew himself to be so largely responsible; since, if he had not invited the ravages of time, he had put forth no hand to stay them. Perhaps this feeling was strong enough, even, to lend to the

business that called him away, an imperative aspect which it might otherwise have lacked.

Bergan, on his part, was well content to dispense with his uncle's guidance. Not only would his presence be a constraint upon his own irrepressible emotions of sadness, regret, and, possibly, indignation; but there would be a rare, subtle charm in wandering alone through precincts at once so familiar and so strange, in finding out for himself (or led only by the shadowy image of his maiden mother) spots hallowed by the tender touch of oldtime joys and sorrows, and nooks and corners darkened not more by mould and cobwebs than by the clinging dust of immemorial family tradition.

First, however, Major Bergan requested his companionship as far as the stable. There they found a bright-looking boy, somewhat older than Jip, who had just finished rubbing down the filly of which Bergan had so lately become the master, and now stood regarding the result with great apparent satisfaction.

"Well, Brick," said the Major, sternly, "I hope you've done better than you did last time."

"Yes, massa, she done berry fine, I'se sure,—spec' I put a right smart hour on her. Look a dar, now, don' she shine?"

The Major examined her carefully, and finding nothing to fault, was silent. It was not his way to waste words in commendation. He merely turned from the horse to the negro, and asked, pointing to Bergan,—

"You see that young gentleman?"

"Yis, massa; sartin, massa." And Brick made an embarrassed bow, uncertain whither this conversation might tend.

"Well, that's Vic's master, and your's. It's your business to take care of her, and wait on him,—that is, do everything he tells you. Hereafter, you are to go to him for orders."

And quickly mounting his own horse, the Major rode off, without waiting for thanks or comments.

Bergan stood looking doubtfully at his new acquisition. Property of this kind gave him a novel sensation; he could not tell, on the instant, whether he liked it or no. Nevertheless, he recognized the inexpediency of discussing the matter with the dusky chattel himself; who, to represent him fairly, seemed in nowise displeased with his change of owners. He had opened his eyes a trifle wider at his sudden transfer, and uttered a mechanical "Yis, massa,"—that was all. He now stood, tattered hat in hand, waiting for orders. Bergan was somewhat disconcerted to find that he had none to give. Finally he asked,—

"What is your name?"

"Rubric, sah. But dey mos'ly calls me Brick."

"Ah, yes, I see. And your family name?"

"Hain't got no family, sah."

"Your father's name, I mean."

"Nebber had any fader, sah. He sold down souf fore I's born."

"Your second name, then."

"Same's yours, massa, I s'pose."

"Hum—How old are you?"

Brick scratched his head reflectively. "Don' jes' know, massa, 'zactly. Spec' bout—bout—fifteen or—twenty, sah; jess 's massa likes."

Bergan bit his lip. Never had he met with such a spirit of accommodation.

"Well, Brick," he asked, after a moment, "if you had a half-holiday, now, what would you do with it?"

Brick's face grew radiant through all its dusk. "Go a-fishin', massa," he burst out, eagerly; "I jes' should!"

"Well, go fishing, then,—if you think you can be back by supper-time."

"Yis, massa. Tank you, massa." And Brick was off like an arrow from the string.

Bergan immediately sought out old Rue's cabin. Outwardly, it differed little from its neighbours; but its interior was not without evidences of thoughtful provision for the faithful old nurse's comfort. Having kindly answered all the questions that she chose to ask, in reference to "Miss Eleanor" and her Western life, he made known his errand. She instantly took a key from her pocket, and was about to put in his hand, when she suddenly drew back, exclaiming:—

"No, no, that will never do! I forgot. That is the key of the back door. You see, sir, I sometimes look into the Hall, and that way is most convenient."

"I assure you that it will serve me very well, too," replied Bergan. "It does not matter how I make my entrance."

Rue shook her head. "It is not fitting," said she, "that the son and heir of the house should first enter at the back, like a servant."

"The son, but not the heir," replied Bergan, smiling.

Rue turned quickly towards him. "Not the heir!" she exclaimed, as if greatly surprised. "And why not?"

The question was not easy to answer. Bergan could not say frankly, "Because such heirship must be bought at too high a price,—even the surrender of my profession, will, conscience, individuality." Nor did the answer present itself to his own mind in this definite form. He was conscious, at the moment, of nothing but a confused, hazy throng of doubts, fears, possibilities, and wishes.

Rue seemed quite satisfied with his silence. She turned to a bureau near by, and, after a little search, drew forth a large, rusty key, which she handed him with a kind of solemnity.

"It has waited long," said she, "for the hand that should rightfully put it into the lock, and let light and hope once more into the old house. I thank the Lord that I live to see the day."

Bergan was too much touched to answer. He walked quickly to the front of the deserted mansion, cut the vines from the door, and put the key in the lock. At first, it opposed a stubborn resistance to his efforts; then suddenly, the bolt yielded, the door turned slowly on its long unused hinges, and he stood, with a beating heart, in his ancestral hall.



## AUTOGRAPHS.

TOWARDS the latter end of the seventeenth century, this practice of keeping albums appears to have fallen into disrepute, for it began to incur the ridicule, if not of society in general, at any rate of the wits of the day. Charles de St. Denys, Seigneur de St. Evremond, a great favourite at the court of our King Charles II., in his satirical play of *Sir Politick Would Bee*, introduces a conversation between the knight's lady and a German gentleman on the subject of albums, wherein the latter, after explaining to the lady that in her country all teachers who would claim the honour of literary distinction invariably provided themselves, in addition to a guide-book and itinerary, with a book of blank leaves handsomely bound, called *Album Amicorum*, and that on visiting the savans of the different places in their route, they make it a point always to present it to them for their signatures. "There is nothing," adds the knight, "which we are not prepared to do in order to procure their hand, conceiving it to be as curious as instructive to have seen these learned people who make a noise in the world, and to possess a specimen of their writing." Upon this, the lady, who herself evidently is not a collector of autographs, inquires, with some surprise, "Is that the only use you make of your books?" The German, in reply, admits another use, not very creditable, we think, to the morals of the times. "The book is," he continues, "of the utmost importance to us in our drinking bouts, for when all the ordinary toasts have been exhausted, we take our *Album Amicorum*, and reviewing the great men who have been so obliging as to inscribe their names there, drink their healths copiously." Either from ridicule, therefore, or from some other cause, the practice of keeping albums for the purpose of collecting autographs appears, as we have already remarked, to have fallen into disuse towards the close of the seventeenth century. From this time the antiquary began to take up what former years had bequeathed to him. Dr. Macro got together a large and very beautiful collection of autographs. Sir William Musgrove also collected two large volumes of signatures of eminent personages, which he afterwards left to the British Museum. The sale of Mr. Brindley's library and of the collection of the varied curiosities which had been accumulated at Strawberry Hill, as also several other sales of a similar character, show what pains have been bestowed upon the collecting of autographs, and the immense money value which choice and rare specimens can command. In the early part of the present century, autograph collecting again made its appearance as a popular mania, and it received a strong impetus from the practice of "franking letters," as it was termed—a privilege granted to Members of Parliament, and which, in consequence of the dearness of postage, was at this period very greatly abused. Shops for the sale of autographs now began to be established, and the facsimile of a person's signature

became a necessary addition to every engraved portrait. Mr. Thorpe's catalogues and Mr. Evan's auctions bore ample testimony to the wide-spreading interest which the subject at this time called forth. Mr. Byerley and Mr. Disraeli wrote essays on the subjects and articles appeared in the "*Literary Souvenir*," and several other magazines. Facsimiles of autographs of royal, noble, learned, and remarkable personages were published in a volume by Messrs. Smith and Nichols; and Mr. Upcott, the indefatigable librarian of the London Institution, gave fresh excitement to the pursuit by the accidental discovery of Mr. Evelyn's collections.

Mr. Disraeli devoted a chapter to Autographs in his second series of "*Curiosities of Literature*," and he there raises a discussion which is not without its interest in the present day, when there are not a few persons to be met with who profess that they can distinguish the characters of individuals by their autographs. Mr. Disraeli's observations appear to have been taken in part, at any rate, from a small volume by a disciple of the celebrated Lavater, "*L'Art de Juger des Caractères des Hommes sur leurs Ecritures*." It was published in Paris about the year 1816. The subject is a curious one, and there is, no doubt, much to be said upon both sides of it. Most undoubtedly there are certain national and also individual characters and styles of writing, and it is not without the pale of probability that these should be taken to indicate certain peculiarities of national and individual character. Every act bears some impress of ourselves. Both the thing done and the manner of doing it reflect, in a greater or less degree, the character of the doer. The vivacity and variableness of the Frenchman—the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian—the plodding scholarship of the German, and the business-like habits of our own countrymen, may be said to impress their caligraphy with corresponding indications, and these little ingenuity can arrange and classify. Almost everybody will admit that our handwriting is made to bear the impression of our feelings at the time, and even to reveal them. Who is there who in grief shapes his letters and writes as he does in joy? It was with a full appreciation of this that Shenstone, in one of his letters, says, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper." Many other persons, also, have entertained the same idea, and acted upon it. General Paoli told Mr. Northcote, that he had decided upon the character and disposition of a man from his handwriting. We must beg our readers to bear in mind, that delineations of character so deduced are very different things from the characters which they are likely to receive from professional advertisers, whose answers, in a general way, are given with an especial eye to the post-mark on the applicant's letter, and the shilling's worth of postage stamps enclosed.

## LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.

WE borrow from a French woman some counsels on true politeness that are not limited to any nation.

One of the most indispensable elements of good society is also a Christian principle: Do nothing to your neighbour that you would not have done to you. Another—and this is the foundation-stone—consists in forgetting oneself while thinking of other people. No one is more obliging, more sweetly serviceable, than persons of perfectly polite education. With such, relations are easy; they send you away satisfied, even while refusing what you ask for, more satisfied, perhaps, than many who grant all you want—there is a particular manner of saying everything, and also a certain way of giving anything. And here we will stop and say a few words about the education of the heart. Do not smile; the heart, as well as the intellect, requires its education, only it educates itself, and it feels instinctively what is noble without having been taught. Have you never received a handsome present—something you wanted very much—without being pleased with it, whilst a flower, or a trifle, offered in a different way, makes you as happy as if it were a treasure? All that depends upon grace of character, and that grace is the science of good breeding. It can be shown, too, in the choice of what you give. Sometimes, with good intentions, it is possible to wound those you wish to please. A short time ago a very rich young lady gave her music mistress a present of a rich lace mantle, costing twenty pounds. The young teacher was of good family, forced by misfortune to work. With what could she wear this mantle? Which of her modest toilettes could support this splendid addition? None, certainly. The result was that the mantle remained in its box. The poor creature would have been glad to sell it; but she dared not, as Mrs. — would not fail to ask her why she did not wear it, and why she obstinately wore a thick shawl during the tropical heat. With these twenty pounds, the girl might have had two or three complete toilettes in accordance with her position. Pretty muslin dresses, a simple silk, two bonnets, etc.; a silk mantle, or a light shawl for her morning lessons. The proof of a kind heart lies in little things. Affection is shown better in the little concerns of every-day life, than in great sacrifices. A noble nature always finds enough force and courage for a premeditated act of devotion, for a splendid sacrifice; but we must think of others a great deal for them to receive kindnesses from us constantly.

All this does not only concern friendship or love, but it is also the great art of the mistress of a house. Some women carry it as far as genius. There are some houses where everything around you smiles, where you feel happy and at your ease as soon as you put your foot into

them, and very often even these houses are not the most luxurious or fashionable. All this depends on the mistress of the house.

When you receive friends or even acquaintances you must study, first of all to make your guests feel at home. You must not expect them to fall in with your habits, but must treat them according to their own. You must not only leave them their liberty, the first condition of happiness everywhere, but leave it them so completely that they may have what pleases them, without perceiving that they might have missed it. Two types of different kinds of houses are the following:—

In the first, the owner had about £1500 a year; the house was small, there were few servants, and only ordinary equipages. You arrived there, and as soon as you entered the gates you felt happy. The servants did not make a fuss about waiting on you, but there was always one at hand when wanted. You never were afraid of having to wait. All was clean and smiling, without being magnificent. The drawing-room was large, the furniture simple but convenient. In the middle was a round table with numbered drawers, each person had the key of one of them, in which pen, ink and paper, and other convenient things were kept, so that no one had the trouble of asking or of going to their own rooms to look for what they wanted. On one side a well-filled book-case, all the newspapers, flowers, a piano, and playing-tables always ready.

Every one went to bed as they pleased in this charming house. Indeed, nobody seemed to be in a hurry to retire, and I have known conversations carried on until long past midnight, between five or six people. I passed one of the most agreeable winters in my life there, and I could scarcely tear myself away when necessity forced me to do so. The amiable hostess never threw at you the phrase, "Make yourselves at home." She did better, she made you feel that you were at home an hour after your installation. What charming dinners we had! How well she ordered them, that each should always have some dish he would be sure to like; and lastly, as a finishing touch to her grace, her cleverness, and her high breeding, she arranged everything so well that you never found it possible to thank her. It would have been ridiculous. She would have looked at you in astonishment, asking you why, and you would never have been able to tell her. It was for everything, and it was for nothing.

The other house was magnificent, spacious; everything was on a grand scale; something like £20,000 a-year went to keep it up. Everything in abundance, an ant-hill of servants, splendid apartments, horses, dogs, hunting, walks, balls, private theatricals, Parisian toilettes; such

dinners, a great many people, and yet so dull! As soon as you arrived, the mistress of the house began to laugh and say to you, "Ah! there you are; we shall enjoy ourselves."

When the guests were assembled, she began again, "Let us enjoy ourselves. What shall we do for amusement?" Half an hour after, the same thing over again; and she proposed all sorts of amusements one after another. Her guests answered, "What you like, Madame." She never decided on anything, and each one retired to bed gaping enough to dislocate their jaws. The hostess said, when bidding good night, "You will see what fun we shall have to-morrow."

Yet the same woman, when she was not at home, was very gay, amiable, and *spirituelle*, and really amused the people she met. It was because there she had no responsibility, and had only to furnish her contingent to the general pleasure.

I cannot too often repeat that the art of receiving is one of the greatest charms of a woman. It must be studied without affectation, and you will not only please your guests, but also those with whom you are called to live. "Ennui," says one of our novelists, "is the worst of our faults." The more you reflect, the more will you see that he is right.

#### DUTIES OF A HOSTESS.

This is one of the most difficult parts in the world to play. Now that there are no more open drawing-rooms, as in the last century, people study less to be good hostesses. They send invitations for a dinner, or a ball, and offer to their guests what they believe to be necessary, not what they think would be useful or agreeable to them, but what satisfies their own vanity; then they

think no more about it—no more receptions for the amusement or other people, but so that the programme of a *fête* may be admired. It is not thus that I understand the duties of a hostess. We will take as model a woman at home during a whole day, not as a housewife, or mother of a family, but as a woman of the world. We will look for the different shades to be observed in the art of *savoir vivre* according to the circumstances and the people we have to deal with. One of the most difficult things is to receive visits well. It is the test of common place.

In the morning, get up in good time so as to be ready for breakfast. It is not absolutely necessary to be fully dressed, but you must at least have an elegant *négligé* which does not oblige you to run away, if you receive a morning call. Sometimes it is a friend of your husband, who comes on business or pleasure, while you are still in the breakfast-room. Be in a fit state to appear. Do not oblige your lord and master to leave the table, or to see you do it because you have a faded *robe de chambre*, slippers down at the heel, or untidy hair. A woman owes it to herself to show herself with all her advantages.

The man you thus receive in an impromptu fashion has not come for you, but for your husband. Do not force him to pay attention to you, only pay attention to him in a secondary manner. Do not neglect the conversation but follow it. If it turns on things you know nothing about, or that do not interest you, submit to it with a good grace, probably these subjects please those who are treating of them. You may leave them to themselves when you have finished your meal, they perhaps want to talk. On every occasion how to go away at the right moment is a proof of *esprit*.

---

#### THE LOST BRIDE.

WAS it the gold of the dead leaves falling?  
Was it the sheen of the sunset sea?  
Was it the voice of the night-bird calling,  
Low, through the dim, sweet meadows to me?

Was it the spray from the bright waves blowing?  
Was it a sail on the flashing tide?  
Was it a star through the zenith going?  
Was it the soul of my fair dead bride?

Linger with me, O calm of the gloaming,  
Lull me with voices so sweet and far;  
Waft her white robes, O light breezes roaming;  
Tint her long tresses, O moonbeam and star.

Was it a dream of the sunset glory?  
Was it the flutter of dead leaves near?  
Only a fancy, the old, sweet story?  
Fancy, the voices so tender and clear?

Only the mist of the blank sky falling;  
Only the flash of the wild, white sea;  
Only the sob of the night-wind calling;  
Never my lost bride coming to me.

## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER III.

**O**RRIN WYLLYS could afford to laugh at criticism that would have provoked a thin-skinned or moderately-vain man to anger, if not to hatred. For he was aware that his cousin had spoken the bare truth when he represented him as the Admirable Crichton of the town which was their home. His features and form were as I have portrayed them. He had neither beauty nor absolute symmetry to recommend these. He was not wealthy, nor yet eminent in his profession. A lawyer in fair practice, gained principally by the exercise of other gifts than legal acumen, he was yet a person of mark in the community. The reason assigned for this would have been the same, in effect, by every acquaintance, whether the witness were the fine lady of *ton* who made sure of him before issuing her cards for the grand ball of the season, or the Milesian who "stepped intil his Honour's office to ask him, could I take the law of Teddy O'Rourke for this black eye, or is it himself that will be afther taking the law of me for the two I've give him?"

"Not regularly handsome, I admit, my dear," Mrs. Beau Monde would say. "But there is something more potent, as more subtle in influence in his presence and speech. Do you know, I think a fascinating homely man the most charming creature in the world? And Mr. Wyllys' deportment, tone, and conversation are unsurpassable. Other men may be as well-bred, but there is a nameless something about his manner that is exquisite and irresistible."

While Murphy would expatiate by the hour upon the "satisfaction a man experienced in daleing wid a pairfect gentleman, and it was Misther Wyllys had the beautiful way wid him!"

That he danced elegantly, sang expressively, and was a pleasing pianist; that he was conversant with the current literature of the day; that the stereotyped cant known as "art criticism" fell from his tongue aptly, and as if no one else had ever used the same phrases in his auditor's hearing—undoubtedly contributed largely to his popularity; but these accomplishments were secondary in power to the nameless something lauded by Mrs. Beau Monde. His own sex recognized the charm more willingly than they are wont to acknowledge the claims to favouritism of one who is the woman's darling of his set. The graceful *insouciance* that artfully conoealed his consciousness of the degree long ago awarded him, as "Pet of the Petticoats," his gay good-humour, his fund of anecdote and repartee, made him as welcome at bachelors' wine and dinner-parties as in mixed companies. If his negligent saunter through the assembly-room, his deliberate articulation and grave, deferential

bend before his fair vassals, provoked ill-nature to the charge of puppyism, the censor was silenced by tales of his proficiency in manly sports; how in the gymnasium and billiard-room, upon the cricket-green and skating-pond, he had few equals, so seldom found a superior, that his exploits had passed into a proverb.

After all, however, his brightest bays were gained in his character as carpet knight. Trained coquettes and professional flirts, flushed by a long course of victories, had put confident lances in rest and run vainglorious tilts with him. He was always ready to accept the challenge; ready to become, for a few days, or, in exceptionally tough cases, a few weeks, the apparent captive of the ambitious belle. The approach of proud humility than which nothing could have been more opposed to servility of spirit or demeanour; the gradual, and finally rapt absorption of his every faculty and sentiment into his unspoken adoration of her whose chains he wore; the delicate appreciation of each shade of feeling and thought, and prescience of each desire;—above and beneath all, his singular faculty of adaptation to the various phases of character set for his reading—could hardly fail, first, to disarm, then to flatter, finally to captivate.

Up to this period of his career, when he had entered his nine-and-twentieth year, nobody said openly of him that his business in life was to win hearts for the pleasure of breaking them. If he had broken any, his victims made no moan. In the cases of the veteran coquettes alluded to just now, sympathy would have been thrown away. There were stealthy whispers to the effect, however, that others, less wary, had been drawn into his snare; had dreamed of love, and, awakening to anguished perception of their folly, had shrouded bleeding hearts in robes of pride or Christian resignation, and lived on, outwardly as little changed by the experience as was he. It is superfluous to remark that these cautious rumours lent lustre to his fame, instead of tarnishing it; that dozens of intrepid damsels were wrought by the hearing into a Curtius-like spirit of self-immolation; panted to leap, bedecked in their bravest array, into the gulf which yawned to destroy the safety and peace of mind of the whole sisterhood of marriageable women in the classic town of Hamilton. Neither the envious nor the prudish stigmatized him as a lady-killer. The coarse term would be an insult to his refinement, his notable honour, and equally notable kindness of heart. He was, beyond question, the most charming of men, a social diamond of the first water, although the obtuse daughters of the Dundee manse had not at once discovered it.

What wonder that he, sitting among the roses in the

labour, found infinite diversion in the recollection that he was pronounced by Jessie "positively homely"—utterly unattractive beside her handsome lover, and that her more discreet sister had mildly echoed her disappointment?

He enjoyed the novelty of the incident and the laugh it gave him—was sincere in the half-spoken regret—"What a pity I cannot publish this verdict and the manner of its delivery, in Hamilton."

With that, he pulled down a branch of musk roses nodding above his head; broke it, tore off the petals until he had a double handful, and buried his face in the odorous mass. Roy came up with him as the sound of low, sweet singing moved the stillness of the garden and the sunset into music. The songstress was Jessie, lying within her oriel-window alone, and gazing at the amber ocean billowing above the purple hills at the outlet of the valley. Her rich contralto voice was like the coloured light and the musk-roses, Orrin thought, in no wise tempted to dislike or underrate her because she did not value him aright. That mistake would rectify itself, by-and-by. He could stay a fortnight in Dundee as well as not. Roy had pressed him to do so, and he began to think he would.

This was what Jessie sang, never dreaming of the audience, fit, but few, hidden in the blossoming thicket:

"Sleeping, I dreamed, Love—dreamed, Love, of thee;  
O'er the bright wave, Love, floating were we.  
Light in thy fair hair, played the soft wind,  
Gently thy white arms round me were twined;  
And as thy song, Love, swelled o'er the sea,  
Fondly thy blue eyes beamed, Love, on me."

Neither of the cousins stirred until the song was finished, when a robin in the nearest elm began his respers.

"This is Arcadia!" said Orrin, ravishing another spray—great white roses this time, with creamy hearts.

"It is *home*!" replied the other, softly.

Orrin appeared not to hear him.

"Or the Vale of Cashmere!" he went on, drawing in long breaths of perfume. "Here are

'Timid jasmine buds that keep  
Their odours to themselves all day,  
But when the sunlight dies away  
Let the delicious secret out;'

roses of Kathay and bulbuls—and Nourmahal!"

Roy looked at him over his shoulder.

"If you have pulled enough of Eunice's rare, early roses to pieces to satisfy your destructive proclivities, we will go in," he said, pleasantly.

Something in his friend's eye and tone disinclined him to pursue the theme. He could not suspect him of an intention to ridicule Jessie or her home, but he felt the absence of sympathy with his own mood.

"Are they *hers*?" asked the other, brushing the wasted leaves in an unheeded shower to the floor.

Roy paid no regard to the emphasis. He was strangely averse to talking about Jessie at that moment.

"They are," he said, leading the way to the house, Orrin treading on the scattered flakes of fragrance, to gain the door of the bower. "She is an able florist. There is not another garden like hers for many miles around."

No one excepting Jessie observed that Mr. Wyllys did not accost her of his own accord while they were at tea, which was set out upon a small table near the large window in the parlour. She, used to petting, and what might have been considered by an impartial judge more than her share of general attention, and a trifle nervous withal, in her desire to produce an agreeable impression upon Roy's kinsman, did remark it, and was conscience-smitten by the fear lest her chagrin at beholding a man so unlike her preconceived ideal had been reflected in her manner. She seized an opportunity, therefore, when Roy rolled the table to its accustomed place in the middle of the apartment, to court Orrin's notice.

"So you ascended our Mont Blanc this afternoon?" she said, smiling engagingly. "I must retract my saucy innuendoes touching your fondness for ease."

He was quite near her, but he must have been inattentive, for he turned his face to her, with—"Pardon me! I did not catch your observation!"

"It was nothing so dignified as an observation," she retorted, colouring and laughing. "If I were to repeat it, you would be reminded of the poor girl whose complaint—'The soup is hot,' uttered confidentially to a deaf old lady who chanced to sit next her at a dinner-party was the signal for the solemn production of an ear-trumpet, and the remark—audible to all present—'A very profound and interesting observation, I doubt not, my dear! Will you oblige me by repeating it?'"

Mr. Wyllys laughed in well-bred moderation that, somehow, made Jessie feel that her little story was not very amusing, and had been tamely told.

"I submit to the consequences of my deafness, rather than annoy you by the ear-trumpet," was his answer.

Bowing, in quitting her, he followed Mr. Kirke to another window.

"We were speaking of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' to-day," Jessie heard him begin.

She had read the book, and would have enjoyed listening to their discussion of it, as did Eunice, to whom Mr. Wyllys appealed at her re-entrance, setting a chair for her by her father's, and establishing himself in front of them.

Roy apparently did not object to this arrangement, for he drew a stool to the sofa, and talked to Jessie, aside, of things that would have interested her beyond all other subjects, but for the sight of that group in the moonlight that now flooded the room. It kept astir the uneasy sensation produced by Mr. Wyllys' marked avoidance of her at tea-time. While her hand lay within her lover's, and her ear drank in all he said, and her heart beat, fast and



warm, as he only could make it pulsate, she was ashamed to catch herself watching the slender figure, bending easily forward, his elbow upon the table at his side, his chin upon his hand, now in an attitude of respectful attention, while her father or Eunice spoke, again talking earnestly—she was sure, eloquently also,—in the low, cleverly modulated accents of which he was the consummate master. Did he then regard her as a feather-brained rattle? a forward school-girl, of whose prattle he was already weary, and whom he adjudged incapable of entering into, or appreciating, intellectual conversation?

"Oh dear!" escaped her, when she reached this point.

Roy looked amazed—almost aghast—as well he might. He was in the middle of a description of their future home, prefatory of a hint he deemed it best to drop relative to a petition he had laid before the trustees of the college in which he was professor. This had asked a year's leave of absence, that he might pursue the study of the German language and literature, with one or two other branches of his profession, abroad. Orrin Wylls had brought him letters of approbation from the body named, and the time had come when he must feel his way gently to the announcement of the approaching separation.

"My darling!" he said. "What is it? Are you in pain?"

"Yes! Not my foot!" seeing him look at it. "I have a desperate heartache! I shall never be good and wise enough for you, Roy! And you will discover this for yourself, one day."

"That is the only really foolish thing I have ever heard you say!" returned he, in fond raillery. "I am tormented, without intermission, by the conviction that I am unworthy of your regard, so we will let the one fear neutralize the other. Love is a powerful solvent, dear. It will melt these stubborn doubts—these flint-stones of fancied incompatibility, that fret your heart when you meditate upon the chances that we shall make one another happy."

"But if I were sedate and discreet; cautious as to what I say, and to whom I say it; more learned and beautiful—more like the blessed old Euna over there. You see," in real mortification, "I cannot express the wish to reform without falling into my nonsensical tricks of speech!"

Roy could not preserve his gravity.

"I am not laughing at you!" he whispered, as she flung her arm over her eyes. "What has moved you to this sensitiveness—and with me? I could but liken my sentiments in the imaginary survey of the pattern bride you would give me to those of Jacob, who was put off with the demure Leah, when he had bargained for witching wicked Rachel."

"The comparison is an insult to Euna!" interrupted Jessie, warmly. "I said you ought to marry a woman like her, pure as a pearl, true as steel; in principle like

adamant. Leah! Bah! I always detested her! She was a sly, heartless traitor—a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who cozened the pretty young sister whom she envied; becoming, as she did, a willing party to her father's fraud. She deserved all the unhappiness she got!"

"We shall not differ there. The 'tender-eyed' Jewess is no favourite of mine. But, even supposing that I were to sacrifice inclination to a sense of what you consider the fitness of things, Eunice or one like her would never elect to marry me. It is dissimilarity in certain characteristics that provides the best sauce for courtship. Your sister, for instance, would be well-mated with a man like Mr. Wylls, the salient points of whose character are those which she has not."

"In other words, you think the interests of the drama demand that I should do the light comedy as a counterpoise to your heavy tragedy?" said Jessie, appeased. "I am sure I could never like your cousin, or one like him, well enough to think of marrying him."

"I don't ask you to do it!" rejoined Roy, playfully. "But do not, on that account, shut your eyes to his real excellence. He is to be your brother, remember; for I have no other. His father was my guardian, and while he lived I scarcely felt the early loss of my parents. To Orrin personally, I owe much. He is four years my senior, and when we were at school, he fought many a battle in my behalf with boys bigger than either of us. Then, we were separated for seven years, seeing one another only in vacations and casual furloughs from business. He is one of the trustees of our college, and, although he will not admit it, I am persuaded that I am indebted to his influence, seconded as it was by my dear old friend, Dr. Baxter's advocacy of my cause, for my Professorship. You will like and esteem him when you come to know him. I hope you two will be great friends in time. As a preliminary to your better understanding, and consequently your admiration for him, I am going to ask him for some music."

Orrin obeyed the call, but not with alacrity. He seemed altogether content with his location and his companions.

"Please do not order lights!" he said to Eunice who arose with him. "No illumination can be preferable to the mountain moonlight. It is radiance clarified to purity."

It revealed to him, from his seat upon the music-stool, a picture he was artist enough to enjoy. Jessie's white dress and pillows were flecked by the irregular tracery of vine-shadows, but, through an opening in the leafy lattice, the moon poured a stream of light upon her face and bust, revealing even the gleam of the betrothal ring upon the hand supporting her cheek. Roy had opened the piano, and now stood at her feet in the shade, leaning against the wall—a dark, motionless sentinel, with folded arms and bowed head, listening to the music, or watchful of her.

The player essayed no scientific surprises; no juggling

complication of fingers and keys. He began with a moonlight sonata, the original theme of which might have been rung by fairy hands upon the jessamine bells, "giving their delicious secrets out" under the weight of summer dew. From this he strayed into the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" thence to the most beautiful of the musical paradoxes, "Songs Without Words," and there rested.

"More, please!" entreated Jessie, in dreamy delight.

Both hands were folded under her cheek now, and she had not moved since he finished the fairy sonata.

"This is Elysium!" she added, softly.

"But sing, Orrin, won't you?" asked Roy.

So long as his cousin's music brought his darling more pleasure than did conversation with himself, the generous fellow would contribute in this way to her gratification.

"You wouldn't have wondered at or blamed me, if you had ever heard him sing," said a broken-hearted wife to me once, in reviewing the circumstances of her early acquaintance with the man who had married, neglected, brutally ill-used, and finally deserted her. He was bully, ruffian, liar, cheat, and drunkard, but he sang like an angel, giving to words and music a depth and delicacy of expression that sounded to the listeners like heavenly inspiration. With the visage of a Caliban and the appetites of a satyr, he yet moved others to smiles, tears, high and holy aspirations, to solemn or wild enthusiasm, religious or patriotic. His musical genius was the talisman by which he made himself popular, courted, envied, passionately beloved. Orrin Wylly's voice, his exquisite taste in and knowledge of music would have won him social distinction had he been awkward in carriage, boorish in manner, and an ignoramus. There was not another amateur performer in his circle who could ever hope to equal him in effective and scientific execution. In the keeping of some—of many—the gift would have been a joy and a beneficence. He had none more dangerous—and he knew it, lightly as he affected to esteem it.

If his first selection on this occasion harmonized less perfectly with the hush and chastened lustre of the evening than his unsyllabled melodies had done, he was excusable, since it developed the best tones of his voice. It was Mrs. Norton's sea lyric—"The Outward Bound." His auditors felt the rush of the favouring wind that had sprung up at dawn; heard the flap of the sails as they filled, and the creak of the line that strained at the anchor; saw the knot of parting friends; the close, tight hand clasp, that helped force back the tears from eyes that would fain smile farewell.

"It is a fine old song," said Mr. Kirke. "I heard it many years ago. I thank you, Mr. Wyllys, for reviving the memory."

"This generation has nothing that can compare worthily with the music of other days," replied Orrin's voice from his shaded corner. "The true lover of the art must turn from the *pot pourri* of the modern opera, the unflavoured whey of fashionable ballads, with the

craving of him who, having tasted the mellow wine, refuses the new—for he saith, 'the old is better.'"

Jessie moved like one awaking from a trance—spoke with feigned lightness.

"'To weep is a woman's part!' I don't like that line of your song, Mr. Wyllys. If your 'Outward Bound' had admitted mothers, sisters, and wives to the parting banquet, they would have borne themselves as bravely as did their masculine comrades, and without the aid of the 'sparkling brimmer,' which is, I suppose, the poetical name for a potion known, hereabouts, as 'mountain dew' or 'Dutch courage.' But if poets of the stronger sex are to be believed, Niobe was the prototype woman."

"Your quarrel is with one of your own sex, Miss Jessie; not with me or mine," was the cool rejoinder. "Mrs. Norton wrote the offensive line."

"There is something very like it in Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,'" said Roy, to cover Jessie's trifling discomfiture. "Let us have that next."

Mr. Wyllys sang it, giving to the refrain a weary sadness, exceeding pathos. He knew how effective this was when he saw Jessie's hand steal up to her eyes. She did not plead for "more," or cavil at "Men must work and women must weep," when he left the instrument, and went back to the window where Eunice was sitting.

"If you and your father are not afraid of the dew, I should like to see the mountains in this light," he said, persuasively. "Dare you walk for a little while upon the porch?"

The three went out together,

"Don't stay here, Roy!" begged Jessie. "The view must be fine to-night. It is not fair that you should be tied to my side all the time. I feel as if I were defrauding your cousin of his share of your society."

"You must continue to upbraid yourself with the theft, then," answered Roy, reseating himself upon the ottoman, and drawing her head to his shoulder. "Or, rather, my pet, you must cease to imagine that I could prefer any society to yours, any scene to the delightful seclusion of this, our betrothal nook. Orrin knows all. He has fine tact, and comprehends how precious to me is every hour passed with you."

This was a plausible solution of the reserve which puzzled and pained her. Jessie tried to receive it in full faith, and forgot to watch the forms strolling backwards and forwards before the two windows which opened upon the piazza. When the party broke up for the night, she extended her hand to Orrin in cousinly freedom.

"I mean to make my trial effort at sitting up, to-morrow," she said, blithely. "And we will have some music. Euna doesn't sing, but she will play our accompaniments, since Mr. Fordham disdains the piano."

"I threw a number of instrumental duets into my trunk yesterday," said Orrin to Miss Kirke. "I did not then know why I did it. I understand now that I had some intuition of coming enjoyment. May I bring them up to-morrow?"

Jessie had never been jealous of Eunice in her life. Her disposition was as generous as it was impetuous. She did not care, she said to herself, in reviewing the evening that sent her to her pillow tired but sleepless, that Mr. Wyllys had openly preferred her sister's companionship to hers; that he had scarcely noticed her proposal about the music in his desire to play with Eunice. But she was conscious of a discordant jar in memories that would else have been all brightness, whenever she reverted to her repeated efforts to scale the barriers of the strangerhood that ought not to have existed between them for a moment after he heard Roy's story—and the adroit rebuffs that had met each of these.

Eunice had helped her undress and seen her comfortably laid in bed, kissed her affectionately, and promised to be with her early in the morning. By the time the door was shut, Jessie had propped her head upon her crossed arms, and lay with wide-open eyes gazing through the unshuttered windows at the broad, straight brow of Windbeam, black and majestic in the mountain moonlight; listening to the stealthy whispers of the vine-leaves about the casement, and living over the events of the day—an exciting one in her quiet life. Her thoughts of Roy were all of prideful joy. Her heart was very tender, very quiet in the glad humility that possessed her as she pondered upon the fact that he had chosen her—an undisciplined, unsophisticated country girl, to share the career she was sure would be noble and distinguished. Something more than usually fond in Eunice's silent caress at parting from her for the night, brought up a host of reminiscences of the motherly love with which this sister had guarded and nurtured her—the youngling of the household. Such a bright, sweet day her existence had been! In all her sky there was not a cloud, save this light vapour of discontent with herself that the introduction to Roy's relative—the first of his old friends whom she had ever met—should have been so unsatisfactory.

"His reserve actually increased as the hours went on," she reflected. "His manner was more free and cordial while I was telling him the story of old Davie Dundee than after Roy had explained to him what we are to one another. Perhaps he thinks an engaged young lady should be demure and dutiful, having no eyes or ears for any one except her betrothed. Perhaps it is as Roy says, and he fears to intrude upon our *tête-à-têtes*. I must convince him that we are not so selfish. Roy declares that his cousin approves heartily of our engagement—that he said many pleasant things of me, else I should fear that he had taken a dislike to me from the beginning, that he thought Professor Fordham might and ought to have done better. I must make him like him for myself—not merely because I am his kinsman's choice."

From which soliloquy the reader will perceive that Mr. Wyllys had led off with a winning card.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK had passed since the Dundee Centennial, and life in the parsonage had been in outward aspect like the weather—still and sunny. The oldest Dundeeian had never known before so early and genial a season. Eunice's roses were in luxuriant bloom; the clover-meadows were pink and fragrant; the forests had burst into full leafage; the strawberries upon the southern terrace of the kitchen-garden were swelling globes, white on the nether, scarlet upon the upper sides.

The ways of the household, always simple and methodical, were not otherwise now. Roy spent a couple of hours each forenoon with his betrothed. Orrin rarely made his appearance until two or three hours after dinner, when the cousins came up from the hotel together, and did not return to their lodgings before ten o'clock at night. Mr. Kirke had daily interviews with Mr. Wyllys in the course of the walks and drives they took in company, and brought home accounts of his suavity, wit, and varied information, which were endorsed by Eunice, which Jessie heard with growing bewilderment at the chance or purpose that withheld her from participation in what was freely enjoyed by her father and sister. Even their music practice had not melted the ice that lay, an impassive mass, just beneath the surface of his deportment whenever he approached or addressed her. Her liveliest sallies and most friendly overtures met with a response, ready and civil, indeed, but so unlike the gentle courtesy, the kindliness, and graceful deference of his behaviour to Eunice, that nothing but a spirit determined and unsuspecting of evil as was our heroine's could have kept her to her resolve to win his friendship.

Roy found her very charming under the light veil of pensiveness this secret solicitude cast over her. She never intimated to him that his kinsman had not met her expectation in every respect. She was thankful, instead, that her betrothed did not see for himself that all was not right between them. Some day, when the frost was quite dispelled, they would laugh over it together—over her fears, her innocent stratagems for the accomplishment of her object, Orrin's stateliness, and Roy's blindness to her perturbation. She had patience and hope. She would await the vanishment of the mist, passing content, meanwhile, with the heart-riches that were hers beyond peradventure. She had not heard of the German University scheme. It was unlike Roy Fordham to hold back from making a revelation which must come in the end, which delays could not soften, and which could cause no more distress now than if it were withheld until the close of his vacation. His judgment said that Jessie would better endure the prospect of the separation while he was with her, to lead her thoughts to the great and manifest advantages that would accrue to him from the year of foreign study, and—overleaping the gulf of absence—to paint the delight of re-union. Mr. Kirke represented that Jessie was a girl of sense and strength, that she would be better pleased to be confided in, and

consulted as his future wife, than be blinded and petted as a child; and Roy, acquiescing in this opinion, still put off the evil hour. Was it loving consideration for her—or presentiment—that struck him with dumbness?

The lovers sat on the piazza, one afternoon, just after the sunset repast. Jessie's "trial effort" had been made with ease that augured rapid recovery, but she was forbidden to walk without assistance, or to bear her whole weight upon the injured foot.

"Why, I feel strong enough to run a race with you down to the mill," she said, pointing to a venerable building a quarter of a mile distant. "You can form no idea of the perversity of the restless thing that used to be a manageable member, when I had leave to walk or sit still as I liked. I have a terrific attack of the fidgets!"

"Penalty of insubordination—a return to the lounge and oriel-window!" smiled Roy, in warning.

"That would be no punishment at all! When I am strong and active again, I mean often to play helpless, upon that dear old lounge, to lie within the window and dream. I love it!"

Her voice sank in an intonation of ineffable tenderness that went to Roy's heart in a pang, not a thrill. This evening he meant to tell her that for many months she must sit alone in what he had named their "betrothal-nook;" that the year they had agreed upon as the period of their engagement must be passed apart, the one from the other. He had made up his mind to another thing. If she asked the sacrifice at his hands, he would abandon the cherished hope of years, the fruition of which seemed now so near, and she should never guess the extent of his self-denial. She was so dear to him! this incarnation of frolic, passion, and of fancies—gay, graceful, as whimsical as various—but all beautiful to him; she, whose eyes deepened, and softened, and glowed with the tender cadence of those three words—"I love it!" He had never succeeded in telling Orrin why he loved her. His spoken analysis of her character was cold and imperfect. Had Orrin uttered aloud his unflattering, "pert Amarrylis," Roy would have resented the epithet warmly, yet acknowledged, secretly, that his own portrait of her was hardly more like the reality. He could not describe her trait by trait, feature by feature. But for himself, he knew that she was the embodied glory of his life; that every ray that kept his heart warm and bright with a very summer of gladness, could be traced to her—her love, and the influence the consciousness of this had upon his thoughts of the present, and dreams of days to come.

"The oriel is enchanted ground to me. We will build one like it in our own home, and cover it with jessamine and wisteria," he said, noting, with loving amusement, the crimson flush that always bathed her face at direct allusions to their marriage. "Orrin shall sketch it for me. He is a universal genius, and his taste is marvellous. His bachelor apartments are a

notable exception to any others I ever saw. They are furnished *almost* as well, kept almost as neatly, as if he were married."

"Isn't he a bit of a Sybarite?" queried Jessie, abruptly. "If he has a fault—or, no! you wouldn't own that he has—but, isn't his foible a love of luxury—of comfort, if you prefer to call it so—bodily and mental?"

"He is certainly not indolent. I know no other man who will work more persistently, although quietly, to gain a coveted end. And if he loves the ease of the flesh, why so do we all—don't we? His philosophy teaches that it is folly for one to be miserable, when he can as readily be happy and comfortable. His has been a prosperous life, thus far. He has known little of sorrow or trial. Should these come, they will ripen, not sour, him, for the original material is good. I am the more anxious that you should know and appreciate him, because——"

The gate swung open to admit a visitor,—a farmer's lad, in whose attempts at self-education the young professor took a lively interest.

"I found this in the field on the other side of the mountain, to-day," he said, laying a piece of stone in Mr. Fordham's hand. "I think there's ore in it."

Roy inspected it closely.

"Miss Jessie"—he gave her no more familiar address in the hearing of common acquaintances—"is your father in his study?"

"I believe so," she replied, eyeing the intruder less amiably than her lover had done, in the anticipation of the prolonged interruption.

"Mr. Kirke has an acid that will test this in a few minutes," continued Fordham to the boy. "Will you excuse me for a little while?" turning to Jessie with a smile loving for herself, and entreating her forbearance for his *protégé*.

Her ill-humour vanished instantly under the benignant ray.

"Certainly!" she replied, nodding cordially to the bashful lad. "He is the noblest man God ever made!" she said aloud, when she was alone.

She leaned back in her easy-chair, her hands folded in blissful contentment, enjoying the breeze from the mountain, the sunset clouds, the incense from the flower-garden, and the hum of the mill-wheel, mentally recapitulating her hero's perfections, until her heart ached with happy sighs, and she saw the landscape through an iridescent haze.

"I am a baby!" was her indignant ejaculation, as she cleared her eyes with an impatient brush of her hand. "I grow more ridiculous every day!"

As a means of growing wiser, she fell to watching her sister and Orrin Wyllys, who were busy tying up wandering rose-bushes in Eunice's pet labyrinth. Mr. Wyllys had his back to Jessie, when she first observed them. He was fastening back a branch which Miss

Kirke held in its place, and their hands were close together. It may have been this circumstance, it may have been the heat of the day, or the reflection of a bunch of pink moss-roses overhead—it could hardly have been anything which her companion was saying which brought the delicate roseate flush to the face usually pale and calm. His attitude was far too dignified and respectful to hint the possibility of gallant badinage on his part. *Bona-fide* love-making was, of course, out of the question, since they had not known each other ten days.

"Euna is handsome!" mused her sister in complacent affection. "What a high-bred face and bearing she has! She looks the lady in her morning-gowns of print and dimity; but that lawn with the forget-me-not sprig becomes her rarely. I am glad I insisted upon her putting it on. But she wouldn't let me fasten the lilies-of-the-valley in her hair! Her only fault is a tendency to primness. She and Mr. Wyllys get on admirably together. He evidently admires her, and it is a treat to her to have the society of a cultivated gentleman. I know," smiling and blushing anew, "it is a salvo to my conscience to see them satisfied with each other's company, needing Roy and myself as little as we need them. I should else blame myself for our seeming selfishness."

Rambling on discursively, she struck upon an idea, too fraught with delightful mischief not to urge her to immediate action. Eunice had turned her head away, and Orrin was concealed by a tall shrub. The grassy alley leading from the porch to where they were standing would not give back the sound of footsteps. How frightened and amazed the careful elder sister would be, if she were to steal down the walk and present herself before her! How solemnly Orrin would look on while she submitted to be lectured for her imprudence, and how she, in the end would triumph over her custodians, Roy included (who, by the way, was staying away an unconscionable time), when she should demonstrate that she knew better than they what she could do and bear; that she was none the worse for the escapade that had wrought their consternation. She only regretted that she must lose the sight of Roy's horrified visage when he should return to discover her flight.

Her eyes gleaming with mirth, she arose cautiously, favouring the unused joint, and stepped off the low piazza. Even when she felt the cool, delicious turf under foot, she steadied herself by grasping the nearest objects that offered a support. First it was a clump of box, then the stout prickly branches of a Japan apple-tree, then a fan-shaped trellis, which would by-and-by be covered with Cyprus vines. She would do nothing rashly—would come to her own by degrees. But when another step would bring her within arm's length of the florists, she trod firmly upon both feet, and feeling neither pain nor weakness, laughed aloud in wicked glee, and took that step. She saw Eunice start and grow white; saw Orrin's grave yet courtly surprise as he advanced to offer his arm. Ere he could reach her, the treacherous ankle gave way

with a wrench that drove breath and sense in one quick shuddering breath from her body.

As they left her, she heard, like a strain of far-off music, a voice say in her ear, "My poor child!" had a dizzy thought that strong arms—stronger than Eunice's—received her.

Then, all was a blank until she awoke upon her lounge, hair and face dripping with wet; the scent of *sal volatile* tingling in her nostrils, and a cluster of anxious faces about her. Eunice's was the first she knew, Roy's next. He was on his knees by her, chafing her hands. She pulled them feebly from his hold, and clasped them about his neck, hiding her eyes upon his bosom.

"Oh, Roy! I was very wrong! very foolish! Don't scold me."

"Hush! hush!" he said soothingly. "Nobody thinks of scolding you! If you apologize to any one, it must be to this gentleman. He brought you into the house, and I suspect his arms want looking after more than your foot does."

He laughed, not quite steadily, in saying it, and Jessie felt his fingers tighten upon hers. She flushed up rosily, was herself again, as she looked around for Orrin. He was in the rear of the family party, as was seemly, but his eyes were bent upon her with a singular fixedness—the irids closing in upon a spark that flashed and pierced like steel. Involuntarily, she shut hers, for a second, as if blinded.

He came forward at that.

"Don't believe him!" said the same voice that had sent its echo through her swoon. "I am none the worse for the slight exertion. I consider myself very fortunate in having been near enough to help you, when you fainted; am very thankful that you are better. Come with me, Roy! Here is the doctor! If he scolds you, Miss Jessie, please consider me your champion."

The doctor, being an old friend, did scold the "mad-cap," who had, he for a while averred, undone his and Nature's fortnight's work. Relenting, finally, at Jessie's pretty show of penitence, he confessed that less harm had been done than he had expected, and contented himself with sentencing the delinquent to two days' strict confinement to the sofa, and "serious meditation upon what might have been the result of her imprudence—her reckless step."

"My misstep, you mean," said the incorrigible patient. "If I had not lain here so long already as to forget how to walk straightly and squarely, and to maintain the centre of gravity, this would not have happened."

Altogether, the evening was gayer than usual to all. Jessie's spirits were exuberant to a degree her sister feared was hysterical, and Orrin seconded her sallies with a quieter humour, that amused the rest and enchanted her.

"It was worth my while to faint!" she owned to him, *solto voce*, when he came up to say "Good-night." "I wish I had done it before!"



Her cheeks were red with excitement; her eyes laughed up into his with arch meaning that was very bewitching and very indiscreet. His pupils contracted suddenly to the blue spark, and his left palm covered the little hand he held within his right.

"You are very kind!" was all he said with his lips.

"What treason are you two whispering there?" questioned Roy,

"Nothing that concerns you in the least!" answered Jessie, saucily. "We will keep our own counsel, won't we?" to Orrin.

He was too sensible to lie awake thinking, at an hour when people with accommodating consciences and gutta serena hearts are wont to sleep soundly. Nor had he ever contracted the unsafe and irrational habit of talking audibly to himself—one to which poor Jessie was addicted. Yet he had his thoughts as he put out the candle in his bedroom that night.

"She is either a born flirt, and over-anxious to practise her calling, or she is the most charming, because most novel compound of naïveté, cleverness, and feeling that has crossed my path for many a day. In either case, she is a study."

The best and the worst women were with him resolved into that—studies, all; and when they had fed his vanity and ministered to his individual gratification, they were laid aside for other specimens. As the dissector of men's bodies soon loses his reverence for whatever of divinity the common mind may discern in the human form; as the anemone and the nettle are to the botanist but different combinations of stamen, pistil, and petal; so your professed student of character, your mortal searcher and tryer of souls, merges heart into head in the practice of his art. Sorrow has no sacredness; Love no warning purity; Pain no appeal to him. Sensibilities are interesting only as they quiver and shrink beneath his touch; Affection is his plaything; blasted hopes, withered and wounded hearts are the unconsidered *debris* of the sacrificial honours done the ensanguined Moloch of his Self-love.

It is the fashion to call such ornaments of Society. A better, because truer name, would be the Thugs of Civilization.

## CHAPTER V.

DR. SEPTIMUS BAXTER was President of Marion College, situate in the beautiful town of Hamilton, lying two hundred miles to the northward, and in another state than the mountain-girded valley of which the Dundee Church and the surrounding village were the chief ornaments. Dr. Baxter was the nominal head of the faculty of professors, and Mrs. Septimus Baxter was virtual autocrat of his home.

He was a little man, physically, at his best, which was when he was in his own realm—the area enclosed by the

walls of his lecture-room. There was, in popular phrase, "no fit" to his clothes. His trousers bagged at the knees, and his coats hung in loose folds down from his shoulder-blades on the very day they left the tailor's shop; were shabby within twenty-four hours. He had a trick of brushing the nap of his hat the wrong way, in his abstracted moods, and of twisting his forefinger in one bow of his white cravat until he dragged it into a slovenly loop, two crumpled wisps depending from it. Another, and his most inveterate habit was, to tie his handkerchief into a succession of tight knots while he lectured, preached, prayed, and talked. Each marked a step in ratiocination or a rise in interest in the matter that engaged his mind until the climax of proof or animation was reached, when he would begin to untie them, one after the other, timing the process so judiciously that "Amen!" or "*Quod erat demonstrandum!*" passed his lips as the released cambric swept through his hand in a flourish prior to its restoration to his pocket. Nevertheless, he commanded respect from students and professors. His courage in grappling with crabbed or ponderous themes; the eagle eye that penetrated the vapours of mysticism, detected the insidious thread of sophistry, which, intertwined with legitimate argument, was gradually, but fatally, guiding the inquirer away from the truth; the bursts of real eloquence, passages of beauty and pathos, that starred the didacticism of his discourses, electrifying his hearers as the musical ring from the dessicated tortoise-shell may have startled the god who tripped over it—these made him a hero to his classes, a man to be consulted and revered by his co-labourers. Moreover, he had a great heart within his narrow chest, soft as a child's, generous to self-abnegation, and full of such holy and Christian graces as love the shade, while their unconscious aroma betrays their existence to all who pass.

Mrs. Baxter had been a belle, and she would hardly have cast a second glance upon the small and shabby divine, but for two weighty reasons. By some unaccountable freak of Cupid, or of Fortune, the popular Miss Lanneau had counted her thirtieth year without exchanging her celibate state for that which she languishingly avowed would be preferable to one of her dependent nature and seeking sensibilities. She laughed yet with her lips, and executed arch manœuvres with her speaking eyes, when unfeeling allusion was made in her presence to the "crooked stick" that awaits the over-nice fagot gatherer, and to the forlorn and aged virgin, also a wanderer in woodlands, who answered the owl's "To-who?" all the freezing night with the despairing—"Anybody!" But at heart she was growing restless, if not unhappy, when Dr. Baxter fell in her way. She was a *littérateur*, as well as a beauty, and her reverend suitor was a man of note—a distinguished clergyman, a *savant* and senior professor in a highly respectable institution of learning. She had longed for a "career" all her life—for a sphere of decided influence—social and literary. Would a more

promising avenue to this ever be offered to her? She overlooked the ill-fitting coat, the dragged cravat, the inevitable handkerchief. As she put it, she "set the subjective where it should always be placed—above the grosser objective." In direct English, she married the doctor, and had for fifteen years made him an excellent wife. If his testimony were of importance in this case—and he was a sturdy truth-teller—he wanted no better.

I have said that he was a little man at his best. He was a pigmy on a certain evening in the November succeeding the Dundee Centennial summer. To begin with the most severe of the dwarfing processes to which he had been subjected. It was a reception night in the presidential mansion. Mrs. Baxter had given a party the previous week, and now sat in state, as was the Hamiltonian usage, to receive the calls demanded from those who had been the invitees on that occasion. The ceremony in its mildest form would have been purgatorial to her spouse, but she had aggravated the torture by personally superintending his toilette. This accomplished, she entreated him if he had one atom of regard for her, to leave necktie and handkerchief alone for that night; walked him into the parlour, and inducted him into an immense easy-chair directly beneath a bracket-light; thrust an illuminated folio—one of her centre-table ornaments—between his fingers, and withdrew to her own chair a little way off, to examine the effect.

"You are really picturesque, my love!" she decided, in honeyed patronage. "If you can *only* remember to sit upright instead of slipping down in the lap of your chair until your coat-collar shows above the back of your neck, you will make a fine study for a sketch of 'Learned Leisure,' or something of that kind."

The poor man smiled resignedly, and began to turn the leaves of his book. It was a sacred album, the work of his wife's fair fingers, although he did not know this.

"I flatter myself you will find some choice bits there?" she said, modestly.

She was fond of talking about "bits," and "effects," and "tone," and "depth;" of "*chiaro-oscuro*," and "bas-reliefs," and "intaglios," and "antiques,"—useful cant that forms the stock-in-trade of many an art-critic, whose

decrees pass current with a larger circle than the clique which eulogized Mrs. Baxter's talents. She was, in feature and colouring, a pretty woman still, in defiance of her forty-five or forty-six years. Her brown eyes were lively; the red of her complexion, if a trifle fixed and hard, seldom outspreading the distinctly defined round spots upon the cheek-bones, was hers honestly, as were the glossy curls that showed no frost-lines, and the pearly teeth she had trained her lips to reveal at every possible opportunity. Her hands were plump, white, and small, and would have been smaller had she exercised them less. Like the teeth, they were too obtrusive. She could not say "Good-day" to a passing acquaintance without parting her lips in a wide smile over the milk-white treasures, tucking away their natural covering in an incredibly narrow fold above the ivory, and stretching it below into a straight line which lost itself in creases that had once been dimples. She had been renowned in her youth for her vivacity, and had cultivated it into what nobody was kind enough to tell her was frisky affectation. The extent to which the pliant fingers curved, and twined, and twinkled, and sprawled, in the course of a conversation of moderate length, was a thing of wonder for ever to the uninitiated spectator of her gambols. She added to this gesticulation a way of plunging forward from her girdle upward, when she waxed very animated, that threatened to precipitate her into the lap of her fellow-colloquist, after which she would lay her hand upon her heaving bust, and swallow audibly, while awaiting a reply to her latest deliverance. To sum up description in one word—Mrs. Baxter's speciality was Manner.

Her friends were correct in one laudation. She was amiable and kind-hearted in her way, as her husband was in his. If she trafficked upon this excellence, made the most of it, very much after the style in which she showed off her teeth and hands, it was rather because display was her controlling foible, than through any design upon the answering gratitude of her beneficiaries. She was dressed in black silk, with a jaunty velvet basquine, a scarlet scarf of Canton crêpe fastened upon the right shoulder with an antique cameo, and knotted under the left, the fringed ends falling low down upon her skirt.

## SONG.

I KNOW not if moonlight or starlight  
Be soft on the land and the sea—  
I catch but the near light, the far light,  
Of eyes that are burning for me;  
The scent of the night, of the roses,  
May burden the air for thee, Sweet—  
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing  
I know, as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,  
Their touch may be fervent or cold,  
The night-bells may toll or be ringing—  
I care not, with thee in my hold!  
The feast may go on, and the music  
Be scattered in ecstasy round—  
Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"  
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

ONE of the rights of woman, as everyone knows, is that of tending the sick and smoothing the pillow of the dying. It is an occupation which to every gentle mind brings a great reward; but it is not often that it exalts a woman into a heroine, and makes her name a household word over a whole continent. Such, however, has happened in our day, and we have here to tell how it came about.

The subject of the following sketch is the younger of the two daughters and co-heiresses of William Edward Shore Nightingale, of Hembley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She was born in 1820, during the stay of her parents in Florence, that lovely city, "where earth and sky are both picture and poetry." The name of the place was given to her, and she was called Florence Nightingale.

She received a careful education under the superintendence of her father. It extended even to mathematics and the dead languages, whilst more feminine accomplishments, such as music and drawing, were not neglected. Of modern languages, she learned French, German, and Italian; German literature especially was early familiar to the youthful Florence. But the cultivation of the heart is of more importance than the mere acquiring of knowledge; and our admiration of her is increased when we find that she early exhibited a yearning affection for her fellowmen. The sweetness and tenderness of her disposition were daily shown in her desire to help the weak, the suffering, and the distressed.

The greater part of Florence Nightingale's early life was passed at Lea Hurst, one of the most picturesque and lovely spots in Derbyshire. The mansion owned there by her father is a building in the Elizabethan style, most enchantingly situated on an expansive sloping lawn on the outer edge of an extensive park, and surrounded and overhung with luxuriant trees. The whole place is charming and poetical, and well suited to be the house of a pure and holy character.

Her happy youth blossomed into womanhood, and then Florence Nightingale's intense interest in the relief of suffering made her resolve to turn her attention systematically to the subject. To wage war successfully against disease and wretchedness, became the great ambition of her life. In pursuit of this noble design, she visited the principal hospitals, reformatory institutions and schools of London, Edinburgh, and other cities and towns of the kingdom, gathering information and diffusing good wherever she went.

In 1851, she travelled over a considerable portion of the Continent, and at last took up her abode in the hospital at Kaiserwërth, on the Rhine, where. Protestant

sisters of mercy are trained as nurses for the sick. Here she remained for three months, making herself thoroughly acquainted with all the rules and regulations required in the management of an hospital, and spending, she herself has acknowledged, some of the happiest days of her life. It will always be one of the glories of Kaiserwërth that it was the training-school of Florence Nightingale.

In 1851, after many years of preparation, and with the hearty approbation of her friends, she assumed the active and entire superintendence of the Hospital for Sick Governesses, established in Harley Street, London. It had been far from well managed, and soon would have had to close its doors had not Miss Nightingale, like a good angel, come, and, by her generosity, her indefatigable activity, and her talents for organization, saved the failing institution.

This work was scarcely accomplished, and Miss Nightingale had scarcely had time to recover her overtaxed strength, when new demands were made upon her spirit of self-sacrifice. We have now arrived at the spring of 1854, ever remarkable for the declaration of war against Russia. A British army of 25,000 men had been sent to the East. Some months passed; and then came news of the rout of the Russians at the battle of Alma. The wounded men were sent down from the battle-field to the hospitals prepared for their reception at Scutari, on the banks of the Bosphorus. Their country owed these poor fellows her kindest care: instead of that, the military hospitals exhibited a lamentable picture of inefficiency and mismanagement. Their unhealthy condition was soon shown by a rate of mortality to which the casualties of the fiercest battle were as nothing. When this state of things became known at home, it excited the severest condemnation. Many plans were suggested for the relief of the suffering soldiers; the most popular of these being the formation of a select band of lady superintendents and of nurses, to direct and minister in the hospital wards.

At this juncture Florence Nightingale volunteered her services; and the "Times" of October 23rd, contained the announcement that she had been appointed by Government to the office of Superintendent of Nurses at Scutari. No time was lost; a day after the appearance of that announcement, she set sail on her mission of mercy. Inspired by a like enthusiasm, many ladies belonging to the highest ranks of English society accompanied her. They thought nothing of themselves, but turned their backs on the comforts of home, and their faces towards the grim fields of war, full of undying sympathy, and eager to prove how much good devoted women can do

without going beyond their proper sphere. Ministering angels such as they are the pride of humanity.

On the 4th of November Florence Nightingale reached Constantinople. It was the eve of the bloody engagement of Inkermann; the hospital at Scutari, already crowded with two thousand three hundred patients, was soon to be filled to overflowing with additional sufferers in every ghastly stage of mutilation, many with legs and arms shattered to pieces, and some deprived of both legs and arms. Behold our Florence Nightingale now entered upon the scene of her noblest exertions.

"Wherever," says one, writing from the hospital, "there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggle of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a small lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

Merely to see her pass along was an inexpressible comfort to the men. "She would speak to one," said a wounded soldier, writing home, "and nod and smile to many more; but she couldn't do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." Her influence was so great, that when men, frenzied by their wounds and disease, had worked themselves into a passionate refusal to submit to necessary operations, a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm; and the men would submit willingly to the painful ordeal they had to undergo.

What can devotion to one's work and a high sense of duty not accomplish? Florence Nightingale has been known to stand twenty hours at a stretch, whilst attending to the accommodation and relief of the patients under her care. With a fragile figure and delicate health, she executed an amount of work of which we can hardly form any conception.

It seems convenient here to introduce a sketch of our heroine's personal appearance and demeanour. We are indebted for it to the author of "Scutari and its Hospitals," who had frequent opportunities of observing her, as with sublime courage she pursued her mission. "Miss Nightingale," he says, "is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty. It is a face not easily forgotten,—pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I

am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness I would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others, and constraint over herself. She seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful. I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial." She is also possessed of a great fund of common sense, for which, above all things, there is need in nursing.

She met at first with many obstacles on the part of the army surgeons, and even on that of her own subordinates. The state of the hospital, too, on her arrival was enough to drive a sanitary reformer distracted. Miss Nightingale counted no fewer than six dead dogs in a state of decomposition under the windows; the cooking within doors was detestable; necessary articles of clothing were unobtainable—it was, in short, a scene reflecting dire disgrace upon a great nation. But a woman's orderly directing hand gradually made itself felt, and before long the Barrack Hospital was so comfortable that convalescents displayed decided reluctance at leaving it.

The jealous and suspicious were not slow to attack one whose character and motives should have been above suspicion. The circumstance of her having accepted the aid of some Sisters of Charity, drew down upon her in December, 1854, so invidious an attack from a clergyman of the Church of England, that the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert was forced to step forward and defend her absent friend, and show "how cruel and unjust" were the aspersions thrown upon her. "Ever since she went to Scutari," says Mrs. Herbert, "her religious opinions and character have been assailed on all points:—one person writes to upbraid me for having sent her, 'understanding that she is a Unitarian;' another 'that she is a Roman Catholic;' and so on. It is a cruel charge to make towards one to whom England owes so much." Mrs. Herbert adds, that Miss Nightingale is a member of the Established Church of England, and what is called rather Low Church. How contemptible such differences are in the face of a great work for the benefit of humanity. An excellent answer was once given by an Irish clergyman when asked to what sect Miss Nightingale belonged. "She is one," he said, "of a sect which unfortunately is a very rare one—the sect of the good Samaritans."

Whilst Florence Nightingale was thus struggling against all the difficulties of her position, she was cheered and encouraged by a letter full of true English warmth and sympathy, written by Queen Victoria. It was a letter, it has been remarked, not stiff with gold thread and glittering with gems, but womanly and queen-like, with nothing of the ermine about it, but its softness and purity.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert," her Majesty wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert, "that I beg she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, etc., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one. Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded and sick men, that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows." We can easily imagine that this kind and gracious letter must have greatly strengthened the heart of Florence Nightingale in her arduous work.

Worn out at last by ceaseless toil and anxiety, she was seized by fever in May, 1855, when in the Crimea, organizing the nursing department of the camp hospitals. The malignant disease brought her very near death's door, and many anxious thoughts were directed to the pine-hut on the Genoese heights, on which she lay sheltered. But it was ordered by a kind Providence that she should recover. When sufficiently restored, she returned to her post at Scutari, and remained there till Turkey was evacuated by the British in July, 1856.

On her return to England, in August, it was proposed to give her a public welcome, but her womanly nature shrank from such a recognition. She quietly arrived at Lea Hurst on the 15th of the month. Her services had not, however, been allowed to pass without recognition by a grateful public. A testimonial fund, amounting to £50,000, had been, in 1857, subscribed, and at Florence Nightingale's special request, it was devoted to the formation and maintenance of an institution for the training and employment of nurses. Under the auspices of the Committee of the Nightingale Fund, a school for training nurses was opened at St. Thomas's Hospital in 1860. The conditions of the training are easy, and the instruction good.

Her Majesty also, to show how much she appreciated Miss Nightingale's devoted zeal, presented her with a costly jewelled ornament, to be worn as a decoration, accompanied by an autograph letter, in which her enduring labours were fully, gracefully, and gratefully acknowledged. The design of the jewel was said to have been from the pencil of the Prince Consort. It was in exquisite taste, and bore the words: "Blessed are the merciful." The letters V. R., surmounted by a crown in diamonds, were impressed upon the centre of the St. George's Cross, from which emanated rays of gold. Wide-spreading branches of palm, in bright green enamel, tipped with gold, formed a framework for the shield, their stems being banded by a riband of blue enamel, bearing the word "Crimea." At the top, three brilliant stars

of diamonds gave expression to the idea of the light of heaven shed upon labours of Mercy, Peace, and Charity.

The inscription borne by the reverse, was a noble expression of the royal feelings—"To Miss Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R., 1855." We may add that the Sultan also presented Miss Nightingale with a superb bracelet, set in brilliants, as "a mark of his estimation of her devotion."

In October, 1856, the Queen invited her to visit the royal residence at Balmoral. During her stay, a ball was given, at which Florence Nightingale was seated with the royal family and the court circle at one end of the hall. It was remarked on this occasion that her hair, which had been cut off during her severe attack of illness in the Crimea, was "quite short;" but a charming little cap made a very graceful head-dress.

The severe labours which she underwent at Scutari severely tried the health of Florence Nightingale. In her anxiety to preserve life to the wounded soldier she subjected herself to so severe a strain that her own health was seriously impaired. For many years she has been an invalid. We find her writing in a popular periodical in June, 1868, "I have been a prisoner to my room from illness for years." Her sick room, however, has been no scene of illness: quite the contrary. Long and painful suffering have not weakened her mental energy, or prevented her recording the results of her experience, and making the practical knowledge which she has accumulated profitable to others.

When commissioners were appointed to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the British Army, Florence Nightingale, in 1857, furnished them with a paper of written evidence. In this, she laid down with singular force the great lesson of the Crimean War, which, from her point of view, was but a sanitary experiment on a colossal scale.

Not long afterwards she gave her "Notes on Hospitals" to the world. To the architect, the engineer, and the medical officer, these Notes are of inestimable value. They were widely read, but their circulation was not to be compared with that of "Notes on Nursing," which appeared in 1858; a hundred thousand copies of this work had been sold before 1872.

Without doubt, "Notes on Nursing" is Miss Nightingale's most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject with which her name is identified. It is a book which should have a corner in every household library. "Every woman," says the authoress, "or at least almost every woman in England, has at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid; in other words, every woman is a nurse." The work is intended to give hints to all such, and assist them in their labour of love. But, says some one, every woman instinctively makes a good nurse; that fact has been put in print scores of times and



must be true. "I believe the contrary," says Florence Nightingale; "the very elements of nursing are all but unknown." As one would expect, the Notes are characterized by great common sense, and unbounded enthusiasm for a nurse's calling, nursing being made out to be one of the Fine Arts; almost "the finest of the Fine Arts." "Notes on Nursing" has been translated into several languages, and an edition, it may be mentioned, was brought out at a low price in 1867 for the use of the labouring classes.

In 1863 Miss Nightingale came again before the public. In that year the Report of the Committee on the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India was issued, a huge production of about two thousand folio pages. One of the volumes contains Miss Nightingale's observations on the immense mass of evidence. "In these observations," says one who is competent to judge, "the facts are brought together in an order and with an incisive force of statement which render it one of the most remarkable public papers ever penned."

The last appearance of Miss Nightingale as a writer excited considerable attention. In May of 1873 she published in one of our contemporaries a remarkable production, exhibiting strong independence of thought and marked dissatisfaction with the reigning school of theology. It was entitled "A Note of Interrogation;" and as a "note" we shall leave it.

We have now come to the end of Florence Nightingale's public career. She entreats her correspondents to wait till she is no more, before they write her life: we have therefore refrained from following her into her private circle, or doing anything but simply setting

down in an orderly way facts which are patent to all the world.

It has been an instructive biography. "In Florence Nightingale," says a recent writer, "we have an example of a lady bred in the lap of luxury, and educated in the school of wealth and exclusiveness, breaking down the barriers of custom, and proving to the world that true usefulness belongs to no particular rank, age, or station, but is the attribute of all Eve's daughters; and that any employment sanctified by devotion, and fervour, and earnest desire to do good, is essentially womanly and graceful, and fitting alike to the inheritors of wealth and poverty." Her life has been no easy success, but a victory at the price of a long and painful struggle against misrepresentation, apathy, ignorance, and even ridicule.

Let us part from her by quoting what she herself says of the profession to which she has devoted the best part of her days. "I give a quarter of a century's experience," says Miss Nightingale, "when I say that the happiest people, the proudest of their occupation, the most thankful for their lives, are, in my opinion, those engaged in sick-nursing. In my opinion, it is a mere abuse of words to represent the life—as is done by some—as a sacrifice and a martyrdom. But there *have* been martyrs in it. The founders and pioneers of almost everything that is best must be martyrs. But they are the last ever to think themselves so. And for all there must be constant self-sacrifices for the good of all. But the distinction is this—the life is not a sacrifice: it is the engaging in an occupation the happiest of any." These are noble words; and to her who has uttered them let us pay our humble tribute of esteem.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

SPAIN has once more a king; not Don Carlos, who, with the aid of his young and pretty wife, has been doing his best for some months past, in the northern provinces, to make good his claim to the throne, as the lineal representative of the elder Bourbon branch—but Don Alfonso, the young Prince of the Asturias, the son and heir of the ex-Queen Isabella. Although the determination of the military leaders was suddenly announced, there can be no doubt that they have been preparing for some time past for the restoration of the royal family. For many reasons, an invitation to the ex-Queen to resume the throne would not have been acceptable either to the nation or to foreign powers—the latter a matter of very considerable importance to Spain in its present transitional and, indeed, precarious position; but the young Prince, only just seventeen years of age, has every claim to the loyalty and affection of the best class of Spaniards. Until set aside by the revolution which drove his mother from Spain, he was the acknowledged heir to the crown; the Duke de Montpensier—Louis Philippe's

son, who married the Queen's sister, and in whose favour as candidate for the vacant crown, there have been many political intrigues—has apparently offered a cordial support to the young Prince; he is personally amiable, and has recently studied hard to remedy the defects of his early training; and he promises—with evidently a full understanding of the meaning of his promise—to do his best to be a liberal and enlightened king.

So Spain may emerge from the clouds, and again shine forth bravely in the European firmament. The intelligent classes are apparently weary of the anarchy which has prevailed during the past few years. There is as yet no note of opposition, and Madrid prepared a magnificent reception for Alfonso XII. The many-balconied houses of the fashionable parts of the beautiful city, flashed into a glory of decorations, velvet hangings, heraldic ornaments and flowers, to welcome the young King, and the scene, when he took his place on the throne in the superb Hall of the Ambassadors, was worthy of the most magnificent period of Spanish history.

The Spaniards have lately made some serious mistakes, as when they wanted a Prince of Savoy, alien in blood and nationality, to wear the crown, and experience for once the proverbial anxieties of the possessor of such a magnificent heirloom. We hope that this time the choice of a monarch will have more fortunate results, and that the shouts of welcome uttered by the excited Madrilenos are representative of the general feeling of the country.

Just as we are saying, "Long live the King!" we hear of the death of one who, though not exactly a King, was the next thing to it, having been once the independent ruler of a small German state, exercising the powers and claiming the homage due to royalty. Before the King of Prussia and his great minister, Bismarck, dispossessed the small potentates of Germany, and incorporated the territories into the great Empire, the Elector Frederick William of Hesse Cassel was a great personage within the limits of his rather confined territory. He was almost as comical as one of the monarchs or grand dukes of burlesque or opera bouffe. He kicked his footmen, and, it was hinted, his ministers too, was occasionally kicked again, and pocketed the affront; and scandal—on somewhat better proof than scandal is always able to produce—averted that he thrashed his wife, and that once, when amusing himself in that manner, an attendant, who must instinctively have remembered that he was a man as well as a footman, interfered to protect the poor Electress, and by so doing, himself received chastisement from the angry potentate, who, however, like the Mynheer in the "Wooden Leg" ballad, "in kicking him out, why, he broke his own leg." He was a sore trouble to the old Germanic Confederation, the members of which were anxious to make their queer associate behave himself better; but he treated them in very cavalier fashion, and went on his way kicking and curveting, till Bismarck took him in hand, and there was speedily an end to the independent existence of the burlesque Elector, who lived in obscurity, forgotten, till we were told that he died at Prague on the 6th of January. He contrived, however, to leave behind him nearly three quarters of a million of money.

Ladies are warned against a new development of activity on the part of street thieves. A correspondent of a daily paper informs us that the seal skin and other fur jackets and fur trimmings generally are in peril. The thieves, he says, employ a sharp knife, with which they make a deep slash across the fur, and then, giving a quick pull, succeed in tearing away a considerable portion of the fur. Such an act may have been committed once or twice, but it is too clumsy and hazardous to be very frequent. Street thieves are an ingenious race, and would, we should think, not run the almost certain risk of detection, which would follow such an open act of violence. But it is unpleasant for a lady even to suppose it possible that she may walk down Regent Street, unconscious that she is wearing a ragged three-fourths of her cherished seal skin.

The opening of the new Opera House at Paris is indeed a splendid inauguration. An actual President, the newly-chosen King, an ex-King, an ex-Queen, and an ex-Heir-apparent to a throne, were among the goodly company, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London were among the invited and most highly-honoured guests. The connection between music and municipalities is not very apparent, and it is just probable that the civic dignity of London was uncomfortable that there was no loving-cup to pass round, and that there was no toast-master standing behind his chair to shout, "Your Majesties, my Lords and Gentlemen, attention, if you please, for a selection from *La Juive*!" If representatives of the highest English musical talent had been invited, there would have been a better *raison d'être*; but perhaps the French authorities remembered the late Lord Mayor's splendid entertainment at the Mansion House to a representative gathering of musical, artistic, and literary celebrities. He ought to have been in Paris, "an ex-Mayor" among so many "ex's." The company assembled in the *salle*, and who, between the selections promenaded the *foyer*, one of the most superb saloons in the world, must have afforded a splendid spectacle. Even in Paris, some time has elapsed since there has been such a display of marvels of costume.

Writing in chilly January, it is almost unseasonably premature to write "A Whisper of the Spring," but the words are before us in a little book of poems, by a young man of real genius, who died "too soon for friendship, not for fame," William Leighton, a member of a poetic family, who gave a rare promise of eminence in literature. A selection from his poems has just been issued in anticipation of a complete edition preparing for publication. There runs throughout these selected poems a vein of thought tinged, unconsciously, perhaps, with a feeling of presentiment of his untimely fate. Like Keats, he seems to "have been half in love with easeful death." The title of the first poem in the selection gives the keynote to nearly all the rest—"Baby Died To-day;" but the verses which first attracted our notice are free from the melancholy tinge, and are exquisite in feeling and versification. The poet's ear caught the measure of Hood's wonderful "Haunted House," but employed that very striking and ear-catching metre to express very opposite thoughts. Hood looked back to an antique mystery of crime, Leighton to the coming beauty of the spring:

"And in a moment I was borne away  
From the great Babel's mighty din and bustle,  
To where, through woodland glades, the soft winds play,  
Making the young leaves rustle.

"I saw the daisies gemming all the green;  
The hawthorn blossom peeping from the hedges;  
The lazy brooklet purling on between  
Long lines of sleepy sedges.

"The dew-drops glistened in the sun-glints fair;  
The bleat-eyed cattle browsed in grassy hollows;  
The sheep-bells tinkled clear, and all the air  
Was jubilant with swallows."

This powerful and striking metre has not found much favour with poets; but readers of Tennyson and Long-

fellow will remember how finely it has been employed by the former in his "Dream of Fair Women," and by the latter in his poem on the death of the Duke of Wellington, "The Old Lord Warden."

While on the subject of books, we may notice the issue of three new volumes of the popular "Rose Library," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. "The Autobiography of a Five Pound Note," by Mrs. Webb, is an excellent story, well told; and equally interesting and somewhat more exciting are, "Zenon, the Roman Martyr," by the Rev. R. Cobbold, and the same author's "Mary Anne Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter, Wife, and Widow." Our readers will thank us for directing their attention to these attractive little volumes.

A merchant of Liverpool, Mr. R. L. Jones, who died a few days ago, has left the immense sum of £325,000 to be divided among various charitable institutions of his native town. If the shades of this gentleman and of Mr. Attwood of Chertsey, also recently dead, meet in the Elysian fields, they may, perchance, discuss the question whether it is better to accumulate enormous wealth, and leave it in a lump to posterity, or to make magnificent donations, as occasion may arise—to seize present opportunities of doing good, or to reserve benevolence for possible opportunities in the future. Mr. Attwood, an old gentleman, living very unostentatiously in the country, was, as has been discovered since his death, the anonymous

contributor of the thousand pounds' donations which so opportunely arrived just when they were most wanted. He gave away £350,000, in that manner, nobody knowing whence the money came.

Sir Francis Chantrey's gift to the public has just been made available by the death of his widow, who had a life interest in it. The famous sculptor bequeathed a sum yielding about £3,000 a year, to be expended by the Council of the Royal Academy in the purchase of fine works of painting and sculpture by British artists; the works so bought to be the property of the nation. The money need not be expended every year, but may accumulate for five years, so as to afford a large sum for the purchase of veritable masterpieces.

The son of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and first cousin of the Duchess of Edinburgh, has been declared by an Imperial ukase to be mentally afflicted, and incapable of managing his own affairs. Some months ago, the young man, the Grand Duke Nicolai, committed an act which could only be attributed to remarkable and hitherto unsuspected moral depravity, or to insanity. He actually stole family jewellery from his parents and gave them to an unworthy woman. The Emperor having placed the young Grand Duke under medical supervision, he arrived at the conclusion that his mind is affected, and he is accordingly entrusted to the guardianship of his father, the Grand Duke Constantine.

---

### SYLVIA'S LETTER.

---

ABOUT the fourteenth of this month the postman will become even a more important personage than he always is, and Young Englishwomen's bright eyes and pink cheeks will grow brighter and pinker when the well-known knock is heard. I am now going to describe some of the pretty valentines that will be brought to their door on or about that date, laying no claim, however, to the title of prophetic, but acknowledging that I have seen all the charming productions I am about to describe, at MR. RIMMEL'S establishment at 96, Strand. The series of cards entitled "The Language of Flowers" is among the prettiest of the novelties. Cupid is represented in a medallion in the corner, sitting in a business-like manner at a desk. The little god is mending a pen, and a dove is bearing to him an official looking letter which is not supposed to contain much that is official. Flower-wreaths are painted above and around him, and an appropriate quotation from a classical author occupies a portion of the card, which has a gold background. The "Open Sesame" card will be sure to please children. You pull a string and the two lower cards curve outwards, giving a view of a fountain playing in the distance, and a young gentleman bearing a bunch of flowers in the foreground. The cards called

"The Four Stages of Love" are very ingenious, while the spray of flowers on the outside is one of the prettiest of Monsieur Rimmel's flower-strewn pages. There are also Japanese valentines, to meet the general demand for Japanese styles in everything. The colouring of these is very effective, and some of the designs most original and bizarre.

If we are to believe novelists, gentlemen sometimes find great difficulty in making a proposal of marriage gracefully. We all remember Anthony Trollope's hero, who asked the lady of his heart, Mary Thorne, to marry him, in these terms: "Will you? Won't you? Do you? Don't you?" Those to whom words do not come readily in situations like these could not adopt a more graceful means of asking the momentous question than by sending Monsieur Rimmel's "Holly Hymen" valentine to the object of their regard; and at the same time they would be evidencing their good taste, for it is among the most artistic of the many *chef d'œuvres* I saw. The delicate sprays of foliage and berries that surround the page are painted on a bluish-grey ground, and contain the same tints as those seen in the leaves and berries that drape the central figure. Among the more elaborate valentines are some, the flowers in which are entirely

formed of Brazilian feathers. The effect of these is exquisitely soft. Others contain parures of turquoise, Spa wood, Bohemian garnets, silver filagree, gold rings, garnet rings, scent-bottles, gentlemen's cravats, and glove sachets, for those who like to send something useful as well as sentimental. More expensive than these are beautiful little satin boxes, from which, on touching a spring, issue the silvery sounds of a musical box. Among the smaller varieties, I ought to have mentioned the series called the "Heraldry of the Heart," on which is represented a shield in two shades of colour, with a delicately painted flower on the shield; and also the little scarlet post pillar with a little Cupid inside. I hope all our readers may receive as many of these pretty things as they would like to get, during the month.

In a late number, a description was given of the new style of work for ladies, consisting of birds and flowers cut out from cretonnes and appliqués on silk, satin, and velvet. The most beautiful cretonnes we have seen are those of JOHN and JAMES SIMPSON & Co., furniture printers and warehousemen, 89, Newgate Street, London. The birds and flowers on some of their satteen cretonnes are so beautifully drawn and finished that they require very few stitches in the silk, and thus save much time, which seems to be the great object even in fancy work now-a-days. The same firm has an immense variety of silk and worsted damask, moreens, dimities, and orris and bias lace. Chintzes and cretonnes seem to increase in favour with every month. They are a thousand times prettier than the stripes which were quite the rage for drawing-room furniture a few years ago, when the chairs were covered with stripes of fancy work and strips of rep placed alternately, and this motif was continued through the whole room, until the eye was quite wearied with the endless straight lines. The soft colours of some of Messrs. Simpson's cretonnes are very pleasing to the eye, and the arrangement of some of the groups both artistic and effective. I am glad to think that we are getting a little cured of the notion so prevalent until quite lately—namely, that to be tastefully furnished, the insides of our houses should rival the outside in sombre gloom and unrelieved browns and greys, like the dull tints of our atmosphere. Our national taste in colouring is now becoming more cultivated, so that we can venture safely to leave the charmed circle of traditional greens, blues, and reds of positive shades, and we now venture on combining the neutral tints that are so invaluable in furniture as well as dress, with a result of brightness and lightness that adds a new charm to home. How seldom now do we see a dining-room hung with dark paper, dark curtains, and with a still darker carpet, which all made it impossible for the brightest gas even to make the room look well-lighted or appear cheerful.

Cheerful! Ah me! what a sad beginning had this New Year to many! The Old seemed to close and the

New to begin amid a frightful nightmare of horrible accidents. How we all felt on Christmas morning when we opened the newspapers, for those who, the day before, had been expecting their friends and relatives down by the Great Western to spend their Christmas, and instead of the happiness of welcoming them, had to receive the terrible news of the calamitous railway accident by which thirty persons lost their lives, and after a certain inevitable period of suspense, to learn that their own expected guests were among the killed. Truly, Peace has its victims as well as War, and Death held carnival during the last hours of our departed old friend, 1874.

Among the greater sufferings incident to such trials as these, the lesser evils of having to attend to the getting and making of mourning garments have to be encountered. These are the times when we like to have our thinking done for us. Therefore we are always ready to give our best attention to queries on the subject of mourning that come to us. Among these, inquiries as to the best mode of making crape trimming are very frequent, and as, of course, the mode of placing the crape on the dress depends very much on the depth of the mourning worn, it is difficult to give general rules. One piece of information however, I can give without hesitation, for I have proved its truth by personal experience; that is, that the ALBERT CRAPE, manufactured by Messrs. Kay & Richardson, is more durable than any other description of crape at present manufactured. It is less expensive than the ordinary crape, because of the great additional width. It is now universally in demand, on account of its excellent intrinsic qualities. I have proved to my own satisfaction that it wears well, for I had a dress trimmed with three deep tucks of Albert Crape; and after wearing it for four months, I converted a portion of one of the tucks into a pretty plaiting to go round the open square body of a black silk dinner dress, put a little star of bugles on the centre of each plait, and wore the trimming until I left off crape, about three months later.

We are not all of us philosophers like Pope's lady, who was "mistress of herself though China fell," and yet she had probably more reason to grieve over the fractures in her pet pieces of glass and old china, than we have in these days when a bottle of Messrs. KAY BROTHERS' COAGULINE GEMENT can be obtained to remedy the injuries received from a careless hand. The unsightly rivets that were formerly the only means of joining broken china, are now replaced by this compound, which is in colour clear as crystal, while at the same time it is so strong as to be able to resist an enormous strain. It makes such a satisfactory join that, to those who take an interest in this kind of work, it would form quite a nice kind of fancy work for the now-lengthening days, to mend all the pretty little cups and jugs of precious wares which have lost their handles under the housemaid's careless duster.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

OUR Parisian season is now at its height, and the London season is about to begin, so that ball and evening toilets absorb the new fashions. We will therefore commence by the description of a few of these.

For a young married lady, a tasteful dress is of

clusters of roses, one light garland of roses goes round the edge of the tablier. The cuirasse bodice of plain faille being very low is completed by draperies of gauze, with a cluster of roses in the centre, and by a gauze gauffering round the top; the short sleeves are composed of a bouillonné and gauffering of gauze



76.—JACKET BODICE (FRONT.)

pale rose-coloured faille; plain faille train, and in front, deep pleated flounce. A second skirt of white silk gauze, edged with a fine gauffering all round, comes down in a rounded tablier as far as the heading of the flounce in front, and is draped over, the train being looped up very far back on either side with

with spray of roses upon the shoulders. The very tight faille bodice is continued in plain basques, slit open at the sides, over the gauze skirt. Wreath of roses in the hair.

A dress of sky-blue faille and white tulle is made thus: under-dress of blue faille, kilted up the front,



and with plain train behind. Tulle dress coming down into a long train behind, as long as the under-skirt, but forming only a short tablier in front, finished with a deep lace border; the train is trimmed differently, with a ruche put on in shallow scallops a few inches from the edges; the point of each scallop is ornamented with a pale blush rose and brown

and is finished under the the puff of gathered tulle, by a bow and loops without ends. On the opposite side, a wreath of roses goes up again to the waist, and one long spray of roses droops down from under the bow. Cluster of similar roses in the hair.

Another handsome ball dress is of straw-coloured grosgrain silk. There is but one skirt, but it is



77.—JACKET BODICE (BACK).

Full-sized patterns for cutting out this Bodice are given on the Large Sheet.

tinted foliage. The corsage is of pleated tulle over blue faille. A chatelaine sash of blue faille gives an elegant finish to this toilet. This sash commences upon the left shoulder, where it is fastened with a rose, it then comes down to the waist, where it is joined to a small pleated basque also of blue faille; from this basque a long lappet falls over the tulle train,

trimmed very differently in front and at the back. In front it has a short tablier, rounded and draped up at the sides, and from under this tablier to the bottom of the skirt with alternate flounces of white lace and straw-coloured silk. Two similar flounces placed in the opposite direction, mark the division between the back and front part of the skirt on either side from

the waist down to the bottom. The train is long and full; it is caught up in the upper part by a wide sash of black velvet, coming down in two separate lappets on either side from the waist, and joined together in a large bow and ends under the puff. A beautiful spray of yellow roses is fastened on one side. The plain low bodice is trimmed with a double frilling of lace and silk, loops of black velvet and sprays of yellow roses upon the bosom and shoulders and in the hair.

A more simple toilette, but very elegant, also, is of white gauze de Chambéry over white silk, and trimmed with cerise satin. The under-skirt of gauze over silk is arranged in bouillons put on lengthwise, and divided by narrow bias and bows of cerise satin. The skirt is finished with a scalloped-out flounce, trimmed to correspond. A second skirt of white gauze, is looped up on one side only with a very wide sash of cerise satin and a few sprays of lilies of the valley. This second skirt is trimmed round with one narrow frilling, and with two bias of cerise satin. Low cuirasse bodice of cerise satin with plain basque, moulding the figure. Berthe formed of bouillons and frillings of gauze with bias and bows of cerise satin and sprays of lilies of the valley. Cluster of the same flowers in the hair, with bow of cerise satin for the Catogan.

For young ladies, white tulle dresses are made flounced at the back, and arranged in front in a series of bouillons divided by narrow bouillons of white or coloured silk. A wreath of flowers is often thrown across the dress and fastened behind in a cluster, so as to take the place of a sash. The bodice is also trimmed with a light wreath or small clusters of flowers. The low cuirasse bodice of faille or satin is very fashionable for ball dress; it is generally made perfectly plain, but completed by a berthe of tulle gauze or lace. On the whole, the corsage is not cut so low as formerly; the shape which left the shoulders almost covered, and was cut very low in front and at the back, has been exchanged for the corsage cut moderately low all round, which is infinitely more graceful and becoming; the other alterations to note are, that sleeves are not quite so short, waists much longer, and skirts longer also, especially at the back. Skirts are also made narrow, and very plain in front, with a full train at the back. None but quite young girls wear the dress only touching the ground in a ball-room. The generality of full dress toilettes have a train, while the front part of the skirt is trimmed en tablier, or with flounces put on spiral fashion.

A handsome dinner dress of faille and velvet is made thus:—Skirt of dark blue velvet, with one deep flounce put on with a heading and bias of pale blue faille; train of blue velvet arranged lengthwise into bouillons divided by bias of light blue faille. Upper-skirt of the light blue faille, forming tablier in front and wide lappets gracefully chiffronné into a bow and ends at the back. This skirt is untrimmed; it is lined throughout with white net, so as to sit better. Low cuirasse bodice of dark blue velvet, white tulle berthe, with bows of light blue faille, and

sprays of Gloire de Dijon roses. Coiffure to correspond.

If made of light materials, evening dresses, as a rule, are very elaborately trimmed; but if heavy fabrics are selected, they can be made up simply, if preferred. A favourite combination consists in a velvet train, with the front part of the dress in silk, trimmed with flounces put on en spirale, and a velvet cuirasse bodice.

Another is this:—Plain silk front, wing-like lappets of velvet or matelassé at the sides, full train disposed in flounces and bouillons. Jacket bodice, with peaked basques in front and at the back.

Again, dresses are made with plain front and back, and very elaborately trimmed robings. In fact, so many models are admitted by fashion, that ladies may choose for themselves according to their style of figure. Fashion, indeed, has an idea of her own of how a figure should be. She wills it long and slender, and her votaries do what they can to come up to her standard. For this purpose the long corset is once more resorted to, and there is a great revival of tight-lacing among our elegants. Doctors and savants imagined they had achieved great things in this age of superior light, because ladies had left off the above-named long and tight-laced corset. But they were greatly mistaken. Fashion had for a time been on their side, that was all, and patronised for a time a loose-fitting style of dress. Now she has changed her whim, and we are doomed to tight-fitting cuirasse and stiff whaleboned long-waisted bodice. All the supposed wisdom of the female community is melted away like snow, and old errors are taken up with fresh eagerness. So then the cuirasse bodice reigns supreme; it is the one unchanging point in modern dress, which is full of variety in shapes and trimmings.

Walking dresses are still made chiefly of coarse-looking woollen materials, or of cashmere or vigogne combined with velveteen, which is much used for under-skirts.

The jacket with wide sleeves, or the circular fastened in the middle of the back, and also with wide Dolman sleeves, continue to be the favourite shapes for mantles. Opera cloaks are made of a circular shape with wide sleeves.

Beading is still in great favour, but is not likely to survive after this winter. We noticed for a dinner dress a very pretty toilet of pale blue silk, white crêpe de Chine, and white jet. The under-dress was of plain blue silk, with trained skirt and low bodice. The crêpe de Chine upper-skirt was worked in a light spreading pattern of white jet beads, with heavier pattern and deep fringe round the edge. It formed a tablier in front and train behind, and was looped up at the side with loops of blue ribbon. The bodice was a cuirasse of white jet beads, with tight blue silk sleeves, drawn into narrow bouillons, and finished with cuffs of crêpe de Chine embroidered with white jet.

For demi-toilette evening dress, several new models of fichus have been introduced this month.

There is the Paysanne fichu, of silk tulle or crêpe lisse, edged with white blonde, folded across the bosom and fastened with a bunch of flowers.

The Moyen Age fichu, in old Venetian guipure, Honiton, or point d'Alençon, which is quite in style with the Joan of Arc cuirasse.

The Lamballe, simply of pleated muslin and Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, but extremely ladylike and tasteful, crossed in front, and with points fastened at the waist.

And the Isabel fichu of black tulle and blonde, beaded with jet, extremely elegant, to wear over a corsage of coloured silk or velvet.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### TOILETTES DE SOIREE.

1. Dress of grey faille. Long trained jupon trimmed in front with a very high-drawn puffing in close rows with heading, forming a total height of 16 inches. This trimming designs the curve of the tablier. The sides are trimmed with a drawn puffing in double rows with a ruching. The middle of the train is trimmed with grey guipure. Additional tablier trimmed with grey guipure fastened at the back by two scarves in paon green faille, the ends of which are finished off with guipure. Low corsage, cuirasse style, trimmed at two edges with pinked-out ruches in green faille and grey guipure. Bows of grey faille on shoulders, and white lace round top and sleeves.

2. Dress of pale gold-coloured Sicilienne. Jupon with long plain train, fastened behind in large hollow pleats, trimmed round the bottom, above the hem, with pretty white blonde, fastened down with a double bias of faille with heading of ruching. The rather narrow tablier is drawn and puffed. The sides are trimmed with sprays of ruddy brown foliage. Low corsage, cuirasse style, trimmed below and above with similar sprays forming a trail on the hips. Short puffed sleeves, with crêpe lisse round them and top of corsage. Tuft of yellow and red feathers on the top of the coiffure.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

### LADY'S DOLMAN.

The garment is most useful for making in cashmere or cloth. It may be entirely covered with braiding, or simply trimmed with passementerie, and edged with fringe or lace. Our pattern consists of three pieces, the front, half of back, and long pointed sleeve. In making up the

garment, place the notch on the sleeve to the corresponding notch on the front, then sew on a strap of ribbon about 5 inches in length, the one end to notch on front, the other end to the notch at back; this is to keep the sleeve in its proper place.

### UNFINISHED STILL.

A BABY'S boot, and a skein of wool,  
Faded, and soiled, and soft;  
Odd thing, you say, and no doubt you're right,  
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,  
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mates, look here:  
When first I went to sea,  
A woman stood on the far-off strand,  
With a wedding-ring on the small, soft hand,  
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,  
She sat beside my foot;  
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,  
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,  
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over, I came ashore,  
What, think you, found I there?  
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;  
A cottage empty, and dark as night,  
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;  
The tangled skein lay near;  
But the knitter had gone away to rest,  
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,  
Down in the churchyard drear.

## Children's Toilets.



78.—CHILDREN'S TOILETS.

78.—CHILDREN'S TOILETS.

Fig. 1. Dress for Little Girls of Seven to Nine Years Old.—Costume of pale grey mohair, consisting of skirt and polonaise. The skirt has a flounce, headed by two stand-up frills, above this is a narrow band of blue taffetas. The polonaise is open in front, to display two folds of mohair, headed by blue taffetas, and two bows of the same material. Similar bows are introduced on the polonaise. Collar en revers piped with blue taffetas. Mother-o'-pearl buttons.—Fig. 2. Costume for Boys of Seven to Nine.—Trousers, waistcoat, and jacket of



Lady's Mantle.

77.—LADY'S MANTLE.

black velvet, with broad black braid and buttons.—Fig. 3. Low Dress; for Little Girl, of bright pink cashmere with gathered flounce and puffing; the bodice is scalloped at the edge, bound with black velvet, and ornamented with velvet bows. Muslin chemisette with long sleeves.

79.—LADY'S MANTLE.

Mantle of blue-grey velvet cloth, with braid trimmings of different widths; fur borders, and passementerie.



## VIOLETS.

VIOLETS may be looked upon as very simple flowers, but they are nevertheless great favourites, and almost universally admired. Who has ever had a word to say against them? Their perfume some persons consider the most fragrant in nature; and though upon this point a difference of opinion is certainly allowable, all our best poets bestow upon them high praise in this respect. The scent of violets is compared with the sweetest and loveliest objects. Shakespeare speaks of

"Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath."

And Barry Cornwall writes:—

"It has a scent, as though Love for its dower  
Had on it all its odorous arrows tost,  
For though the Rose has more perfuming power,  
The Violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,  
And takes one so much trouble to discover)  
Stands first with most, but always with a Lover."

As we have said, however, it is, of course, very allowable that in such a matter a difference of opinion should exist, for there are many claimants to so distinguished a preference. Nevertheless, to this very simple flower must be conceded a foremost place among our sweetest-scented plants.

It is curious to remark, that the sweetest-scented flowers are generally not the most brightly coloured, and also that the brightest and gayest coloured flowers are generally scentless. Nature, though lavish in her gifts, has bestowed upon no one plant, as far as we are at present acquainted, pre-eminence in both these important particulars. This is certainly true of the violet in all its varieties. Its colour, as Shakespeare aptly describes it, is "dim." Still, its tints are all pleasing, and the form of the flower is extremely beautiful, as must be admitted upon minute examination. Violet, as a colour, is honoured by many a distinguished preference. It is claimed as a badge of distinction by one of our great universities, and at the present time holds the highest place in party politics. At the late general election, dark purple violets decorated the supporters of the Conservative candidates, and more recently, it will be remembered, that an immense bouquet of these simple but much-admired flowers, skilfully and elaborately executed by M. Joliffe, the celebrated artificial florist of the Faubourg St. Honoré, at Paris, was presented to the Prince Imperial at Chiselhurst, on the occasion of his attaining his majority, as a testimony of loyalty by the enthusiastic and devoted followers of the Empire. Scentless violets, of which there are many varieties, do not now come within the scope of our observations. They are popularly classed under the term "Viola." Those with which we are at present concerned are violets proper, and may be considered

under three heads, viz., the common violet, *V. odorata*; the Russian violet, including the Czar, and other like varieties; and, lastly, the Neapolitan.

The common violets, *V. odorata*, both white and purple, are natives of these islands. They may be seen growing anywhere and everywhere, and when left to themselves, are in a general way most profusely covered with blossoms in the early spring. It is a very common complaint with many persons, that in their gardens, when under cultivation, the common violets will grow fast enough, that they produce leaves in plenty, but few, or comparatively few, flowers. It is, of course, manifest that here there must be something wrong in the method of cultivation, and a slight reference to Nature will soon discover where the error lies. The roots of violets which in a natural state produce flowers in the greatest abundance will be found nestling upon some sunny bank, clinging to the sloping ground at the foot of some old tree, or sheltered by a hedgerow; and the soil in which they delight to grow is neither a poor sand nor a heavy clay, but a light, rich compost of leaf-mould and loam. It is a rank soil with superabundant moisture that produces leaves, and a well-drained, good light soil that produces an abundance of fine flowers. If there be no bank in the garden which can afford a suitable situation, violets should be planted upon ground laid up in ridges under any shelter that can be made available to screen them from the north and north-east. In making new beds, good single roots, divested of all runners, should be selected, and set in groups two or three together, each group being about one foot apart. This may be done any time after Valentine's Day, and before the end of April. If the summer be very dry, the young plants, especially those nearest to the top of the ridges, will require to be watered, and the ground must, of course, be kept free from weeds. All suckers produced, at any rate during the first season, should be carefully removed. Plants so treated form compact crowns, from which flowers in great plenty may be expected. After the first season these plants may still be kept separate by cutting off their runners; or they may be allowed to grow in a mass, and form a compact bed, as may be deemed expedient. From the remarks we have already made, it will be seen that the treatment of violets and the formation of violet beds are very similar to the formation and treatment of strawberry beds; for even the ridge system, or sloping ground, which is of such essential importance with the one, is very often adopted with the other.

We have now to speak of Russian violets. These may be treated in the same manner as the common varieties; but as they are expected to begin flowering early in the winter, early spring planting is necessary to the formation of new beds. It is the violets of this class

that are especially associated in our memory with the recurrence of St. Valentine's Day. The finest flowers we have ever met with, and the greatest profusion of them, are gathered from beds fresh made every year on the 14th of February, or as near to this day as the state of the weather will afford an opportunity for planting them. The old beds are generally in full flower while the new ones are being formed. Whatever plants are not required for the formation of the new ones are left to stand frequently for another season; but the newly-planted beds do best, and for these a good situation being carefully selected every year, an enormous amount of blossoms may be depended upon all through the winter months until Valentine's Day again comes round. Beautiful these blossoms are: noble in size, deliciously sweet in scent, and of a rich purple colour, which belies Shakespeare's description when he calls them "dim." Unconsciously, perhaps, we have misapplied his words; the rich purple double Russian violet was never known in the great poet's days. The Czar is a noble variety, and generally admired; but it is a single flower and stalky. The plants have a strong tendency to run to leaf; they must be checked, and not grown in too rich a soil. The Czar does very well as a tree violet under pot culture in a greenhouse. Perhaps it may be as well here to explain the formation and management of a tree violet. A strong, well-rooted sucker, with as long a stem as possible, should be selected for the purpose. Let this be planted in a pot of light, rich mould, with its stem in an upright position, and supported by a stick. As soon as this plant is well established, which is most quickly accomplished under glass with a slight bottom heat, all lateral growth, with the exception of two small shoots, to assist in drawing up the sap, should be removed, and the plant encouraged to form a thick stem. The first pot used should be a very small one, as frequent shifting is desirable. This shifting should be given as often as the roots reach the sides of the pot, and each time into a pot only one size larger. Fresh soil and a supply of manure water are needed to promote growth, and for three years all flower-buds, as they show themselves, should be picked off. After this period, with a stem as thick as one's middle finger, and a well-formed head, a tree violet may be permitted to develop its blossoms, and it will become a choice ornament to the greenhouse or plant basket in the drawing-room.

Our concluding remarks must be given to the class called Neapolitans; we have not exhausted the genus, for we have selected only the three principal scented species, and, as most of our readers may be aware, the scentless species and varieties which are numerous, are generally treated under the Latin name *viola*. Neapolitan violets, which in colour are both white and pale purple, are far more tender than the other species to which we have alluded, and cannot properly be cultivated without the assistance of a frame; artificial heat will, of

course, bring them forward, but all that is absolutely necessary is protection of some sort to preserve them from frosts. In a cold frame or under hand-glasses they may be kept in flower from November to April. The best situation for them is on sloping ground, with the glass that is used to protect them sloping in the same way, for the plants require to be as near the glass as possible. To maintain a good succession, a fresh bed should be made as soon as any old bed goes off the bloom. During the summer months the plants may be fully exposed to the sun and air; night and day they may be uncovered, but on the approach of winter the glasses must be put over them, and during frosts matting will be found necessary, and a little artificial heat—either by hot water pipes, if it can be managed, or by a lining of hot stable litter—may be given in order to save the blossoms and blossom-buds. These violets may be grown in pots, and brought from the cold frame into the greenhouse and sitting-room as soon as they have become showy with flowers. As pot plants, they require constant shifting while in a growing state, and are benefited by being plunged in tan. They should also be liberally supplied with water while in flower.

From the presumed necessity of making fresh beds every year and the protection they need, Neapolitan violets are generally considered very troublesome to grow. We have heard of the following plan of growing them, which certainly has the merit of simplicity and is worthy a trial, though we cannot speak of it from our own experience. Instead of transplanting as soon as bloom is over, let the old plants remain, and cut off all the suckers they have formed; after this give the bed a top-dressing of fresh soil enriched with manure. This dressing may after a time be forked in and another given, if the state of the soil should require it. All through the summer these plants should be exposed to light and air, and growth encouraged as much as possible; but no suckers must be allowed to remain. In this way very strong plants will be formed for winter blooming, and much trouble saved, as only one frame will be necessary. But who thinks of trouble where such lovely flowers are concerned? Who that has a garden would be without violets, both cultivated and wild? What sweeter thought can Valentine's day suggest than a bed of violets? Fair readers! we bid you remember the poet's lines and mark well his emblem:—

"Thou shalt be mine, thou simplest flower,  
Tenting thyself beneath the bower  
Thy little leaves have made;  
So meekly shrinking from the eye,  
Yet marked by every passer by  
By thine own sweets betrayed.

"Dear emblem of the meek-eyed maid,  
Whom, nurtured midst retirement's shade  
The world hath never known;  
Who loves to glide unseen along,  
Unnoticed by the idle throng  
Whom Fashion calls her own."



80.—LITTLE BOY'S AND GIRL'S COSTUMES.



81.—LITTLE GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.

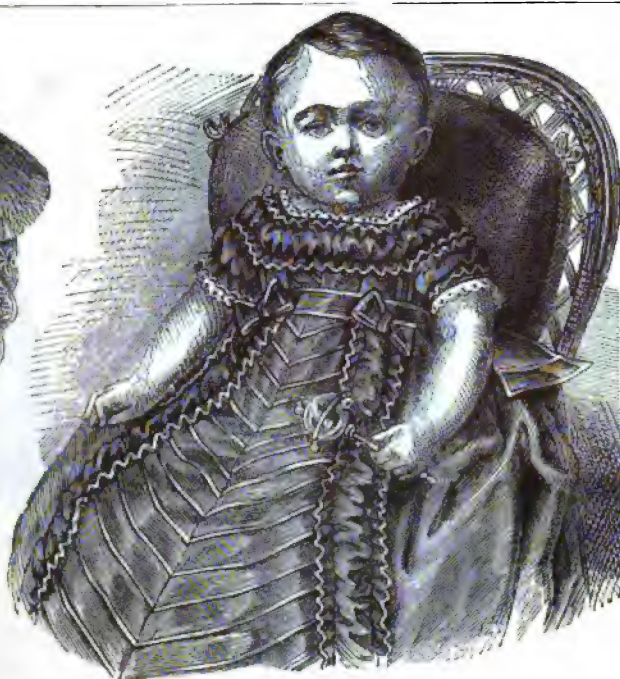


82.—LITTLE GIRL'S WALKING COSTUME.





83.—GROSRAIN SILK FICHU  
(FRONT).



85.—BABY'S CASHMERE DRESS.



84.—GROSRAIN SILK FICHU  
(BACK).



87.—PINK CRAPE FICHU.



86.—WINTER HAT.



88.—BLUE CREPE DE CHINE FICHU.



89.—CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.



91.—DRESS CAP.



50.—CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.



92.—JACKET BODICE FOR DINNER DRESS (FRONT).





93.—LACE FICHU (BACK).



95.—BOY'S OVERCOAT.



94.—LACE FICHU (FRONT).

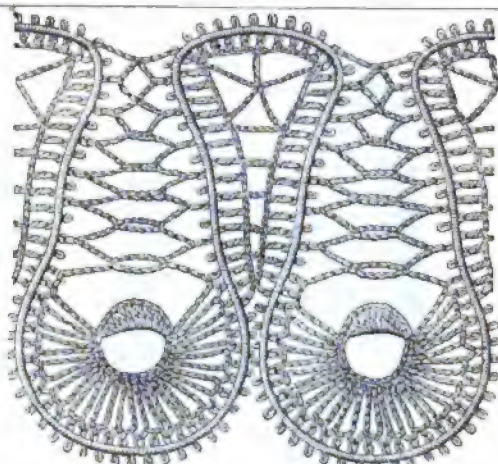


96.—JACKET BODICE FOR DINNER DRESS (BACK).





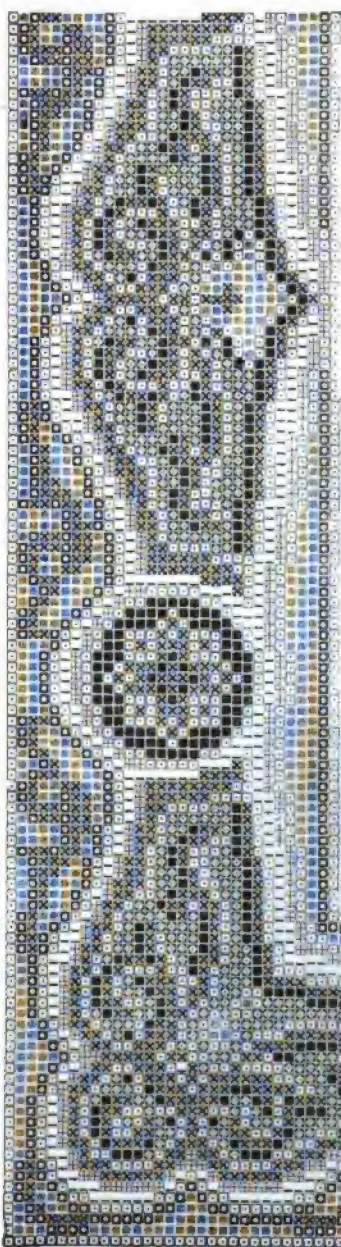
97.—ORNAMENTAL WING  
FOR LADY'S HATS.



99.—LACE BORDER IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.



98.—BIRD FOR LADY'S HATS.



100.—CLOTHES BAG.



101.—BRAIDING DESIGN FOR  
DRESSES, ETC.

102.—CORNER BORDER IN BERLIN WORK FOR CUSHIONS, ETC.





103.  
LAMBREQUINS FOR FLOWER STANDS, MANTELPIECES, ETAGERES, ETC.

104.



105.—BRAIDING DESIGNS FOR DRESSES, ETC.

## Nos. 76, 77. JACKET BODICE.

Jacket bodice of grey silk poplin, small tight-fitting jacket, bound with black velvet, and edged with white guipure, and trimmed with passementerie buttons. The jacket, which is of an exceedingly pretty style, is open in front to show the vest of poplin.

## No. 80. LITTLE BOY'S AND GIRL'S COSTUMES.

1. Little Boy's Costume of dark blue serge, consisting of skirt and loose jacket. A braiding of black silk cord and braid, with buttons and passementerie graffes, is arranged as shown in our illustration.

2. Dress for Little Girls of Three and Five Years Old.—Dress of blue cashmere, with low bodice, waistband, frills, and tabs of the same material, piped with blue grosgrain silk; on the tabs are two large mother-o'-pearl buttons.

## No. 81. LITTLE GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.

This pretty little dress of white muslin is made with robings in front, composed of lace insertion and embroidery. At the back there are three flounces, edged with lace, and headed with muslin insertion; jacket bodice trimmed to correspond.

## No. 82. LITTLE GIRL'S WALKING DRESS.

Dress and fichu of satin cloth, trimmed with kilted flounce, puffing, and narrow bands, piped with satin. Felt hat, with velvet trimming and bird's wing.

## Nos. 83, 84. GROSGRAIN SILK FICHU.

Fichu of pink grosgrain silk, edged with deep fringe at the back, and with white lace at the front. At the neck a stand-up frill of lace, turned back plain en revers in front, and finished off with a pink rose and spray.

## No. 85. BABY'S CASHMERE DRESS.

Robe of blue cashmere, with bands and puffings, piped with white taffetas. Muslin embroidered edging at the neck and sleeves. Sash, with bow and ends piped with white.

The little dress would also be very pretty made of white cashmere, and piped with rose-colour, blue, or pink; coloured bows should then be sewn on the short sleeve.

## No. 86. WINTER HAT.

Winter hat, elegantly trimmed with feather trimming and black ostrich feathers of different lengths, until the shape is entirely covered; above the brim a white foulard is twisted, the ends of which have a black stripe, and fall over at the back.

## No. 87. PINK CRAPE FICHU.

Fichu of pale pink crepe de chine, lined with white silk and edged with insertion and lace. In front, bow of crepe de chine.

## No. 88. BLUE CREPE DE CHINE FICHU.

Fichu of pale blue crepe de chine, with insertion of white lace, embroidered designs, and white lace edging. At the neck, stand-up frill, and bow of blue grosgrain silk.

## Nos. 89, 90. CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.

No. 89. Drawers of fine long cloth for a little child four years old; they are gathered at the bottom of the leg, and trimmed with embroidery.

No. 90. Drawers of long cloth, ornamented with several narrow tucks, and edged with embroidery.

## No. 91. DRESS CAP.

Cap of white crepe lisse, with narrow frill of the same material, and wreath of pale pink roses. At the back an écharpe of white lace.

## Nos. 92, 96. JACKET BODICE FOR DINNER DRESS.

Bodice of silver grey grosgrain silk, with black lace insertion, and narrow-beaded passementerie. Low, sleeveless jacket bodice of black grosgrain silk, bound with velvet, and trimmed with passementerie buttons.

## Nos. 93, 94. LACE FICHU.

Fichu of lace and net; on a ground of plain net is a box-pleating of white lace, with a twisted wreath of turquoise blue ribbon ending in a bow and ends. At the back the lace is arranged in single pleats on a triangular piece of lace.

## No. 95. BOY'S OVERCOAT.

Paletot of black reversible cloth, with worsted braid and horn buttons; suitable for boys of eleven to thirteen years old.

## No. 99. LACE BORDER, &amp;C., IN MIGNARDISE &amp; CROCHET.

Besides its original destination as a trimming for under-linen, this lace may be used with very good effect on paletots and dresses, looking equally well crocheted with black purse silk, or écu coloured thread. The mignardise required is the simple braid with a single row of loops on either side. Along one side of the braid, crochet as follows: 1 double, \* 5 times alternately 5 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, then twice alternately 7 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, then \* 1 double in the next loop, 13 chain, 1 double in where the last double was crocheted, 1 double in the next loop, repeat 13 times from \*, then 6 chain; turn the work, 14 double, 1 in each of the previously worked chain scallops; turn the work, 2 chain, 14 double in the upper parts of the previously worked 14 double, 1 double in the 6th of the last 6 chain; turn the work, 6 chain, join to the single chain stitch before the last 15 double; turn the work, 1 double, 1 treble, 3 long treble, 2 double long treble, 3 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double in the last 6 chain: 1 slip stitch in the double, crocheted after the last 14 double, 5 chain, 1 double in the loop where the last double was worked, 1 double in the next loop, 11 chain, join to the centre stitch of the opposite scallop of 7 chain, 6 chain, 1 double in the 5th of the last worked 11 chain, 4 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, 9 chain, join to the centre stitch of the opposite scallop of 7 chain, 5 chain, 1 double in the 4th of the last 9 chain, 3 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, then twice alternately 7 chain, join to the centre stitch of the opposite scallop of 5 chain, 4 chain, one double in the 3rd of the last 7 chain, 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, then 5 chain, join to the centre stitch of the opposite chain scallop, 2 chain, 1 double in the 3rd of the last 5 chain, 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one, twice alternately 2 chain, join to the centre of the opposite scallop, 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop but one; turn the work, 3 chain, then consult the illustration, and crocheting along the other side of the mignardise, join together two loops with 1 double, 8 times alternately 1 chain, 1 double in the next loop, then 1 chain, join the 2 next loops with 1 double; turn the work, 7 chain, 1 treble in the chain stitch between the two centre stitches of the last 10 double with 1 chain between each, 7 chain, 1 double in the upper parts of the double stitch with which the two first loops on this side the braid were joined together, 13 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, then twice alternately 1 chain, 1 double in the next loop, then 1 chain, 1 double in the 15th following loop (on the two last loops which were joined by 1 double) of this second side of the braid, taking care that from this point to the end of the vandyke, the working thread is kept at the back of the lace, so that the last 3 chain stitches may be crocheted on the wrong side, and that the thread may be in the proper position to begin the next vandyke, 1 chain, 1 double in the 14th loop on the last 2 loops joined with 1 double, 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, join to the



opposite corresponding treble, twice alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, then join to the opposite corresponding treble, twice alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the following loop, then 3 chain, join to the opposite corresponding treble, 3 double in the last 3 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, 1 chain, 1 treble, 7 chain, join to the opposite treble, 6 chain, join to the treble which was crocheted in the chain stitch between 2 double, 6 chain, 1 double in the last treble, 1 treble in the next loop, 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, then 1 chain, 1 slip stitch in the double that joined 2 loops of braid, turn the work, 3 chain. Consult the Illustration, and crocheted on the right side of the work, 1 double in the next loop on that side of the mignardise in which the first stitch was crocheted; repeat from \*.

#### NO. 100. CLOTHES BAG.

The bag itself is made of stout grey linen, braided with scarlet worsted braid. The upper part consists of netting in double Berlin wool, and has a crocheted border. In putting the six parts together, the wrong side of the seams is covered with braid, and the right side embroidered in chain stitch of scarlet moss wool, and feather stitching of grey thread. A rosette of braid and tassel of scarlet wool finish off the bag. The 6 lambrequins are embroidered to match, and finished off with similar tassels. The netted part should be 9 or 10 inches long, and the last 6 rows are folded back and edged with crochet of grey thread. The upper edge has also a crochet border as follows:—1st row: alternately 2 double separated by 1 chain, 3 chain, last of all 1 slip stitch. 2nd row: 1 double, 4 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, \* 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain, 1 chain, 1 treble in the chain between 2 double, 1 chain; repeat from \*, then 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain, 1 chain, 1 slip stitch in the chain that formed 1 treble. 3rd row: 1 double 4 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, alternately 1 treble 1 chain, then 1 slip stitch in the treble formed by 3 chain. 4th row: alternately 1 double, 18 chain, then 1 slip stitch. Fasten and cut the thread. For the revers of netting, 1 row alternately 1 double 4 chain, then 1 slip stitch. 2nd row: \* 1 double in the chain scallop, 6 times alternately 15 chain, 1 double in the same scallop, 15 chain, miss 2 scallop; repeat from \*. 3rd row: alternately 2 double in each chain scallop, 1 chain. When the crochet is completed, thread scarlet cords and tassels through, as shown by the Illustration.

#### NOS. 103, 104. LAMBREQUINS FOR FLOWER STANDS, ETAGERES, ETC.

No. 103 is embroidered on a ground of dark green cloth, with an appliqué of fawn-coloured cloth of several shades edged with gold soutache, sewn on with black purse silk. The patterns are embroidered in satin stitch, with brown and maize-coloured purse silk.

No. 104 has an appliqué of dark fawn-coloured cloth on a lighter shade of the same colour. The satin stitch is worked in a dark shade, and the knotted stitch in a paler brown. The outlines are worked round with gold cord.

#### NOS. 101 & 105. BRAIDING DESIGNS FOR DRESSES, &C.

Borders for braiding dresses, mantles, etc.; the designs are worked with braids of two different widths or shades, in the centre of each curl, as a small star composed of beads; other beads are dotted at intervals, as in Illustration.

#### NOS. 106 & 108. INSERTIONS FOR WASHING MATERIALS IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

No. 108. For this a braid is required which has on both sides fourfold loops. Crochet along one side of the mignardise as follows—1st row: \* 1 double in 3 of the first fourfold loop, twice alternately 1 chain, 1 double, in the fourth of the same loop, then 1 chain, repeat from \*. 2nd row: \* 2 treble in the single chain stitch between 2 double, 3 chain,

1 double in the single chain stitch between 2 double; turn the work, 4 chain, 4 times alternately 1 treble in the 3 chain of this row, 1 chain, then 1 treble in the same 3 chain where the 4 treble were crocheted; turn the work, 6 chain, 1 treble in the next single chain stitch but one before the previously-crocheted 5 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble in the next single chain stitch but one, 3 chain, 1 double in the 4th of the previously worked 4 chain, repeat from \*. 3rd row: alternately 2 double in the next chain scallop, 7 chain. 4th row: alternately 1 treble 2 chain miss 2; repeat the pattern along the other side of the braid.

No. 106 is worked with a mignardise braid, which has on the one side single, and on the other fivefold loops. 1st row: along the side with the fivefold loops, \* 1 treble in the first of the fivefold loop, 3 double in the 3 following loops, 1 treble in the last of the same loop, 7 chain, miss 1 fivefold loop; repeat. 2nd row: \* 3 chain in the 3 double twice alternately, 3 chain, 1 double in the 7 chain, then 3 chain; repeat. 3rd row: \* 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble, 4 chain, 7 double in the 3 chain between 2 double, 4 chain; repeat. 4th row: \* alternately 1 treble, 6 chain, 1 treble in the centre of the following 7 chain, 6 chain; repeat. 5th row: along the other side of the mignardise, alternately 1 double in 2 loops, 7 chain. The other half of the insertion is crocheted in the same way, joining where the Illustration directs.

#### NO. 107. POINT LACE CORNER FOR COLLAR.

This corner is worked in button-hole, and various lace stitches, and edged with purls.

#### NOS. 109, 110. EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

Beautiful designs for embroidery borders for shirt fronts. The stitches required in each pattern are plain, satin, and overcast.

#### NO. 111. POINT LACE.

When the design has been drawn on the tracing paper, the point lace braid is carefully sewn on, and the separate patterns are joined with Venetian bars. The wheels are then worked, and the lace is finished off with a pearl edging.

#### NO. 112. CROCHET EDGING.

On a chain of 13 stitches, crochet as follows: 1st row, 9 chain, 2 treble separated by 1 chain in the 7th of the 13 foundation chain, 2 treble separated by 1 chain in the next stitch but 2, 1 treble in the next stitch but 2: 2nd row: turn the work, 4 chain, twice 2 treble separated by 1 chain in the next chain stitch between 2 treble, then 12 double in the next 9 chain. 3rd row: turn the work, 1 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 slip stitch in the first stitch, 1 treble in the upper parts of the next stitch, 5 times alternately 1 purl, 2 treble in the next 2 stitches, taking care to draw up the slip stitch of the purl with the upper parts of the following treble stitches, then twice alternately 2 treble separated by one chain, in the next chain between 2 treble, then 1 treble in the 3rd of the first 4 chain. 4th row: turn the work, 4 chain, twice 2 treble separated by 1 chain in the next chain stitch between 2 treble, then 3 chain, join to the centre of the next purl, 3 chain; repeat the 1st to the 4th row, joining as required by the Illustration.

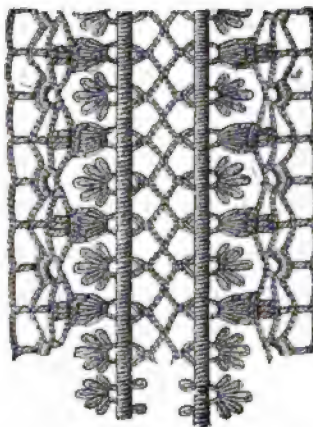
#### NO. 113. EDGING IN MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET.

The braid selected for this edging should have a fourfold group of loops on each side. Along one side crochet \* 1 double in 1 fourfold loop, 3 chain, 1 double in the next fourfold loop, 1 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 double in the 1st chain, 1 chain; repeat from \*. 2nd row: alternately 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain, 13 treble in the following purl. 3rd row: along the other side of the braid, 1 double in the 2 last of the first, and the 2 first of the second fourfold loop, alternately 4 chain, 1 double in the 2 last of the 2nd, and the 2 first of the following fourfold loop.

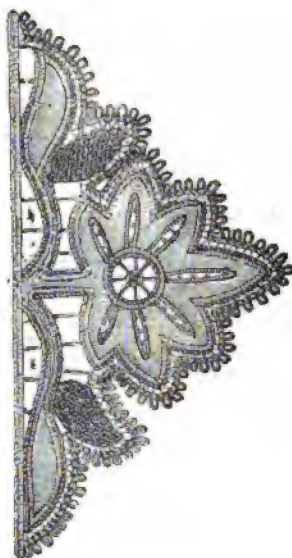




109.—EMBROIDERED BORDER.



106.—INSERTION IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.



107.—POINT LACE CORNER FOR COLLAR.

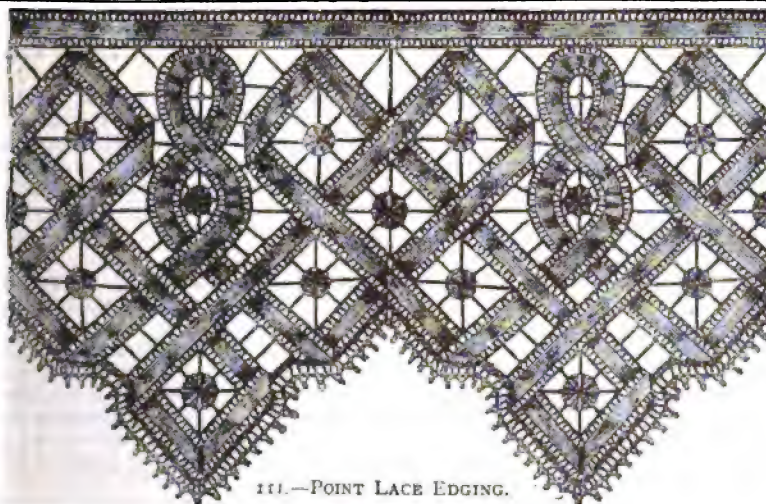


108.—INSERTION IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

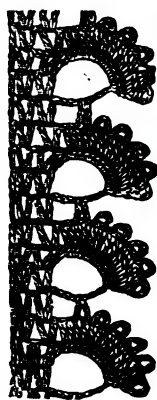


110.—EMBROIDERED BORDER.

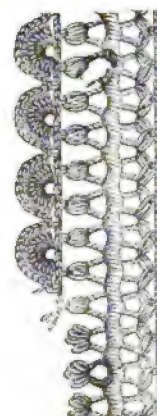




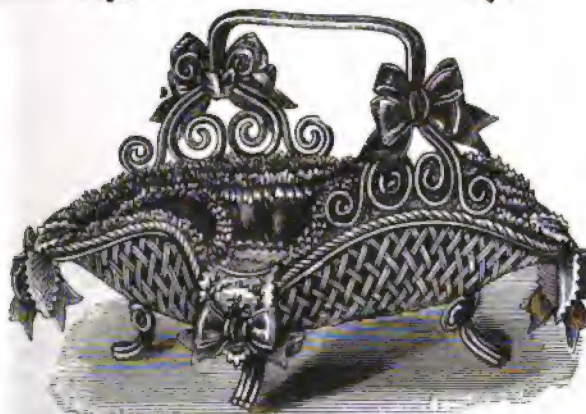
111.—POINT LACE EDGING.



112.—CROCHET EDGING.



113.—EDGING IN MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET.



114.—WORK BASKET ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.



115.—BORDER FOR WORK BASKET, 114.



116.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR BASKETS, ETC.

**Nos. 114, 115. WORK BASKET, ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.**

The basket itself is of a pretty light pattern in osier work, the stand and handle being of polished cane. The interior is lined with lilac taffetas, and has round the edge a vandyked ruching of the same material. At each side of the basket is a pocket made of two folds of taffetas, with an inner lining of stiff muslin. The basket is further ornamented with two strips of white cloth, vandyked, and placed cross-wise, as our Illustration shows. Each strip has an embroidery of feather stitch in fawn-coloured silk, and a wreath of violets, worked with violet and shaded green silk, in satin, overcast, and feather stitch.

**No. 116. EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR BASKETS, ETC.**

The border itself consists of a strip of pale brown cloth, slightly scalloped, and edged on each side with vandykes of the same material in a darker shade. The embroidery is worked with two shades of brown silk, in satin, overcast, and chain stitch. The gold cord is sewn on with black silk.

**No. 117. BORDER IN MUSLIN APPLIQUE FOR CURTAINS, ETC.**

For this border procure some good Brussels net, and then trace the design on fine mull muslin; tack it very evenly on the net, and work over all the outlines with soft cotton in buttonhole stitch. After the work is complete, cut away the muslin, as shown in Illustration.

**No. 118. DESIGN IN NETTING AND DARNING FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.**

First make a square of straight netting for the article required; then darn it from Illustration, and finish off with a deep fringe. This design might also be worked in crochet thus: for the open part make 2 chain, 1 treble, taking care to keep the holes over each other; the thick parts should be treble stitched, allowing 3 trebles for each square.

## NEW MUSIC.

1. "I will lay me Down in Peace."
2. "There the Wicked Cease from Troubling."
3. "Heaven and Earth shall pass Away."
4. "Thy Loving-kindness and Mercy."
5. "I Cried unto the Lord."
6. "Seek ye the Lord."
7. "Them that are Meek."

Composed by Charles Joseph Frost. (Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1, Berners Street, W.)

Seven out of a set of twelve short songs called "Sabbath Recreations;" they are all extremely easy, and suited to soprano and mezzo-soprano voices, but too monotonous ever to become great favourites.

"Zepherine," mazurka brillante, by Gustav Lange. (A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo Street, Regent Street, W.)

A bright and sparkling little piece, suitable to pianistes of moderate pretensions. The mazurka tempo is always pleasing, and this one is no exception to the rule.

"Wanda," mazurka brillante, by Gustave Lange. (A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo Street, Regent Street, W.)

A very graceful mazurka, easy and unpretending; the melody is pretty and tuneful, and the time well marked.

"May-day," tarentelle by Charles Joseph Frost. (Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1, Berners Street, W., and C. J. Frost, 2, Newton Terrace, Lee, S.E.)

A brilliant composition, well worthy of the amount of practice and care required to make it thoroughly effective; it has the genuine *entrain* of a tarentelle, and is not wanting in originality.

"The Wish," romance for the pianoforte, by Richard Harvey. (A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo Street, Regent Street, W.)

The melody of this romance is tuneful, and the presence of a passage in octaves, and some arpeggio practice, make it a good school-room piece for moderately advanced pupils.

"Die Sibelle," idylle, by Gustave Lange. (A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo Street, Regent Street, W.)

A melodious and graceful little piece, with no great claim to originality, but suited to young performers, who will probably approve of it.



## CAMELLIAS.

THESE beautiful ball-room flowers are generally cultivated under cover, but there is no reason why they should not be made ornaments of the open garden. Writing in "The Gardener's Magazine," Mr. George Gordon assures those who may be desirous of growing Camellias out of doors that they have practically nothing to fear from the frost. But there is another difficulty to face in the destruction of the flowers by heavy rains, or an excessive humidity in the atmosphere. The greatest injury is, as a rule, done to the flowers in seasons remarkable by the absence of severe frosts. The mild weather experienced at midwinter induces them to bloom a month or six weeks in advance of the usual time, and the flowers are in consequence exposed to the adverse influences of the storms of the end of February, the whole of March, and the beginning of April. In wet stormy seasons the blooms suffer even when only partly expanded, and the white flowers, which—need it be said?—are of the highest value, are injured the most quickly. Now, the principal objection that could be urged against the cultivation of the Camellia out of doors has been pointed out, but it ought not to materially influence those who contemplate forming a plantation. Whether furnished with flowers or not, the Camellia is one of the handsomest of evergreens, and if they fail to bloom occasionally, there will be a feeling of disappointment, but nothing more. The general appearance of the bed will not be impaired, and the rich dark-green leafage will still continue to afford pleasure to the eye, in precisely the same manner as those evergreens which, so far as the beauty of the bloom is concerned, may be described as flowerless. On the other hand, in seasons when the flowers are fully developed, the result will be a display of colour of surpassing richness—a display, in fact, which could only be produced in structures large enough to admit of their being planted out; for to produce so fine a display of flowers with plants grown in pots is practically impossible. The only difficulty worthy of attention is really by no means great, and in the course of a few years hence it is possible that the outdoor cultivation of Camellias may become of some importance. They are especially adapted for associating with the choicer Japanese plants on the score of their fitness and beauty; and in the formation of Japanese gardens, which promise to become somewhat popular, they should be largely employed. In a sheltered situation in any of the western and midland counties, such as is required for the majority of the fine shrubs we have received from Japan, they would thrive amazingly, and in most seasons would produce a profusion of flowers, a result especially desirable in the case of the camellia.

To ensure the highest degree of success in the cultivation of Camellias in the open air, it is needful to select

a rather sheltered situation, a well-drained friable soil, and to put out strong plants. If a rather large number of plants are available for turning out, they may be planted in prominent positions in the shrubby border; but in the case of a small number—twenty or thirty, for example—the best course will be to plant them in a position well sheltered but rather prominent; for it is not desirable to plant Camellias where they will not be readily seen, for, unlike roses and some other flowers, they are by no means wanting in attractiveness when out of bloom. Camellias will well repay liberal encouragement; and, in the formation of a bed expressly for them, the soil should be excavated to a depth of between two and three feet, according to the character of the subsoil, and replaced with a mixture consisting of two parts turfy loam and one part fibrous peat. If peat is difficult to procure, it may be dispensed with altogether by taking the loam from the surface to ensure its being full of fibrous matter. The most suitable stage at which to plant them out is, undoubtedly, just as the flower-buds are set; the new growth is then completed, and the wood has become firm, whilst there is plenty of time remaining for them to become well established before vegetation is brought to a standstill by the cold weather. When newly planted they should have rather liberal supplies of water, and an occasional sprinkling overhead in the evening, to afford them every encouragement to become established quickly.

In subsequent years the management will be of the simplest character, as all they will require will be a thorough soaking of water occasionally in dry weather, when making their new growth. To keep the roots cool in hot weather, and to prevent the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the soil, cover the surface of the bed early in the spring with about six inches of partly-decayed manure. In the winter the roots and the lower part of the stems may be most efficiently protected by covering the beds with about twelve inches or so of dry litter or leaves, and a little soil to hide the covering materials. They will require no pruning beyond the shortening back of shoots that grow too freely, and promise in course of time to spoil the contour of the plant.

It now remains to be said that single specimens may with advantage be planted to train over the walls of dwelling houses, for there are no plants suitable for the same purpose that will compare with them in neatness and in the richness of the foliage, and when in bloom they are quite unsurpassed. Until they nearly fill the space allotted to them, the best results will be obtained by training them to the wall, and then allowing them to grow out naturally to a distance about two feet from it. They can then be kept in order by a judicious use of the pruning knife.





117.—BORDER IN MUSLIN APPLIQUE FOR CURTAINS, ETC.





## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

IN the opinion of many of our younger readers, no doubt, the theatres form the most attractive feature among the delights of Christmas time—a visit to one or more pantomimes is, in their eyes, a necessary part of the business of the season. It is a remark which has often been made, but it will bear repeating, nevertheless, it is so true, that the prettiest sight in the theatre at Christmas time is not the spectacle on the stage, but the rows of bright young faces that beam with pleasure from every part of the house; while the most musical sounds are the silvery little peals of laughter at the comicalities of the funny man in the opening, or the droll antics of the clown in the harlequinade. This year our young friends have a perfect *embarras de richesses* to select from; and wherever they go, they will not be disappointed, so good all round are the pantomimes and theatrical entertainments this season.

Covent Garden leads off with a grand spectacular pantomime upon the old nursery story, so dear to the children, of "The Babes in the Wood," which has been written by Mr. Charles Rice, who is again the lessee and manager. Mr. Rice has evidently seen that the great strength of a pantomime at Covent Garden must be in the spectacular effects, for which the splendid appliances and enormous extent of the stage give special facilities. The old story is, of course, not very closely adhered to; however, there are the children: the boy charmingly played by little Nelly Groves, who was such a favourite last year with everybody in the character of Little Red Riding Hood; and the wicked uncle, who has, if possible, a more wicked retainer, kept to do all his dirty work; and there are the father and mother, who do not die at the beginning of the piece, as they do in the ballad, but live long enough to give a gorgeous Christmas entertainment in their baronial hall, where the revelry is of a most elaborate character; then there is the fight between the would-be murderer and the children's protector; and finally, the robins: so that, at all events, most of the materials of the old story are kept. While, in addition, the wicked uncle takes up his abode for the night in a huge bed-room occupied by the Big Bed of Ware, which turns out a veritable chamber of horrors. The transformation-scene that follows this is one of the most brilliant ever seen: a combination of golden fern-fronds and fairy forms, surrounding the two children, still attended by the faithful robins, who form the centre of the picture. The harlequinade that follows is hardly up to the average; but considerable fun is got out of a train bound for Ashantee, and containing all the latest contrivances. Mr. Hicks' scenery is very charming throughout, especially the transformation-scene; the ballet scene, which takes place in a wood in winter, and the scene

of the childrens' wanderings; though we may remark, *en passant*, that blackberries are not usually found upon snow-covered brambles. The scene of the revels is a triumph of management, and the army of small children go through their complicated evolutions in a style that is perfectly surprising. The Covent Garden pantomime is emphatically a thing to see.

The Drury Lane pantomime, "Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp," depends for its success almost entirely upon the exertions of the Vokes family, who have returned from a most successful tour in America to the scene of their former triumphs, funnier and more versatile than ever. In fact, with the exception of Miss Harriet Coveney, who plays the Widow Ching, Aladdin's mother, with her wonted cleverness, the Vokes are the pantomime. Mr. Fred. Vokes, as the Magician, seems even more flexible than ever, and is ably supported by Mr. Walter Vokes, who enacts the part of the Magician's man. Mr. Fred. Vokes' pigtail, and the antics he plays with it, will long be remembered. The ladies of the little party are as good as they can be. Miss Victoria Vokes makes a capital Aladdin. Miss Rosina displays all her well-known liveliness and abandon as the Princess Badroulbador; and Miss Jessie Vokes is a most agile and graceful genie of the lamp. The scenery is, as usual, by Mr. Beverley, and as a matter of course, is beautiful in the extreme; the most effective scene being the interior of the magic cavern, with a ballet of jewels of remarkable brilliance. The transformation-scene is also very pretty and ingenious, and thoroughly in keeping with the general Chinese character of the opening. There is, according to Mr. Chatterton's general custom, a double troupe of pantomimists.

"Beauty and the Beast" is the pantomime at the Princess's; the chief attraction here being Miss Kate Vaughan, who takes the part of Beauty. With the exception of the small part of Flibbertigibbet in "Kenilworth," which she played with peculiar grace at Drury Lane last spring, this talented young lady has hitherto been known only as an eccentric dancer. She has certainly proved herself worthy of something better. She acts most intelligently, and speaks her lines well and clearly. Mr. Belmore, one of the most versatile actors on the stage, appears as Beauty's father; and the famous "Little" Rowella is the clown.

One of the most amusing of this season's pantomimes is "The Children in the Wood" at the Adelphi, the opening of which is full of humour. The story is treated very differently from the Covent Garden version, and our young friends will have to decide which they like best. The children are capitally played by Miss Amelia and Miss Violet Cameron; and Mr. James Fawn



is the wicked uncle, who is troubled with dreams, after the fashion of Mathias in the "Bells." The transformation-scene, depicting the "Nereid's Home," is a lovely bit of painting by Mr. F. Lloyds. Mr. Forest is the clown, and the veteran Paulo the pantaloone. Lieut. Cole's clever performance is introduced in the course of the evening.

The remaining pantomimes we are compelled to dismiss more briefly. At the Globe, Miss Lydia Thompson and her engaging troupe, have set up their standard, and play their "Blue Beard" with a capital pantomime ending, which is totally unlike the usual character of such things. Its very originality should make it acceptable. At the Surrey there is a capital pantomime, "The Forty Thieves," with the Paynes in the opening, and Madlle. Anetta Scasi as Morgiana. Here the spectacle is very fine, and there is a most tasteful transformation-scene. In the harlequinade Mr. Harry Payne is clown. At the Grecian, "Snip, Snap, Snorum" is the vehicle for the display of Mr. George Conquest's remarkable talents.

It is not, however, at every theatre that pantomime reigns. At many, the bills are unchanged. "Hamlet," with Mr. Irving as the Danish Prince, still keeps its place on the boards of the Lyceum, and probably will continue to do so for some time. Mr. Sothorn continues to depict the eccentricities of Lord Dundreary to the frequenters of the Haymarket. "The Two Orphans" flourish at the Olympic; and "Sweethearts" and "Society" at the Prince of Wales's.

At the Gaiety, however, there has been an important change. The production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" has more than justified our anticipation. We cannot call to mind ever having seen such an exceptionally good cast all round. From Mr. Phelps, who plays Sir John Falstaff, downwards, all are good, and specially well chosen for their parts. Mr. Arthur Cecil, who has proved a most powerful acquisition to the Gaiety company, has made a wonderful hit in the part of Dr. Caius, the French physician, which he plays with the utmost humour, and at the same time with the most careful attention to the most trifling detail. Mr. Righton, as Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, is almost equally good, and the scene of the duel between those worthies must be seen, as they say, to be appreciated. When we add that "The Merry Wives" are played by Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Leclercq, that Miss Furtado is a very sweet Ann Page, and that Mrs. Leigh is the bustling Dame Quickly, it will be seen at once how well the ladies' parts are filled. The scenery is very good throughout, but the scene of Windsor Forest by moonlight, with the Castle in the distance, is a perfect triumph of the scene-painter's art. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music is bright and characteristic, but hardly up to his best mark. Altogether, no more successful revival of Shakespeare has been seen since the days of Charles Kean—its completeness and evenness are beyond all praise.

The prolific and always amusing Mr. Byron has produced a comedy, "Our Boys," at the Vaudeville. The plot is improbable, but the quips and cranks of the dialogue are wonderful, and the acting so good that the audience enjoy the piece greatly, and it promises to have a long run. A close friendship between an aristocratic military officer of high rank, and a retired butlerman, is certainly not one of the most likely things to occur in everyday life; but the old General, as played by Mr. Farren, combines familiarity with dignity so well, and Mr. James, as the old ex-butterman, is so diverting, that the house is kept in a high state of amusement, and forgets to be critical. When listening to a lyric performance, we feel bound to believe that music is the natural language of the Leonora or the Amina, and the Gennaro or the Giovanni of the scene, and that the violation of probability would be, if the characters did *not* sing. Similarly we ought, we suppose, to feel astonished if, in a modern fashionable comedy, the pretty young ladies and smart young gentlemen did not catch up one another's words, and shower puns and epigrams. The dialogue of Mr. Byron's comedy, like that of several others which have lately had long runs, reminds us of a fencing match, so rapid is the play of "the sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram." Of this art, Mr. Byron is a master; and while, of course, he does not indulge in those terrible word-dislocations which make his burlesques remarkable, he runs riot in puns and jokes of a somewhat less violent type. The performers evidently enjoy the play, and Mr. James has added another, and perhaps the greatest, to his long list of successes. His mixture of assumed dignity and real comicality is admirable, and when once he is almost pathetic, in a moment afterwards he evokes a shout of laughter. Since Robson's time, comic actors have shown an ambition for the tragic, and have delighted in what are called serio-comic parts, delighting to make strong pathetic points. Mr. James leads us up to the point, and then topples over into burlesque, apparently unintentional, but very destructive to the serio-comic theory. He has disinherited his son, and the audience are beginning to think, "What a hard-hearted old butlerman;" but when desiring to express his determination in appropriately dignified language, he adds, "That is my *ultra-pomatum!*" (meaning, we presume, *ultimatum*), we are in the comic region again. "Our Boys" promise to enjoy a long life: they are smart young fellows; and "Our Girls," played by Miss Amy Roselle and Miss Kate Bishop, are very charming companion pictures.

In the musical world there has been the usual stagnation, owing to the Christmas holidays. The series of daily concerts at the Albert Hall, so liberally projected by Messrs. Novello, came to an end on Boxing-day, when two concerts were given. On both occasions the audience were rather tumultuous; for Mr. Reeves, who had been announced, and who, no doubt, was the chief attraction at each of the concerts, was unable to put in an appearance. As might have been expected, the audience were

disappointed, and they did not hesitate to show it. The singers who came on when Mr. Reeves should have appeared, were hardly allowed to open their mouths, and the disturbance continued more or less throughout the evening. It certainly was a great pity, and, we would venture to add, a great mistake, that Mr. Reeves' inability to fulfil his engagement was not announced earlier. At all events, the disturbance at the evening concert might have been avoided. Of course it was in thoroughly bad taste, but it was natural enough. It is now proposed to give two weekly concerts, one of which will be alternately of oratorio and classical music, and the other will be popular, in character. The change is certainly a wise one, and we cannot help regretting that some such course was not adopted at first. The Albert Hall is in winter a most inconvenient place to go to, and to get away from, except for those in its immediate vicinity, while the weather is such as it usually is in London during the winter months. The omnibus service is scanty and irregular, the railway is some way off, and to wait for a carriage or 'bus at the door entails endless miseries. In the summer, however, these drawbacks are modified, and we may hope that the new series of concerts will be sufficiently successful to warrant Messrs. Novello in giving an occasional extra night. One good result we may fairly expect from the change: the wider interval between the concerts will give those opportunities for rehearsal that were badly wanted.

The first section of the Crystal Palace Concerts ended with a performance of Sir Frederick Ouseley's oratorio, "Hagar," which was produced at the Hereford Festival in 1873, but had not previously been heard in London. The performance, as regards chorus, band, and soloists, was remarkably good, and the oratorio was received with general marks of approbation; but unfortunately the weather was most unpropitious, and the audience was unusually scanty. We trust, however, that we shall have a chance of hearing "Hagar" again under more favourable circumstances. There is much in it that is considerably above the average, and every line of it shows

the hand not only of a skilful scholastic musician, but also of a careful and thoughtful writer, who has the truest appreciation of his subject. The series was recommenced on Saturday, January 16, with a concert of the usual character.

Two performances of the "Creation" have been given since our last notes were written; one under the auspices of Mr. William Carter, at the Albert Hall, and another by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. Mr. John Boosey has commenced a series of Ballad Concerts at the Albert Hall with his accustomed success, and the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have been resumed. Soon the [musical season of 1875 will be in "full swing." One more item of musical news will close our present budget. This is the commencement of a fresh season by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, with a capital company, and a most attractive programme. Mr. Barnard's piece, "Two Many by One," with Mr. F. H. Cowen's music, is retained, and is well performed by Miss Leonora Braham, Mrs. German Reed, Messrs. A. Bishop, A. Reed, and Corney Grain. But the most effective piece in the programme is Mr. A'Beckett's "Three Tenants," which is brightly written and especially well suited to the company. The plot is something of the "Box and Cox" character, and the fun of the piece is in the complications which ensue from the letting of a Highland cottage in Perthshire to three parties simultaneously. Mrs. German Reed, as a nervous widow, with a daughter, capitally played by Miss Fanny Holland, has a part that suits her to perfection, and of which she makes the very most. Mr. A. Reed is particularly good as Pebbles, the old custodian of the cottage. Mr. A. Bishop's "Vellum," an old book-worm, is well made up and most cleverly acted. The music is written and adapted by Mr. German Reed. Mr. Corney Grain has a scena, "The Enchanted Piano," after the style of the late John Parry, to whom he makes a very acceptable successor, but we may not expect to see John Parry's equal again.

### DOWN THE SHADOWED LANE.

DOWN the shadowed lane she goes,  
And her arms are laden  
With the woodbine and wild-rose,  
Happy little maiden!  
Sweetly, sweetly doth she sing  
As the lark above her;  
Surely every living thing  
Thou hast seen must love her.  
As she strayed and as she sung,  
Happy little maiden!  
Shadowy lanes and dells among,  
With wild flowers laden,

Chanced a bonny youth that way,  
For the lanes were shady;  
She dropped one wee flower, they say,  
Did this little lady.

Dropped a flower, so they say;  
Dropped, and never missed it;  
And the youth, alack-a-day,  
Picked it up and kissed it.  
Now in sweet lane wanderings,  
With love-flowers laden,  
With her love she strays and sings,  
Happy little maiden!



## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, before the fifth of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

EMMEY would be so thankful for Sylvia's advice. What would she recommend for mourning for a step-mother? father having died a very long time ago. Would be very grateful if she could be answered in the February number. [As your father is dead, you need wear very little crape. Have your bonnet of black silk, with a little areoplane. Trim your dress with narrow folds of crape, headed with narrow jet, and have these folds placed so that you can afterwards substitute velvet or other trimming. Your jacket can be arranged in the same way.]

SYLVIA cannot find "Totum's" letter, dated October 1st; but if "Totum" will write again, Sylvia will be glad to give the subject her best attention.

Mrs. K. presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would feel obliged with her advice about a dress pattern enclosed. As it is shabby, Mrs. K. thought of having it dyed, and stamped with some coloured pattern. Does Sylvia know if they wear and look well; and what colour would suit a dark person, not tall or stout, middle age? The dress has a deep flounce, plain body, large, open sleeves. [Dyeing would make the silk too thin. Better have it re-dipped in the original dye.]

UNE FRANÇAISE will be very much obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following question. What can she do with a good black silk dress, rather more than walking length, to make it tidy for evening wear? It has a high bodice and wide sash, but no panier. There are also three narrow flounces, but they are very shabby indeed. Une Française likes the magazine very much. [If Une Française has any black grenadine she can put a flounce of it round the skirt of the silk, making the shabby flounces into ruching wherewith to head the flounce. Make a tablier of the grenadine, edging with silk or jet fringe—the latter Une Française can make herself. Cut the body en cœur, and trim round with fluting of grenadine and lace, or muslin ruff. Trim sleeves with grenadine and fringe. An old grenadine dress would do all that is required. If not, six yards of new material will make your dress very handsome and becoming for dinner or evening wear.]

HOPE very much needs some advice from Sylvia. Her case is this: she and a younger sister had just got a handsome outfit each of winter clothes, when they have unexpectedly lost their dear mother. Some of the dresses are still in the piece, some partly made, and some worn a few times. She and her sister have also got handsome bonnets, which were never worn. Their purses

are limited, and it would be a great object to them if they could get rid of the things. Hope has seen two advertisements very often in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, which she encloses, offering to buy ladies' dresses. Could Sylvia tell her of a trustworthy person, from personal knowledge, or the knowledge of some friend? and Hope would also wish to know how such arrangements are made; does the buyer send a deposit? Hope fears she is very troublesome, but living in a very small town she has no other means of getting this much needed information. She encloses a list of the new articles, and she has a number of good dresses very little worn. Hope hopes that if Sylvia will not write by post she will answer her in the February magazine, as last week Hope could not write a line. [Sylvia does not personally know any dealer in second-hand clothing, but advises "Hope" to correspond with either of those recommended by subscribers, and to find out from them the working of the system. Their names and addresses are: Mrs. Cawsey, 16, Tavistock Street, Devonport, South Devon; and Mrs. Dymond, 55, Mill Street, Bideford, North Devon. We cannot publish your list of dresses, unless you wish to advertise them in our exchange column.]

AMY would feel deeply indebted to Sylvia if she would tell her how to make up a dress for a ball. She has a light blue batiste, train skirt, very long, which has been worn over, and thinks that it would make up, if cut short, with some blue tarlatan, or something of the kind. Amy is five feet three, stout, fair skin, and light hair. Will Sylvia kindly answer in the next number? [Thin materials never look well over thin materials of a different texture. If you could get some blue silk, which need not be very good—dyeing would do—you could make up the batiste very prettily as trimming, covering the three front breadths to the knees with tiny flounces, and trimming the rounded tunic and ends, besides body and sleeves, with pretty blonde, or soft white lace. This would also be eventually the more economical style.]

JANEY would feel obliged to Sylvia if she would tell her what way would be best to make a cloak. She has three yards of wide width cloth like the pattern enclosed. She is five feet five, rather thin, light-complexioned. She had thought of a circular cloak, but would you advise it gored or not? Sylvia would greatly oblige by answering this in the next number. [Sylvia received no pattern of the cloth. Circular cloaks are no longer fashionable. A jacket, either loose or fitting, would be more advisable.]

MABEL W. would like to know what Sylvia would advise her to do with a silk dress (pattern enclosed). She has a full, plain skirt and jacket bodice, it is perfectly clean and fresh, but old-fashioned. Mabel W. having been almost constantly in mourning for many years, she does not care to bring it out again as it is. She wishes to have it dyed, though she dislikes dyed silk. What colour would Sylvia advise? Could it be dyed black, with a printed stripe, or spot of some colour, and what would be the probable cost? Mabel will feel grateful for any suggestion from Sylvia, as regards the dyeing and making up the dress. [It is a pity to have it dyed, as it is perfectly clean, and would be very thin after dyeing. Why not make the full, plain skirt into a pretty tablier, or tunic, trimmed with brown silk, or

velvet to match the stripe, and wear over a brown or black skirt?]

JESSIE would be extremely grateful if Sylvia would help her a little. Jessie has ten yards of black cashmere, fifty-two inches wide, which she wants to make up into a nice walking dress; will Sylvia kindly tell her how, and what to trim it with? Jessie is in mourning. Height, five feet. [Gore the three front breadths, and trim nearly to waist with narrow flounces, with French hem of self, and headed with bias folds stitched at each side. Make long and ample tunic at back, caught up with sash of cashmere lined with silk. Up the seams where front trimming ends, put revers of cashmere, scalloped out and fastened back with pretty silk or jet buttons. Trim skirt at back with a flounce or flounces of cashmere wider than those in front. Rasque body and tight sleeves, with cuffs of scalloped cashmere, with buttons to match those on skirt.] Also how to make up a dress of dark grey linsey, for a little girl ten years old, for every day wear. [Have the back plain and trim the front with bias folds, which would be pretty in a lighter grey. Let the skirt make a little pouff at the back, which fastens up with a pretty sash, black or grey. Body with bias folds from front to back over shoulder, and half-fitting jacket, trimmed with smoked buttons. If you have a lighter grey, put in the pockets, on the sleeves and in the bias folds.] Jessie likes the Work-room very much, and thinks it is very useful to a great many. Has been a subscriber some years, and likes it very much.

Will Sylvia tell MAY a pretty simple way of making a light print dress for a very small, young-looking girl, past twenty-five? [If you like it short, trim across tablier with flounces about eight inches wide, and a deeper flounce all the way round the skirt. If long, have the back quite plain, but with a pouff at the top. The plainness of the skirt will add to your apparent height. Trim the body and sleeves with frillings of the material, soon hemmed in a sewing machine, and wear with a bow at the neck of some pretty contrasting colour of a rather dark shade, to tone down the lightness of the print. If a good print, have a round tablier and ends at the back, trimmed with English embroidery.]

A. MELON writes: I beg to present my compliments to the Editor, and to solicit advice upon the following subjects:—1. How shall I make up a thick Russell cord, how many yards will it require, and how much crape? [Trim the front breadths with bias folds and crape, with one or two flounces round the back. Twelve to fourteen yards; three to four yards of crape.] 2. What crape do you consider best, and how much is it per yard, and where procurable? [Albert crape, price varies according to quality. Order it through your linendraper.] 3. My husband has been dead just a twelvemonth. Can you tell me how to trim a rich, black, glacé silk dress; it has eight widths, and is not gored. I don't want to take it to pieces, because it is just as my dear husband gave it to me, but I want to trim it with crape to make it look deep enough; it is quite plain now, with the exception of blue velvet and black fringe across the shoulders. [Crape is not suitable on glacé silk, only on gros-grain. You had better keep it till you leave off crape, especially as this trimming spoils the silk for any other.]

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

OUR EXCHANGE.—Ladies wishing to effect exchanges through our columns can do so GRATIS, on the following condition:—1. That they give an address, *which may be printed*. 2. It is not possible for us to undertake to forward letters and enter addresses; but ladies who wish to exchange, and who object to their addresses being published, can advertise an exchange, without address given, on payment of one shilling for thirty-six words, when their names will be entered, and letters forwarded, without further expense.

ALPHA writes, I have a quantity of modern music, and some bound very nicely; also some songs; all very little used, which I shall be glad to exchange for something useful, or for other music. Will send a list on application.—Address, Alpha, Post Office, Redland, Bristol.

FRANCES would be greatly obliged if the Editor, or any of his readers, would kindly tell her where she would be able to procure a painted glass transparency of the Crucifixion. It should be about 16 inches in length by 10 in width, and simply framed fit for hanging in a window. She would like to know the probable expense. She would also like to get two companion transparencies of a smaller size.

ALICE GRACE VIOLET will feel much obliged to the Editor if he will tell her who is the composer of the piece called Spring Flowers. What is the third song connected with the Gipsy's Warning? Having the former, and the reply, Do not heed her Warning, is anxious to get the third part. Who is the writer and composer of the song called Madoline? Why is rice thrown at a wedding? [This is an Indian custom, and signifies wishes for prosperity and abundance.]

MARY T. O. ROWE writes, Your correspondent who wishes for information about the examinations for women, ought to apply to Miss J. Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge; if about the girls' examination, senior or junior, to Mrs. Siveing, Newnham, Cambridge. I know nothing about Oxford, this year; but I know that last year one of the secretaries for the Oxford Local Examination was Mrs. Spender, The Circus, Bath. If your correspondent wishes to work for any of these, I would advise her to lose no time in applying to any of these ladies, who will tell her all she needs to know, most kindly.

HELEN ZED would be obliged if the Editor, or any other kind friend, could give her information respecting a picture entitled, The Foster Mother. H. Zed thought it was issued with the "Graphic" for Oct. 3rd; but not obtaining it with that paper, supposes she was mistaken. The subject is a young girl, feeding some little birds in a nest, which she holds in her hand. [This picture was issued with the "Graphic," and you ought to have received it.]

IRIS wishes to exchange the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1873, with fashion sheets, quite complete and in good condition, for anything useful. She also has some point-lace collars and tie-ends for sale or exchange. Answers requested as early as possible (no post-cards).—Address, L. S. E., Post Office, Welsh-pool.

MIMOSA presents her compliments to the Editor, and would be kindly answer her the following questions: When a bride gives cake and wine to her friends, should she have two kinds of wine? [Yes.] And should the cake have the flowers round it, or should they be taken off? [Flowers round it.] And when it is sent to friends, how should it be packed? [In boxes, by the pastry-cook.] And what sized piece should be sent? [A slip about four

inches long and two wide.] And should it be sent with the bride and bridegroom's compliments, or the bride's only? [With Mr. and Mrs. Blank's compliments.] And when one is friendly with a whole family, should a separate piece be sent to each? [No.] And how soon after the wedding should it be sent? [Posted on the day.]

M. E. D. sends Charlotte von Kalb the verses she asks for, and also the meaning of the term "Beaufest," which is used when any firm employing a number of men, gives them a day's holiday annually, and provides them with dinner and other refreshments.

## THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

On the Cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
In his pierced and bleeding palm.  
And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees He how with zealous care,  
At the ruthless nail of iron,  
A little bird is striving there  
Stained with blood, and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease:  
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.  
And the Saviour speaks in mildness,  
"Blest be thou of all the good!  
Bear as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and Holy Rood."  
And that bird is called the Crossbill,  
Covered all with blood so clear;  
In the groves of pine it singeth,  
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

## A SUMMER DREAM.

One day we sailed, my love and I,  
Dreaming upon a summer sea;  
A summer sky was overhead,  
A summer wind upon our lee,  
And Love's sweet summer in our hearts,  
As we drifted, dreamily.  
We sailed together, he and I,  
A soft, sweet, wind upon our lee,  
Till the summer sun was going down,  
In a crimson glory on the sea;  
We watched the gold cloud-islands rise  
As we drifted silently.  
We watched a fairy palace rise,  
In summer glory on the sea;  
A palace, in which he and I  
Should live and love unchangingly,  
With summer ever in our hearts,  
Life drifting joyously.  
Oh! summer dream! my love and I,  
Have drifted from that summer sea;  
The summer sky is overcast,  
Cold is the wind upon our lee—  
The summer dreaming from our hearts  
Has drifted drearily.  
No more we sail, my love and I,  
Together on a summer sea;  
The cold, grey mist of parting spreads  
Its shadow between him and me.  
Aye, since the golden summer-time,  
We've drifted wearily.  
Drifted apart, my love and I,  
Our fairy palace in the sea,  
Sunk by the grief of parting, lies,  
All that is left to him and me,  
Is love, like summer in our hearts,  
That lives unchangingly.

EMMA WAUGH.

H. B. has for sale the following pieces and songs. Pieces: Moonlight on the Goodola, 1s. 6d.; Harpe Eolienne (S. Smith), 2s.; Spanish Chant (Shroeder), 6d.; Marseillaise (Rimbault), 1s.; La Préciosa (B. Richards), 1s.; Mabel Waltzes (D. Godfrey), 6d.; Melody in F. (Rubenstein), 6d. Songs: Come where my Love lies Dreaming, 6d.; Driven from Home, 6d.; The Dream, 1s.; Skipper and his Boy (Gabriel), 1s.; Grandma's Dream, 6d.; I've just had a Letter, 1s.; My Roses blossom (duet by V. Gabriel), 1s.; Sing, Birdie, Sing (Ganz), 1s. 6d.; Who can tell? (duet), 1s.; What are the Wild Waves saying? (duet), 1s. 6d.; Ben Bolt, 6d.; Fading Away, 6d.; I'm Afloat! 6d.; I was Wandering and Weary, 6d.; Angels ever Bright and Fair, 6d.; Widow of Nain (duet), 6d.; Juanita, 6d.; Happy be thy Dreams, 1s.; Maggie's Secret, 1s.; Where shall we Rest (duet), 6d.; Oh, ye Tears! 1s. H. B. has also for sale, a handsome tortoiseshell comb, for which she will take 4s., or exchange for steel chataine. H. B. has lately become a subscriber to the magazine, and likes it immensely; she thinks all the contributions very good.—Address, H. B., Post Office, Mortimer, Berks.

ALICE will feel much obliged if Sylvia will tell her the usual time to stay in mourning for a grandmamma, and the quantity of crape worn, also when to slighen it. [Nine months to a year. Three months in crape, which need not be very heavy.]

MILLIE W. writes, I should be much obliged if you would tell me where I can procure Cash's Coventry Cambric Frilling, the price of it, and the smallest quantity to be had. [At Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. Prices vary according to width.] If a stamped envelope was sent would Madame Goubaud send patterns of the Beau Ideal Embroidery. [Patterns of this embroidery cannot be sent.] I should like to see in some future number some easy patterns of point-lace, braid, and crochet, also hair-pin work and crochet. [Crochet patterns will be given in every number. Hair-pin work is out of date.]

ASTREA wrote to the Editor last November asking him to tell her of a good history of Greek and Latin literature for private study. Not seeing her letter nor the answer in the Drawing-room since, she writes again, thinking the late Editor might have overlooked her little request; she therefore begs the new one to be so kind as to answer this and the following queries in the February number of his most admirable magazine, THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. What is meant, in modern language, by being a Bohemian? For instance, when Jules Janin, the French writer, says of his wife that "He will make a Bohemian of her, even as he is one." This surely cannot mean simply native of Bohemia? [I do not know of any history of Greek and Latin literature. You give me three lines in your letter to reply to a question whose answer might occupy pages. "Bohemia" is the name given to that portion of society, or perhaps I had better say the outskirts of society, whose inhabitants are artists, poets, writers, with their own immediate world. Clever people are very seldom provident, and are apt to let to-morrow take care for the things of itself without the slightest help from to-day. Consequently, Bohemians are often in a strait. They are sometimes poor, sometimes rich, generally careless and happy even when the world treats them badly. The great *esprit de corps* of the community helps them to be so. A novel called "Kitty" would give you a glimpse into this *terra incognita*, which is so difficult to describe to those who have

never seen it. Mürger's definition runs: "Bohemia is a stage on the high road of art. It leads to the Morgue, the Workhouse, or, the Academy." And what is the exact definition of "Being called to the Bar?" [A man is called to the Bar when he has completed the necessary number of terms, and passed the requisite examination. He is then entitled to practise as barrister, if any one will give him a brief.] Also, would it be considered outré for a young lady to have her visiting-cards printed without the usual title of "Miss," and only the christian and surname thus: Mary Jennings? [It would be considered eccentric, and it is a pity to do anything eccentric without a very strong motive.] Is the eldest daughter of any one of the sons in a family called "Miss," or only the eldest daughter of the eldest son of the family? [The eldest daughter of any of the sons is called Miss, unless she resides with, or in the close neighbourhood of, the daughters of elder sons.] Is it proper for young ladies to ride out unattended and alone? [It is unconventional, to say the least.] Astrea concludes her epistle, wishing the new Editor a very happy new year, and every success in regard to his editorial work, for if she may judge of his merit by his writings, she ventures to say that she considers him quite worthy of the esteem and regard of all the Young Englishwomen.

HELEN has much pleasure in sending the words of "Kate O'Shane" for Annie. It is an old song, Helen sung it twenty years ago, when she was young, and has written the words from memory, but thinks they are correct. Can any one advise her what to do with her lily of the valley; she has a large bed of it which was neglected for a few years, and has got so full of weeds there seems no hope of cleaning it without taking it all up and parting the roots, which is very bad, as she has been told it injures lily of the valley very much to move it; if it must be done what is the best season? Margaret can easily make potted head, such as one sees at Scotch breakfast-tables, by following these directions: take half a pig's head and two of the feet well cleaned, boil them very well, with as much water as will cover them, then cut off the meat of the head into pieces about an inch square, it should be nicely mixed, fat and lean; let the feet boil in some of the liquor until it will jelly when cold; it must be very highly seasoned with salt, pepper, allspice, mace, and a few cloves; warm the meat in it and pour all into moulds. If the jelly is very stiff it will keep for a month or longer; if a little melted lard is poured on the top when cold, this must be scraped off before turning out the potted head. This dish is sometimes called brawn, and can be made of cow's head, but it is not so good as of pig's head.

#### KATE O'SHANE.

The cold winds of Autumn  
Wail mournfully here;  
The leaves round me falling  
Are faded and sere;  
But chill though the breeze be,  
And threatening the storm,  
My heart full of fondness  
Beats kindly and warm.

Oh, Dennis dear, come back to me,  
I count the hours away from thee;  
Return, O never to part again  
From thine own darling, Kate O'Shane.

'Twas here we last parted,  
'Twas here we first met,  
And ne'er has he caused me  
One tear of regret.  
Though seasons may alter  
Their change I defy,  
My heart's one glad summer  
While Dennis is by.

Oh, Dennis dear! come back to me, etc.

JESSAMINE having seen a way of removing black dots from the face by means of Sapoline, would feel much obliged to Sylvia, if she would kindly tell her, if Sapoline is the same as Sapoline? If not, where can Jessamine procure the Sapoline, as she has inquired at the chemist's and he does not know it. [Never heard of Sapoline. Gard's Sapoline may be procured retail of Messrs. Chaplin and Co., 132, High Holborn, and in 12lb. boxes of C. T. Tyler, Send, Woking Station.]

LEONORA wishes to thank the Editor for so kindly answering former inquiries and again ventures with more. She finds that the pages from 16 to 30 in the January number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN are omitted, thereby leaving out a good deal of valuable information. Could she obtain the missing pages, and if so, from whom? Leonora thinks the magazine this year still more improved; she forwards, with the kind Editor's permission, the words of the song, "Do not Heed her Warning," for Wilhelmina. [You have by mistake received an imperfect copy. Refer the matter to your bookseller, who will make the necessary inquiries.]

#### DO NOT HEED HER WARNING.

Lady, do not heed her warning, trust me, thou shalt find me true,  
Constant as the light of morning I will ever be to you.

Lady, I will not deceive thee, fill thy guileless heart with woe;  
Trust me, Lady, and believe me, sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish, pleasures all would wither fast,  
If no heart could love or cherish in this world of storm and blast;  
E'en the stars that gleam above thee, shine the brightest in the night;  
So would he, who fondly loves thee, in the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river where the dark-green willow weeps,  
Where the leafy branches quiver, there a gentle maiden sleeps;  
In the morn a lonely stranger comes and lingers many hours,  
Lady, he's no heartless ranger, for he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning, lay thy soft white hand in mine;  
For I seek no safer haven, than the constant love of thine.  
When the silver moonlight brightens, thou shalt slumber on my breast,  
Tender words thy soul shall lighten, lull thy spirit into rest.

In answer to F. M., we cannot insert advertisements for exchanging paper patterns.

In reply to AIGUILLE, who asks in the January number for the meaning of the term, Poet Laureate, it is derived from the ancient custom of crowning successful poets with a wreath of laurel leaves. The title is given to the poet chosen to write the odes on royal marriages, births, and deaths. The Poet Laureate is, in fact, the Queen's poet, and is obliged to produce poetry to order, just like a manufacturer of "meaner stuff," the only difference being, that whereas the latter is paid by the piece, the Poet Laureate receives a yearly stipend.

J. BRIDGE writes:—In your November publication, I find in your Drawing-room correspondence that you have a correspondent under the title of "Heather Bell," who gives me to understand that on the receipt of 12 stamps, "he" or "she" will send 20 fern roots and a small bouquet of heather in blossom, also giving the address as follows: Heather Bell, Post Office, Eddeston, Ross-shire. Now as I was desirous of possessing the ferns and bou-

quet, I wrote as instructed, enclosing 12 stamps, and the result was that in about ten days I received my letter and stamps back again through the Dead Letter Office. I write this as I think it nothing but right that you should know about it, when the advertisement appeared in your publication. Perhaps you could let me know something further about it through your correspondence column or otherwise, so that others may not be misled. I enclose you both the letter and also envelope, so that you may see for yourself that the letter was correctly addressed. [Mr. Bridge's envelope has returned to him freckled all over with postmarks inflicted on it during its wanderings. The Editor refers Mr. Bridge and other correspondents to Heather Bell's explanation in the last column of the next page.]

In reply to ALICE's query in the January number, Sylvia recommends a cashmere cloak of a colour becoming to Alice's complexion, for parties and the theatre. As Alice wishes it to be inexpensive, she need not have it lined, and it can be simply trimmed with lace or fringe. If Alice be ingenious, she might braid it with silk braid the same colour as the cashmere.

In reply to ANNIE, who asks in the January number for the names of two songs, Sylvia thinks the one beginning—

"The long and weary day  
I sit, and watch, and pray,"

sounds like a translation of the beautiful German "Volkslied."

"Den lieben langen Tag  
Hab' ich nur Schmerz und Plag,"

The other will be found answered in first column of this page by Helen.

PEARL will be much obliged to Sylvia if she can inform her of any book of patterns for folding dinner napkins in different styles. [I do not know of any existing book on the subject. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler are about to publish the information you ask for in a cheap form.]

Can any of our correspondents give STUDENT the address of a "Society for Study at Home?"

MABEL W. will feel grateful to the Editor if he will tell her whether the art of illuminating can be perfectly acquired from an instruction book? M. W. understands painting a little. What book would he recommend? It must not be an expensive one. [Depends much on your own taste and cleverness. Vere Foster's book is the best. Can any of our correspondents kindly tell M. W. where Pine Wool for knitting can be bought, or the Pine Flannel, said to be good for people suffering from rheumatism.]

TWOPENNY writes: I hope, dear Mr. Editor, you will not object to my troubling you again, but you say in answer to my query last month, "Do not let the hands get cold if you can avoid it." Now that is a thing I cannot avoid; I have a pony and chaise, and drive about a good deal, and of course, in spite of warm driving gloves, get them nearly frozen. Can you not recommend me something in the way of a lotion, or that sort of thing, which will have the desired effect in spite of adverse circumstances? I have been told to use lemon-juice, but do not know whether that is a preparation from the chemist, or simply the juice squeezed from a lemon. [Lemon-juice is very good for this purpose. You can get it prepared by a chemist, or you can simply cut a lemon and squeeze some of the juice into the water in which you wash your hands. Have you tried glycerine and glycerine soap?] Will you kindly tell me up to what date you receive letters for publication in the next month's issue? [Must be in before the 5th.]

E. W. presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would feel obliged if she can tell her if any of Sir Walter Scott's poems have been dramatised, and if so, which, and by whom? E. W.

informs E. G. S. that glycerine or honey-soap is very good for the skin in cold weather, about 6d. a cake, may be bought of chemists. E. W. also informs Sarah Ann, that in using Judson's Dyes, the article absorbs the colour so that they may be taken out with the hands, and suspended upon a line; the colour will not run, nothing but clear water will drop from them. E. W.'s experience only extends to ribbons, but she is charmed with her success so far, very dirty, old ribbons (satin in particular) turned out almost equal to new. E. W. has ironed them between two pieces of old long-cloth when half dry. E. W. is charmed with the magazine, and looks forward to it every month with pleasure. The "Stories of the Operas" especially are very interesting; she hopes they will be long continued. E. W. hopes there may be some point-lace patterns soon, a pocket handkerchief pattern in point-lace (not Honiton) will be acceptable where the braid does not require so much joining. [The "Lady of the Lake" has been dramatised by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and was produced at Drury Lane in 1872. Another version of the same poem, by Mr. Charles Webb, has been repeatedly played in Glasgow. "Rokeby" was popular as a play some years ago. Rossini's "Donna del Lago" is an operatic version of the former poem.]

FREDA writes: I have just received the January magazine, and find only one coloured plate. This is the sixth number I have had with only one plate during the last year. I was not aware of the omission until looking at a friend's number, and to my surprise, found two coloured plates in every one. Mine have not been removed by the stationer, but simply omitted in binding. May I suggest that some reference be made to each pattern (as well as fashion plate) for instance: 2. What are the two dolls in this month's magazine intended for? I wish you every success with the new year. Your magazine is always anxiously looked for here. The cut-out patterns are always accurate and a great convenience to your country subscribers. 3. Will you sometime before summer give a pattern for a gentleman's white waistcoat. I think with the aid of a machine one might easily make one. This has been a sad Christmas to many. "Man proposes, but God disposes." [We shall look carefully after the binding in future. 2. The descriptions are given on p. 46; Suggestions for Dressing Dolls. 3. You would find it almost impossible to make a gentleman's white waistcoat to fit.]

B. H. B. has the following music to exchange for something useful or for thirty (2s. 6d.) stamps. Mill May (Crosby); Rock Me to Sleep, Mother (Christy's) song; The Wearing of the Green (Guernsey); The Brook, words by Tennyson (Dolores); waltz, L'Etoile du Nord (Meyerbeer); The Captive Greek Girl (Miss Pardoe); Oh Would I Were a Bird (Christy's) song; Cherry Ripe (C. E. Horn); Fleurettes Lyriques "La Favourita" (F. X. Clervatal); Paul et Virginia, waltz (Jullien); All Things Love Thee (C. E. Horn); Les Dames de Seville, waltz (old) (C. Schubert); Popping the Question (Caulfield); Come Home, Father (Christy's) song; Some One to Love (Thomas); Laughing Jennie (F. Buckley.) I have THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for August, 1874, to sell for six stamps. Address, Miss B. H. Beaumont, Post Office, Bury St. Edmunds.

JESSIE CLYDE thinks that she might be able to suggest some pretty thing for a bazaar, which she hopes may be of use to Clarie. She might make a wine basket crystallized with alum. It is made in this way:—Make the basket in any shape, according to fancy, with strong iron wire, then wind coloured wool very closely over the wire, and dip it in a very thick syrup made of alum dissolved in boiling water. Hang it up to dry with a piece of string; when quite dry the alum will form large crystals, which are very pretty. A moss gipsy kettle is

a very nice inexpensive thing for the purpose. Procure a round basket and sew pretty moss all over the outside, then push all the roots inside the basket, fill it with mould, and plant ferns or any pretty plant that grows easily. Take three sticks and glue moss all over them, then tie them together at one end and hang the basket to them with coloured ribbon, gipsy fashion. This is rather troublesome to make, but is very pretty and generally sells well.

AMY writes—Can you, or any of your correspondents, tell me who Jane Shore was, and what crime she committed? She is mentioned frequently in Mrs. H. Wood's "In the Maze." I have only just commenced taking your magazine, and like it immensely. Before I conclude I must ask you to be kind enough to give me your opinion of my writing. [Jane Shore was the wife of a London goldsmith much her elder. Her great beauty unfortunately attracted the attention of Edward IV., and she was unable to resist the attractions of a life so much gayer than her quiet London home with her elderly husband. She was much persecuted by Richard III. (See John Heneage Jesse's "Richard III. and his Contemporaries," a very curious book). She was of a very humane disposition. She lived to be ninety-two, and was seen in her old age by Sir Thomas More, receiving a dole from the convent at Godstone. Even then she was very handsome. The story of her dying in a ditch is not true. She was found dead on her knees before the high altar at Godstone. She assumed the name of Anne Goodchilde. This fact is stated in an entry in the diary of Sister Latimer of Godstone. The story of her long and friendless after life goes far to make her nineteenth century critics deal gently with the sin of her youth, to which her splendid beauty so fatally led. We cannot answer questions about our correspondents' writing. If we were once to begin we should be deluged with similar queries.]

A NEW SUBSCRIBER writes—Having, as you suggested, but unsuccessfully, applied to the Librarian of the British Museum to inform me of the name of pamphlet, map, or journal, in which was published some few years since the names of the Hundreds and Manors of the royal county of Berks, I shall still esteem it a favour, if in the Drawing-room of your YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, yourself, or any of your contributors can give me the information I am seeking. [The search necessary to answer your enquiry might occupy two or three days. You had better employ a reader at the Museum to find the name of the publication. A reader advertised a short time ago in the Athenæum.]

M. H. O., Epping, has a number of songs and pieces left which she will be pleased to send as before, for 3d. each, including postage, amongst which are the following, all quite clean—Rest in the Lord, Gates Ajar, Better Land, Spirit Song, How beautiful upon the Mountains, Greeting (Mendelssohn); Cujas Animam, Les Cloches, by Wely, Wedding March, Little Bunch of Roses, I will not heed her Warning, and many others also suitable for children. Will send list.

E. D. H. would like to exchange the following songs, which are all in good condition, for pieces of silk and velvet, both coloured, for patchwork, size 4 inches by 2½ inches, or larger; she would give one song for six pieces of silk. There's a path by the River (Loder); Bird of the Greenwood (W. V. Wallace); The Sands o' Dee (Blockley); So the Story goes (Molloy); The Heart's best Dream (H. Stuart); Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin? (Claribel); Speed, speed, my Swift Vessel (J. Benedict); Tired (Miss Lindsay); Forgive and Forget (F. Buckley); The Summer Bloom hath passed away (C. G. Hay); The Last Fond Look (J. L. Hatton).—Address, E. D. H., Post Office, Bridport, Dorsetshire.

A. B. writes to dispose of the following music—Carina (Walter Macfarren), 1s.; La Rose de Valencia (Oesten), 1s.; Jupiter Galop

(Charles Coote, Jun.), 6d.; Le Repos des Fées-Nocturne (F. St. Julien), 9d.; The Troubadour's Song (Carl Lunnie), 1s. 3d.; Dew Drops (James Bellak), 3d.; Don Pasquale (T. Oesten), 1s. 6d.; Greek Pirates Chorus (Rudolf Norman), 1s. Songs: Marjorie's Almanack (Charlotte H. Sainton-Dolby), 1s. 3d.; Evening (S. Austen Pearce, M.B.), 6d.; Bright Star of Eve, Arise (W. T. Wrighton), 1s. A. B. would be very glad if in a future number some patterns of raised crochet for animal-cassars could be given; she has seen one worked to represent grapes and vine leaves; if the direction for working it could be given, she would be very glad, as she has long wished for it. A. B. is much pleased with the magazine, and thinks it improves each year. She greatly enjoyed reading "Marjorie's Quest," and hopes the new tale will prove equally interesting.—Address, A. B., 79, High Street, Brantree, Essex. [Some more crochet patterns will soon appear, with directions.]

M. W. has the Polonaise Lace Book quite new, which she would exchange for any illuminating instruction book (except De Lara's). M. W. would also give a pretty hand-cut lamp shade for a thread photograph frame, or for Bemrose's book on paper rosette work.

AMY has the "Young Ladies' Journal" for 1874, fashion plates, supplements, and patterns complete, not soiled or torn in the least, which she would like to exchange for THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN with patterns, etc. for 1874, in perfect order.—Address, Miss W., 29, Trafalgar Road, Egremont, Cheshire.

JESSIE CLYDE would send a packet containing 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, 6 varieties for 12 stamps; or, if preferred, half the number for 6 stamps, post-free.—Address, Miss Clyde, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devon. Jessie Clyde wrote to Heather Bell in November, and had her letter returned, marked, "No such place as Eddeston."

HEATHER BELL regrets very much that S. K.'s application for fern roots should have found its way to the Dead Letter Office, being the only one (out of very many) that did so. If S. K. would address Edderton, instead of Eddeston she will still be supplied.

META writes:—If any of your correspondents would like the numbers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, half price, for the years 1873 and 1874, I shall be glad to supply them, but do not care to dispose of odd numbers. I have nearly all the diagram sheets for each month. I think the magazine would be more generally useful, if the "Household Hints" were continued, instead of the chapter on "Education of Girls".—Address, Meta, Post Office, Kilburn, Oswaldkirk, York.

S. RENDLE writes:—I have several back numbers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN (four last of 1870, all of 1871, 1872, and 1873 with the exception of October; these contain, "An Old Fashioned Girl," "Little Women," "Good Wives." I shall be glad to receive offers for them all, or part, but should prefer the former.—Address, S. Rendle, Treverbegu, Forest Hill, S.E.

LIBERAL wishes to dispose of the following songs: Forget Me Not, 1s. 6d.; The Nightingale's Trill, 1s.; If I Had Some One to Love Me, 6d.; Ever the First, 1s. Liberal will sell them, separately or together, they are quite new. Address enclosed. I must also add I have taken your journal for some time, and I think it is an exceedingly useful journal, and I like it very much. [Liberal must send her address again. It was either not enclosed, or has been mislaid.]

RUSSELL has the two following pretty songs and pieces to dispose of—viz., Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin? (Claribel), March in Norma (Bellini), both in good condition. Russell would like in exchange the following, The Imperial Galop, and Mayflower (by T. Oesten).—Address, Russell, Newport, Pembroke-shire.





*Thirion* H<sup>re</sup> Lefèvre imp Paris

M. Giraud & Fils Ed<sup>rs</sup> Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

MODELLED FOR

The "Young Englishwoman"







MARCH, 1875.

## GOODNESS AND CLEVERNESS.

**A**N eminent man has passed away from us: not one of the great men whose deeds and fame afford material for the panegyrics of the historian—for marble monuments and elaborate orations; but a great man in the sense that he led a grand life of devotion to duty—that his conscience having approved of a certain line of conduct as best fitting his nature and opportunities, he followed it steadfastly, and maintained it stoutly. In position he was only a country clergyman, holding, besides, a canonry in Westminster Abbey, preaching, except during his residentiary month there, chiefly to a village congregation, by whom he was loved as few pastors are loved; and on those comparatively rare occasions when his voice was heard in a larger area, listened to by a crowd of intellectual men and women, who acknowledged in him a teacher having a deep sympathy with their humanity, while he pointed the way to a development of spirituality.

Charles Kingsley, who now, so much as is mortal of him, lies at rest under the yews of the beautiful little churchyard at Eversley, close to the vicarage wall, was a poet as well as a preacher—a novelist who depicted the emotions and passions of our common nature with rare fidelity, and who discerned the elements of heroism where others, less quick-sighted and sympathetic, might have failed to discover it. Some of his songs will live in all collections of our lyric poetry; some of his novels contain characters which stand out with a reality we can discover in none but the work of master hands. He had not the subtlety nor suggestiveness some other writers

of the present day evince; he was too earnest in his convictions, too robust in his intellectual grasp, to mistake the real source and value of the actions he described. He did not believe in the morbid growth of the faculties as the ideal of human nature; but preached very emphatically, in the pulpit and out of it, the doctrine of “a sound mind in a sound body.” He believed that they were essentially allied, and that the healthy, active exercise of the bodily and mental faculties was an act of obedience, almost of worship.

The hermit theory, of Christianity being “out of the world,” found no favour in Kingsley’s eyes; neither did the treasure theory, that of locking up Christian graces for special and Sabbath use only. We are, he taught, to take them into the daily avocations of life; always to be true to our convictions; always doing with our might the good work readiest to hand, and doing it with such a spirit of cheerfulness as should be shown by those who dwell in a very beautiful and wonderful world, and who have, if they understand their nature rightly, very beautiful and wonderful work to do.

One lesson of Kingsley’s was of life-long teaching, and it is the teaching and nourishment of all true souls. Do right because it is right, not because you hope to gain anything by doing it, or for fear of losing anything if you fail to do them. If we would only analyze our motives carefully, how frequently would some of the best among us discover that we profess to be good, even try to be good, because if we did not we should lose caste, or suffer some social inconvenience? Even if, in spite of all our

attempts at self-deception, we cannot quite disguise from our own consciences the fact that our heart is not quite in the work we have undertaken, we strive very hard to maintain appearances—keep, at least, our hand on the plough; if we do not help materially to make a straight furrow; for, if we did not, Mrs. A might look askance, Miss B give us unmistakeably the cold shoulder, and the Rev. Mr. C regard us with a dismal pity. Do it because you know you ought to do it, taught Charles Kingsley, and if you feel that you cannot do it heartily from that motive alone, don't pretend to do it, but stand modestly aside, though "all the world wonders" and looks reproachfully. Wherever a wrong exists, it is the work of the truly religious man or woman to try to remove it, whether it is a political, or social, or an intellectual wrong. And this strong, keen-eyed, vigorous man looked about him well, and saw many wrongs sadly in need of righting. No doubt he was sometimes tempted to say with Hamlet :

"The world is out of joint, oh wretched spite  
That ever I was born to set it right."

But his was not the melancholy mood of despair; he was not daunted because the whole of the desired work was impracticable, but he knew that he was born to do what he could, and bravely he set to work, with all the "muscular Christianity" of his earnest, energetic nature.

Intense love of nature, alike in its grand and minute form, was a marked feature of his character. When a boy, he delighted to scale the rocks and explore the coast wonders of beautiful Clovelly. His strong limbs and healthy lungs made him an athlete, and they helped him to be an observer of the wonders, great and small, of nature. He knew the sea-weeds and the microscopic shells, as he knew the granite rocks, the mosses, and the lichens of the Devonshire moorlands; and by force of imagination he realized to himself so exactly the grandeur and beauty of tropical scenery, that few of his readers could suppose he had never visited the "pleasant isle of Aves, beside the Spanish main," which his Buccaneer sighs for in the powerful and pathetic ballad; and when Kingsley himself visited the West Indies, later in life, he found that he had but little to learn by actual experience of the marvellous loveliness of the lands of the tropics.

It would be an absurdity which Kingsley himself would have been the last to sanction, to say that he was free from mistakes of judgment. Eager and impulsive, generous and sympathizing, he sometimes misunderstood the real causes of the evils he lamented so deeply, and strove so energetically to remove. In early life especially, he believed too easily in the alleged oppression by classes; he gave his earnest advocacy to support the theory that by merely shuffling the cards, public and private virtue might be almost ensured, and he undervalued the causes for which the poorer classes are themselves too often answerable, which help to make them so poor and wretched, and attributed too readily to the inequality in political privileges, the misery and degradation he saw around him. Clearer views came with advancing years, and he

saw and taught that to the increase of individual goodness, faith, and courage, we must look for the elements of social and national happiness.

Now, why have we written so much about Charles Kingsley in these pages, not ordinarily devoted to homilies and spiritual biographies? Our answer is, because a good, large-hearted man, who loved his kind, who carried his religion in his heart, and preached it by his life, and in many ways besides direct exhortation and reproof, has passed away from us, not without leaving memorials of himself in happy homes, where he is spoken of by thousands who never saw him, with affection and regard. His teaching had very much of the spirit of the parables, for he made the work and experience of our daily life the theme of his practical discourse; and sometimes with a fiction, sometimes with a song, taught how nearly our lives are allied to the divine. Many a verse of his is really a text; and such a verse was before us when we took pen in hand. What we write will be read by young Englishwomen, and Kingsley's one verse contains more food for reflection than many a long sermon:—

"Be good, dear child; and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long!  
Thus making life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand sweet song."

The higher qualities of mind, the finer intellectual powers, the vivid imagination, the gifts of poetry and song, the subtle perception of beauty which gives birth to art, are not the gift of all—the portion, indeed, of but a few; but all can be good, all loving, all tender, sympathetic, unselfish, and generous. At least, if not, the measure of human depravity is greater than we are willing to allow; but all can try to possess and exhibit these qualities; and what a much happier world it would be if they were more frequently exhibited! Talent, like great beauty, cannot be attained, if nature has denied it; but even a homely face, if lighted up with an amiable, genial expression, is more attractive than "Cleopatra's majesty," if pride, malice, and unwomanliness leave their impress on the regal features. We could well dispense, in our parlours and pleasant social meetings, with the intellectual power that can solve a mathematical problem that would puzzle the Senior Wrangler of the year, the wonderful manipulation of the keys of the pianoforte, which achieves all the difficulties which Liszt or Bülow could devise, but leaves out all the expressive soul of the music. But sad, indeed, would it be for us, if we were deprived of the innocent gaiety, the unobtrusive but active kindness, the affectionate nature of the "maids of merry England," as the song has it; and we should not be very merry without those who are content to "be good, and let who will be clever," who make a sunshine in many a shady place, who link "life, death, and the vast forever" in a grand sweet song, by doing their best to make the life they now enjoy, and which we enjoy with them, happier and purer, braver and less selfish, by their influence and example.



## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## V.—WASTE PLACES.

HE was met by a swift gust of wind, so chill and vault-like, and hurrying past him with so woeful a sigh, that it seemed like the rush of innumerable imprisoned ghosts, eagerly seizing upon the opportunity for escape. Involuntarily letting go the door, it closed behind him with a clangor that reverberated loudly, for a moment, through the house, and then suddenly ceased, as if smothered in some remote corner by a lurking hand. The silence which followed was dreary and oppressive,—all the more, because Bergan, coming so suddenly from the outward sunshine, was altogether bedimmed by such density of gloom as brooded within, most of the windows being either darkened by blinds or closed with heavy opaque shutters. For a single instant, he felt a thrill of unreasoning horror. The impenetrable gloom, the oppressive stillness, the damp, dead air (which might have come straight from the open mouth of a tomb), gave him a chill impression that he had committed sacrilege.

Quickly recovering himself, however, he again flung wide open the door, and fastened it back. By the light thus admitted, he easily found his way to a window at the other end of the hall, which he also opened. There was an immediate inward rush, not only of the sunny daylight, but of the sweet, warm air of the autumn afternoon, with its inevitable suggestions of tranquil sea, and tender sky, and slow-waving forest; quickly penetrating, he felt sure, to the uppermost corner of the long-deserted dwelling, and scattering everywhere some healthful, purifying, enlivening influence.

He could now see that he stood in a wide and lofty entrance-hall, decorated with a protusion of carved wood-work; panels, cornices, and casements being ornamented with garlands of oaken roses, or quaint heads of animals, still as petrifications, and almost ebon-black with time and rubbing. The furniture consisted of a small table, a cumbrous cabinet, and ponderous, high-backed chairs, of the Elizabethan age, or perhaps earlier, brought from England, as heir-looms, by the first emigrant Bergan. There was also a tall, spectral clock, which, to Bergan's intense astonishment, suddenly began to fill the hall with a loud, monotonous tick, as if the march of time, long ago arrested in the deserted mansion, was now duly resumed:—doubtless, the rusty wheels had been jarred into spasmodic motion by the violent closing of the door. By way of decoration, there were a few dingy pictures, in dark, carved frames; and in two of the oaken panels hung complete suits of armour,—helmets, cuirasses, gorgets, greaves, and gauntlets,—memorials, not only of long-buried Bergans, but of long-vanished days.

Hesitating, for a moment, between two half-open

doors, Bergan finally chose to enter the main parlour, a room full of a dusky, old-time grandeur. A piano stood between the windows, over the keys of which he ran his fingers, but found that its music had been imprisoned so long as to have grown hoarse and melancholy. So, doubtless, had that of the harp, which showed, skeleton-like, through its torn baize cover, and was flanked by a pile of music-books, the leaves of which were yellow with age. Odd, unwieldy chairs, covered with faded sil damask and a rich coat of dust, kept solemn state in the dim corners; ottomans and footstools, elaborately embroidered by forgotten fingers with birds, flowers, and other once cheerful devices, stood under the windows, or were scattered around the floor. On the walls, in frames of tarnished magnificence, hung two or three pictures in worsted, the designs of which, like the hands that had wrought them, were now faded beyond recognition. Just in proportion as these things had once helped to brighten the room, they helped to make it more sombre now. Like the images of vanished joys, they were all the gloomier because once so glad. Looking upon them, Bergan was painfully impressed with the latent identity of gaiety and grief. Only give them time enough, and they merge into the same dull, neutral tint!

Bergan next glanced into a second parlour, a dusky ante-room, and a dining-room; but leaving these places undisturbed in their dim and dusty sanctity, as not of pressing interest, he made his way to the library, on the other side of the hall. It was a large and lofty room, set round with ancient book-cases, above and between which hung rows of portraits, in frames of oak and gilt. These represented the early forefathers and later worthies of the Bergan lineage,—some in knightly armour, with mailed hands clasping a gleaming sword-hilt; some in the rich array of the Tudor or the Stuart court, with laced and plumed hats under their arms; some in the red coats and top-boots of English squires, with a favourite horse or hound looking out from one corner of the picture; some in the huge horsehair wigs and ermined robes of the judge's bench; and others in the cocked hats and knee-breeches of the Revolution, or in the modern black coat and pantaloons, seated in arm-chairs, with their backs to a crimson curtain. There were also dames to match, with towers of lace and curls upon their heads, ruffs, farthingales, and all manner of obsolete finery.

Most of the faces had the austerity of aspect common to old portraits, as if time had delighted to bring into clearer view the hard, stern traits of character which the painter had dared but faintly to delineate, and had even then done his best to cover up with pleasant colouring,

and a final coat of lustrous varnish. Nowhere was this effect more striking than in the portrait of Sir Harry Bergan, earliest emigrant of the name, and father of the American line. The younger son of a noble English house, he had early fallen under the displeasure of a stern father, by reason of careless and spendthrift habits; and had finally been banished, in disgrace, to a small continental town, upon an allowance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Under this severe discipline,—smarting, too, with a rankling sense of injustice in the treatment that he had received,—his character underwent a complete transformation. His carelessness and extravagance, as well as the generosity and frankness of which they had been the rank, ill-trained out-growth, fell from him like worn-out garments; he became bitter, morose, and dogged.

At this crisis, the sudden death of his mother placed him in possession of her own large fortune and family estate. Life once more opened before him; but no gentle affection called him back to the paternal neighbourhood. On the contrary, he emigrated to Georgia, just then luminous with the career and the fame of General Oglethorpe; with the ambitious design of founding a Bergan lineage in the new world, which should equal, if not surpass, that of the old one. He brought a vast tract of land, and vigorously commenced the work of bringing it under cultivation; he distinguished himself both as a soldier and a citizen in the Spanish war and the colonial trials, and was knighted for his services; finally he imported men and materials, and built Bergan Hall as nearly as was possible in the style of his early English home, and called it by the same name. The bricks, the tiles, the elaborate oak carvings, the door and window-frames, the furniture and decorations, the copies of ancestral portraits, were all brought from England, and put in their places by English artisans.

Scarcely was the work finished, ere he died, bequeathing to his descendants, not only a vast estate, a splendid home, and an illustrious name, but, by a still stronger law of heirship, certain marked traits of character hereditary in himself,—indomitable energy, dogged independence, strong family pride, and an occasional lunacy of rage, familiarly known as the "Black Bergan temper," to which the race had been subject from time immemorial. These characteristics were to be traced, more or less distinctly, through all the portraits of his successors; but in none did they seem to be so perfectly reproduced as in his present representative. In truth, Major Bergan might be regarded as the original Sir Harry over again; his harsh features and stern expression being shown in the old, time-darkened picture with a degree of prophetic accuracy little short of actual portraiture.

Other pictured faces there were, however, which time, still faithful to its work of bringing out the essential truth, had only touched into softer beauty. Such was the face of Eleanor, wife of Sir Harry; a woman of fair and noble presence, in the rich prime of her life, with a

wise, strong, beautiful soul, shining out through her deep, soft eyes. Before this picture Bergan lingered long. Even in babyhood, his mother had resembled it strongly enough to make it seem most fitting that she should receive its name; and the likeness had so strengthened with years, that now, it might easily have passed for her portrait, painted from life.

Seeing how perfectly these twain of their ancestors were reflected in his mother and uncle, not only in features, but also in character, Bergan was suddenly seized with a nightmare of doubt and questioning. Was a man's good or evil, then, a mere matter of inheritance, an inevitable heirloom, handed down to him from a remote ancestry, by a more effectual law of transmission than has ever been established, in respect to more tangible property? If so,—if the defects and weaknesses, the depraved tastes and ungovernable passions, which characterized the father were inevitably passed on to the son, and the son's son,—if the moral disease under which this man groaned, as well as the sweet temper which made that woman a household sunbeam, were to be surely traced back to their ancestor of a hundred years ago, what became of individual worth, individual shame, and individual accountability?

Bergan shrank from the apparently inevitable conclusion. He felt, with an unutterable horror, its snaky coils tightening around him, squeezing the breath out of every noble aim and aspiration. He could only escape from it by an appeal from his reason to his consciousness.

"If," he asked himself, "I should now take that grim picture from the wall, and thrust it into the fire, in revenge for the pain which it has given me, should I not know, despite all reasoning to the contrary, that I—I alone, and not that bearded Sir Harry, was responsible for the foolish act? Certainly, I should; for whatever else he may have sent down to me, he did not give me either my will or my conscience. These are my own, and never Bergan of them all had them before me!" And he drew a long breath of relief.

His attention was now directed to the portrait of a young girl, at the end of the second row, nearest the window. It had an odd, illusive resemblance to some one that he had known,—a singular likeness in unlikeness, which puzzled while it attracted him. All at once, capturing the fleeting, familiar expression, as it were, by a swift side-glance, he recognized it as that portrait of his mother in her youth, of which Major Bergan had spoken. He stood gazing upon it long and earnestly, yet with a strange, undefinable feeling of sadness, too. For this bright, young being, with the smooth brow, the arch, dimpled face, and the unawakened soul dreaming at the depths of the soft eyes, was, after all, a stranger to him,—a being that he had never known, and never could know, any more than if she had been laid years ago under the sod, and her sweet substance gradually transformed into violets and daisies. He went back to the

picture of Lady Eleanor, and felt, with a thrill of gladness, that he had found again the mother that he seemed, for a brief space, to have lost.

He now turned from the pictures to the book-cases, and found them to contain a heterogeneous collection of ancient and modern volumes, carelessly ranged upon the shelves, without reference either to age or theme. Latin and English classics stood shoulder to shoulder; law and poetry were harmoniously cheek by jowl; divinity and science amiably helped each other to stand upright; history, philosophy, morality, and controversy, met on the same plane, and sunk their differences under one uniform coat of dust. Geography that read like fiction, geology that had no interest except to the antiquarian, and infidelity that had not a peg left to stand upon, were huddled together in one corner, and (no doubt to their utter amazement) helped, in these latter days, to point the same moral.

Growing oppressed, at last, with the sight of so much hopelessly shelved thought, so many pages bearing the prints of a long succession of fingers now crumbled into dust, Bergan turned back to the hall, mounted the staircase, and glanced into two or three of the chambers. He found in all faded carpets, ancient bureaux, high-post bedsteads, shadow-haunted hangings, a thick coating of dust, and a heavy, breathless scent which, it seemed to him, death must needs have left there, in his oldtime visits. Indeed, he could almost have believed that the last occupant of each dusky cavern of a bed had stiffened into clay therein, and been left to choke the air, and coat the furniture, with his own mouldering substance. No lighter dust, he thought, could have made the atmosphere so thick, or caused him to draw his breath so heavily.

Opening the last door in the gallery, Bergan was startled to find a room with every appearance of recent occupancy. Not a speck of dust dimmed the carpet or the furniture; the curtains and the bed-drapery stirred lightly with the breeze from a half-open window; the soft pillows seemed waiting for the head that had dreamed upon them last night; a chair, with a shawl thrown carelessly over the back, stood where it must needs have been left a moment ago; an open workbox showed a suggestive confusion of spools of silk and bits of ribbon and worsted; a vase of flowers adorned the mantel; and a little white glove lay on the toilet-table, among brushes and scent-bottles, and was reflected in a small, bright mirror. Bergan hastily drew back, feeling intuitively that he had intruded upon a maiden's bed-chamber, keeping still the perfume of her sweet breath and happy thoughts.

Yet—the bed-linen, how strangely yellow!—the shawl, how dim and faded!—the flowers, how withered! He advanced again; he began to understand that the maiden who had dreamed on that pillow, whose hand had left its dainty mould in that glove, the sweetness of whose virgin breath still lingered in the room with the scent of the withered rosebuds, went out from it years

ago,—a bride,—to be known thenceforth as wife and mother,—*his* mother! His eyes grew moist; one by one he touched the little possessions left behind with her girlhood, striving thus to come a little closer to the fair, shy image, that moved him with such unutterable tenderness, yet seemed so far beyond his ken. Reverently, at last, he closed the door, as upon a still, white, smiling, corpse, at once ineffably beautiful and ineffably sad.

But who had cared for this one room so tenderly, while all the rest of the house had been left to go to ruin? The answer was plain. Old Rue, whose love for her young mistress was half a worship, had taken a sorrowful pleasure in keeping the room (with such help as she could easily command) in the exact state in which it had been left.

Bergan was in no mood for further exploration. He made his way back to the entrance-hall, and sat down in one of the antique chairs. He was not quite ready for the instant transition into the outward sunshine. His heart was too heavy. The ancestral home was only an ancestral tomb. Surrounded by memorials of the old state and splendour of Bergan Hall, he felt all the more keenly its present desolation and decay. Remembering the noble Bergan lineage, he was humiliated to the dust by the thought of its present representative.

And here, first, his uncle's offer rose before him in the dazzling garments of temptation. Was it, after all, an ignoble ambition to lift the family name out of the dust, to restore the family home, fill it again with social life and warmth, and make it the centre of purer, more refining, and more elevating influences than ever before? Was it not better than any mere personal ambition? Might it not be just the place which he was meant to fill, and which, if he declined to take it, would be left empty? From questions he went on to answers; and his thoughts shaped out a tempting vision of Bergan Hall restored, revived. Light steps and rustling garments went up and down the broad staircase,—his mother sat smiling in her old room,—voices of children echoed through the large, sunshiny parlours,—guests came and went,—he himself sat in the library, crowned with honours as with years, and—

He was recalled to the present and the actual by a low rumble of thunder. The sunshine had faded from the sky; clouds were rolling up from the west; he hastened back to the cottage through the first drops of the rain.

The evening passed much like its predecessor. When, at last, he went up to his room, leaving his uncle to the dear companionship of his bottle and glass, he found it half-flooded with water from a newly sprung leak in the roof. Hastily declining the Major's hesitating offer of a share in his own apartment, he begged permission to quarter himself in the old Hall.

Major Bergan set down his glass, and looked at him with a mixture of wonder and admiration. "Certainly, Harry, if you are in earnest about it," said he. "But I

must say that you are a brave fellow to choose to sleep alone in an old ruin like that,—haunted, too, the negroes say. But are you sure that you can find a room there any less leaky than your present one?"

"Quite sure. I noticed two or three, on the south side, which seemed to be in excellent condition."

"Very well; take your choice, and make yourself as comfortable as you can. Brick is under your orders, of course; and Maumer Rue will send you out one of the women, with what linen is needed. Good night."

The Major remained standing at the door, till he saw, first, a wandering gleam of light through the crevices of the old house, and then the steady beam of a candle, shining from an upper window.

"A light in Eleanor's room;—I never expected to see that again!" he murmured, and went back to his bottle, to drink all the deeper for some unwontedly sad and remorseful thoughts.

Meanwhile, Bergan had not once dreamed of appropriating that maiden sanctuary. He had merely chosen the room next to it; and the door between being transiently opened for better ventilation, Major Bergan had seen his light through the designated window.

It was not an easy task to make his dusty, mouldy room even tolerably habitable, but it was finally achieved; and, dismissing Brick, Bergan laid his head on his pillow, with a real satisfaction in being, at last, domiciled under his ancestral roof.

## VI.

### THE DAY OF TEMPTATION.

Two days of drizzling rain followed, and did their best to make the black roof and mouldy walls of Bergan Hall look more cheerless than ever. But a counteracting influence was busy within. An energetic young spirit was rapidly organizing a home for itself in one corner; turning the shadows out of nooks where they had lain so long as almost to have established a pre-emption right, and making short work with dust, mould, and dead air. And, in some inexplicable way, the whole house seemed to catch the pleasant infection, and to be faintly astir with life. A passer-by of delicate instincts would have seen at once that the long lease of silence and emptiness had expired. And in truth, it would have been strange if a dwelling so old—so long familiar with human affairs and interests, the very timbers of which must have been oozy with the exhalations of a long succession of joys and sorrows—had not shown itself ready to sympathize with every passing phase of life, and especially to welcome back to its empty old bosom a fresh, young, beating heart.

That it did so, Bergan felt intuitively. In return, he did what he could to vivify with his single personality its whole wide indoor world. Having received unlimited dis-

cretionary powers from his uncle, in regard to choice of rooms and furniture, as well as the most unrestrained privilege of exploration, he went from room to room, ransacking and arranging, here picking up a quaintly carved chair, and there an absurdly contorted little table, and setting wide open doors and windows wherever he could find a reasonable excuse for doing so. He even mounted to the garret, a great twilight-hall, stored with the lumber of many vanished generations, and dived into nooks of dingiest obscurity, with the eager zeal of a discoverer; coming forth covered with dust and cobwebs, and laden with spoils. File upon file of yellow papers, having a possible interest as family annals, a curiously gnarled and twisted genealogical tree, a dust-choked flute, several Spanish songs in manuscript, a discoloured sketch-book, and a quaint old secretary, from the innumerable pigeon-holes of which sprang a whole colony of alarmed mice,—these were among the treasures that he unearthed, and transferred to his own room for examination or use. Every hour, the home-feeling grew upon him. Despite the grey and dripping sky, and the disconsolate, water-soaked earth, these days had their own peculiar illumination and charm. Oldness and newness combined to produce one rich—albeit, a little heavy—atmosphere of enjoyment.

Occasionally, his uncle came to watch his progress, and favour him with half-serious, half-jocular commentary. He was both interested and amused to observe how readily the new inmate fitted himself into his surroundings, and what talent he displayed in organizing various crude and chaotic elements into one harmonious whole. By turns he adapted, invented, or altered, until his room presented an aspect of pleasantness, as well as an array of conveniences, in striking contrast with the rude accommodations of the cottage, and even with the oldtime appliances that had served former occupants. His uncle wondered and admired even while he shook his head over the un-Bergan-like trait, and questioned if, after all, it were not a sign of degeneracy. This doubt well nigh culminated in conviction when, on the afternoon of the second day, in a lull of the storm, he discovered his nephew calmly seated astride the high ridge-pole, with a bundle of shingles and a pocket full of nails, stopping the leaks with which the long rain and his visits to the garret had made him acquainted; and accompanying his work with a very sweet and deftly executed whistle.

"That settles the question, Harry," he shouted to the amateur carpenter, a smile and a frown struggling for supremacy on his upturned face. "There never was a Bergan, from first to last, who could have done that!"

"Do not speak so disrespectfully of our common ancestors, uncle! As if they had not the use of their hands!"

"Humph! It's plain that you have the use of yours, and of your head, too! How in the world did you reach that dizzy altitude?"

Bergan laughed. "'Where there's a will there's a way.' What should you say to the chimney?"



"Nonsense! How *did* you get up there?"

"I really cannot answer that question as it stands. There is a mistake in the terms."

"You rascal! what do you mean?"

"I did not 'get up'; I came down." And Bergan glanced at a great oak-bough, swinging full ten feet above his head.

The Major uttered a cry of admiration. "You *are* a Bergan, and no mistake!" he cried, emphasizing the statement with an oath. "You've got the real, old, brave Bergan stuff in you, Harry, and I'm proud of you, in spite of your tinkering. But that bough is now out of your reach; you cannot come down by that route."

"A new one will be more interesting. And the chimney has a most capacious throat; the builders must have contemplated the passage of other things than smoke."

"Harry! you'll break your neck! Don't you dare to come down till I send you a ladder! At the same time, I'll order the carpenter to finish up that job, if it must be done."

"He will be too late, uncle; I am just laying the last shingle."

"Speak lower, you scamp! lest the old portraits under your feet should hear you and blush."

"Their thanks would be much more to the point—especially Sir Harry's," coolly replied Bergan. "Two hours ago, the water from this very leak was pouring in a stream down his long ancestral nose; you would have said the picture had an influenza."

The Major emitted a sound between a laugh and a growl, and vanished.

Poor Brick was even more scandalized by his young master's plebeian readiness with his hands. The very ease with which Bergan performed his self-imposed, and, for the most part, unaccustomed tasks, misled the dusky spectator. To be sure, Brick was a little comforted to observe that those agile hands knew the trick of the ivory piano-keys full well, and could evolve soulful melody from the flute, that they were not ignorant of the mysteries of sketching, and betrayed a scholarly familiarity with books and papers, pen and ink; yet he doubted if even these gracious accomplishments could wash from them the stain of that dreadful manual labour in which they were erewhile engaged—the only redeeming feature of which was that it was not done for bread.

Nevertheless, Brick loved his young master with all his heart. He had succumbed at once to the rare charm of Bergan's manner—so grave and thoughtful for his years, yet so richly illuminated, at times, with soft gleams of humour, and always so genuinely kind. He followed him like his shadow; he could scarcely be happy out of his presence; and notwithstanding his own inward struggles with doubt and mortification, he continually held him up to the admiration of the quarter in the strongest language of encomium that he could command,

as a "bery high-toned gemman, and jes' de bes' massa dat ebber stepped foot in de ole place."

The appearance of this "high-toned gentleman" on the roof, in the humble rôle of carpenter, was, therefore, a rude shock to Brick's finer sensibilities. He watched him from the ground below, groaning simultaneously over probable fractures to his limbs, and certain damage to his reputation. It gave him some consolation to find that the Major was inclined to treat the matter in a jocular rather than a serious light; and he was profoundly impressed with his hearty admiration of the gymnastic feat with which the questionable performance had opened. That, at least, his own dusky friends of the quarter could understand and approve.

Brick was still further reassured by Maumer Rue, to whom he stood in the relation of grandson. On being consulted, she had replied, loftily,

"A Bergan can do what he pleases, child. He is not obliged to walk by rule and measure, like people whose pedigree stops with their grandfathers. If a king chooses to make a box, a barrel, or a piece of furniture, for his own use, it is not a meanness, but an eccentricity." And the long word not only floored Brick's last remaining doubt, but furnished him with the means of silencing other critics. In view of carpentry and tinkering, dignified with the sonorous title of "exkingtricities," nothing was left to the quarter but to roll its eyes and shut its mouth in mute amazement.

On the morning of the third day, the sky pushed aside its grey veil of clouds, and smiled once more upon the wet and melancholy earth. Thereupon the latter quickly dried up some of its tears, and made what shift for joy it could with the remainder. Every pool reflected a bit of the sky's wide smile, or the pleasant stir of overhanging foliage. The grand old evergreen oaks around Bergan Hall shook from their far-reaching boughs broken sunlight and dancing shadows, fresh breeze and shining raindrops, in nearly equal measure. The whisper of the pine-woods became a song rather than a sigh; or, if it were a sigh, it was of that pleasant kind which struggles up unconsciously from a heart a little overfull of pleasure. Even the long streamers of grey moss decked themselves with prismatic jewels, and forgot to be mournful.

"If you do not mind a little mud," said the Major, at the dinner-table, "we will order our horses and ride over to Berganton this afternoon. You must be tired of being cooped up in the house, by this time, in spite of your ready knack at finding occupation and amusement where most people would gape their heads off with *ennui*. Besides, it is high time that you should see something of the neighbourhood, outside our own plantation—as well as the village which your ancestors founded. To be sure, there is precious little to see—Berganton is not what it was once—but I shall be glad to show you that little, and also, to introduce you to some of my old acquaintances."

As the two gentlemen were riding through the multi-

lated avenue, Bergan could not help asking if the trees which had formerly arched and shaded it had been felled on account of decay.

"No," replied the Major, a little gruffly, as if he suspected a latent rebuke in the question; "but they spoiled twenty or thirty acres of the best corn-land on the plantation, and were very valuable for timber, besides. And, about that time, I was bent on lifting a certain old mortgage off from the place, and getting generally forehanded with the world, at any sacrifice, short of selling land. However," he continued, his face clearing again, "if you will stay here, Harry, you shall replant the avenue, just as soon as you like, if that is your pleasure. The trees will not grow large enough to do much damage, in my time; besides, I can afford the land now—and almost anything else that you may happen to fancy. I have not saved and slaved all these years for nothing;—you may be certain of that. And, as I've said before, I don't believe in half-way work. If you stay here, it will be as my adopted son; and I mean to show myself an indulgent father."

A kindlier smile than was often seen on the Major's rugged features, lit up his face as he concluded. Then, suddenly turning to Bergan, and holding out his hand, he asked, in the husky tone of emotion, and with a look of entreaty,—

"Shall we shake hands upon it?"

Bergan was taken by surprise. In grateful recognition of his uncle's manifest kindness of intention, as well as of his unwonted softness of manner, he impulsively clasped the outstretched hand. At once he became aware that, in so doing, he had appeared to yield an unqualified assent to his uncle's wishes. Hurriedly casting about for inoffensive phraseology wherein to disavow any such intent, it was singularly hard to find. To increase the difficulty, Major Bergan was pouring forth his gratification that the matter was finally settled, in terms of unusual warmth and animation. It was evident, not only that the plan lay nearer to his heart than had hitherto appeared, but that he himself had taken stronger hold of his uncle's affections than he had imagined.

In fact, Bergan had come to the Major just at the auspicious moment when, having measurably accomplished the object which had absorbed all his thoughts and energies for many years, he was looking around him for something to fill its place in his life, and beginning vaguely to discern that his heart was empty, and his future aimless. The old family home was not the only thing that he had left to go drearily to ruin, while pursuing his own selfish ends in his own unscrupulous way.

Beholding, at this moment, a frank, brave, handsome youth by his side, full of talent and of promise, and singularly attractive in manner,—in whose veins, too, ran some of the same blood that filled his own, and whose features were moulded after the best ancestral type,—his dormant affections quickly awakened to fasten themselves pertinaciously around the timely object. His thoughts began industriously to shape out for himself a new future, which

should embrace, as a setting, its appropriate jewel, a brilliant and prosperous career for this young hope of his house. The unsuspected strength of these feelings now made itself clearly visible, both in the hearty grasp which he gave his nephew's hand, and in a sudden affectionateness of eyes, mouth, voice, gesture, and every indescribable manifestation, that Bergan had never seen in him before. Naturally enough, the young man shrank from the utterance of words certain to drive back on itself this outgush of the inestimable tenderness of a stern nature, to bring back the old sharpness and severity to eyes that now lay so soft and deep under their shaggy brows.

Moreover, he felt that his own resolution was wavering. Bergan Hall had grown strangely dear to him during his solitary occupation of its silent, but suggestive precincts. He might have been proof against every temptation that it could have offered in its grandeur and its prosperity; but in its loneliness and decay there was a pathetic appeal to much that was best and noblest in his nature. To this influence, a stronger one, even, was now added. Seeing the strength of his uncle's new-born affection, and its softening effect upon his face and manner, Bergan began to question within himself whether a still better and nobler work than the restoration of the ancestral home, might not here call for his hand—even the restoration of a human life. Those woeful habits of intoxication and profanity, far worse than the dry-rot that gnawed at the timbers of the old Hall; that roughness and sordidness which had gathered over the once promising character, far sadder to behold than the mould and the dust that dimmed the ancestral grandeur;—were there not moral instruments available for the cure of the one, as there were artisan's tools able to remove all traces of the other.

To young minds there is always a strong fascination in the prospect of exerting a good influence upon others. Older heads—seeing how little is often effected by the best and most persistent endeavours, and sadly cognizant of the fact that influences are received as well as exerted (a long deterioration in one's self being sometimes the price of a little, brief improvement in another)—are not so ready to take upon themselves the responsibility of acting upon any human soul, nor so sanguine of success. But Bergan had none of this late wisdom,—if wisdom it be. Through his quiet character there ran the noble vein of a noble enthusiasm. He believed that it was his part and duty to make the world better for having lived therein. Still susceptible to influences himself, he had no conception of the iron bands, the indestructible tendencies of evil habits indulged for years. He stood ready, at any time, and anywhere, to throw himself into the long conflict between Right and Wrong, and doubted not that the issue of the fray would turn upon his single sword.

Half-buried in thought, half-listening to his uncle's talk, he rode mechanically onward. On one side of his path, flowed the smooth, shining waters of the creek; on the other ran the Bergan estate, with its odd aspect of mingled thrift and neglect. He had often wondered at

the singular blending, in his uncle's character, of the sturdy English energy inherited from that indefatigable Briton, Sir Harry, with the indifference and impromptitude induced by the climate. It was especially curious to note how these diverse qualities displayed themselves in different directions. With human beings, his labourers and dependents, and even with his animals, he was prompt, energetic, and exacting, accepting no excuses, and showing no indulgence; with inanimate things, he was often careless, negligent, and unobservant. On this portion of the estate, which seemed but little cultivated, fences were down or dilapidated, gates swung unwillingly on their hinges, and outbuildings seemed ready to fall with their own weight.

Soon, too, these things were made more noticeable by contrast, as a long line of neatly-kept grounds and well ordered fences came into view. Shortly after, a pleasant cottage, amply provided with broad, cool, vine-draped piazzas, appeared on the right; standing a little apart from the road, in the midst of a group of live-oak trees scarcely less grand and venerable than those which flung their heavy shadow over Bergan Hall. At sight of it, the Major's face grew dark again; especially as Bergan, pleased with its neat and cheerful aspect, turned to give it a second look.

"Yes," he burst forth bitterly, with a fearful oath, "that is where my brother, the hardware merchant, lives! I tell you what, Harry, the very first thing that you are to do, as soon as you get a chance (if I don't live to do it myself), is to buy out his heirs, and raze that impertinent shanty to the ground. Just recollect that, will you? if I should happen to forget to put it in my will."

Bergan forbore to reply. He was learning that it was his wisest course—at least, so he thought—to take no notice of his uncle's bitter wrath and prejudice, since he could not sympathize with them. If his growing wish to possess Bergan Hall lay at the bottom of this silence, he was as yet unconscious of it.

His uncle,—accepting his forbearance as a sign of acquiescence to his wishes,—now, for the first time, really exerted himself for his entertainment. He talked with vivacity, humour, intelligence, and much of the tone and manner of his earlier days. His better self revived, for a time; and Bergan recognized something of the refined, cultured, accomplished gentleman, of his mother's descriptions, whose lightsome flow of spirits, gay sparkle of wit, and frank, cordial address, had made him the life and soul of the circle wherein he moved. It was mournful to see him under this pleasant transformation, and think of him in his usual aspect. Bergan could not but wonder how he had ever fallen to that lower level. He had not seen the easy descent from gaiety to dissipation of his younger days; nor could he understand how naturally, with years, drinking in frivolous companionship had been exchanged for drinking alone, lavishment for parsimony, the gay, aimless life of a man of the world, for the steady, energetic pursuit of one selfish, isolated, exclusive object.

They now reached the village. As they rode through its principal street, which was wide and handsomely shaded, the Major pointed to one and another of the houses along its sides, and quietly named men and women that had occupied them in years ago; either forgetting, or unaware, that most of them were now tenantry that one earthly house of whose narrow accommodations every mortal must needs have some experience,—namely, the grave.

Bergan, meanwhile, felt himself quite at home among names so often heard from his mother's lips; and momentarily expected that his uncle would stop at some one of these friendly dwellings, for the renewal of his own acquaintance, and the introduction of his nephew. But to his extreme surprise, the Major rode straight through the village, and dismounted before a tavern, at its extreme end.

## VII.

### A BITTER DRAUGHT.

It needed but a glance to show Bergan that the tavern was of the lower sort. It was dingy and dilapidated without, and from its open windows were wafted sounds of hoarse voices, shouts of laughter, the jingling of glasses, and a strong odour of tobacco, betokening a corresponding amount of moral dinginess and dilapidation within. Bergan turned to his uncle with a disgust that he hardly attempted to conceal,—the natural disgust of a healthy body and mind for things coarse, foul, noisy, and vulgar,—and inquired,—

"Do you intend to stop here long?"

"Quite long enough for you to get off and stretch yourself," replied the Major, carelessly. "This is an old halting-place of mine, and looks as natural as possible, though it is a year or more since I have set eyes on it. No doubt I shall find some old acquaintances here. Come! don't sit there gaping at the outside, like a man trying to guess at the purport of a letter from the looks of the envelope, when the inside would tell him what he wants to know, in a jiffy; get off your horse, and come in."

Bergan obeyed, but with a manifest reluctance that brought a cloud to the Major's brow. Muttering something between his teeth, which had the tone and bitterness of a curse, but was unintelligible, the latter led the way to the bar-room.

Several varieties of the genus loafer, both of the genteel and vulgar species, were leaning over the counter, or seated in tilted-up chairs, puffing out tobacco smoke, and discussing matters of local interest. The appearance of the Major was greeted with enthusiasm,—all the more, that his first words, after a "How d'y" of very general application, were an order to the landlord to make a stiff

bowl of punch, on a scale commensurate with the numbers of the party.

"This is my nephew, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the delighted audience,—“Harry Bergan Arling, as he now calls himself, or Harry Bergan, of Bergan Hall, as he is to be, in good time,—a real chip of the old family block, as you can see at a glance. I expect that you will all do me the honour of drinking his health in a bowl of the best punch that Gregg can concoct. Hurry up, Gregg! you know how I like it,—not too strongly flavoured with our two days’ drizzle;—was there ever a nastier spell of weather?”

"Never knew the sky so leaky in all my life," responded a languid loafer of the genteeler sort, too lazy to furnish his sentences with nominatives. "Begun to think, with Father Miller, 'twas getting worn out."

"It will last our time, I reckon," returned the Major. "And 'after us the deluge,' of course. I would not mind taking a swim in it myself, if it were of punch such as Gregg, there, is mixing. It looks like the real thing! Now, gentlemen, step forward and take your glasses. Here's to the health of my nephew,—Harry Bergan,—and may he unite in his single person all the virtues of all the Harrys of the line, from Sir Harry down;—yes, and all the vices, too, they are good Bergan stock, every one of them!"

A toast so perfectly in harmony with the corrupt atmosphere of the bar-room could but be received and drunk with acclamation. Bergan, perforce, lifted his glass to his lips, but the fiery draught, prepared with a single eye to the requirements of his uncle's sophisticated palate, was so little suited to his own purer taste, that he set it down with its contents very little diminished. Observing this, Major Bergan's face grew dark.

"That will never do, Harry," he growled, aside. "Don't disgrace me here, whatever you may do at home! I insist upon your emptying your glass like a man, and doing your part towards making things pleasant. Now then, gentlemen," he continued, aloud, "be pleased to make ready for toast the second. We will drink success to my nephew's future proprietorship of Bergan Hall;—may it come late, and last long!"

The cords of conventionalism—even the conventionalism of a bar-room—are strong; and Bergan was somewhat young for complete independence of character. Nevertheless, he was quite capable of turning his back on the whole company of tipplers, both genteel and vulgar, indifferent alike to their wonder, censure, or scorn, had it not been for his uncle; whose wishes, in his double character of host and relative, seemed entitled to some degree of respect. Yet both instinct and principle revolted from the certain intoxication of the distasteful glass in his hand. By a quick and dexterous motion he sent half its contents flying out of the window near which he stood, and supplied their place with water from a convenient pitcher. Flattering himself that he done this unobserved, he tried to swallow his disgust at the place and

the companionship in which he found himself with the diluted draught.

"That's pretty fair stuff," said the Major, setting down his empty glass; "it has just about the right snap in it. Is there enough for another round, Gregg?"

"Plenty, sir, and another one on the end of that. I knew you didn't like to see the bottom of the bowl in a hurry, Major."

"You are another Solon, Gregg. Your wisdom is only to be equalled by your disinterestedness. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses again! Harry, is your glass filled?"

As he spoke, the Major drew near, and fixed a keen eye on Bergan's glass, in a way which led the latter to suspect that his late manœuvre had not been so successful as he had imagined. At any rate, it would not be easy to repeat it. Well, what matter? He had submitted to his uncle's tyranny long enough; he might as well free himself first as last. He would try to do so in the way least likely to give offence.

"Uncle," he pleaded, with a graceful frankness and courtesy that could scarcely have failed to reach the Major's better self, if it had been less under the vitiating influence of strong drink, "uncle, I really must beg your kind indulgence. I am not accustomed to potations so many nor so strong; and whatever I may be able to do, in time, under your skilful guidance, I must now use a little discretion. Pray excuse me from taking any more at present."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the Major, bluntly. "If you don't know how to drink like a gentleman and a Bergan, it is high time you should learn. Fill up his glass, Gregg! he *shall* drink!"

Scarcely were the insulting words spoken ere Bergan felt, with a thrill of dismay, a hot tingling sensation in all his veins, as if the blood in them had suddenly been turned to fire. Too well he knew what it meant. The "black Bergan temper," which had been the one great sorrow and struggle of his life, thus far, and which he had believed to be completely tamed, was stirring within him in a way to show that, if it were not instantly controlled, it would carry him, in its headlong fury, he knew not whither. Every other feeling, every other thought, were, for the moment, swallowed up in the instinct of self-preservation. He would submit to his uncle's imperious dictation, not that he either prized his love or feared his anger, but because that treacherous demon within must at once feel a firm foot upon its neck, and be shown that it could expect no indulgence, and no quarter.

At this moment, there was a slight bustle at the door, occasioned by an arrival; under cover of which he again turned to the friendly water pitcher, to make sure that, while fleeing from one fatal influence he was not running blindly into the leashes of another.

"*Dimidium plus toto*, I see," observed a well-remembered voice at his elbow, in a tone of good-natured sar-



casm. "But you make a slight mistake in your practical translation; it is a 'half,' not a quarter (or I might say, an eighth) which is 'better than the whole.' And anyway, I doubt if old Hesiod meant his maxim to apply to punch."

Glad of anything that promised to create a diversion, Bergan turned and gave the hand of Richard Causton a much more cordial grasp than he would have been likely to do under other circumstances. The old man, better accustomed to the cold shoulder from all reputable acquaintance, returned it with tears in his bleary eyes, and for once, had no proverb at command wherein to do justice to his feelings. Before he could find one, Major Bergan came up, with a sly gleam of humour, or of mischief, on his face.

"What! you know Harry?" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes; I remember—you helped him on his way to Bergan Hall. So much the better. You will be glad to know that it was my nephew to whom you showed that courtesy, and to drink to your better acquaintance. All ready?"

Bergan turned round for his glass, which he had left standing on the window-sill, and, the sooner to be done with the distasteful business, swallowed at a gulp what, it seemed to him, the next moment, must have been liquid fire. A loud laugh from his uncle told him to whom he was indebted for the substitution of raw spirit for weak punch. The passion which he had so promptly smothered, doubly inflamed by the consciousness of being betrayed, and the instantaneous action of the potent draught, blazed up with sudden, ungovernable fury. Feeling that he was losing control of temper and reason together, he rushed toward the door. At a sign from the Major, two or three of the bystanders threw themselves in his way. They were instantly sent reeling right and left by two powerful blows. Dick Causton, catching hold of him with the friendly design of preventing him from doing more mischief and provoking more enmity, was shaken off with a violence that threw him into a disordered heap on the floor; over which Bergan strode wrathfully towards his uncle, who had planted himself in the doorway. The spectators held their breath to witness the expected encounter between uncle and nephew—Bergan against Bergan, the blood of both up, the hereditary frenzy blazing in each pair of dark eyes.

But Bergan was not quite so mad as that. Seeing who it was that impeded his way, he turned and darted through a window close at hand, jumped over the piazza railing, sprang upon his horse, and was off before the bystanders had well recovered their breath, or Dick had picked himself up, with the caustic observation—

*"Perit quod fucis ingrato—"* Save a thief from hanging, and he will cut your throat."

Poor Vic! never in all her life had she been urged to such mad and merciless speed as on that ill-starred day. Protesting, at first, by various plunges and rearings, she finally fell in with her master's wild humour, and sped through the village at a pace that sent the foot-passengers

to the fences in terror, and crowded the doors and windows with wondering gazers. Whether he were fleeing from destruction, or riding straight to it, was no affair of hers; in either case, she would do her best to meet his wishes. The village was quickly left behind; house after house, and field after field, slid by in a swift panorama; already they were turning the corner, toward the Hall, when Bergan's scattered senses were suddenly recalled by a stern "Hallo! what are you about!" mingled with a faint cry of alarm. To his horror, he saw himself to be on the point of riding down a young lady equestrian, who was on her way to the village, accompanied by her father. There was not an instant to lose, not a moment for reflection; the heads of the two horses were almost in contact. Putting his whole strength into one sudden, ill-considered jerk, Vic was thrown back on her haunches, and he and she rolled over in the mud together.

Fortunately, neither was much hurt, and both sprang to their feet considerably sobered by the shock. Bergan was deeply humiliated, also; he would gladly have compounded with his mortification for almost any amount of physical pain. No bodily injury could have made him writhe with so sharp a pang, as the conviction that he had flawed his claim to the title of gentleman. To have nearly ridden over a lady, in a blind frenzy of rage and semi-intoxication, was a disgrace that he could never forget. He would gladly have buried himself in the mud with which he was already tolerably well coated. Since he could not do that, he took off his hat to the horseman—he dared neither address nor look at the lady—and said, in a tone that trembled with shame and regret,

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"You would have done better to look where you were going," replied the gentleman, with the unreasoning anger that often follows upon the reaction from fear and anxiety. "No thanks to you that my daughter is not maimed or killed!"

"I think you mistake, father," quickly interposed the young lady, in a low, sweet voice, tremulous from the recent shock to her nerves; "did you not see how promptly the gentleman sacrificed himself to save me, as soon as he saw the danger? I hope you are not hurt, sir," she added, courteously, turning to Bergan.

"Thank you; not half so much as I deserve to be," replied he, only the more remorseful on account of the delicate consideration that she showed for him, while her cheek was still blanched, and her lips trembling, at her own narrow escape from danger caused by his rashness. And, feeling wholly unworthy to say another word to anything so pure and sweet, so utterly incompatible with the vile place and scene which he had just quitted, he stood aside, with uncovered head, to let her pass.

Apparently, she would have lingered long enough to make sure that he was really uninjured; but her father who had been eyeing him keenly, hurried her away. "Do you not see," he inquired, sharply, as they rode on, "that the fellow is drunk?"

"Impossible, father! He had such a fine, noble countenance!"

"It will not be noble long," replied the father. "Neither will it be the first noble countenance that has been spoiled by drunkenness," he added, with a sigh.

Left alone, Bergan remounted Vic, though not without difficulty. The bewildering effect of his potent draught,

which had momentarily been overcome by the excitement of his late adventure, now made itself felt again. As he rode along, his head began to swim; a deadly nausea seized him; his limbs seemed paralyzed. Arrived within the gates of his uncle's domain, he suffered himself to slide slowly from the saddle to the ground; and almost immediately, consciousness forsook him.

### LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.—III.

VISITS between intimate friends are paid in a morning, before the others. For these, there is no etiquette to prescribe. Nevertheless, there are delicate points, even in friendship. You understand and feel them yourselves. With your friends, never repeat gossip, it not only shows a want of heart and mind, but a great want of education. Other people's business is no concern of yours, unless you can render them a service. You have enough of your own, and more than enough to do well.

The best way to be beloved is to be kindhearted. Kindheartedness is always graceful, and what is more charming than grace? Besides, it is so difficult to have a right judgment in what is imperfectly known. To judge people well, you must look at things from their point of view, and not from your own. You must know as well as they do their position. You must understand their sentiments, their weaknesses, their passions. You must suffer and desire in the same way as they do. You must have their remembrances and their hopes, or you may often condemn when perhaps they are in the right, and excuse when there is something to blame. You cannot measure others by your own size, each one is different and everything is relative. Such a fault is very great for you, and very venial for your neighbours. It depends on the degree of intelligence and development they have reached. It depends upon their heart, and very often upon their circumstances. This digression does not take us away from our subject. It is a want of education to speak at random. Moderation in speech is one of the most positive marks of good breeding, and is unfortunately rare. If young girls are not reserved and pretend to know everything, before having had any experience, they will pay dearly for it some day, and will be forced to acknowledge that they have only acquired experience at their own expense.

Later in the morning come the ceremonious calls. It may happen that several callers come at the same time, and that they are unacquainted with each other. Here your rôle becomes delicate. While you are talking with these, the others are looking at each other. Make the conversation general, so that all may be interested.

After some words exchanged with each new comer, introduce them to the conversation as well as to the people, in order that all may take part in it.

You must rise to receive those who come to visit you: for a young gentleman you do not quite rise, but for an elderly gentleman you leave your seat without moving from the place. You go to meet a lady, the distance to be regulated by the degree of intimacy that exists between you, according to her age, rank, and the consideration she enjoys. When your visitors go, you only accompany ladies, and then only to your drawing-room door, because it is very rude to leave your visitors for an instant. Take care when you are at the door, not to shut it too quickly, and to do it very quietly.

When you invite people to dinner, the first thing to think about is, whom to invite. Take care to invite those who will like being together. They ought to know each other well enough to be at their ease in each other's society.

The invitations for a dinner party are issued in the name of the gentleman and lady a fortnight or three weeks beforehand. They should be answered immediately, and, if accepted, the engagement should on none but very grave reasons be broken. This is a very strict rule with regard to dinner parties; as it will easily be seen that the non-arrival of an expected guest will cause confusion and disarrangement of plans. The dinner hour is from seven to eight.

To return to whom you should invite: take care that all the talkative people are not invited at the same time. One good talker should, if possible, be secured, that he will amuse those many people whose minds are idle. If you get a celebrity of any kind to dine with you, do not seem to expect that he should show off to your other guests.

A Frenchwoman once asked Alexander Dumas *fil's* to dinner, and he was placed next to an artillery officer. He was very quiet, much to the annoyance of his hostess, who at last threw him a look which meant "When are you going to begin?" He answered her by pointing to his next neighbour, and saying, "When this gentleman lets off a cannon, I will begin to talk in verse."

The invitations having been issued, we must turn to the arrangements of the dinner-table. Dinners *à la Russe* have been in great favour the last few years, and they are more convenient because no one has the trouble of carving. In these dinners all the dishes are carved by the servants at the sideboards; but this plan is not convenient unless you have a large staff of servants.

Carving is a useful accomplishment, and one that is not so much practised as it might be. Lord Chesterfield says of carving: "However trifling some things may seem, they are no longer so when about half the world thinks them otherwise. Carving, as it occurs once at least in every day, is not beneath our notice. We should use ourselves to carve adroitly and genteelly." Lady Mary Wortley Montague used to dine by herself an hour or two beforehand, in order that she might carve at her father's table, and she only followed the general custom of her day.

A white damask cloth is spread over the dinner table. Down each side and along each end are long and short slips, which are drawn off before the dessert. Before each person is placed a serviette folded in some intricate form, with a roll of bread inside. Knives, forks, and spoons are ready for immediate use, and on the right hand of each person are placed sherry, claret, and champagne glasses. No tumblers are seen at modern dinner parties. Salt should be within reach of every guest, also a water decanter and glass.

The old-fashioned centre flower *épergne* has retired from its conspicuous position, and is replaced by majolica bowls and vases of all shapes and sizes, or by acacias and other flowers. At fashionable dinner-parties, a plateau of plate glass occupies the centre of the table. On its surface, here and there, are swans of Irish china, their folded wings clasping small bouquets. The edges of the miniature lake are closely bordered with bright-coloured flowers; and the flowers are scattered instead of being in groups. This decoration wants a large table, it crowds up a small one. The dessert should be placed amongst the flowers; grapes look doubly tempting peeping out from ferns and moss. The dessert is placed on the table from the beginning, and as fruit is as beautiful as it is delicious, it helps the ornament. No wine is put upon the dinner-table.

While we are on the subject of dinners, it may be well to say a few words on the etiquette of eating. The correct deportment at table has been much modified during the course of the last ten years. There are still many things, however, which may not be done: one is to cut our bread; another to dab up the gravy from our plates with our bread; to touch anything of our food except bread with our fingers. Whilst eating soup we must never raise our plates to pour it into our spoons. There are two ways of putting a spoon to our mouth. The side should touch the lips.

Never make a noise whilst eating or drinking. It is related by a recent distinguished visitor to America, that

the Americans almost always put their knives in their mouths, but as their knives do not cut, the fashion is not dangerous, though ugly. In England, where, happily, knives do cut, to put them in the mouth is dangerous and ugly. Never empty your glass at a draught. Eat slowly, never speak with your mouth full; the consequences to your neighbours may be exceedingly disagreeable. Use no knife but a fish-knife to fish; when fish-knives are not provided, use your fork and a piece of bread, which should not be eaten but left on the dish. These little prescriptions are elementary, but essential.

Take care not to inconvenience your right and left-hand neighbour by brusque or frequent movement. If anything falls from your plate, or your bread falls from the table, you must not pick it up again. Look as though you did not perceive it.

Never whisper to anyone or speak in a foreign tongue; it is rude to the people who are looking at you and do not understand.

If you are ever victim to a servant's awkwardness (and what mistress of a house is not?), do not complain or show yourself vexed at it, although you have the right to be so. Nothing is so disagreeable to a man as to see his wife show temper at her servant's shortcomings before their guests.

A French lady once told me the following anecdote on the subject of controlling temper:—

"There was a regiment of hussars formed with a new and elegant uniform; they wore a white dolman braided with gold; the garment was very dear, and young men with slender purses could not often renew it.

"A young man of good family, though poor, enlisted in this regiment. He went quickly through all the grades, and was at last named officer. His parents gave him all their spare money for his equipment. He wore this splendid costume, of which he was not a little proud, for the first time at a dinner at his colonel's.

"He was an intelligent fellow, though as violent as gunpowder. He had often been reprimanded for this fault; when he became second lieutenant, his chiefs had warned him against indulging it.

"He was placed at table near the mistress of the house, on account of his new grade; he began to talk with much gaiety and diverting originality. One of the dishes was served with a thick dark-coloured sauce. The servant who was performing the butler's functions took up the dish from the table to carve it; he stooped badly, the dish leaned on one side and all the sauce fell on the young officer's shoulder. In the twinkling of an eye all the consequences of this terrible misfortune presented themselves to his imagination; he saw himself ruined, for he had not the means of buying another dolman. The blood flew to his face and blinded him; he got up in a fury, gave his chair a kick, and took his serviette by one hand to strike the servant. Happily, his eye met that of the colonel fixed upon him; he saw all the consequences of what he was about to do. His expression changed as if

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

by enchantment ; he held out his serviette to the stupified valet, and said in an amiable tone : ' Will you wipe my dolman, please ? ' ”

The lady continued : “ We all burst out laughing. He went on talking and joking as brilliantly as before. The colonel was much pleased with him, and did much for his advancement. The countess wrote a few days after to invite him to go and see her, when she showed him a superb dolman, admirably braided ; she begged him to accept it, saying it was her own work, and that she had embroidered it on purpose for him. By his presence of mind he gained useful support, whilst if he had given away to his first movement, the consequences might have been disastrous.”

Amongst the other things to be avoided, is talking loudly. Do not forcibly draw attention to yourself. If you have any *esprit*, it will soon be perceived, you need not draw attention to it.

I am still talking of the more stylish kinds of dinners (of the less stylish I intend to talk anon) in the following remarks. After dinner the table is cleared of everything but the dessert and the flowers. The crumbs are taken off the slips on to a plate, and the slips are then withdrawn. A dessert plate, on which is a d'oyley, finger-glass, and silver knife and fork, is placed before each guest, together with three wine-glasses. These glasses should be small and not contain much water. The dessert dishes are brought more forward from the centre of the table, and spoons placed before each guest. The

wine is put on the table before the host and then handed once round by the butler. The servants hand round the principal dishes and then leave the room.

The hostess very soon rises, looking at the same time at the lady on her husband's right hand, and all the ladies rise from their seats. The gentlemen do the same. The host, or some gentleman nearer the door, rises and opens it, and the ladies retire to the drawing-room. Coffee is handed round in both drawing and dining-rooms. The gentlemen do not leave the ladies long, as it is not now the fashion to drink much wine after dinner.

When the gentlemen come upstairs, tea is served with biscuits, and bread and butter. These are handed round. At half-past ten or eleven the guests begin to depart. The arrival of a carriage is announced quietly to its owner by a servant.

In dinners of less pretension, the table is still set with care and precision ; the different courses are placed on it and removed in proper order. No dish should be taken off the table till the plates on which it has been served are removed. The dishes of vegetables and sauces are kept on the sideboard and always handed. The guests may partake a second time from the joint or poultry, but, not of either soup nor fish. Gentlemen carve and assist their neighbours, and should notice anything that is wanting, passing salt or pepper, etc., if within their reach, or asking a servant for it, but they must not get up from their seats to get it.

---

## RELENTING.

THE earth is in a melting mood,  
This morning of the year,  
And clasped around by mists that brood,  
She smiles to find herself so wooed,  
With now and then a tear.

The topmost fastness of the hill  
Has let the winter go ;  
The happy-hearted little rill  
No longer shivers past the mill  
To meadows hushed with snow.

The birds let fall their new-born dreams  
Upon us from above ;  
And many a shadow red with beams,  
And many a wind-kissed blossom seems  
To say a word for love.

What is there in this tender air  
To thrill me like a dart ?  
It quickens places poor and bare,  
And every covert sweet and fair,  
Except one maiden's heart.

Oh, are such cheerful gleams of light  
Made only to beguile ?  
Then I am but a foolish wight,  
To be so glad because, last night,  
She blessed me with a smile.

But, oh, when ice and snow relent,  
And every coldest thing ;  
Might not, perchance, one more repent,  
And, melting into warm consent,  
Flood all my heart with Spring ?



## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER III.

MRS. SEPTIMUS BAXTER was just established in her comfortable *causeuse*, when the door-bell heralded a visitor.

"My dear Mr. Wylls!" she cried, fluttering forward to meet him. "You are doubly welcome when you come alone. One sees you so seldom except in a crowd, that it is a genuine pleasure to have a few moments' quiet conversation with you."

"It is like yourself to excuse my unfashionable early call with such gracious tact," responded the gentleman, bowing low over her hand.

He shook hands with the doctor with less *empressement*, but most respectfully, and sank upon a divan near the hostess.

"I have another engagement this evening, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of paying my *devoirs* to you in passing. I will not ask if you have recovered from the fatigue of Thursday night"—with an expressive look at her blooming face. "I believe, however, it is never a weariness to you to be agreeable, as it is to us duller and less benevolent mortals. I am horribly cross, always, on the morning succeeding a party. It is as if I had overdrawn my account, in the matter of social entertainment; borrowed too heavily from the reserve fund intended by Nature for daily expenses. But this rule applies only to people whose resources of spirits, wit, and general powers of pleasing, are limited. You are above the need of such pitiful economy as we find necessary."

"*Shall I undeceive you?*" beamed the lady. "If the doctor—dear, patient martyr!—were put into the witness-box, he might tell sad tales, make divulgations that would demolish your pretty and flattering theory. Doctor, my love! Mr. Wylls is anxious to know what was the status of my spiritual and mental thermometer, on the morning after our little *re-union*, last week?"

"Eh, what did you say, my dear?"

He lowered his folio. His eyebrows were perked discontentedly, and his forefinger was in the doomed bow she had tied not fifteen minutes before.

Mrs. Baxter tried, unsuccessfully, to frown down the offending digit before she made reply.

"Mr. Wylls has heard that I am like champagne, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable'—with a dash of vinegar—when the effervescence wrought by social excitement is off," vivified, by her mirthful misrepresentation of her visitor's words, into radiance that revealed every molar, and forced her eyelids into utter retirement.

"Ah!" The doctor smiled absently, and re-bent his

brows over the page, protruding his lips in a vicious pout as he read.

"He disdains to notice the slander," resumed Mrs. Baxter, unabashed at her failure to elicit a conjugal compliment. "Seriously, Mr. Wylls, I am thankful for the guidance of reason and will that counterbalance my mercurial temperament. My spirit resembles nothing else so much as a mettled steed, whose curvettings are restrained by an inexorable rein. But for my sober judgment, Impulse would have led me into an erratic course, I fear."

Relaxing the tension of the fingers and wrist that had pulled hard at an imaginary curb, and unclenching the teeth from their bite upon the word "inexorable," she sighed, reflectively.

"The combination is rare—" commenced the gentleman.

"It is preposterous!" ejaculated the doctor, closing the Russian leather album with a concussion like the report of a pocket-pistol.

"I think not, my dear," said the wife, gently corrective. "It is, as Mr. Wylls says, a rare combination, but certainly not an impossible one."

"It is preposterous," reiterated the doctor, with a ruinous tug at his cravat, "that a rational creature, who can read and write, should waste time in disfiguring good, honest paper with such incongruous, not to say blasphemous, nonsense as I find here. It was bad enough for mediæval monks to deck the Word of Life in the motley wear of a harlequin. Greek, German, black-letter text, are, all of them, stumbling-blocks to the unlearned, diversions to the thoughtless. But when the sacred Scriptures are bedizened into further illegibility by paint and gilding, and *illustrated* by birds, beasts, and even fishes, daubed upon fields, azure, argent, and verde, the offence becomes an abomination. Such profanation is offered that divinest of pastorals, the twenty-third psalm, in this volume," elevating it in strong disgust.

Mrs. Baxter arose and took it from his hand in time to save it from being tossed to the table or floor.

"Tastes differ, my dear husband," was all she said, but her forbearance and real sweetness of temper called forth a look of unfeigned respect from the amused spectator.

"I wouldn't keep it in the parlour, if I were in your place, Jane," the doctor expostulated, seeing her deposit the folio upon a stand beyond his reach.

"I will not ask you to look at it again, love,"—still amiably.

She returned to the subject when the critic had

helped himself to a volume which was more to his taste.

"I saw few things when I was abroad, before my marriage, that interested me more than the illuminated missals and breviaries preserved in convents, museums, and private collections of *vertu*," she said to Mr. Wyllys. "I am the possessor of a remarkably fine specimen of the illuminator's art—the gift of a dear friend and relative, now no more. I had not looked into it for years until after I had commenced my humble album, which, allow me to observe, my excellent husband does not guess is my handiwork. To return"—the hands describing an inward curve, and subsiding into an embrace upon her knee—"the best touches in my work were after my precious reliquary. I must show it to you. I am chary of displaying it to non-appreciative or irreverent eyes. Consequently it seldom sees the light."

Orrin followed her to an escritoire at the back of the room, peeping covertly at his watch as he went. Mrs. Baxter laid her hand upon her bust, and choked down some rebellious uprising of memory or regret, as she unlocked a drawer.

"This is it!" mournfully, taking out a thin volume bound in gilded leather and carved boards, and redolent of the scent of some Indian wood.

Orrin examined it in pleased surprise. He had expected to see an absurdity. He beheld a gem of its kind; a collection of Latin hymns, including the *Stabat Mater*, *Dies Iræ*, and *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, each page encircled by a border of appropriate design, and delicate, yet rich colouring.

"I have never seen anything finer. I do not wonder that you prize it highly. I thank you for showing it to me," he said, sincerely. "By whom was it executed?"

My friend ordered it for me of an adept in his art, then resident at Florence. I forget his name, but you will find it cleverly concealed from the common eye in some one of the convolutions of the title-page," was the reply.

The fly-leaf adhered slightly to the page designated, and Orrin read the inscription upon the former before detaching it.

"*Jane Lanneau, from Ginevra. Florence, January 1st, 18—.*" I have surely seen that handwriting before! "*Ginevra*" he repeated slowly, and the pretty name fell musically from his tongue. "There is poetry in the word!"

"You would have said so, had you known her!" Mrs. Baxter winked away two unbidden tears that glazed her eyes, without forming and dropping—swallowed anew and very hard. "She always reminded me of a plaintive poem set to music. That is, in the later years of an existence which was all song and sunniness when it was fresh and new."

Orrin fluttered a few leaves; commented upon the grace and finish of a decoration here and there, and went

back to the inscription. It was strongly like Jessie Kirke's writing, but the resemblance was undoubtedly accidental. The one line had been penned, he learned from the date, before she was born.

"She was the Helena to my Hermia," pursued the hostess. "We lived the same life until her marriage, which preceded mine by five years. She was my senior by some months, but in heart and soul we were *twins*!"—pressing her hands gradually together, beginning at the wrists, and passing upward to the finger-tips, to express the idea of oneness. "And by a most extra-ordinary coincidence, we both married clergymen!"

"Another evidence of the perfect harmony of soul existing between you. Did I understand you to say that she is not living?"

"Alas! she has been in her grave for fifteen years. I never saw her after her marriage, which was a surprise to all her friends. We anticipated a brilliant union for her. But she bestowed herself, her talents, her beauty, upon a clerical widower who was twelve years older than herself. My poor Ginevra! it was a strange ending to her sanguine dreams. Mr. Kirke was a scholarly man, it is true, and a thorough gentleman, and of his devotion to her there could be no doubt. It was such worship as few women can inspire. I believe that he tried faithfully to make her happy, but my personal acquaintanceship with him was very slight.

"Kirke!" repeated Orrin, more deliberately and with less emphasis than was his wont, and he was always the reverse of abrupt. His lazy articulation was now almost a drawl. "I know a gentleman—a clergyman of that name—Rev. Donald L. Kirke, resident, now, and I fancy for many years, at Dundee—"

"It is the very same!" Mrs. Baxter started tragically, and leaned gaspingly towards him, her throat swelling like a pouter pigeon's. "And you know him, you say? Tell me something about him—about his family! My sweet cousin left a child, I know. Does it still live? Dundee! yes! that was the quaint Scotch name of my Ginevra's new home. I have always associated it with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' You recollect 'Dundee's wild, warbling measures'? Do sit down and tell me all!"

"You should visit Dundee," said Orrin, sauntering back to the fireplace, but declining the seat she offered. "It is a beautiful valley—sheltered from storms by a barricade of picturesque hills. I was there in May, and the climate and flowers—especially the wealth of roses, reminded me of sunny Provence. I became quite well acquainted with Mr. Kirke. He is, as you describe him, a thorough gentleman—one of the genuine 'old school'—handsome, refined, and scholarly. His daughters, of whom there are two, are cultivated ladies. The younger—who is, I presume, the child to whom you refer—is, I have heard, very like her beautiful mother. You would be interested in her, first, for your cousin's sake, but very soon for her own. This matter of family likeness is a

curious one. I see now what was the resemblance that puzzled me last Spring. Miss Jessie Kirke might easily be mistaken for your daughter."

"If she were, what a happy woman I should be!" cried the flattered lady, casting up her brown eyes, and raising her clasped hands to a level with her chin. "The relief afforded by your charming description is beyond expression. I have never dared inquire respecting my lost darling's babe. And she is really a Lanneau! Heaven bless her! I feared—*how* I feared! to hear that she had grown up an awkward rustic, whose faint likeness to her parent would pain, not gratify me. Therefore, I have maintained no correspondence with Mr. Kirke since our exchange of letters immediately after his wife's decease. 'Jessie Kirke!' what a *riante, piquante*, bewitching name!"

"I wish you could prevail upon her father to entrust her to you for a time. She would be a feature in our society this winter. Her face and manners are strikingly attractive, and hers is a style of beauty that will improve with years and knowledge of the world. Her bearing and conversation have much of the fascination which is, I suspect, a family gift. She will grow handsomer until—I cannot say when. Women, like leaves, have their time to fade, and this trying season lies, with a large majority, a little on the bright side of thirty. The Lanneaus have not lost the secret they brought from fair France—the magic that purchases the gift of perennial youth."

"Fie! fie! how you digress! I am dying for information of my beloved young cousin, and you launch into irrelevant gallantries—flattery that is thrown away, let me tell you, upon one of my age and gravity!" frowned Mrs. Baxter with her forehead, her lips openly refractory, and her eyes dancing with delight. "*Do sit down and tell me more!*"

"I cannot, thank you! I have already bored you with a visit three times as long as I meant it should be. Your cousin does the family credit. I can award her no higher praise. *Au revoir!*"

"One second!" she entreated, detaining him. "The discoveries of this evening seem trifles to you. To me they are an *EVENT!* I shall write to the precious lamb to-morrow. Please give me her address in full."

Orrin dictated, and she wrote it upon her ivory tablets.

"Perhaps it would be as well not to mention me in connection with this renewal of your intercourse with Mr. Kirke's family," he said, carelessly. "Your friendship will be the more welcome if it is supposed that it has its root in your fond recollection of your lamented relative. Excuse the suggestion—but from what I have seen of father and daughters, I am inclined to think them sensitive and proud—as they have a right to be. Your tact hardly needed this hint, however. There is a ring! I have loitered here shamefully! Do you know that your beautiful drawing-room is likened, about town, to Circe's cave?"

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. WYLLYS was careful not to repeat his visit within a week. He could trust to the natural growth of the seed he had sown, and he was too politic to appear solicitous on his own account for the resumption of cousinly intercourse between the houses of Baxter and Kirke. He did not overrate his influence with the would-be leader of Hamilton society. Four days after his party call, he had a note from Jessie.

"DEAR COUSIN ORRIN,

"I enclose a letter received last night from Mrs. Baxter, wife of the President of Marion College. She is, I have learned from this, my nearest living relative, outside my immediate family circle, being my mother's first cousin. I have never heard of her until the arrival of this communication. My father knew her, years ago, but did not remember whom she had married. I little imagined when I listened to Roy's praises of his friend, Dr. Baxter, that I had any personal interest in, or connection with his family. Mrs. Baxter writes, you see, in an affectionate strain, and is urgent in her request that I should pass the winter with her. My father and sister agree with me that you are the proper person to consult with regard to my answer to the invitation. You are, doubtless, acquainted with Mrs. Baxter, and are certainly more *au fait* to the usages of Hamilton polite society than we are.

"Tell me freely what you think I ought to do—freely as if I were in blood, as I am in heart,

"Your Kinswoman,

"JESSIE KIRKE."

"Here is an example of hereditary transmission that would stagger Wendell Holmes himself!" thought Orrin, scanning the epistle, letter by letter. "The chirography of the girl, who could not write at the time of her mother's death, is precisely similar to hers—as similar as it is unlike that of the sister by whom she was educated. It is a nut to crack for those who carp at the idea that the handwriting is a criterion of character, who attribute variety of penmanship to educational influences entirely. What has my fair 'kinswoman' inherited from her maternal progenitor besides her features and carriage, and these sloping, slender Italian characters, I wonder? It may be worth my while to investigate the question as a psychological phenomenon."

To secure the facilities for doing this, he resolved to run down to Dundee the next day.

The early train he had condemned in the spring started now before daylight, and he called himself a fool, as he took his place in the cold, smoky car, for making the journey at all. Being mortal, he was liable to these spasms of prudence and faltering of purpose, during which he held serious questioning with Common-sense—leaving feeling out of the question—whether he were not squandering time and thought in prosecuting his favourite pastime of winning and wasting hearts. He knew that,

viewed in the dead white light of sober judgment, tested by commercial rates, his ambition to stand chief victor in Cupid's lists would be ignoble and unremunerative. He felt that he would himself thus rate it, had he no other aim in life. Aware, as he was, that he kept step with his fellows in business pursuits, that he was intellectually the peer of those the crowd called masters, he did not let the thought of adverse criticism of his *affaires du cœur* weigh too heavily with him. It was easy to persuade himself that since the world's conquerors and prophets, sages, warriors, and saints, had, each in his time, esteemed the love of woman the worthiest meed of valour, learning, and piety; had fought, gone mad, and made shipwreck of faith, to gain and wear the prize, leaving upon record the aspiration "to waste life upon her perfect lips," alongside of heroic epics and religious meditations,—his researches and successes in this field of art, the mining and delving and polishing that attended his explorations among the curiosities of woman's affections and follies—were lawful and dignified, and should entitle him to an honourable grade in the school of philosophers.

Apart from these cold-blooded considerations (a man flirt is always more cold-blooded than a woman—coquetry and the desire to conquer hearts being oftener a passion with the latter than a deliberate plan), apart from these, I say, "Orrin Wyllys was, as he would have said of himself, "not a bad fellow." He liked to give pleasure, to be useful to his kind, to be thanked and praised for his benefactions.

Finding myself, once upon a time, in the actual presence and in social converse with one of the brightest of modern (American) stars—a man I had revered, afar off, as a mental and moral monarch among mortals, I was disenchanted and appalled at hearing him say something like this:

"I have no patience with this talk about finding one's truest happiness in promoting that of others. I believe that man is best employed who makes the most and best of HIMSELF! My business in life is to improve MYSELF by every means at my command—to make MYSELF, spiritually and intellectually, 'round and perfect as a star,' without diverting my energies and wasting my sympathies with projects for the good of my race. This is my idea of true philanthropy."

"And the rest of mankind may go hang!" said a plain-spoken auditor.

The star shrugged his broad shoulders.

"*Ce n'est pas mon affaire!*"

This was, substantially, Orrin's creed, but he had his own notions as to the manner in which the cultivation of Self was to be conducted, and being still some degrees below the exalted plane of observation occupied by the aforesaid Star, was not superior to the weakness of talking about philanthropy, even believing himself that he did good for good's sake, and that his satisfaction in seeing others made happy through his instrumentality, was

pure benevolence. His charities were many—and open. Indeed, Lady Patronesses shook their heads, smilingly, at him while deprecating his "soft-hearted credulity" and lauding his generosity, and his name was a synonym among men for good nature and lenient judgment.

Therefore, when he muttered—"Just like my confounded amiability, this taking so much pains to benefit those who may never appreciate my motives, nor be grateful for what I have done!" as he buttoned his overcoat up to his chin and pulled on his fur-lined gloves, he half believed that he spoke sincerely—went systematically to work to arrange his projects with the best side toward him, and found substantial comfort in so doing.

Roy had left his affianced to his guardianship, and her action at this juncture might be fraught with important consequences to her and to Roy himself. He could allay Mr. Kirke's scruples, if he had any, relative to his daughter's acceptance of Mrs. Baxter's pressing offer of hospitality and chaperonage, better in five minutes' talk than by twenty written pages. He was anxious that Jessie should pay the visit. She had taken a strong hold of his fancy, and he could study her to advantage while she was her cousin's guest; be her cavalier wherever she went, by virtue of the authority vested in him by her absent betrothed. Hamilton was dull this season. There was not a woman in it whom he had not read from preface to "Finis"—and his energies were chafing for lack of exercise in his noble vocation. The prospect of Jessie's coming—the high-spirited child of nature, lively and loving—was very tempting.

But this was, he perceived, a digression, and he hastened to regain the original line of thought. His scheme—which Mrs. Baxter must be suffered to believe was her's, instead—of giving the country clergyman's daughter a season in town, was a golden opportunity of improvement of her mind and manners that should not be lightly cast aside. She had, more than once, confidentially bemoaned her inability to procure in Dundee the tuition in music and German she fancied she needed to qualify her to fill worthily the station to which Roy had elected her.

The reader of human nature smiled a little just here.

"When, if the truth were known, the practical Professor would be better pleased—aye! and better served in the long run, were his Jessamine to confine her ambition to the realms of cake, and bread, and butter-making. I have seen other women as mistakenly risk complexions and eyes in poring over books, under the fond impression that they were 'qualifying' themselves to be their husband's 'helpmeets'! What an age of shams is this!"

Since, however, this was Jessie's delusion, it might as well be indulged. She could have excellent music and language masters in Hamilton. He would, himself, snatch a few hours, weekly, that he might read German with her. The readings would prevent him from rusting in a language once familiar to him, as his own, and he



would find further compensation for his trouble in the enjoyment he foresaw in guiding her eager mind through the rich storehouses of literature a knowledge of German would unlock for her. Waxing more complacently benevolent, he dwelt upon the comfort and pleasure Mrs. Baxter—a worthy, though ridiculous, creature—would derive from the companionship of her young friend. The Lady-President was a born Patroness. The introduction of the sparkling luminary he was sure Jessie would become in the Hamiltonian firmament, would be with her a work of pride and love. She would spare no pains to make the novice's sojourn in her abode delightful to all parties interested in it.

Notwithstanding which irrefragable reasoning—such was the effect of atmospheric and other extraneous influences upon one in the undisputed possession of a sound body, sane mind, and serenely approving conscience—Mr. Wyllys relapsed into discouragement several times in the earlier stages of his journey; wrote himself down an ass for taking the trouble of a ten hours' ride into the country at this gloomy season to accomplish that, which, after all, might have been settled by letter. Breakfast by gas-light, a hard run through muddy streets to catch the train; a seat in a damp, close-smelling car, which was chilled, rather than warmed, by a stove-full of green wood, were sorry tonics for preparing spirits and temper for the duties of a new day. It annoyed the philanthropist that he could not put from his mind the vision of Roy Fordham's happy face as it shone upon his waking sight one July morning—the first of the summer vacation. Valse in hand, he had burst into his cousin's sleeping-room to say "Good-bye," for he was off, by peep of dawn, to Dundee and Jessie. Orrin remembered every word that had been spoken; how he had forborne to remind the rapturous lover that this was the last visit he could pay his promised bride before his departure for Europe in August, and the calm surprise he had felt at seeing 'prudent,' far-seeing Roy apparently oblivious of all save present delight. Oddly enough, it would have been more agreeable to his trusty relative to think of the absentee as a staid, studious personage, whose affections were always subservient to duty and judgment.

Few of earthly mould—such are the freaks of imagination and the complications of nervous irritation—are, at all times, superior to like vicissitudes of purpose and temper. I trust, then, that my hero will not suffer materially in the opinion of the exceptional minority when I state that it was near noon ere he finally and stably reassured his dubious mind that in this flying visit to the parsonage, he was acting wisely for himself, and, as secondary, third, and fourth rate considerations, for Jessie, Roy, and Mrs. Baxter. The lever that completed the task of elevating his self-esteem from the slough of doubt, was not the anticipation of Jessie's personal and mental improvement, or Mrs. Baxter's gratified maternal longings. It was the thought how the light imprisoned in Eunice Kirke's beryl-line eyes,

would break up to the surface in the golden glints he had seen, at infrequent intervals, dash their placid darkness; how her slow, bright smile would greet his unexpected appearance, and applaud his vivacious sallies; the sweet monotone, many a queen of fashion would give her costliest jewels to imitate successfully, reply to his questionings. For he would have many questions to put. This was a studious autumn with the sisters. While Roy had laughed at Jessie's lamentations over her lack of learning, protesting that she "knew more already of books and men than any professor's wife he had ever met," he had, in compliance with her desire, and believing that active employment would be wholesome discipline for her in the weary months of their separation, arranged a schedule of history, ancient and modern, French, German, and general reading for her. Orrin had also visited Dundee in the August vacation, accompanying Roy back to town, and not quitting him until he waved his farewell from the pier to the slowly-moving steamship "outward bound." During those sad, precious "last days," the disengaged pair were, of necessity, often left to entertain one another for hours together, and their decorous friendship had matured naturally and gracefully into an equally decorous intimacy. Orrin had marked passages for Eunice's consideration in divers books they had glanced over in company; sent to her, after his return to Hamilton, Carlyle, Emerson, and Macaulay; besides running down for a day in October, to bring a thick roll of duets, sonatas, and *études*, and the whole of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, for Miss Kirke's practice in the lengthening evenings.

He had taken extraordinary pains to ascertain her tastes, and displayed his customary tact in ministering to these.

"We are almost relations-in-law, you know!" had been his only apology for attentions and gifts, and Eunice had accepted all in simple good faith.

Her interest in his talk and her manifest liking for him, were a more flattering tribute to his vanity than was Jessie's frank cousinliness. I think it is always thus with the tokens of favour vouchsafed to friend and admirer by reserved, self-concentrated women. While Jessie was his especial study (or quarry) just now, he did not disdain the goods the gods offered him in the esteem and preference of the handsome elder sister. He had found her eminently convenient when his motive was to pique and mystify his cousin's betrothed by a feint of haughty indifference, and he was too wise an economist to cast aside what he had gained. He would be a clumsy diplomatist, indeed, were he to prove himself incompetent to the management of two affairs at the same time.

If my attempted analyzation of a "fascinating man's" principles and intentions has seemed prolix to the surface-reader, he will bear in mind that it is but a meagre abstract of what Mr. Wyllys thought, felt, and reasoned through the dreary November day, that did not see the

sun until a break in the clouds low upon the western hills let out his light upon a sodden, wretched earth.

The late rays burnished Windbeam's coronal of cedars into golden-green, but curling fleeces of mist clung about his mighty chest and flanks, making him look grimmer and blacker by contrast; the valley was full of shadows, purple and grey; the old church was lightless save for the one dazzling arrow which was shivered against the slender tip of the spire, when Orrin undid the latch of the parsonage-gate. Provençal warmth and roses were things that belonged to the dead summer. Eunice's evergreens hardly redeemed the garden from desolation. A trim arbour-vitæ hedge kept warm the southerly border, that would be gay in March with crocuses and tulips; the box-trees were the only leafy shrubs in the alley down which Jessie had crept, to faint in his arms at the other end. A thrifty holly, beaded with scarlet, mounted guard on the left of the front steps, as did a cedar, covered with bluish-white berries, at the right. A stately young pine he remembered as a favourite of Jessie's, filled the air with its solemn sighing, while he awaited the answer to his knock.

"So, Winter comes even to the Happy Valley!" he moralized. "I ought to have known it, of course, only I had not thought of it."

Patsey, the good-humoured servant girl, opened the door, and welcomed Mr. Wyllys with the broadest of smiles.

"Mr. Kirke and Miss Eunice is not at home, sir. They're a-visiting some place in the village. Miss Jessie is in, though. Be pleased to walk into the parlour, and I'll tell her you're here."

He heard swift feet skim the floor overhead, as his name was repeated, and Jessie was in the room before he could take off his gloves. With a wild, scared face, lips that moved without sound, and eyes that demanded confirmation or denial of the dread that was strangling her heart, she caught his hands and looked up dumbly at him. His smile broke the spell sooner and more effectually than words could have done. She wrested her fingers from his, with a laugh so burdened with shame and happiness as to be more like a sob, testifying what had been the pressure and what was the release.

"I was sure"——

"That I was the bearer of bad news from abroad. I understand," Orrin took up the broken sentence. "You were never more mistaken. Your letter, enclosing Mrs. Baxter's, brought me. Your fears must take counsel of hope and faith another time. Roy was well when last heard from—well and happy, and, you may be sure, very busy. But what is this?" leading her to the window and scrutinizing her with fond solicitude. "What have you been doing with yourself? I am afraid he keeps his pledge of health, and resignation to the Inevitable, better than you do yours to him. Are you not well? You have been sick, and I was not told of it!"

Her complexion was dead to sallowness; her eyes

were leaden, the lids drooping wearily, and she was thinner in face and figure than when he had parted from her six weeks ago. Her dress, of dark, "navy" blue serge, made plainly, the long skirt heavy and still while she stood, and unrelieved save by narrow linen collar and cuffs, looked like a mourning garb.

"The *Mater Dolorosa* to the life!" said the quick-eyed lover of the fine arts to himself. "A blue hood drawn well forward would make the likeness perfect. Who would have thought that a morbidly love-sick girl could, by dreaming and fretting, stamp her features with the imprint of that divine sorrow! Marvellous are the tricks of Nature!"

All this while he held Jessie's hand; his eyes seemed as if they could not leave the countenance whose change had so pained him. The girl's faint smile was very grateful.

"I am not sick! I have no physical ailment beyond a sensation of general good-for-nothingness. I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I imagine I have a touch of what fine ladies call the 'blues.' Papa would have in Dr. Winters a month ago, in spite of all I could do and say. He laughed at me a little, scolded me a great deal, and pronounced my malady dyspepsia, or low fever, or nervous debility—he was not certain which. In any case, his prescription was quinine, dumb-bells, and porter, ale, lager beer, or a decoction of gentian-root and chamomile flowers. Think of it!" With a grimace. "Could my cup of existence be more effectually embittered? I take quinine, and swing the bells a thousand times each day, but I do not see that the regimen increases my appetite or makes me sleep better. There is nothing the matter with me that will not yield to resolution and common-sense and—and—time! I shall be all right when I get used to things as they are," she continued, with feverish rapidity, marking his doubtful look. "I need discipline, hardening, tempering. If papa and Euna would rate me soundly for my folly and childishness, the counter-irritant would brace my system, I should need no other medicine. But they won't, unfortunately!"

She was laughing now, but not with her native glee. Orrin's scrutiny—serious and tender—was prolonged until her eyes sank, and a blush of the lost colour tinged her temples. A sigh escaped him as he relinquished her hand, and walked twice through the apartment to collect thoughts and words.

"My coming was timely," he said, drawing a chair to her side. "Dear child! your life is too precious to be wasted in unavailing regrets. Your peace of mind is dear to too many to be wrecked by morbid nursings. Don't think me harsh! You should have something to engage your time and thoughts beyond the routine of occupation and recreation appointed to you here; should see more of the world than that portion of it which is bounded by these mountains. You would starve upon what satisfies your sister. Duty to be performed—duty done—a straight course and strength to walk therein—these fill the measure

of her earthly desires. Your temperament and your intellect demand a larger sphere—wider range for your mind and more food for your heart. You are dying of inanition, and you do not know it. You are a caged wild bird who is trying to learn to sing by note."

She shook her head wilfully.

"You are altogether wrong. I have been pampered, housed, petted, until nerve and muscle, mental and spiritual, are gone. I need a stimulant, but a moral one."

Orrin changed his ground.

"What if I supply it in the guise of a German course, seasoned with unsparing admonition whenever you are indolent or unreasonable?" he said, lightly.

## CHAPTER VII.

A LESS vain man than Mr. Wyllys would have been flattered by the effect produced upon the spiritless, faded creature, the mocking shadow of the old blithesome Jessie, by half an hour's talk with himself. A less patient man would have been chagrined by the discovery that his enumeration of the varied and substantial benefits that would accrue to her from the proposed visit to Mrs. Baxter, and the delicate skill with which he contrived to keep before her all the while the prospect of his society and guardianship, weighed but as thistle-down with the obtuse "love-sick girl," in comparison with the circumstance that Hamilton was Roy Fordham's home.

Orrin was surprised, and not agreeably, when her own words forced this astounding fact upon him.

"It will be the next best thing!" she said, dreamily, a happy smile touching her lips and kindling up her eyes. "I have heard him talk so much of the place and the people, that it will be like revisiting half-remembered scenes—renewing former acquaintanceships. You will show me all his favourite haunts, let me see the friends he values most highly—won't you? The ocean is narrower and quieter when I think of taking the walks and drives he likes best—which he has described to me over and over; of mingling with those who were his daily associates—who knew him before I did. Though I don't like very well to think of *that*"—interrupting herself with a laugh. "I feel as if nobody had the right. It seems to me that I cannot recollect when I did *not* know him."

She mused silently for some minutes—the tender light still trembling over her face. It was as if she had forgotten his presence, until a sudden thought turned her to him with an abrupt query.

"Mrs. Baxter knows nothing of—has heard no rumours?" in shy anxiety that appeared overstrained to one who had heard the loving soliloquy Orrin was prompt to decide was in very bad taste, even when the unconsidered listener was in the confidence of both parties.

"Of your engagement?" he said, with grave direct-

ness. "Hamilton is in profound ignorance on that subject. Roy knows how to keep his own counsel, and knowing it was his wish that your betrothal should remain secret for the present, I have mentioned it to no one. You need be under no embarrassment on that score."

"Thank you."

Jessie was silent again, but the pause was filled with soberer thoughts. She began to fear lest she had been talking nonsense—been indiscreet and unmaidenly. Orrin kindly overlooked the lapse into selfish sentimentality, but she was ashamed that she had given him occasion for exercising forbearance on this subject. He noted, and with satisfaction, that she treated him to no more love rhapsodies that night; did not voluntarily name Roy in the ensuing dialogue.

"I am happy to learn that Mrs. Baxter is warm-hearted and sincere," she said, at the close of a searching catechism upon that lady's characteristics. "I was prepossessed in her favour, less by her letter, than because she loved my mother. My sister has been a dear and careful parent to me. You have seen what my father's fond indulgence is. But the core of my heart has ached for my mother—my own beautiful mother—ever since she died. I was not quite five years old, yet I recollect her as if I had kissed her for the last time, yesterday. My father had this oriel built to please her. I remember seeing her nowhere else until she was carried up to her death-bed. Her easy chair stood there"—pointing—"and her writing-desk beside it. When I could, by standing on tip-toe, just get my chin upon the window-sill, she would make me measure, with a bit of ribbon, how much the jessamine had grown in a week. She planted these vines and tended them as if they had been her children. She said to me, more than once or twice, that she hoped I would be like my name-flower when I grew up—brave, sweet, faithful—telling how one had for fifty years curtained the porch of the house in which she was born, and how dearly she loved it. She made me her companion, and, in some sort, her confidante by the time I could talk plainly, and very proud I was of the distinction. She used to take me upon her lap, or hold me closely in her arms as she lay on her lounge in the twilight, and repeat stories of her Southern home; sing ballads so sweetly sad that I could not help crying quietly while I listened—very quietly, for fear she should hear me, and stop."

It was twilight by this time. The mountain-crown was dusky as the plain; the elm-trees in the churchyard were swaying in the bleak wind that bowed the garden-shrubbery, and swept the long grass above neglected graves into brown waves. The naked, snake-like sprays of the creepers tapped monotonously against the window-panes. Orrin had healthy nerves, but as he looked through the glooming air at the shaft, standing like a sheeted ghost at the head of Mr. Kirke's second wife, and heard in the stillness of the place and hour, the sob-

bing sighs of the pine boughs, he wished Jessie had chosen some other hour and spot for her weird reminiscence than the November gloaming and this haunted recess.

She was leaning back in her chair, her hands crossed, her face upraised to the sky :

"I have a perfect picture of her before me, at this moment," she went on, presently. "She had large, soft eyes, and very dark hair. She was always pale, and she never laughed. But her smile was my reward when I was good, as her kiss was the cure for every hurt. Nobody else can ever tell me such wonderful tales. Some were in prose, many in verse, more beautiful to my apprehension than any poetry I have read since. This was on her well days—my white days! when the writing-desk would, if I requested, be supplanted by the colour-box and pencils, and we passed whole hours together—she and I—she sketching or painting to illustrate anecdote and fairy story, I perched in my high chair at her side, looking on in rapt delight. I believe that I was a troublesome child—noisy, wayward, passionate—to everybody else in the house. I kept away from her of my own accord in my stormy or sulky fits. The earliest lesson taught me by my father was, that 'poor, sick mamma must not be disturbed.' I suppose it was on account of her feeble health that he always heard my prayers, put me to bed at night, and nursed me in my infant sicknesses. It was he who came to my crib in the dim light of one terrible January morning, and told me that she was in Heaven. I did not understand exactly what that meant, but I gathered that it was something very dreadful from the sight of his emotion. I have never seen him weep except that once. I had sprung from my pillow to sob out my childish grief in his arms. He pressed me to his bosom until I could scarcely breathe, and said, over and over, in a strange undertone that terrified me more than did the drip of the hot tears over my face—'Ginevra's baby! Ginevra's baby!' Baby though I was, the scene is graven upon my memory for life."

The wind shook the casement, and the bare sprays tapped more impatiently upon the glass, as the spirit of the dead mother might have signalled her child to let her in.

"Mrs. Baxter will never weary of talking with you upon a theme so dear to you both," said Orrin, shaking off the superstitious fancy.

Jessie was aroused to livelier speech by the suggestion.

"You have heard her speak of my mother, then?"

"Yes, but before I suspected the identity of the 'Ginevra' who was her adopted sister, with your father's wife. By a singular mischance, she never named him to me until one day last week, when she asked if I knew him—and you."

He had equivocated so adroitly as to bar cross-examination, he hoped, but Jessie's curiosity was not easily parried.

"Was that before or after she wrote to me?"

"Probably afterward, for she told me that the sight of a keepsake given her by your mother had set her to thinking of their early and close intimacy, and that she had 'obeyed the impulse which bade her make inquiries about you, and ask you to visit her.' Those were her words, as nearly as I can recall them. She expresses herself warmly—but not, I honestly believe, more warmly than she feels."

"I would not go to Hamilton had you recalled to her mind the fact of my existence. If love for her lost friend did not prompt her to seek me out, I would not owe my recognition to the recommendation of another. No! not to yours!"

Had he not read aright her sturdy pride, her jealousy for her mother's memory, and her father's dignity? With what wise pre-vision he had detected the danger, and, by his caution to Mrs. Baxter, averted it!

Eunice, the beryl-eyed, also had her confidential talk with Mr. Wyllys that night.

"Father," she said, after supper, as he tarried, for an instant, in the dining-room. "I should like to speak with Mr. Wyllys for ten minutes when Jessie is not by. Can you contrive to call her out of the parlour by and by?"

"Certainly, my daughter," he replied, without curiosity or hesitation.

Jessie was his pride and darling—very beautiful and gifted in his eyes. He lavished upon her the wealth of a heart that had never known its own depth until he met her mother. The first Mrs. Kirke was the daughter of one of his college professors, a little older than himself, very amiable, very discreet, and the best housekeeper in the parish. He owed much to her exemplary management since, relieved from cares domestic and pecuniary, he could devote much time, bring unjaded energies, and a free mind to the prosecution of the studies he loved so well. Without in the least entering into his enthusiasm in scholastic research, she laid down as one of the rules of her orderly household, that his study was forbidden ground to heedless or intrusive feet; guarded him when he had entered the sanctum, and shut the door between him and the living, active world—as vigilantly as she would have watched and defended hid treasure. He was "about his business," in her phrase, and to her just, practical ideas of duty and life it was but right that people should be allowed to follow their lawful and allotted callings without molestation. She did not particularly enjoy her husband's sermons, but he found her bread, butter, and cake always to his taste. He was an accomplished linguist, and would have been glad to have one under his own roof, with whom he could converse in Italian, German, or French. She had, as his correct ear continually reminded him, but an imperfect acquaintance with her vernacular, according to classical standards. But her coffee was fragrant, clear, and strong; while a whiff of her Young Hyson was as the scent of a zephyr that had



wandered over acres of flowering tea-plants, and made the wishy-washy, or over-boiled decoctions of other housewives seem but weedy and rank abominations. If the refined and sensitive young pastor kept within his own breast many thoughts, dreams, and regrets he would fain have shared with a congenial mate, it should have been a compensation that the shirt-front covering the sealed repository of these was snowy and glossy as a brand-new tomb-stone; that the heels of his socks were always run before they went on his feet, and that in the years of their wedded life he never found "a button off." Mr. Kirke believed fully all his parishioners said when they assured him that he had a pattern wife, and that he ought to take good care of her, since he would never find another like her. She worked steadily and diligently—she was never "fussy"—up to the day on which Eunice's little brother was born. "Overdid herself," said doctor and gossips, while her husband blamed himself bitterly for not having taken thought to spare her who had served him to the death. The death that came so swiftly and easily, she had time for neither parting word nor kiss.

"I am tired, I believe," she murmured to the nurse. Unused to complain, she said it deprecatingly even in mortal weakness. "Do you think that I might just take a little nap? If Mr. Kirke should want for anything, don't hesitate to wake me at once." With that she turned her face to the wall and died—"fell asleep," said her head-stone. Her baby was buried with her.

This was Eunice's mother. Four years after the decease, the widower met Ginevra Lanneau at a watering-place whither he had gone for health, and she for distraction from certain troublesome memories. Whatever may have been her faults and weaknesses; whatever the motives for her marriage and the causes of her subsequent invalidism and melancholy, this good man had worshipped her with entireness of devotion; had mourned her with an intensity of anguish that bleached his locks; bent his stately form toward the earth that had swallowed up his idol; deafened him to the calls of ambition that urged him to leave a seclusion endeared to him as her home and burial-place.

But for all this, Eunice was his right hand, in Parsonage and in parish. He "really would have no excuse for a third marriage," was a common saying in the neighbourhood—"with such a daughter to keep his house and 'do for him.'" If the spirit of the mother were permitted to watch her child's daily walk and conversation, it must have heightened her beatitude to be thus assured that "Mr. Kirke" was not likely, while Eunice lived, "to want for anything." Her father's trust in her discretion was implicit, and when she unblushingly asked him to "contrive" to secure for her a *tête-à-tête* with a young and attractive man, he made no demur, formed no conjectures. Nor did he doubt that the matter of her communication to Mr. Wylls was, in some way, essential to Jessie's weal. The first and abiding thought

with both was "the child," he had yet made up his mind to part with for a little while.

Eunice was sewing by the shaded parlour lamp. Wylls, while he talked to both sisters, looked quite as often at her as at Jessie. He was in the mood for enjoying himself, and his surroundings were propitious. He had had an excellent supper. Eunice had inherited her mother's taste and skill in the domestic department. Her dainty cookery would have done credit to a *salaried chef*, said Mr. Wylls, than whom there were few better judges of all that pertained to the gratification of the flesh. A wood fire burned busily and gaily upon the castellated fire-dogs of shining brass that flashed back the illumination from a hundred curves and points. There was a breath of tea-roses and mignonette in the air, for the shelf running around the inside of the oriel was filled with plants; crimson curtains had taken the place of muslin, at the other windows. A November gale—"a dry storm"—was rising without. It was pleasant, while hearkening to its blustering, to bethink himself that he had not to breast it in a tramp back to the hotel, he having accepted Mr. Kirke's invitation to sleep at the parsonage. The recollection of his disagreeable journey, now that he was rested, warmed, and filled, was another element in his present content. The old-fashioned parlour, with its quaint and massive furniture, were more to his liking than the polish and glow of the modern "suite of rooms" every prosperous mechanic's wife now regards as one of the necessities of life. From his leisurely and approving survey of the apartment, his eyes came back to dwell longest upon Eunice:

She wore a brown merino, that made no noise when she moved, and fell in classic folds about her as she sat in her straight-backed chair. A knot of blue ribbon joined her crimped ruffle above the high-necked dress, and frills of the same material were at her wrists. The light, strained through the ground-glass shade, made her skin seem fair and fresh as that of a little child, while it did not blur the clear chiselling of her features. Her hands were shapely, her motions replete with quiet grace. The high-bred lady, stainless in deed as single in motive, spoke in the fearless, tranquil eyes and composed demeanour.

"She rests me!" said the connoisseur in womanly loveliness, to his appreciative self. "If I were obliged to marry I am not sure she would not suit me better than this restless gipsy, who keeps one perpetually upon the *qui vive* by her sharp interrogations, her repartee, and variable moods. To secure the perfection of comfort, a man should be able to flirt with one all day, and come home at evening to recover from his dazed feverishness, in the cool semi-twilight of the other's presence. I must find out, some day, if she has ever been in love. I think not. There is a dewy firmness in the texture of her heart that seldom outlasts the fires of even a mild passion—such a timid flame as the pastor's daughter might conscientiously feel for some pious under-shepherd or amorous evangelist."

At this precise instant, Jessie—who had been flitting restlessly about the room, picking dead leaves from the geraniums, and seed-vessels from verbenas and mignonette, tossing them, one at a time, into the fire, and pensively watching the blaze feed upon them; parting the curtains, to press her face against the glass “to see whether it rained,” stopping once in a while to lean on her sister’s chair and address a question to her or Orrin—obeyed her father’s summons to his study. The two left at the fire-side followed her to the door with their eyes, then these met. Eunice answered the questioning of Orrin’s.

“She is over-excited to-night. But there is a nervous restlessness about her of late that makes me anxious. I hope much for her from the proposed change of air and scene.”

She laid aside her work, neatly folded; put scissors and thimble in their cases, and the cases in her work-box, and calmly confronted her companion.

“Mr. Wylys, I wish to say a word to you respecting my sister’s antecedents before she goes to Mrs. Baxter.”

Without a symptom of surprise, he bowed, and exchanged his seat for one near the stand by which she sat. In this one action, he accepted her confidence, and put his services at her disposal should she desire them.

“From the description of this lady, given by yourself and my father, I infer that she is affectionate and voluble. She will be likely to impart to Jessie all she knows of her mother’s history, and question her concerning her own childish recollections. I have thought it best that you should hear the truth upon a subject that is rarely alluded to in our family. My father talked freely of it with Mr. Fordham before giving his sanction to his engagement with Jessie; but he has not spoken of it to me in many years—never to my sister. Should a garbled version of a story which is sad enough in itself, reach her ears, it would distress and bewilder her if there were no one near who could correct the mis-statement. My stepmother never recovered the natural tone of her health and spirits after my sister’s birth. Her malady took the form of a gentle melancholy, indifference to domestic and neighbourhood interests, varied at times by fits of wild weeping, so violent that she was confined to her couch with headache and debility for several days after each. She talked rationally when drawn into conversation, expressing herself upon every topic discussed with clearness and intelligence; but the spring of action was gone. She never complained of bodily pain; and made no unreasonable demands upon the time and patience of those about her. Nor did she require to be humoured and amused as is the way of most sufferers from confirmed hysteria. She read much and wrote more, burning her manuscripts, however, as fast as they were finished. She drew, too, rapidly and well, and upon these occupations expended what little energy of mind and body remained to her after the illness that had nearly cost her her life. We guarded her from intrusion and uncharitable remark as far as we could. My nurse, an elderly widow, was then

alive, and was our housekeeper, her daughter being our only other servant. How the report originated, I cannot say—probably from some indiscreet remark let fall by this daughter, who has now a home of her own some miles away—but within the year, a rumour has been brought to me that Jessie’s mother died a lunatic. It is possible Mrs. Baxter has likewise heard such. If she has, and should be so imprudent as to repeat it to you, so unfeeling as to hint it to the daughter of that unhappy lady, may I rely upon you to tell my sister the exact truth? My step-mother lived and died a sane woman—as sane as I am this moment. Jessie is impressible and ardent. Her love for her mother is a passion. It would nearly kill her if this slander were retailed to her.”

She had made her little speech; summed up the case, and offered her appeal with such simplicity, such deft moderation, as challenged the lawyer’s admiration. His reply was directly to the purpose.

“You may depend upon me, Miss Kirke. I hope, with you, that I shall never be called upon to fulfil the trust with which you have honoured me. I am confident that Mrs. Baxter is ignorant of the particulars of her cousin’s ill-health. She has spoken to me with apparent frankness of her early life—of her marriage, and the seclusion that followed it.”

“For which she blames my father!” interrupted Eunice, red indignation staining her fair face. “Because he would not subject his wife to the indifferent or pitying observation of those who had been the associates of her brilliant girlhood; because he indulged her longing for solitude and quiet, guarded her sedulously and tenderly from all that could tax and jar upon her tortured nerves, he fell under their ban! He gave me some letters to examine and file—or burn, if I thought fit—ten years ago. Among them I found one from Mrs. Baxter—one from another cousin of Ginevra Lanneau. They were written to him just after her death. Both reproached him—Mrs. Baxter (then Miss Jane Lanneau) gently, the other harshly, for separating his young wife from her friends and ‘immersing her in a savage solitude, where, cut off from all congenial associations, a nature so refined as hers could not but pine itself so death.’ I do not quote from Mrs. Baxter. If she had upbraided the best of men and most loving of husbands in these terms, Jessie should never enter her house, unless under my protest.”

“You are right. But, believe me, she will be safe and happy in Mrs. Baxter’s care. Her goodness of heart is undeniable; her impulses are amiable, and she is, moreover, a woman of sound principles and genuine piety. She is vain, but never unkind or censorious. She always reminds me of the pretty *bas bleu* immortalized by the ‘Spectator’—or is it the ‘Tatler’? ‘When’—says the essayist—‘she would look languishing, there is a fine thing to be said at the same time that spoils all. Thus, the unhappy Merab, although a wit and a beauty, hath not the credit of being either, and all because she would

be both.' Our Hamilton Merab has sterling traits, nevertheless, and is incapable of using the language you have quoted. No one but a vulgar idiot could apply it to Mr. Kirke. The writer had, I take it, never seen him. You have every reason to be proud of your father, Miss Eunice. He is that best work of the Creator—a Christian gentleman,—I say it without reverence,—a prince of the blood royal."

The golden lights glanced up from the dark wells of her eyes; her smile was grateful and exultant.

"Thank you! I know you mean what you say, and it is but the truth."

Neither spoke for a brief space. The souging of the pine-tree was annoyingly continuous to Orrin's ear; the fire-flashes were silent. He tried to forget the vexing sound in remarking that Eunice's bent profile showed against the dark wood of the high, carved mantel, clear and fine as a cameo cutting, but it would be heard.

"You were very young at the time of your step-mother's death to be your father's assistant and co-adviser," he said, to prevent an awkward break in their talk. "I am surprised at the accuracy of your recollections."

"I was fifteen. The elder daughter of a family early learns to assume and to bear domestic cares; is more mature at the same age than are those who come after her. I remember my own mother, who died eleven years earlier than did Jessie's. I was thirty last month."

She picked up her sowing without a flutter or a blush, and Orrin, not daring to offer her the flimsy compliment of incredulity he would have paid another woman who had volunteered a confession disparaging to her personal charms, was still casting about in his mind for words that should praise, yet not offend, when his opportunity was lost through Jessie's return to the room.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A ROYAL marriage has a right to precedence in our notes. The Crown Princess of Belgium has married Prince Philip of Saxony. The bride wanted a few days of completing her seventeenth year; the bridegroom is nearly thirty-one—not a very great disparity, and which will apparently diminish as the parties grow older. The happy prince is a member of the younger branch of the house of Coburg-Gotha, and nephew of the King of Portugal. The wedding was a splendid affair. The Prince of Wales was present, as was fitting, for both bride and bridegroom are, through the late King Leopold of Belgium and the Prince Consort, connected with the English royal family. It is pleasant to know that, as in the case of royal marriages for some years past, the mutual inclinations of the parties to the contract had the first consideration. In the good old times it would have been a political heresy to suggest that it was of the smallest possible consequence that the young prince and princess who were to be united should care for each, or even see each other previous to the knot being tied. Political convenience, or what was supposed to be such, was alone thought of, and the engagement was made, not by the parties themselves, in the whispered accents of love, but by ambassadors, who generally haggled considerably about terms. Our present royal family set a better example, which is being followed at other courts: but our Queen's uncles were not allowed much choice, and, notoriously, King George IV. was married to a princess he had never seen, and whom he heartily disliked when he did see her, with lamentable consequences, familiar to every reader of modern history.

It is rather amusing to note that the King of the Belgians conformed strictly to the ordinary civil law of

the country in the mode of announcing this marriage, by having the names of his daughter and the bridegroom posted at the gate of the Hotel de Ville in Brussels, in the usual list of marriages to take place. Directly following, in the official document, the names of "Florian Abbs, butler, and Agnes Schiffer, cook," and preceding, those of "Isidore Fuchs, market-gardener, and Augusta Weinbrenner, no profession," appeared the announcement of the coming marriage of "S. A. R. Prince Ferdinand-Philippe-Raphael de Cobourg and Gotha" with "S. A. R. Madame la Princesse Louise-Marie-Amelie, domicilié à Bruxelles." This mode of announcing the union of such distinguished persons ought to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the simplicity of Republicanism.

It was apprehended at one time that the Prince of Wales's presence at the royal nuptials might have been prevented by the alarming illness of his youngest brother. But we are pleased to say that Prince Leopold has nearly recovered his strength, and that all dangerous symptoms had disappeared early in the month. His frequent illness makes him the cause of continual anxiety to Her Majesty, who is—we need not be reminded, although some would-be satirists appear either to forget or to be unable to appreciate the fact—a woman and a mother as well as Queen. The Prince, delicately constituted as he is, can scarcely hope to emulate his brothers' sympathy with the more active forms of our social amusements and pursuits, but we trust he may live long, and take the place of his lamented father, in connection with literature and art, which he is, by the refinement of his nature and his intellectual cultivation, so well qualified to sustain.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has been delivering a judgment—not in his judicial capacity, but without wig

and robes, at the Manchester Athenæum—which, we suppose, will not be objected to by our readers. He said he rejoiced in the spread of education among “the fairer and the better sex,” and added, “I have long been satisfied of one thing, and that is, that educated women and clever women are sure to produce educated and clever offspring. Depend upon it, if you hear a very clever fellow, you may infer almost to a certainty that he had a very clever mother. It is not the fathers who make the clever children, but the mothers.” These remarks, the newspaper report informs us, occasioned a considerable amount of laughter, which caused his lordship to express some surprise, and to say that he was never more serious in his life. “The Woman’s Suffrage Journal” is somewhat unnecessarily angry at the laughter, regarding this “levity of treatment” as inconsistent with the respect which men profess for the sex, “or with the chivalry which they so loudly vaunt,” and as another illustration of “the difficulty which men feel in regarding with seriousness questions affecting women.” Probably the men who laughed did not mean so much as that. There were, no doubt, many fathers of families present, and perhaps they laughed, good-humouredly, at the idea that the cleverness of the boys and girls was due to the mothers and not to them. *Materfamilias*, too, was no doubt in the room, and smiled at Pater, the smile meaning, “There, I have often told you so, and, you see, the Lord Chief Justice says I am quite right.” Oftener than not, laughter is very good-humoured, and should not be hastily taken to imply derision or contempt.

More satisfactory to ladies who are anxious that they should enjoy political recognition, is the fact that one of the earliest of the parliamentary notices of motion refers to the introduction of a Women’s Disabilities Removal Bill. Two of the members who will introduce it are Conservative lawyers, showing that they, at least, do not think the measure inconsistent with the spirit of English legislation, nor a dangerous innovation on the British Constitution, and as a Conservative administration is now in power, the measure may receive ministerial countenance and support.

Perhaps some of those who laughed at Sir Alexander Cockburn, remembered his famous summing up in the Tichborne case, in which he gave an implied support to his theory about clever mothers, by suggesting that it was improbable that so clever a fellow as the Claimant undoubtedly is, could be the son of such a silly lady as old Lady Tichborne, who insisted upon identifying him with the lost Sir Roger even before she had seen him. But Lady Tichborne’s determined faith in identity is surpassed, if we may believe “A Scared Novelist,” who writes to the papers, by that of an old lady, who, having read one of the fictions of which the “Scared Novelist” is the author, insists that he is her long-lost nephew, because he has very accurately described some places near Glasgow, with which the missing sailor boy was familiar. She has written to the author and to his

publishers, denouncing his wicked forgetfulness of his poor old aunt, and declares that she will come to London and make him ashamed of himself. In vain he declares that he is not the errant sailor boy, that he never before even heard of the old lady; she intends to prove the contrary, and take him to her arms as her long-lost nephew, whether he chooses or not. Now this is a very serious predicament for an author who has only been trying to amuse novel readers, and we wish the gentleman a safe deliverance from the amiable but determined old lady. We know that some of the accomplished writers of sensational fiction, who make the personages in the novels commit all kinds of atrocities, are among the most kindly and best-principled people in the world, and it would be cruel to suppose that they have any practical acquaintance with the murders, forgeries, burglaries, and abductions which are described in their pages. Just imagine some ardent antiquary insisting on identifying Mr. Disraeli with the long-lost Wandering Jew, because, in some of his romances, he so well describes the scenery about Jerusalem!

With real pleasure we see that a number of ladies, headed by Lady Burdett Coutts, have made a public protest against the practice of vivisection, the dissection of live animals, in our public schools of anatomy. They have been charged with exaggeration, and a general denial has been given to some of the statements contained in this memorial; but some medical men, who have repeatedly, as students, witnessed what they describe, have come forward to confirm the veracity of the ladies’ informants. We will not sicken our readers by quoting the statements made, but horrible cruelties appear to be regularly perpetrated, to gratify what is styled a spirit of scientific inquiry, but really only to repeat revolting experiments which yield no new physiological information, for all that they reveal regarding structure and function is well known already. We hope that the question whether these experiments on dogs, rabbits, and other animals can be included in the legal definition of cruelty to animals, will very soon be brought to the test.

In other directions, ladies have not been inactive. There has been an interesting meeting, at the Society of Arts, of the Women’s Educational Union, of which the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is President, and resolutions strongly insisting on the necessity of higher and more systematic training of schoolmistresses were passed. We may come to a university for women yet; and, indeed such an institution seems near at hand; for “Professor” Holloway, proprietor of the famous pills and ointment, has promised to give no less than a quarter of a million sterling to establish a University for Ladies, at Egham, and the architect’s plans are already prepared.

A meeting has been held for the formation of a Woman’s Protective and Provident League, for the protection of dressmakers and other classes of needlewomen. It is not proposed to establish another charitable institution, but one that shall be self-supporting, and help to



make industrious women, engaged in arduous and poorly-paid occupations, feel that they are more independent. The idea of the proposed institution is good, and we shall be very glad to hear of its successful establishment, but there are considerable difficulties in the way, and similar propositions have before now failed to be successful.

We are actually to have another Annual International Exhibition, at South Kensington; but only of Fine Arts. This will be an interesting addition to our resorts for the early summer. It will open about a month before the Royal Academy.

We have had exhibitions enough of raw and manufactured material, but have not attempted a competitive exhibition of made-up costumes. What a delightful treat

for the ladies would be a gallery filled with the achievements of the great costumiers of Paris and London!—ball, reception, morning, and promenade toilets—displayed on life-size figures in natural attitudes, and arranged into groups. This is a hint for somebody.

Brilliant as state balls at Paris are, they should be better managed, or change their name. Seven thousand persons on one night are too many by half, even for the superb and spacious Elysée. At the opening ball of the season, dancing was simply impossible. It was a crush, in which costumes, and, we fear, occasionally temper, were seriously damaged. Is it quite impossible that the great secret of the art of receiving, putting visitors at their ease, should be applicable to these brilliant gatherings?

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

### ADELINA PATTI.

SOME lives are like fairy tales. They are marked by such unvarying success, blessed with such golden showers of wealth, and enlivened by such a tumult of enthusiastic applause, that it seems as if the age of romance had in their case come again. Such a life is that of Adelina Patti: the lasting favourite of a generally capricious public.

The land of one's birth is of slight importance compared with the nationality of one's family. Both the father and mother of Adelina Patti were Italians; they were eminent lyric artists, and at one time occupied prominent positions in the theatres of Italy and Spain. It was when they were fulfilling an engagement in the capital of the latter country that Adelina first opened her eyes on that world of which she was destined to become such a "bright, particular star." Oddly enough, no one seems very certain about the exact date of her birth: the year undoubtedly was 1843; but the day is stated by some as the 19th of February, by others as the 19th of March, and by a third set of biographers as the 9th of April. Let us not dispute about it; no one will think a few weeks in the matter of a lady's age worth mentioning.

Adelina Juana Maria Patti is our heroine's name in full, and we shall leave her for an instant to look round on the little family circle upon which she entered at Madrid on this uncertain day of 1843. It was made up of the father and mother, two sisters and a brother. The brother, Carlo Patti, became a violinist, and arrived at some distinction in the concert-rooms of America. Amelia, one the sisters, married M. Maurice Strakosch, a distinguished pianist, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. The other sister, Carlotta, is well-known as one of the leading concert-singers of the day. A slight lameness has prevented her appearing much on

the lyric stage. Her peculiarly high notes, and the graceful *abandon* of her manner have brought her into favour with the public, but in quality of tone she is not equal to the subject of our memoir. It will assist the clearness of our narrative if we also mention here what is known of the conclusion of the career of Signor Patti, the head of this musical family. He seems to have led a varied and interesting life. To the soft sounds of music succeeded, in his case, the rude turmoil of war; according to the public journals, he served, during the civil war in North America, in the army of the Confederates as aide-de-camp to General Beauregard. He took part in eleven battles, and was made prisoner towards the end of September, 1864. He died on the 21st of August, 1869.

We are acquainted now with Adelina Patti's relations, and, in anticipation, have learned something of their history; let us return to speak more particularly of herself. She was still in the early days of childhood, when father, mother, and all, returned to Italy. A wandering spirit, however, possessed them, and it was not long before Signor Patti engaged an Italian troupe, and proceeded to the United States. An opera house was built expressly for him in New York, and he conducted the Italian Opera there with considerable *éclat* for several years, but lost nearly all his fortune; at least so the story goes. It is a matter of real difficulty to get at the truth of the matter, and the most we can say is that, if the circumstances are not as stated, they ought to be.

Behold Signor Salvatori Patti, then, an almost ruined man. He resolved to withdraw from the management of the Italian Opera and devote himself entirely to the education of his three daughters. He did so, and even in his most sanguine moments little foresaw what a glorious triumph would, especially in the case of Adelina,

reward his care and pains. Adelina as a child was a musical phenomenon. She studied music literally before she could speak. As she advanced a little in years, she used to be often scolded by her mother in consequence of having acquired a habit of asking for everything she wanted by singing instead of speaking. "Cannot you speak, you naughty child," her mother would say. Then Adelina would answer, "Dear mamma, it is so easy to sing and so difficult to speak. And I feel so well, too, when I sing." Her memory for music was extraordinary, and she would often sing over operatic airs after only hearing them once.

About this time her sister Amelia married M. Maurice Strakosch, who was not only a famous performer on the pianoforte, as we have mentioned, but at that time the director of the Italian Theatre, at New York. The little Adelina was taken almost every evening by her brother-in-law into his director's box, and in this way became familiar with the best works of the Italian school, and with the styles of execution of many famous artists. An interesting anecdote, showing how coming events cast their shadows before, and how a child may dream very early of applause, belongs to this period. One evening, after having been present at a representation of "Norma," during which the singers had been received with enthusiasm, Adelina, whilst the rest of the household were at supper, stole off to her mother's room. The child, scarcely six years old, robed herself in a sheet, crowned herself with a discarded head-dress of her mother's, and standing opposite a large mirror, sang the principal air in "Norma," with all the importance of a *débutante* who expects to charm everybody. When she had finished, to make up for the absence of an audience, she applauded herself vigorously. Then she curtsied and bowed to an imaginary public and withdrew to the door. But in retiring, the precocious child tripped over the sheet and stumbled into the arms of her mother, who, safely concealed, had witnessed the whole scene.

There is nothing more to tell of interest about our little songstress till we come to the year 1851, when she appeared in public for the first time. It was at a concert given in New York for charitable purposes. Madame Bosio sang at the same concert, and almost smothered her with kisses after she had sung. The public seemed spell-bound by the wonderful child, and next day she was almost the only topic of conversation all over the city. By labour and industry, without which nothing worth having can be achieved, it was quite clear that she might become one of the greatest singers in the world.

Adelina Patti's studies were now continued under the skilful direction of her brother-in-law. He encouraged her to work hard, as hard at least as was consistent with sound health. He cultivated her taste, laboured to improve her execution, and left nothing undone which could tend to render her not only a skilful vocalist, but a consummate actress.

But though she made rapid progress in art, Adelina

did not forget to be a child. It is told that she always took her doll to the theatre or concert room, and once refused to sing unless "Maurice" (M. Strakosch) would permit her to carry it on the stage. Once she had sung a very difficult cavatina in such a way as to "bring down the house," with tremendous applause. When the calm came after the storm, Adelina, having recognized on one of the front benches a child of her own age, said in a clear, smooth voice, "Nelly, come to my room right away; I've got such a beautiful doll to show you, and we'll have such fun!" The effect of this naïveté on the audience may be imagined.

She now went on a concert tour with M. Strakosch and her sister Amelia—Madame Strakosch. The last-named, it may be mentioned, had a fine contralto voice. Adelina sang, on this expedition, all the great pieces made familiar to the public by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bosio, and others. She created immense enthusiasm. She had not, it is true, attained the purity of style and high artistic finish which characterize her at present: no one could expect these qualities in one so young. But her voice charmed all hearts by its rich bell-like nature, and remarkable evenness of tone. The wandering minstrels visited all the principal cities of the United States, Canada, and the West Indian Islands. When they came to Havannah, it is told that they engaged, to the wonder of everybody, a theatre which could easily accommodate four thousand people. The first concert began, and there were scarcely two hundred persons present, dotted here and there all over the building. But Adelina Patti was the good fairy who was to attract an audience, and she did it with such success that even before the first concert was over there was not so much as standing room to be obtained. At a subsequent concert she took part, in costume, in the well-known duet in "The Barber of Seville." The Havaneese were delighted beyond measure, and with thunders of applause insisted on its repetition. Their enthusiasm scared poor Adelina; she ran away, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. It was no doubt about this time that Artemus Ward heard her, and set down with such rapture his impressions regarding "Little Patti." "When she opened her mouth," he says, "an army of martingales, bobolinks, canaries, swallows, mocking birds, etc., burst forth and flew all over the hall."

After this tour Adelina returned to New York, and continued, with renewed ardour, to pursue her musical studies. She had tasted of the sweets of popular favour, and it was not in human nature that she should not be desirous of winning successes still more glorious. The opinions of celebrated vocalists gave her much encouragement. Sontag, for example, told her that she would be one of the greatest singers of the age, and Alboni said that if she went to Paris she would make such a *furor* as is seldom seen there. It is related that when Alboni first heard Adelina Patti sing—when she was quite a child—she remarked, caressing her, "Ah, dear little

one, a day will come when you will make me be quite forgotten."

Adelina Patti made her *début* at New York, as an operatic singer, on the 24th of November, 1859. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor." Words can hardly describe the enthusiasm she created: the good people of New York in this particular even beat the excitable Havanese.

With the sound of their applause ringing in her ears, Adelina began a tour through the principal towns of the United States—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans—always appearing with unprecedented success. The Prince of Wales happened to visit Canada in the latter part of 1860, and it was rightly thought that nothing would give greater pleasure to His Royal Highness than to hear her sing. The authorities of Montreal invited her thither, and agreed to pay five hundred pounds for her services for a single concert. Shortly afterwards, M. Strakosch gave a grand gala night at the Opera House in Philadelphia, in honour of the Prince, on which occasion Mademoiselle Patti appeared in the character of Martha. The Prince attended, and heartily applauded the performance.

The advent of unmistakable talent is never long of arousing the attention of an enterprising operatic manager. It is to Mr. Frederick Gye, the observant and sagacious director of Covent Garden Theatre, that we owe the credit of Adelina Patti's first appearance in Europe. The young singer crossed the Atlantic in April, 1861, and arrived in London on the 1st of May. Her first performance in Covent Garden was on the 14th of May, in the part of Amina in "La Sonnambula." So favourable was the impression which she created, that she immediately became almost the idol of an adoring public. Musicians might differ as to the quality and management of her high soprano voice, but all were charmed by her combined attractions of person, manners, and artistic skill.

Let us listen to the criticism of the day; it will give some idea of the state of public feeling. "Young as she is," said an able writer, a day or two after her first appearance, "Mademoiselle Patti has, even now, qualities which entitle her to a place in the very highest rank of her profession. She had not been ten minutes on the stage on Tuesday night when she made this apparent to the whole audience. Though there was no particular attraction in the simple announcement of a name which scarcely anybody here had ever heard, yet (it being a subscription night) there was a full and even brilliant house. The *débutante* was received with the kindness due to a stranger, whose engaging appearance was a good letter of recommendation. The audience saw that the Amina of the night was a young and graceful girl, with a modest, ingenuous air, and a face beaming with intelligence and feeling. They listened with calm complacency till she came to the beautiful air, addressed by the heroine to her youthful companions, "Come per me sereno," they became more and more excited, and the air ended amid a

tumult of admiration and delight. During the whole opera, they were spell-bound by the magic of her acting, so full of truth, refinement, and simplicity; by the charm of her voice, so fresh and lovely, and, at the same time, so flexible and brilliant, and by her most marvellous powers of execution, unrivalled even by the greatest singers of the day. When the curtain at last fell, after the famous finale, 'Ah, non giunge,' the scene of enthusiasm was indescribable. Mademoiselle Patti was called for again and again, the occupants of boxes, stalls, pit, and amphitheatre, giving vent to their transports by shouts and acclamations. She may have faults and imperfections; no girl of eighteen exercising the most difficult of arts can be without them. But, to our sense, they are still lost, like spots on the sun, in the blaze of her brightness. She is, in short, a heaven-born artist, and has, in all probability, a career before her of splendour never yet surpassed."

The news of this great success speedily reached all other European capitals. Tempting proposals of engagements came pouring in from Madrid, Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg, and many other places; the star of fortune shone with greater lustre than ever. Adelina Patti, however, resisted all inducements to remove from London, and resolved to pass the whole season there. It was a season of extraordinary brilliancy, and Adelina was the centre of attraction, and the sole subject of enthusiasm. If a craving thirst for gold ever enters into the life of a great artist, she must have begun then to have it satisfied. She made fabulous sums by all her appearances, and the future displayed itself as a scene of glittering promise.

To follow our heroine step by step on her career, would be wearisome from its monotony; continued and unvarying success is a very unexciting affair. Besides, space would fail to tell of a tithe of her great triumphs. We shall do no more, then, than mention that when she left London she went to Madrid, where, on the evening of her first representation, there was such a commotion, stirred up by curiosity, that a military force had to be employed to preserve order. From Madrid, she proceeded to Vienna, where she was welcomed with equal enthusiasm, and was nearly crushed to death when coming out of a church in which she had sung on behalf of some charitable object. A short time passed, and we find Adelina in Paris. She made her *début* at the Théâtre Italien on the 1st of November, 1862, in the same rôle as she had chosen for her first performance in London, that of Amina in "La Sonnambula." The reception she met with from the critical opera goers of Paris was the most gratifying that could be imagined; and in the gay capital of France she has since made many of her most remarkable appearances.

Such was Adelina Patti's glorious introduction to the public of Europe. We shall now glance at a few of the leading characters which she has personated on the stage with so much beauty and tenderness. After playing in London in 1861, in the character of Amina, she delighted the metropolitan audiences by her equally successful

representation of Lucia, in Donizetti's opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor." But she gave still greater reason for approval as Violetta, in the rather questionable opera of "La Traviata." To this character Adelina imparted a purity with which it has never before been invested. Her Zerlina also obtained high praise, and in Martha, which, as every one knows, is not of much importance as an opera, she gave an unwonted interest to the performance by the vein of arch comedy which she displayed. The full splendour of her comic power, however, first shone forth when she assumed the part of Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

In the summer of 1863 she attempted the difficult rôle of Ninetta, in "La Gazza Ladra," and her spirited rendering of the character was worthy of her high reputation. She gathered fresh laurels by her admirable performances as Norina in "Don Pasquale," and as Adina in "L'Elisir d'Amor."

The season of 1864 was marked at Covent Garden by an additional success. Adelina Patti undertook the part of Margherita, in Gounod's masterpiece of "Faust." All knew beforehand that she would look the character better than any of the rival celebrities who had hitherto appeared in it, and none were surprised when the most competent critics pronounced her rendering of the part to be superior in every way to that of any other artist. What a first performance it was!—Patti as Margherita, Mario as Faust, and Faure as Mephistopheles.

It was a memorable night also in 1867, when Adelina made her first appearance as Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Her performance of this part was the great attraction of the season. "Never," says one writer, "had Adelina Patti seemed a more consummate artist, or so intensely youthful as she did during that her seventh season, and in that her first Shaksperian impersonation. Her voice seemed purer, clearer, fresher than ever. Her form and features, more especially in the opening scenes of the tragedy, appeared to be endowed more strikingly than ever with the admirable grace of a girlish timidity."

But we must cut our tale short by saying that there is hardly anything Adelina Patti has attempted which she has not accomplished to perfection. "As a comedian," says an able critic, "we have had in her the realization of Rossini's Rosina, Mozart's Zerlina, Donizetti's Adina, and Flotow's Marta; as a tragedian she has been unapproachable in almost all her assumptions, as in Catarina, in Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," and in his "Dinorah;" in Donizetti's Lucia and Linda; in Verdi's Gilda and Violetta; and Bellini's Elvira. Then in the domain of the grand opera, her Margherita, her Desdemona, her Leonora, her Giulietta, have been very remarkable performances." In fact, one feels that, as a singer, she can do anything within the limits of her physical powers.

The life of a great artist is far from being free from annoyance. The whispers of scandal-mongers, the insinuations of the envious, and the ill-timed suggestions of the officious, all combine to cast occasional dark shadows over

it. It is a pity, but such is the price we often have to pay for fame. One example is sometimes as good as a half dozen, so we shall take a case affecting our heroine, which occurred in the beginning of the year 1863. Rumour had it then that the affairs of Adelina Patti were going to be made the subject of a chancery suit, at the instance of one Macdonald, who described himself as her "next friend."

The unwarranted interference of this presuming character in her private affairs was rather too much to bear, and on the 11th of May the lady made affidavit: "Until I read the name of James William Macdonald, who styles himself as my next friend, I never heard of such a person, nor did I ever, to my knowledge, see him, nor did I ever communicate with him in any way." She then went on to state that there was no truth in certain allegations made against her father and another party, in the affidavits filed in the cause. "I wholly deny," she stated, "that I am or ever was treated with cruelty by them, or either of them, or that my liberty is, or ever was, controlled, or that I am or ever was kept short of money, or that any jewellery or any part of it has been or is appropriated by them or either of them. On the contrary, I have, and always have had, whatever money I require, and all my jewellery has always been and is under my own control, and I could convert the whole of it into money at once if I were so disposed." The matter came before the Vice Chancellor, and, as was to be expected, the bill was dismissed with costs, to be paid by the so-called "next friend."

The last two paragraphs have been parenthetical, and we have introduced them for the express reason that their somewhat unpleasant nature may make the reader appreciate all the more the merry marriage bells which are now to break on his ear. For we have come to an important point in our biography. We are about to launch Adelina Patti on the sea of matrimony. Those pleasant people who pass their leisure in the manufacture and circulation of *canards*, had long busied themselves with her marriage, and from first to last she had been wedded in print to no end of men of mark and likelihood. Could she, it was said, have married one in a hundred of those named, she would have been liable to an action for bigamy in every country in Europe. The cry of "wolf" had been raised so often, that when the report was spread that Adelina Patti was engaged to the Marquis de Caux, hardly anyone believed it. Gradually, however, the truth began to dawn on opera-goers, that their greatest favourite was really going to be married at the end of the season of 1868. And who, people then asked, was the Marquis de Caux? He was a young French soldier and courtier: M Louis Sébastien Henri de Roget de Cabuzac, Marquis de Caux, an equerry of the Emperor Napoleon III., and cousin, it was given out, of the Count of Falloux. Happy man! We do not say happy because *la* Patti is a veritable magician in attracting to herself the wealth of the world, but because he was to enter upon such



glorious opportunities in uniting his fortunes to those of one possessed of so much sweetness and grace and genius.

Invitations to the wedding ceremony were sent out on the night of Adelina Patti's benefit—the very last representation of the season. The marriage took place on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of July, 1868, at a small Roman Catholic chapel close to Clapham Common. Drizzling rain was falling—we remember it well—but a dense crowd thronged the church long before the time appointed for the ceremony, and overflowed into the wet road. Many well-known public characters were there, and the most heartfelt interest was evidently taken in the future career of the happy pair. The bride wore a white satin dress, half hidden in clouds of lace, and had a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair. Her bridesmaids—and she had four of them—were dressed in white, with wreaths and sashes of blue. Accompanying Adelina Patti, were her father and the bridegroom, the French Ambassador, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, and many gentleman connected with the French Embassy. The Duke of Manchester and Sir Michael Costa were the witnesses on behalf of the bride, and the Ambassador and Secretary to the Embassy of France performed the like office for the bridegroom.

The ceremony was not tedious, as the service performed was the ordinary low mass. When it was over, the wedding party returned to Signor Patti's residence, to which a select party had been invited to tender their parting congratulations to the newly-married couple.

The Marquis de Caux and Madame la Marquise set out immediately afterwards for Switzerland, where the honeymoon was spent. Fears had been entertained that to the honeymoon would succeed a career of private life, but these were soon dissipated by the announcement that

the lady was to sing at Hamburg on the 15th of the month succeeding her marriage, and that she had engagements elsewhere for the winter. The Marquis de Caux resigned his position at the Court of Napoleon III., and followed his wife on her triumphal journeyings to and fro.

Since her marriage, what is there to tell of Adelina Patti's public life? Not much, save the old story of what characterized it before—applause, bouquets, jewels, and princely tribute in the current coin of the realm wherever she goes. Perhaps her most brilliant triumph was her visit to Russia in the early part of 1870. She met with a demonstrative welcome, and received from the Emperor Alexander the Order of Merit, and the appointment of first singer at the Imperial Court. Whenever she sang, it is told that the excitable Muscovites would give as much as eight pounds sterling for a stall, and that a box would fetch as much as from sixty to eighty pounds. Her succeeding visits to St. Petersburg have created quite as much, if not more, enthusiasm.

If ever anyone has had a chance in our day of wearying of adulation and success, Adelina Patti has possessed that not very enviable opportunity. By the time she was twenty years of age, she had achieved most brilliant success in the principal capitals of the world. She had sung before kings; approbation in her case had often amounted to idolatry; she had picked up bouquets by armfuls; she had been paid fabulous sums for her appearances; in short, she had been run after and worshipped and paid as no other singer ever had been. It is the highest praise to say that flattery never turned her head, or prevented her endeavouring to cultivate all the glorious powers and gifts which were at her command. Her mission in the world has been to give pleasure to millions by the exercise of her vocal skill, and nobly has she fulfilled it.

### "O BIRDS THAT FLIT BY OCEAN'S RIM."

OH, birds that flit by ocean's rim,  
And make your plaint to silent sky;  
Oh, waves that lap horizon's dim,  
Ye shall be tranquil by-and-by!

Oh, rose-tree, giving petals fair,  
In some lost garden lone to lie—  
Weep not because your stems are bare,  
They shall re-blossom by-and-by!

Oh, singer, singing in the night—  
Turn not and curse the heavens and die;  
Your heritage is peace and light—  
You shall be richer by-and-by!

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

**A**LTHOUGH the keen winds and altogether cold temperature of the month of March do not much invite to make a change in one's costume, it is generally looked upon as the period which introduces the new spring fashions, and even heralds those of summer.

but this is a very perplexing question. The fact is, fashion originates in certain ateliers des modes, but must be patronised by ladies well known in fashionable life, before they can be certain of success. Sometimes a fashion is born of some whim or fancy of some of its own votaries, whose beauty and innate



127.—CASHMERE JACKET.

The fact is, those fashions are now pretty well decided upon; the materials, the *façons* of new spring models are already known to our *couturières*, though they have not yet received the sanction of those *grandes dames* who take the lead in such matters. We have often been asked, "Who makes the fashion?"

elegance is enough to set off a model to its utmost advantage. *Mlle. Fontanges* having once fastened up her hair, which had become disordered in the course of a promenade on a windy day, the consequence was a ribbon *à la Fontanges* became a fashion all the ladies of the court raved about, and which has

frequently been revived, even in these modern days. Numerous other instances might be mentioned, but enough has been said to prove our meaning.

There has been a good deal of hesitation, and many abortive attempts at different styles in fashions since the war, but now the character of modern modes seems pretty well established, and though still full of

It may seem hard to come back to such traditions, but the *laissez aller* of female toilet is strongly threatened by fashion, and we believe we shall have cause to congratulate ourselves upon this in the end, for a loose style of dress if suffered to be carried too far, is sure to destroy all the neatness and true elegance of a lady's appearance.



128.—SICILIAN CLOTH JACKET.

variety, they possess their own peculiar cachet. The greatest change produced this summer is that of the shape of bodices, which being considerably lengthened and stitched as tightly as possible over the figure, has obliged ladies to return to the corset, the real corset, which had become gradually transformed into mere waist-bands. A long corset, well made and perfectly fitting, is once more indispensable to be dressed well.

We have seen very pretty demi-saison toilets composed of light coloured cashmere, combined with faille either of the same colour, or of another shade tastefully matched to it. White cashmere is used for tunics over pink, blue, sea-green, or mauve faille. Grey cashmere over grey or maroon, blue, or violet. When the cashmere is of the same shade as the faille employed for the skirt, both are trimmed with

ravelled-out ruches of the faille; if the tunic is of a different colour to the skirt, the latter has its own special trimming, and the ruches are used for the tunic only, and are of faille of the same shade as the cashmere.

The fashion of cashmere covered with broderie Anglaise to make up for tunics, which appeared last year, is now in great vogue. A plain skirt and bodice should be worn as an under dress to the tunic worked in open broderie Anglaise. This under dress should be of a different colour to the open-work tunic or, which looks best, of a darker shade of the same tint. The two shades are extremely pretty and effective, and will form very charming toilets for the spring, in mauve over violet, beige over maroon, light blue over dark blue, and so on.

Our readers will perceive we are still talking of tunics, and the fact is, the tunic is very bien porté this spring, at least, the new modification of it, which consists of a long draped tablier, fastened behind with long lapels or a sash of faille or velvet. These tabliers, with cuirasse bodice to match, are not always of the same material or colour as the skirt; on the contrary, they are often of a plaid or striped material, while the skirt is plain. The bodice must always be of the same material as the tablier; the sleeves alone are allowed to differ, but on condition they are matched to the skirt. For demi-toilette of an afternoon or evening, a pretty toilette consists of the tablier and cuirasse bodice composed of alternate strips of white and black lace or guipure, or of squares also composed of black and white lace alternately. This is also made of thick guipure, and will be suitable to wear over coloured silks of any shade.

Black cashmere or silk mantles to wear with any dress, are very much come into fashion again this spring. They are mostly jackets, peaked at the back, with rather long fronts and wide sleeves. Others are mantelets fastened down at the waist in the back, and loose in front. Some have a small pointed hood at the back, others merely an ornament of passementerie. The favourite materials for such mantles are good cashmere double, or the grosgrain silk texture called Sicilienne.

The cuirasse-paletot is a favourite model; it is tight-fitting, double-breasted, and fastened with two rows of buttons in front. The front pieces are joined together into a deep peak, while at the back there is a pleated postillion basque, with a large square pocket on either side. The sleeves have deep revers; they are trimmed, as well as the pockets and the whole outline of the jacket, with a thick, round silk fringe, and border of coq herissé feathers. There are pretty passementerie buttons upon all the revers and pockets.

Feathers are still fashionable, but jet beading is rather getting out of favour, having been rather too long a *fureur* not to be very soon abandoned altogether.

Very nice spring costumes we have taken note of for young ladies, are composed as follows: skirts of deep blue cashmere with a small plissé round the bottom,

second skirt or tunic of plaid beige material, of several shades of fawn colour, with streaks of bright blue here and there, across the plaid pattern. It is arranged into a deep shawl point, gracefully draped in front, and two wide scarf lapels behind, crossed and fastened in a loose double knot. The bodice is of the same plaid material, cuirasse style, with long, plain basque and no trimming whatever but blue cashmere piping and buttons. Plain, tight sleeves with revers, similar buttons and blue pipings. The tablier and lapels are also piped round with blue.

Another costume, just completed for a young married lady, is of faille and vigogne of a lighter texture than the winter material. The faille skirt, of a bright *noisette* shade of brown, has a deep plissé round the bottom. The tunic is of the natural shade of vigogne, and trimmed round the edge with two rows of fringe. It forms a long draped tablier in front, and at the back two wide square lapels which are buttoned down the middle. Both the tablier and lapels are striped with ribbed silk braid. The bodice, of the same material as the tablier, is also striped with braid to correspond. At the back it forms a fully pleated basque, spreading out into the shape of a fan; it is very short on the hips, and comes down into two deep peaks in front. Tight sleeves with peaked revers.

For evening toilettes, the tablier is just as fashionable as for toilettes de jour. It is then made of gauze tulle or lace over silk.

A tasteful dress for a soiree or ball is of very pale blue faille. The faille skirt is train-shaped, and trimmed round the bottom with two narrow bias flounces, headed with a pinked-out ruche. Three more flounces are placed at the back only, with another ruche above them, and above this again a very deep bouillon and fluted heading. The front width is covered with small drawn puffings lengthwise up to the waist. A long pointed tablier of white lace is arranged over the front of the dress, two smaller points being arranged at the back, with coques and ends of brocaded blue ribbon ten inches wide, instead of a puff. The bodice is ornamented with a pointed berthe, also of white lace, (it was point lace in the original model, but guipure, or even blond will answer the purpose), with cluster of tea roses on the left side and flat bows of plain blue faille upon the shoulders.

An evening dress for a young lady is of white faille. The skirt is trimmed at the back with three pinked-out flounces and a ruche, and this trimming is repeated once more, but at the back only. There is a plain white bodice to this skirt. Tunic of white silk gauze, with two plissés round the bottom, of the usual shape, tablier in front, and long lapels behind combined with a wreath of variously tinted roses, and a sash of white brocaded ribbon. Gauze bodice with bouillons and narrow plissés, across which a wreath of roses to match that on the skirt, but smaller, is placed so as to form the Grand Cordon Marie Louise. Cluster of roses in the hair.

We will conclude with a handsome model for a black faille dress. The skirt is much gored in front, all the fulness being thrown to the back of the skirt, which is arranged in the deep quadruple pleat called the pli Bulgare, and trimmed at the bottom with one deep flounce. Robings formed of tightly-drawn puffings

divide the back from the front, which is ornamented en tablier with bias folds of the silk, and black lace border between each fold. The bodice, in the cuirasse style, is peaked both in front and at the back, and trimmed with black lace.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### HOME AND VISITING DRESSES.

1. Ras-terre skirt in black velvet gathered in flat folds at the back, without fulness in front or at the sides. Black cashmere polonaise, princess-shape in front. This part, long and rounded en tablier, is caught back with an agrafe. Two wide ends with rounded points fall over the skirt, and a bow of black faille catches the outside edges together in the middle. The back of the polonaise forms a postilion basque, making long points at the sides, these points being fastened to the sides of the ends. A faille bow is placed on the middle of the postilion. All the edges of the polonaise are trimmed with coup-de-vent pleatings in black faille, four inches in depth. Half-wide sleeves, High collar. Ruched lingerie in broderie Anglaise and Valenciennes.

2. Ras-terre skirt in slate-grey faille, trimmed at the bottom with three flounces placed over each other. Tablier in cashmere of the same colour, trimmed with three rows of dark blue velvet placed at regular intervals, and between them running an embroidery of dark blue foliage. A pleating of pale blue faille finishes off the tablier, which is fastened back with a large bow of pale blue faille ribbon. Cuirasse in cashmere to match the tablier, and trimmed similarly. A cuff of the same trimming ends the sleeve. Pleated lingerie in batiste and Valenciennes. Hat to match the dress, trimmed with pale blue. Large bows, feathers, and black bird. Roses under the brim, and white tulle strings.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

### LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTDRESS.

This month we give, at the request of several subscribers, the cut-out pattern of a little girl's night-dress, seven years old; it should be made of longcloth, and trimmed round the neckband, down the front and round

the wristbands with Beau Ideal embroidery, on narrow cambric frills. Our pattern consists of four pieces, viz., half the front, half the back, half of yoke, and one sleeve. The neck and waistbands are merely straight strips.

### THE LETTER.

I READ it by the sea, love,  
As the stately ships went by;  
When the birds, with snowy bosoms,  
Flew merrily o'er the sky;  
And the spirit you touched glowed warmer  
To the ships on the sunny sea;  
And caroled the wild birds sweeter  
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the dale, love,  
In the midst of a summer dream;  
When your voice seemed strangely mingled  
With the sweet, melodious stream;  
And the far-off children's laughter,  
And the sound of the maiden's glee  
Did seem to my heart the purer  
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the eve, love,  
When the meadows and woods were still;  
When the murmuring sea broke softer,  
And the mist slept calm on the hill;  
When the nightingale sang 'mid the tassels  
Of the bright laburnum tree,  
And his song to my heart was dearer  
From the thoughts you had sent me.

I've kept it in my heart, love,  
As a jewel within a shrine;  
And it fills my life with the beauty  
Of a love that is half divine;  
And oft, in the midst of its presence,  
I dare not think what would be  
Were my soul to be sundered for ever  
From the thoughts you have sent to me.



## Simple Dinner Toilet.



129.—SIMPLE DINNER TOILET (BACK).

129 &amp; 130.—SIMPLE DINNER TOILET.

The most convenient toilet for wearing up light silk dresses that are somewhat soiled. The long train skirt and bodice are perfectly plain, and over it is worn a large polonaise of black figured net, trimmed with wide

## Simple Dinner Toilet.



130.—SIMPLE DINNER TOILET (FRONT).

130.—SIMPLE DINNER TOILET.

lace; it is rounded in front and behind, is very long and hanging square over the skirt. The dress sleeves should be trimmed with frillings of the silk, and, if preferred, a flounce and ruching may ornament the bottom of skirt.

## MARRIAGES IN THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THE marriage of the Earl of Onslow and the Hon. Florence Coulston Gardner, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Gardner, was solemnized on the 3rd at St. George's, Hanover Square. The Bishop of Winchester and the Rev. G. Bowles, rector of Clandon, officiated. The bride wore a long sweeping dress of white silk, the front breadth being of satin, made with intricate plaitings and trails of white flowers, point d'Alençon, and crape lissé. The veil was tulle; ornaments, diamonds. She was accompanied by six bridesmaids, two of them little children. They were all dressed alike in light blue Japanese silk, made with plissé flounces, and sleeveless jackets of cashmere of the same shade. The bonnets were blue tulle with pendant veils, and wreaths of white, blue, and pink hyacinth. They all had gold locket, with a true lover's knot and monogram in enamel, presented by the bridegroom. Among the noticeable costumes were a rich white silk dress, and dolman trimmed with swansdown, the white bonnet having a profusion of swansdown; a mauve silk, trimmed with velvet and point lace, the latter being carried across the front breadth; and a mouse-coloured silk, richly trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and introduced as a violin back and on the front of the bodice; the bonnet was of the same mixture exactly. Grey fur was also used as a trimming on this dress. Lord Elliot acted as best man. The wedding party adjourned to Dover Street, Piccadilly, where the breakfast was served. Among the company were Viscount Midleton, Lord Elliot, Lady Anna Loftus, Mrs. Onslow, Sir Baldwin and Hon. Lady Leighton, Lady Marian Springfield, Gen. and Mrs. Gardiner, etc. Early in the afternoon, the bride and bridegroom left town for Dover. *en route* for the Continent. The wedding gifts were very numerous.

The marriage of Capt. the Hon. F. J. A. Chichester (20th Hussars) and Lady M. Steward, fourth surviving daughter of the Earl of Galloway, was solemnized on the 4th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Two large white bouquets were placed on the altar, and the earlier part of the service was performed in the body of the church, the conclusion in the chancel, and here a very eloquent address was delivered on marriage. The bride's dress was a very rich white silk, made with treble box-plaitings, down the back of which were long bows at intervals: the front had a tunic formed of stripes of pearl embroidery, a Valenciennes lace veil covering the whole. The bridesmaids wore long plain white silk skirts, bordered with a gathered band of the same; over this were tunics of soft figured white silk, having dark blue velvet trimming; the bodices were of blue figured silk, with violin backs and sleeves of velvet; the hats white silk, blue velvet trimmings, and feathers. The dresses worn

by the very numerous guests were exceptionally rich and fashionable. The young ladies wore cashmere dresses mostly, and hats turned up in front. The married ladies were all in rich silk or velvet. One costume consisted of a plain skirt of black velvet, with a habit-like bodice, trimmed with white lace; a plain skirt of ruby velvet, with rich point d'Alençon about it, with this a white cashmere shawl and white bonnet were worn. A light flame-coloured silk had a satin-striped tunic of the same shade, and a profusion of deep lace about the skirt; a hat of black velvet, lace, and trimmings to match the dress, completed the costume, with which was a black velvet sash, very richly embroidered in coloured silk. A very handsome silk of two shades of petunia was worn with a bonnet to match, and lace shawl. All the dresses were made without trimming on the back, save, perhaps, bows down the treble box-plaits, the front either froncé, or generally arranged in horizontal plaits, with plissé flouncing by way of trimming. A rich silk in two shades of green was made in this way, as were many others. Chiné silk as back breadths, with fronts of coloured silk, were also very general, and all of the bonnets seemed of the round hat shape, turned up in front.

The marriage of Mr. S. G. Stopford Sackville, M.P. for North Hants, and Miss Edith Frances Rashleigh, only child of the late William and the Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh, of Menabilly and Point Neptune, Cornwall, was solemnized on the 4th, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Among the dresses worn by the guests, we particularly noticed a long peach-coloured silk, and bonnet of the same shade; a rich black velvet trimmed with bugles and lace; a lavender silk, with grenat trimming; a very handsome Indian shawl worn with a dark blue silk dress and bonnet; a red mauve silk and velvet costume with a bonnet of a lighter shade trimmed with long ostrich feathers of the two colours; a long, sweeping train of smoke-coloured silk, the front elaborately trimmed with old lace, and a bonnet to match, worn with a black velvet jacket trimmed with ermine; a rich brown silk of two shades was made with a violin back of the darker and a front breadth of the darker; the lighter making the back breadths. The bride wore a magnificent white satin dress, trimmed with heavy plaitings round the skirt, a wreath of white flowers, and a rich lace veil. There were seven bridesmaids. Three little girls of exactly the same height walked up the church behind the bride. They wore short flounced blue silk skirts, white cashmere tunics, and sleeveless jackets bound with brown fur, and sash round hats, with blue ribbon bows, the hair tied with blue bows. The four elder ones were in long grenat silk skirts, deep white costume tunics gracefully draped, sleeveless bodice of the same, and grenat silk sleeves in Henry II. style, having puffings of white, white



felt hats and velvet and feathers. The bridal procession was quite unique, the contrast between the three little bridesmaids in blue and white, and the four elder ones in grenat and white, being so marked.

A numerous and fashionable company assembled on the 4th at the Oratory, Brompton, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Philip John Canning Howard, only son of Mr. Philip Henry Howard, F.S.A., of Corby Castle (sometime M.P. for Carlisle), to Miss Alice Clare Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Peter Maxwell. The Duke of Norfolk, Lady Petre and Hon. Misses Petre, Lady Dormer, Lady Chichester and Misses Chichester, Colonel Butler Bowden, Hon. Joseph Maxwell Scott, Hon. H. and Mrs. Petre and Miss Petre, and a host of friends and relatives were present. The bride on reaching the Oratory was accompanied by her eight bridesmaids—Hon Winifride Maxwell, Miss Howard and Miss Agnes Howard of Corby, Hon. Bertha Clifford, Miss Rosamund Petre, Miss Fleming, Miss Juliana Maxwell, and Miss Constance Weld. The bride wore a dress of white satin duchesse, trimmed with old Brussels lace flounces (the gift of the Hon. Mrs. Constable Maxwell), crêpe lissé and orange flowers, and a wreath of orange flowers and tulle veil, which was fixed to her

hair by diamond-mounted pins. Her jewels were a necklace of diamonds (an heirloom of the Howards of Corby), and diamond earrings, and in the front of her bodice a choice spray of the finest diamonds. The bridesmaids were dressed alike in pale maize poul de soie, made with drawn fronts, plaited flounces, and the skirts arranged at the back with large bows and plaits, and the bodices trimmed with primroses and violets. Each young lady wore a wreath of primroses and violets, from which depended long tulle veils, and also carried bouquets of violets and primroses. Each bridesmaid wore a jewel, the gift of the bridegroom, with monogram in enamel in the shape of a cross. The marriage rite was celebrated by the Hon. and Right. Rev. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, assisted by the Rev. Canon Vavasour and the Rev. Father Ryan, O.S.B. On leaving the Oratory, the wedding party proceeded to 14, Queensberry-place, South Kensington, to breakfast; and afterwards, the young wedded couple took their departure, amidst a shower of old satin shoes and rice, for Folkestone, on their way to Paris, where they will make a brief *séjour* on their way to Biarritz, where they purpose to spend the honeymoon. The bridal presents amounted to upwards of 200 in number.

## NEW BOOK.

*The Christian Text Book and Birthday Remembrancer*: a Book of Sacred Counsel and Reflections for every day in the year. (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.)

There could scarcely be a more suitable birthday present than this handsomely-bound volume, the selections in which are marked by taste and discrimination.

Keble was one of the few of our spiritual singers who remembered that we are bidden to "rejoice alway." So many good and true Christians discourage the young by forgetting this. The editor of the "Birthday Remembrancer" seems also to have been inclined to this direction, but the book is full of great thoughts from great writers. The following, for instance, from Carlyle: "Every epoch has two aspects: one calm, broad, and solemn, looking towards eternity; the other agitated, petty, vehement, and confused—looking towards time."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

This last, from J. P. Bailey, reminds us of Nathaniel Hawthorne's definition of happiness,—“to live through the whole range of one's faculties,” which shows that the noblest life may be a very happy life, even though, as Keble says, “We keep our best till last.”

Novalis's reflection that “No man who has not a complete knowledge of himself will ever have a true understanding of another” (June 23), contains a great truth, but is dangerous teaching in these days of self-analysis and morbid introspection. As we heard Dr. Vaughan say lately from the pulpit, “Darkness is better than conscious light.”

He was preaching on the danger of self-consciousness Keble, on the contrary, is one of the sweet singers whom we find oftener looking up than within, a healthy sign, especially in the poetic nature.

For July 24, the reflection is from Locke. “Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little, as well as great things, which is the foundation of good manners.”

We miss from the names of authors from whose works the selections are made, many we should like to find quoted in the pages of this excellent book; among them old Thomas à Kempis and Mrs. C. E. Alexander. Some of the quaint and bracing Christianity of the former would have afforded many excellent extracts, and the beautiful hymns of the latter would have made the work even more complete in compilation than it is. The interleaved pages for daily record will be found useful. We conclude this short notice with the selection for Feb. 27, one of the few sacred songs which Thomas Moore wrote, and musical as all his are.

“O Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.”



132.—PLEATED MUSLIN RUFFLE.



131.—ORNAMENTAL CLASP FOR MANTLES.



133.—PLEATED LISSE RUFFLE.



134.—VELVET WALKING JACKET (FRONT).



135.—VELVET WALKING JACKET (BACK).





137.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS (BACK).



136.—BEADED WAISTBAND.



138.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS (FRONT).



139.—LADIES' MORNING CAPS.





142.—BOY'S TROUSERS.

142.—RUFFLE OF LACE  
AND FLOWERS.

141.—BOY'S JACKET.



144.—BERTHA OF SILK AND FLOWERS (FRONT).



143.—BOY'S WAIST COAT.



145.—BERTHA OF SILK AND FLOWERS (BACK).





146.—BERTHA OF BLACK NET (FRONT).



147.—BERTHA OF BLACK NET (BACK).

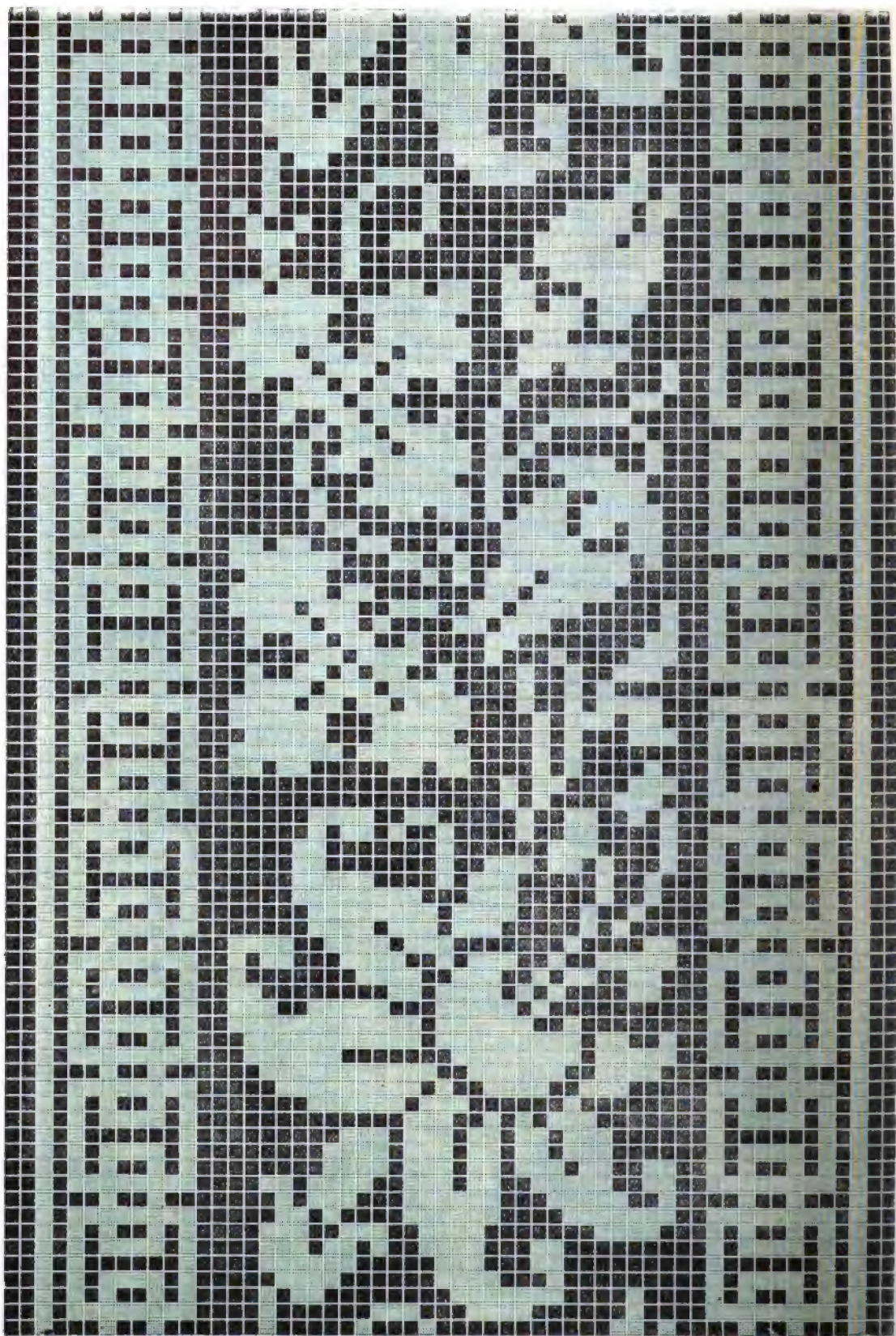


148.—ROSE-COLOURED VELVET BERTHA (BACK).



149.—ROSE-COLOURED VELVET BERTHA (FRONT).





150.—DESIGN IN NETTING AND DARNING FOR 'ANT IMACASSARS.





151.—DESIGN IN NETTING AND DARNING FOR WINDOW CURTAINS.

**No. 127. CASHMERE JACKET.**

Tight-fitting jacket of black cashmere lined with lute-string, and elegantly trimmed with bands of black grosgrain silk and passementerie agraffe. At the neck, band and frill of black grosgrain.

**No. 128. SICILIAN CLOTH JACKET.**

Tight-fitting paletot of black Sicilian cloth; the jacket part is arranged in single and box pleats, and trimmed with bands of black grosgrain silk and passementerie button.

**No. 131. ORNAMENTAL CLASP FOR MANTLES.**

Clasp for mantles, etc., consisting of two rosettes of oxydized silver.

**No. 132. PLEATED MUSLIN RUFFLE.**

Ruffle of pleated mull muslin with stand-up frill of crêpe lisse and black feather trimming. Rosette of pink grosgrain ribbon and spray of roses.

**No. 133. PLEATED LISSE RUFFLE.**

Ruffle of pleated crêpe lisse, with pale grey feather trimming and bow of blue grosgrain silk; in the ends of the bow are woven stripes of dark blue satin.

**No. 134, 135. VELVET WALKING JACKET.**

We offer our readers, in the present illustration, a very pretty style of paletot. The material is black soft Genoa velvet, slightly wadded, and lined with lutestring. A border of feather trimming is employed round the neck, and brought low in front so as to display the veste and collar. The same feather trimming is arranged round the tabs of the paletot above a handsome passementerie fringe. Passementerie buttons on the front, sleeves, and tabs of the paletot.

**No. 136. BEADED WAISTBAND.**

Waistband of black corded silk, embroidered with squares of black beads, and ornamented with a slide of bead embroidery.

**Nos. 137, 138. LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.**

Morning costume for little girls of two to four years old. Dress of grey serge lined with scarlet cashmere; band, pocket lapels, and revers bound with scarlet.

**No. 139. LADIES' MORNING CAPS.**

1. Cap of white crêpe lisse, arranged in close pleated frills alternately with black lace. A rosette of black figured net is introduced on the crown. In front, leaves of blue crystal beads, blush roses, and mignonette.

2. Cap of white crêpe lisse, with wreath of bronze and shaded leaves; at the back a fall of white lace with pale blue ribbon.

3. Cap of white mull muslin, with frills of white lace, and loops of cerise grosgrain ribbon.

4. Cap of white crêpe lisse and black figured net, with spray of flowers and bows of crimson grosgrain ribbon.

**Nos. 140, 141, & 143. BOY'S SUIT.**

Trousers, waistcoat, and jacket of dark brown cloth bound with worsted braid.

**No. 142. RUFFLE OF LACE AND FLOWERS.**

Black lace edging is arranged as a frill on each side of an insertion of black beads. Sprays of roses ornament at the neck and waist.

**Nos. 144, 145. BERTHA OF SILK AND FLOWERS.**

Bertha of white grosgrain silk edged with lace, and covered with white May blossom. Bows of silk with flowers, and a spray of the same in the coiffure.

**Nos. 146, 147. BLACK NET BERTHA.**

Bertha of black figured net, embroidered with sprays of pearls, trimmed with lace, and grosgrain ribbon bows; round the upper edge a box pleating of tulle edged with pearls.

**Nos. 148, 149. ROSE-COLOURED VELVET BERTHA.**

Bertha of rose-coloured velvet, edged with white lace an inch and a half wide above and below; the lace is continued up the opening at the back, where a bow of the velvet is placed; folds of white muslin are arranged across the front, ending on one shoulder under a velvet bow, and on the other under a small bunch of flowers. The ends of muslin are crossed in front, and hang down to the waist, edged round with lace.

**Nos. 150, 151. DESIGNS IN NETTING AND DARNING.**

1. This is worked on straight netting, and would be extremely pretty for antimacassars, either worked entirely in strips of netting, or alternately with embroidered linen strips.

2. Is suitable for long or short window-curtains. Our illustration clearly shows the design.

**Nos. 152, 153. EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND CUFF.**

Chemisette and sleeves of mull muslin; the collar, revers, and cuffs of embroidery, with closely pleated frills of mull muslin, edged with lace.

**Nos. 154, 155. LINEN COLLAR AND CUFF.**

Chemisette of linen and mull muslin; the sleeves and bodice of muslin, and the collar and cuffs of linen edged with lace of two widths; on the cuffs is also a puffing of muslin.

**No. 156. CORNERS FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.**

When the design has been drawn on the tracing paper, place over it the muslin and net. Work the outlines with point lace braid, sewn on in overcast stitch. Cut away the ground as shown in the illustration.

**No. 157. SECTION OF LAMP MAT.**

Lamp mat of light green cloth, with an appliqué design of a darker shade; the outlines are edged with gold-coloured braid, and it is further ornamented point russe and button-hole stitch in gold-coloured silk.

**Nos. 158, 159. CROCHET BIBS FOR INFANTS.**

This bib is crocheted in a ribbed pattern with fine white knitting cotton, and with the raised pattern given in illustration 158. It is then edged on three sides with an open-work border, through which a narrow ribbon is threaded. The whole bib is finished off with a vandyked border. Commence from the lower edge, and crochet along a chain of 56 stitches as follows:—1st to 4th row: double crochet. This must be worked in the back of the stitch, counting from the right side of the work. 1 chain at the beginning and end of every row, to be left unnoticed in the next row. 5th row: 6 times alternately, 7 double, 1 treble in the free part of the next stitch in the 2nd row, missing the intervening rows. 6th row: double crochet. All the rows with even numbers to the 52nd inclusive are worked in double crochet, and will not be noticed further. 7th row: 6 double, six times alternately 1 treble in the free part of the next stitch in the 4th row, 1 double, 1 treble in the following stitch of the 4th row, 5 double, last of all 6 double instead of 5. 9th row: 5 double, 6 times alternatively 1 treble in the free part of the next stitch of the 6th row, 1 double, 1 treble in the free part of the next stitch of the 6th row, 3 double, last of all 5 double instead of 3. 11th row: 11 double, 5 times alternately 1 treble in the next stitch of the 8th row, 7 double at last instead of 7, 11 double. 13th row: 10

double, 5 times alternately 1 treble in the next stitch of the 10th row, 1 double, 1 treble in the next stitch of the 10th row, 5 double, at last 10 double instead of 5. 15th row: 9 double; 5 times alternately 1 treble in the free part of the next stitch in the 12th row, 1 double, 1 treble in the next stitch of the 12th row, 3 double, at last 9 double instead of 3. Repeat the last 11 rows three times, and then crochet for the shoulder pieces 16 rows in a ribbed pattern along the 8 stitches nearest the edge. The border for the 3 sides is crocheted as follows: 1st to 3rd row: double crochet, taking care to crochet 3 stitches in each corner stitch. 4th row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, in the corner stitches 2 treble separated by 3 chain. Repeat once the 1st to the 4th row, and once more, the 1st to the 3rd row. Tapes to fasten. For the bib 160 and 161 commence from the lower edge with a chain of 60 stitches. 1st, 4th row: double crochet to be worked as directed in the 1st row of No. 158. 5th row: 6 double, 12 times alternately 1 treble in the next stitch of the 2nd row (this of course always implies missing 1 stitch of the previous row), 3 double, 1 treble in the next stitch of the 2nd row, 5 double, 6th row and all following rows with even numbers to the 50th row inclusive, double crochet. 7th row: 8 double, 11 times alternately 1 treble in the next stitch of the last row but 3, 3 double, 1 treble in the next stitch of the last row but 3, 7 double. Repeat the last 4 rows 11 times, and crochet for the shoulder-pieces 18 rows in a ribbed pattern along the 8 stitches nearest the edge. Then crochet round 3 sides of the work as follows: 1st to 3rd row, double crochet; 3 stitches must be worked in each corner stitch. 4th row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2. In the corner stitches 2 treble separated by 3 chain. Repeat once the 1st to the 4th row, and once more the 1st to the 3rd row. Then crochet all round the work 1 double, 1 purl of 5 chain,

and 1 slipstitch, miss 2. Thread a narrow ribbon through the border, and add tapes to fasten.

#### NO. 162. AUMONNIERE OF OXYDIZED SILVER AND LILAC SILK.

The aumonnaire itself is of pale lilac silk, hemmed and drawn up by cords of the same shade. It is enclosed in a beautiful open work design of silver, representing a butterfly with outspread wings, surrounded by arabesques. A chain and ornament in classic style falls from the hook which is inserted into the sash or girdle.

#### NO. 163. BORDER FOR TABLE COVERS, ETC.

On a ground of dark brown cloth is embroidered an appliqué of two shades of fawn-coloured cloth. The remainder of the embroidery is worked with two shades of brown silk in satin, overcast and knotted stitch and in point russe. The scalloped border is worked round with button-hole stitch.

#### BERLIN WORK, DESIGNS FOR BORDERS AND SOFA CUSHION.

Nos. 164 and 165 are pretty and useful borders in shades of oaks on a green or crimson grounding; the former is suitable for table covers, curtains, etc., while the narrower one is more fit for cushions, bags, stools, and many purposes. No. 166 is another simple border worked in various bright colours. No. 167 is a section of a sofa cushion; all these designs are worked on medium-sized canvas in common cross stitch. The colours can of course be changed to suit the furniture of any room.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Sylvia*, pastorale, by Walter Macfarren. (London, Simpson, and Co., late Weippert, 14, Argyle Street, Regent Street, W.)

The first notes of this simple and melodious composition sent us back into a dream of our childhood, they are so like the opening notes of "O come ye into the Summer woods," from the "Caliph of Bagdad," the beautiful old air that we used to sing in parts in the old schooldays. With the first chords, however, the resemblance ceases. "Sylvia" is a piece to be recommended to those who wish for easy music, which yet will show off a fluent style of execution.

*Marche des Fantassins*, pour le piano, par Guillaume H. Wall. (Simpson and Co.)

Brilliant, spirited, and effective, though presenting no difficulty to the learner.

*Marche Brésilien*, by John Cheshire. (Simpson and Co.)

More difficult than the preceding, this march is a higher style of composition, and will well repay the outlay of study necessary for mastering it.

*Hymn for the Night*. Words by J. Parr. Music by H. W. A. Beale. (Weippert and Co., 277, Regent Street.)

Simple and devotional, this is sure to become popular for Sunday home singing.

*Goodbye!* song, written by W. C. Bennett. Composed by G. A. Macfarren. (Simpson and Co.)

This song is full of true feeling, and is much superior to the usual run of drawing-room ditties.

*Biddy Malone*, Irish ballad, written and composed by W. Clarke Russell. (Simpson and Co.)

The music of this song is more Irish than the words, which do not convey a true idea of the far-famed brogue. The song is bright and lively, suited for a tenor or contralto voice.

*Ah! Sweet, thou little knowest*, serenade. Words by Thomas Hood. Composed by Edward Duval. (Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.)

The composer illustrates Hood's tender and passionate words very happily. The accompaniment, in triplets mostly, sustains the voice, while its changing chords assist the melody. A violin obbligato accompaniment is given with this song, which is suitable for soprano or tenor voices.

*Hurrah! for Bluff King Christmas!* Words by Arthur Matthison. Music by John Cheshire. (Simpson and Co.)

This is a splendid song for gentlemen, with plenty of scope for a good tenor voice.

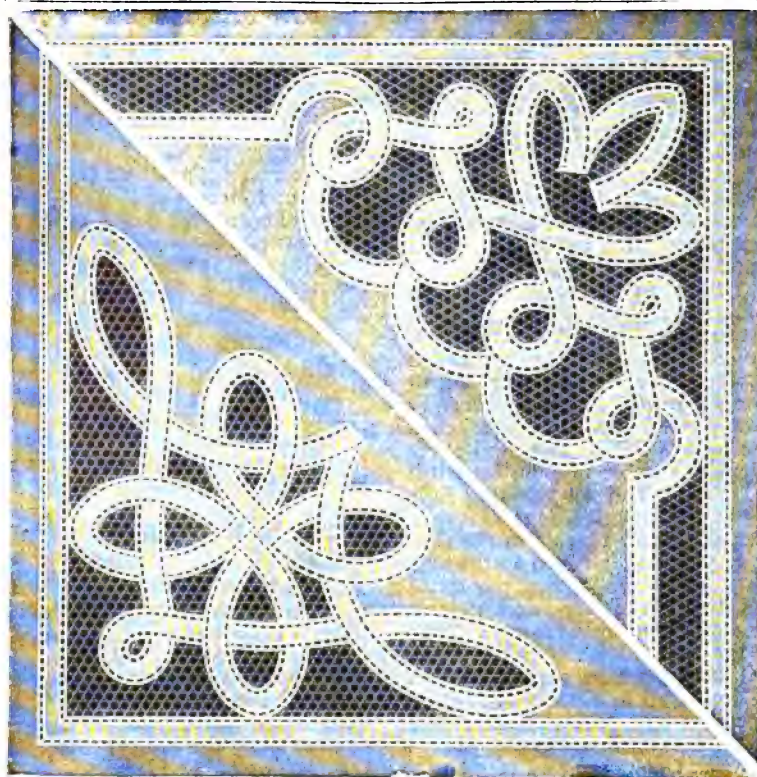
*Only Thee*, song, words by Charles Twain. Music by John Cheshire. (Simpson and Co.)

Brilliant and effective.





152.—EMBROIDERED CUFF.



153.—CORNERS FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.



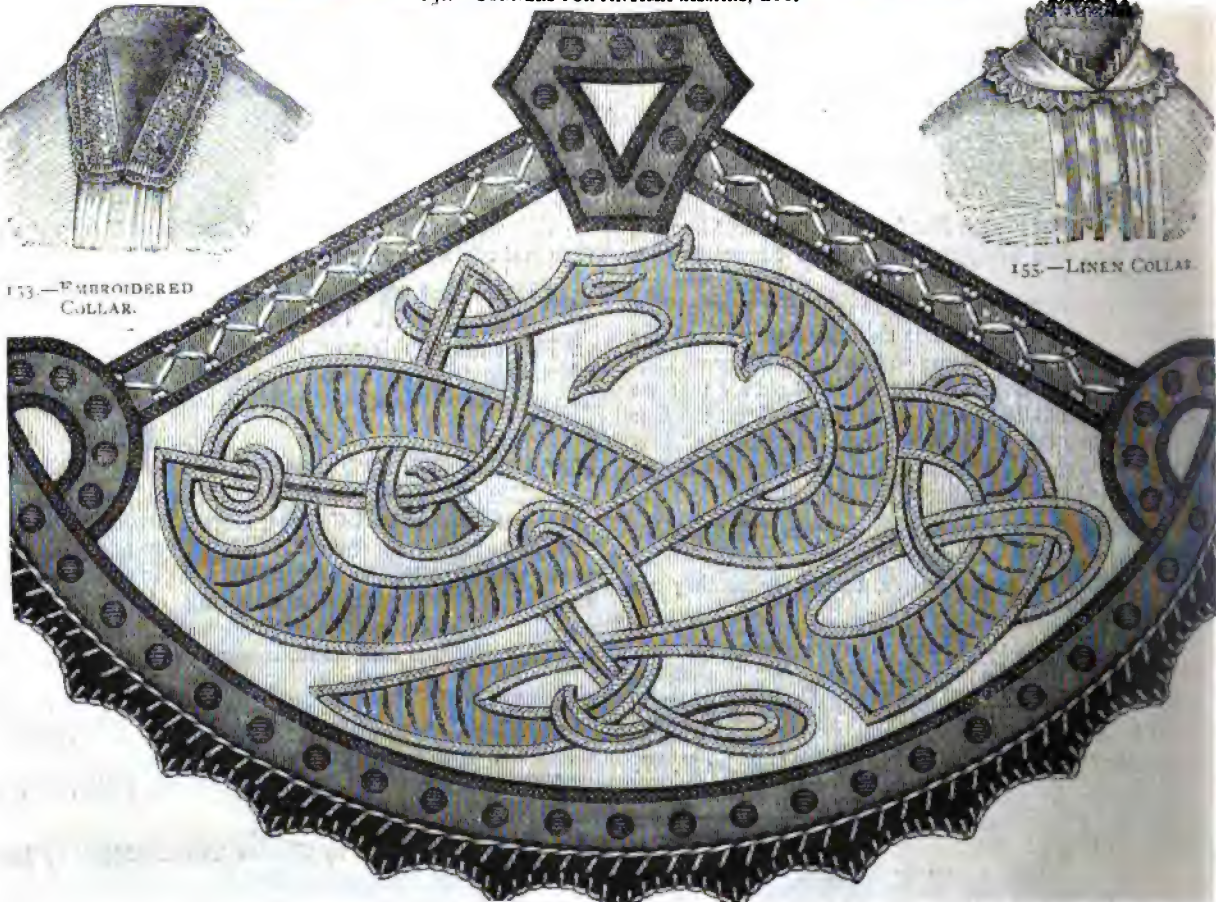
154.—LINEN CUFF.



153.—EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

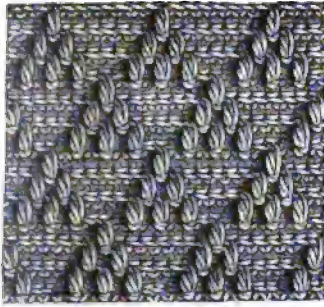


155.—LINEN COLLAR.



157.—SECTION OF LAMP MAT.





158.—DETAIL OF BIB 158.



160.—DETAIL OF BIB 161.



159.—INFANT'S CROCHET BIB.



162.—AUMONNIERE OF XYDISSED SILVER AND SILK.



161.—INFANT'S CROCHET BIB.



163.—APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR TABLE COVER.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

— ♦ —  
 "And ye sall walk in silk attire,  
 And siller hae to spare."

THOSE who walk in silk attire now-a-days, must certainly have "siller" to spare; for though we are constantly hearing that the reign of simplicity in dress is about to begin, all the signs of the seasons point to the increase of elaboration. The perfection to which the manufacture of silk can be brought, results in disgusting us with the inferior and cheaper productions of the loom; and, certainly, I would advise any girl who is about buying a silk dress to buy a really good one, for that is the truest economy in the end. The Black Cachemire de Soie, sold by Messrs. Hilditch, Silk Manufacturers, in Cheapside, though inexpensive, is excellent for costumes and for dinner and visiting dresses; their poult-de-soie is thoroughly recommendable.

So much for their black silks. A word about black silks is always acceptable, as no wardrobe is complete without at least one of these useful, elegant, and economical dresses, which look well until they actually wear into holes.

The coloured silks of Messrs. Hilditch range through such an immense variety of shades and colours, that merely to enumerate the names of these would occupy the greater part of my letter. Some of the newest titles are, Guxin, Frène, Russe, Havane, Améthyste, Lapis, Automne, Carke, Azur, Bois, Faisan, Tourterelle, Porcelaine, and Opal.

Most of these explain themselves; but what words could convey the idea of some of the shades? Quite indescribable are a certain shade of chair, with real flesh-tints; a soft, yet bright lemon colour, suggesting black lace trimmings, and a dark-eyed and dark-haired wearer; a pale, creamy, stone-colour; a fascinating eau-de-nil; and the loveliest grey, with silver reflets.

These must be left to the imagination; and I need only say further, that the neutral fanés colours have it all their own way, and are all manufactured in three, four, and five shades, like a musical scale.

What an improvement are these exquisite shades on the dead-and-buried greens, blues, reds, and yellows of some twenty years ago! The greens made us look yellow, the blues made us look red, the reds gave us a bluish pallor, and the yellows were too yellow even for even the warm tints of our prettiest "nut-browne maydes." Now we have changed it all; and the pale, sad-looking colours brighten each other, instead of killing each other, as the old-fashioned, positive colours did; and improve the colouring of the wearer as well.

The great demand for the Excelsior Trimming is now equalled by that for the Beau Ideal Embroidery, patented by the same manufacturers. This excellent imitation of Madeira work is finer in style than the Excelsior, and more perfect in finish. Being made by machinery, it can

be sold at a very low price, and can be had either narrow or wide. For trimming collars and cuffs, nothing can be better than this embroidery, as it washes perfectly. For children's dresses, it is also invaluable to those who are obliged to study economy in dress. Insertions and edgings can be had to match each other. Everybody ought to be glad to welcome this cheap trimming in these days of rising prices.

One of the most important articles of dress, for many reasons, are the corsets. With well-fitting corsets, a good figure is at its best, and an inferior one is improved. This is especially true of Izod's corsets, these being made on the very best principles. They are moulded to the outlines of true proportion, and the bones are bent with the corset, so that they fit the figure at once, without undue compression or inconvenience. Some of these corsets are made in fifty different pieces, which will prove that neither time nor trouble has been spared in producing a really superior make. So perfect, indeed, is the fit that Izod's corsets can be worn an inch less round the waist than any other kind, for the reason that in other corsets, if the waist be small, all the other parts are small; but in these full room is allowed for the play of the lungs and the development of the chest.

The dress-improvers manufactured by the same firm are also excellent, especially the latest novelty, which is to be registered under the name of the Princess Collapsing Dress Improver. These are made in such a manner that they fold together into a very small compass, yet in wear they form a perfectly sufficient support to the dress. These are beautifully finished and are quite ornamental, in white and pink, grey and mauve, etc. Some of their varieties are well adapted for India and other warm countries, being made of flounces of white lace bound with pink and set into a plain band at the waist. These are remarkably light, and yet effective.

Great as is the popularity of Judson's dyes, yet not sufficient is even yet known of their usefulness and applicability to ornamental purposes. I have lately seen a beautiful design in seaweeds dyed in the brightest of pinks and purest of greens by the aid of these inexpensive preparations. To those who are obliged, for economy's sake, to turn and twist their garments again and again, on the principle that one good turn deserves another, these dyes ought to be invaluable. Many a piece of ribbon or silk that would otherwise be thrown away, could be renovated and come from the dye-bath as good as new. Many a feather that we consider scarcely worth paying for the dyeing of, could then be used over and over again. In fact, a thousand little economies might be practised in this direction, with the result of decreased expenditure, and at a cost of a very little time and trouble.

I will wind up with a little bit of chit-chat which, though it comes rather late, may be interesting to some of our readers. At Mr. King's concert, on Friday the 29th of January last, Sir Julius Benedict played his

"Where the Bee Sucks" for the first time for seven years. The instrument he used was one of J. Brinsmead & Sons' new Concert Grand Pianos, with the lately patented improvements. SYLVIA.

### SOMETHING TO DO.

THE advertisements which continue to appear in the columns of town and country newspapers, announcing modes of "adding to the income" without involving anything derogatory to personal dignity or social position, point to a fact which has not, to my knowledge, been in any other way publicly recognized. That fact is, that the young ladies of England are all, or nearly all, anxious to obtain employment of some kind, frequently with remuneration attached to it. Many of the letters addressed to Sylvia contain questions on this subject, and therefore it has been thought that a series of letters on the subject may prove interesting to "Young Englishwomen."

The advertisements I have alluded to would not continue to be inserted if there were not replies sent in sufficient numbers to encourage the advertisers. I have had the curiosity to answer some of them, and some of my friends have confessed to me that they have answered some. I say "confessed," because this is one of the things that one does not like everybody to know about, because everybody is so sure to say: "You might have guessed it was something absurd." And I am bound to say the answers were, in most cases, "something absurd." One reply suggested that potatoes should be bought at a penny a pound, baked in an oven, and sold at the corners of the streets for a penny each. This, if I recollect aright, was to bring the speculator an income of a pound a week. I do not remember that the preliminary advertisement contained anything about the occupation not being derogatory to the position of a lady or gentlemen; and it was just as well.

Not so, however, was it with another, which announced a "perfectly ladylike occupation," which would increase the income by two or three pounds a week. Ladylike appearance was necessary to pursue this trade, which, when inquired about, proved to be as follows: The lady was to "introduce herself into drawing-rooms," armed with a copy of a certain work, and try to persuade the lady of the house, or any visitors she might have with her, to purchase a copy, and if she succeeded in selling one, she would pocket a handsome commission.

What a charming way of making a living! Just imagine with what face a "ladylike person" could force her way into a drawing-room on such an errand!

A reply to an advertisement of another of these dignified modes of adding to one's income, brought by return of post an offer to stock the parlour window of the applicant with mock jewellery for the sum of five pounds! The commission on the sale of the jewellery was to

result in an income of at least two pounds a week. Calculating the commission at twenty per cent. (and I do not think it was nearly so much), one would have to sell ten pounds' worth every week, in order to realize this sum; so, to say the very least, one's parlour window ought to be in a good thoroughfare!

The lady or gentleman would also have to stay at home all day to attend to her or his customers at the parlour window.

Enough of these absurd things. Let us try to strike out something which will be really useful. English girls often really long for occupation for its own simple sake.

"Get work, get work!"

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get,"

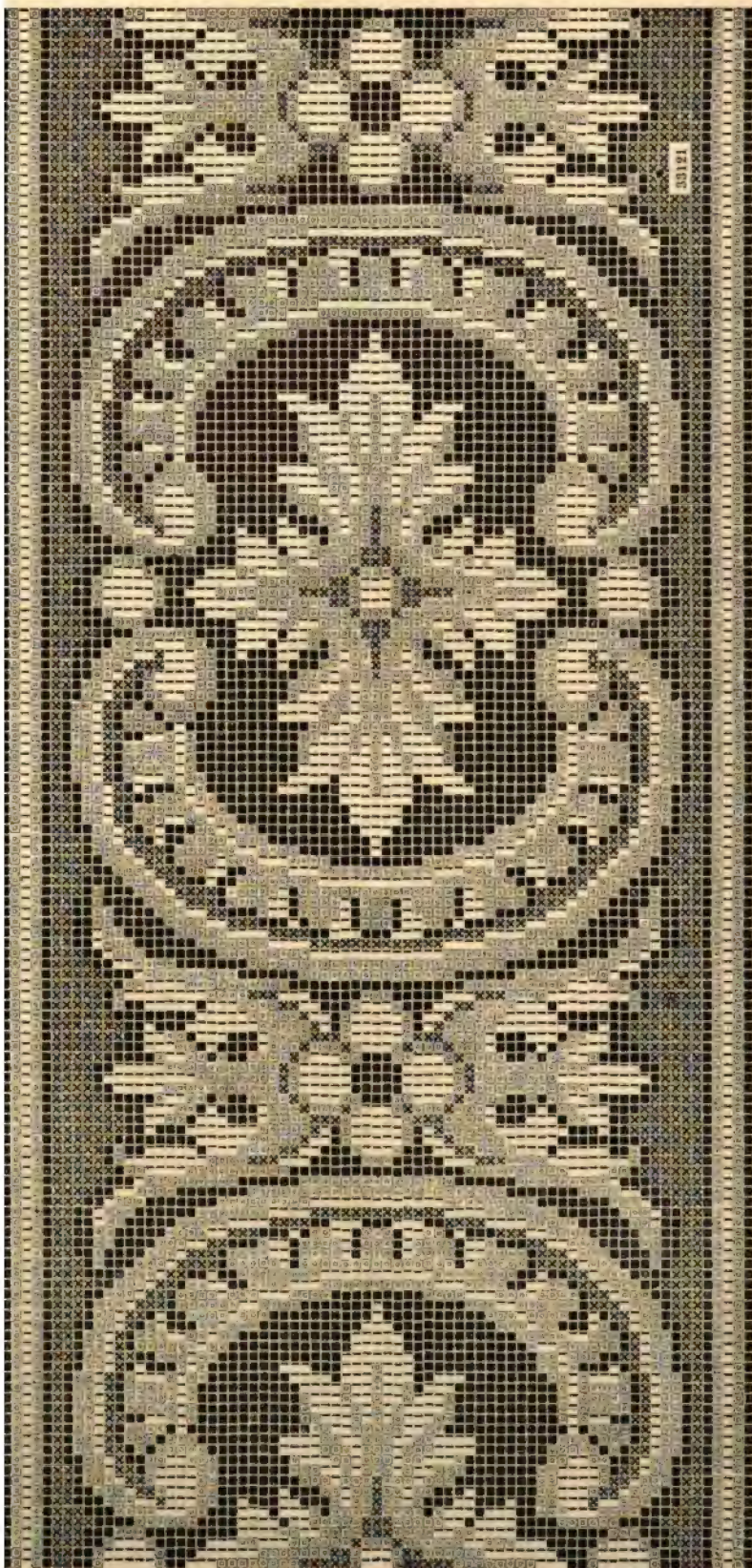
says Mrs. Barrett Browning, and she is right. The primeval curse has turned into a blessing. Really hard work is a far less heavy burden than the miserable ennui which has darkened many a fine mind, and dulled noble energies, ere now, like rust on a good sword.

What would you like to do, then? You cannot spend your lives counting the stitches in a fancywork cushion, nor propelling the needle of your sewing machine up and down long seams. If Sylvia could have her way, she would have every girl's special talent (nearly every girl has a special talent) discovered and cultivated, dug out like a diamond, and cut and perfected, so that every girl should be self-dependent, and if change and dark days should come, there need then be no weary struggle for daily bread, such as is going on in hundreds of cases at this moment. There are gently-nurtured women in England now, fainting and weary with the effort to keep soul and body together, and yet keep up their position, which means that they must teach, or be companions, since these are the only ladylike occupations that are open to women. And more than one-half of them are as unfitted to teach as they would be ashamed to beg, and they know it.

If each had been taught to do one thing perfectly well—had used her talent instead of burying it under a heap of useless and electro-plated accomplishments, her way would be plain before her, and she would be saved the misery of feeling that she has no course but to adopt a mode of life as uncongenial to her, as she is unfitted for it.

Can Sylvia help any one of our Young English readers to develop her special talent? I can but try, and with this end in view, will give a few hints in our next number on the initiatory processes of drawing on wood. SYLVIA.



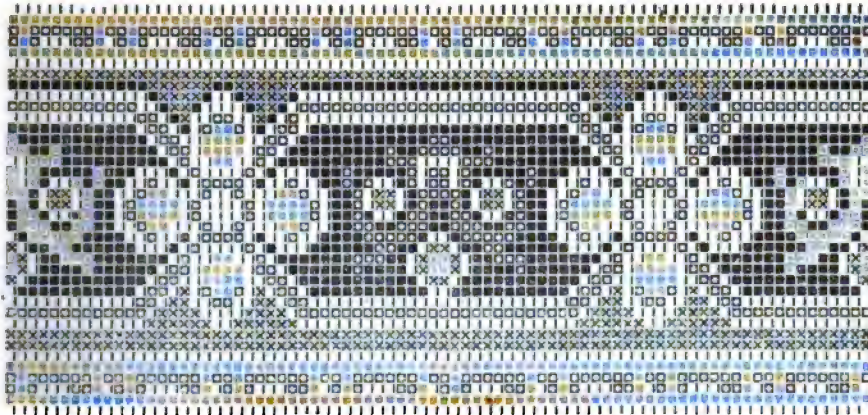


164.—BERLIN WORK BORDER FOR TABLECOVERS CURTAINS, ETC.

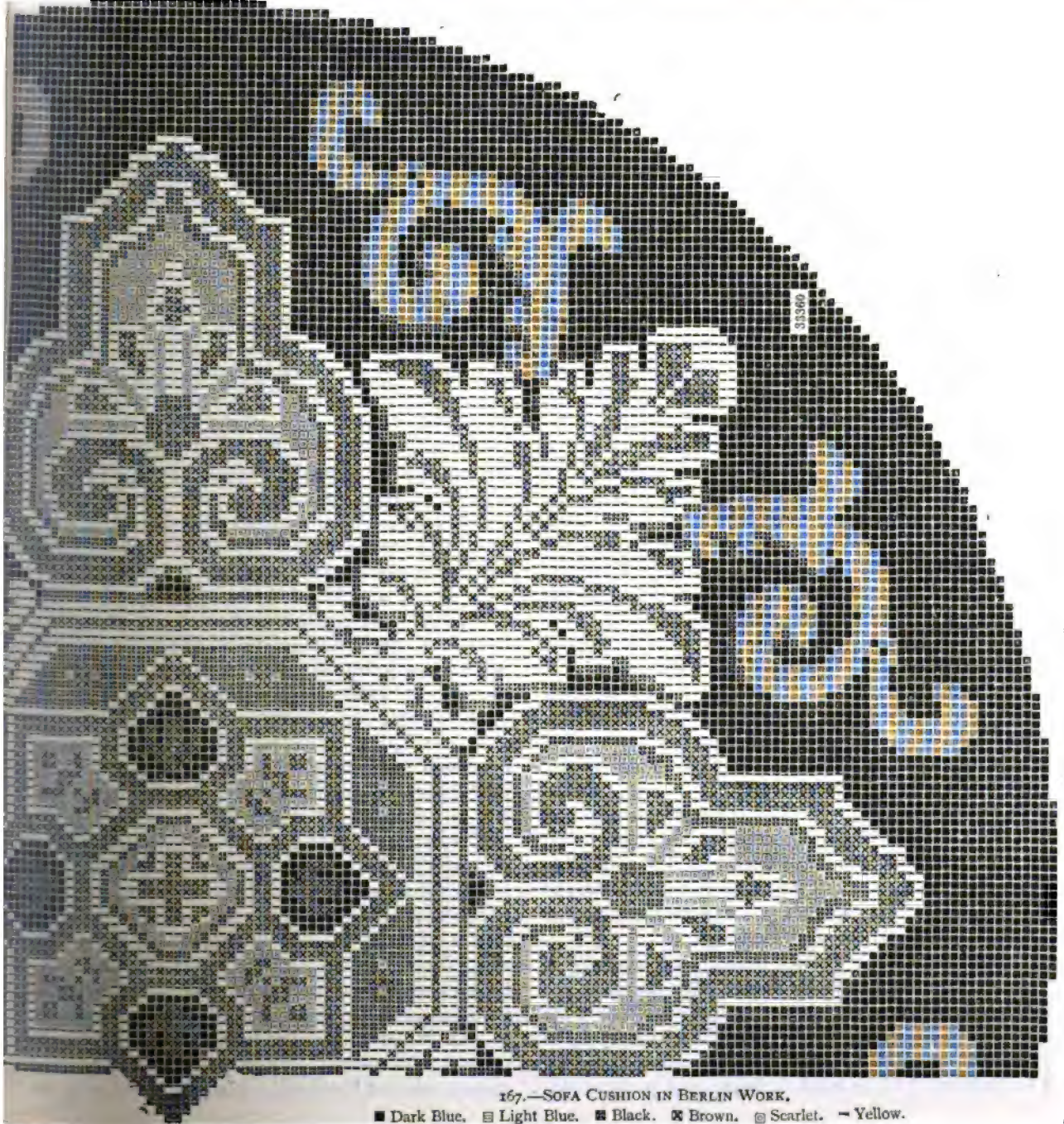


165.—BERLIN WORK BORDER FOR CUSHION, STOOLS, ETC.





165.—BERLIN WORK BORDER.    ■ Yellow.    ■ Light Blue.    ■ Orange.    ■ Scarlet.    ■ Dark Blue.    □ Brown.



167.—SOFA CUSHION IN BERLIN WORK.

■ Dark Blue.    ■ Light Blue.    ■ Black.    ■ Brown.    @ Scarlet.    — Yellow.



## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

AT the Holborn Amphitheatre Mr. Hollingshead has revived the "Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher, with Mr. Creswick, Mr. Pennington, and Miss Leighton in the principal characters. The revival of this fine old piece should prove very attractive.

There has been a change at each of the theatres under Mr. Chatterton's direction. At Drury Lane the grand spectacular drama of "Rebecca," adapted from Scott's "Ivanhoe," has been brought out again, with all the brilliancy and splendour of scenic effect which characterized its original production; the two grand scenes of the Battle in the Ruins, and Robin Hood with his merry men in the greenwood, are still among the chief attractions of the piece, and serve to display in a very striking manner the astonishing capacities of the house, and the enormous number of the staff employed. The part of Isaac the Jew, originally played by Mr. Phelps, is now taken by Mr. James Fernandez, while the part of the heroine falls to Miss Genevieve Ward. The opening of the Christmas pantomime is played as the after-piece, in which the Vokes family are, if possible, funnier than ever. At the Princess's "The Lancashire Lass" has been revived, and for those who like a realistic sensation piece, powerfully acted, here is a treat. For ourselves we cannot help feeling that the play is decidedly an unsatisfactory one; the story is wildly improbable, everything being sacrificed for the sake of sensational effects and strong situations, and the characters are altogether about as unloveable specimens of humanity as one could find. One can feel no sympathy with any one of them. The play has, however, the advantage of being remarkably well acted, Miss Lydia Foote, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Messrs. Emery, Belmore, Shore, etc., being in the cast. At the Adelphi "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been revived, and though it will hardly excite the interest which was attached to it when originally brought out, it has sufficient intrinsic merit to warrant its reproduction. At the Globe, "Lady Audley's Secret" has been revived, with Miss Louisa Moore in the character of the heroine. We are glad to see this young lady back on the London stage; she has been away for some years, and has returned to us greatly improved. Mr. Lionel Brough takes the part of Luke Marks, and Miss Kathleen Irwin that of Phœbe. The famous burlesque of "Blue Beard," with Miss Thompson as the principal attraction, still flourishes, and the songs and dances seem to win more and more applause every night the piece is played.

At several of the theatres the bills are unchanged. "Hamlet" still fills the Lyceum. Mrs. Bancroft has had no occasion to withdraw "Sweethearts" from the stage of the Prince of Wales'. The Royalty has opened under the direction of Miss Dolaro, with Offenbach's "La Perichole." The music is bright and pretty, and it

is well put on the stage, but there is much in the piece that is in questionable taste. At the Vaudeville "Our Boys" is drawing good houses; and at the Olympic the "Two Orphans" appear to have lost none of their popularity.

The period in the theatrical season that follows close upon the withdrawal of the Christmas pantomimes, is usually more full of interest than any other. The present year shows no exception to this rule. During the whole of the past twelve months, there has not been a time when the London theatres, all round, have provided such an embarrassing choice of first-rate performances. Seldom, during our recollection of things theatrical, has there been such a number of pieces going on simultaneously that will amply repay sitting out to the fall of the curtain, and it is most cheering to the lovers of the drama, in the midst of all that we hear talked about of the decay of theatrical taste, both before and behind the curtain, to find that this is the case to note, that we have actors and actresses too who are capable of something better than senseless burlesque or questionable opera bouffe, and that there are audiences to be found who will appreciate and listen with pleasure to a good play well acted. Foremost among theatrical managers to feel the pulse of the public taste, and note its improved condition, is Mr. John Hollingshead, who at the three theatres which acknowledge his sway—the Gaiety, the Opera Comique, and the Holborn Amphitheatre—has just produced a trio of pieces of the very best and most interesting kind, old standard plays revived, and has so cast them as to insure their being acted at least with care and intelligence. At the Gaiety, indeed, one would hardly have expected such a change. The "Merry Wives of Windsor," admirably acted, by an unusually strong company, was attractive enough to have held the stage till Easter, or even longer, had such a policy been deemed desirable. But by substituting the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mr. Hollingshead was able to keep an equally good programme, and also to strengthen his company at the Opera Comique, as notably in the case of Mr. Cecil, whose Dr. Caius, in the "Merry Wives," was one of the best acted parts in the performance. It will be strange, indeed, if the "Midsummer Night's Dream" do not prove a strong card at the Gaiety, for there are some unusually good points about it. First and foremost, of course, is Mr. Phelps's inimitable performance of Bottom. Most theatre-goers are familiar with this magnificent piece of acting from the comparatively recent performance at the Queen's, and it is enough to say that Mr. Phelps acts the part here with the same marvellous humour as distinguished it there. Now, as then, Bottom's awaking with the sort of dim distant idea of the ass's head that has so recently adorned his shoulders, is portrayed with a care

which almost errs upon the side of too great elaboration. But Bottom is not the only attraction in the piece. The clowns are all good, Mr. C. Lyall's face of abject terror, as he mangles his prologue before the Duke, and Mr. Righton's look of utter silliness, when, as Flute, he personates the heroine Thisbe, are in themselves worth a visit to the Gaiety. Miss Marion West makes a really charming Puck, full of grace and brightness, while the mischievous elfish side of the character is never lost sight of. Miss Loseby makes a superb Oberon, and sings the music set down for her with all her well-known ability, and Miss Ritta is a most dainty Titania, followed by a band of fairies worthy of their queen; while the bewildered and bewildering lovers find able representatives. One thing, however, and that an important one, calls for improvement. Hardly any of the actors, except Mr. Belford, who plays Theseus, appear to have any idea of the exquisite beauty of the lines they have to speak. The lovely poetry in which Shakespeare here seems to revel should be treated more reverently. At all events, it should be spoken distinctly. The scenery and appointments are sufficiently good, and the dresses are tasteful, and the musical embellishments, both vocal and instrumental, are most charmingly given.

"She Stoops to Conquer," at the Opera Comique, is supported by a very good company. Mrs. Kendal makes a capital Miss Hardcastle, and keeps up the fun of her assumed character of barmaid with the greatest spirit. She is ably seconded by her husband as young Marlow, and by Mr. Cecil, whose Tony Lumpkin is thoroughly original in conception, and full of humour. The old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, are most ably represented by Mr. Mackan and Mrs. Leigh.

The musical season is fast attaining its full development. The Crystal Palace Concerts, and the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, after the usual Christmas recess, are now in their full vigour. Mr. Henry Leslie's first concert took place on the 18th of this month. The Philharmonic and the British Orchestral Society have each put forth their programmes, and the season of benefit concerts is almost upon us. Soon we shall have the culmination in the opening of the two opera houses, and Mr. Mapleson will commence his farewell season in the Drury prior to the opening of his grand lyric temple on the Thames Embankment.

Two deaths darken the opening of the musical season. One is that of Sir Sterndale Bennett, the greatest English composer of our time; the other, Signor Agnesi, whose talent and versatility had gained him wide popularity as a singer. The remains of the great English composer found an appropriate resting-place in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his tuneful predecessors, Purcell and Croft, and were followed thither by a vast throng of the lovers of sweet sounds. Though his later years had brought forth little fruit in the way of composition, Sterndale Bennett was never dethroned from the proud place he gained when a mere youth, and there is no one among

us who can fill it. Due homage was paid to his memory at the Monday Popular Concert of the 15th inst., when the first part of the programme was occupied by selections from his works. At the opening concert of the British Orchestral Society a similar tribute is to be paid, and we shall have an opportunity of hearing some of the orchestral music by which he won his earliest and greatest fame.

The Crystal Palace Concerts still retain their pre-eminence. The band, from constant practice and playing together, is at the very highest point of excellence, and each concert brings forward something interesting. Thus, the concert of the 15th was marked by the re-appearance of the great violinist, Herr Joachim, who gave, in magnificent style, Spohr's concerto No. 6, and a Notturmo in A of his own composition, for violin and small orchestra. Another interesting item in the scheme was Bach's suit for orchestra in C, while Beethoven's B flat symphony served as the piece de resistance. At the following concert, Herr von Bulow was the solo instrumentalist, and he introduced a concerto by Moscheles, in G minor, which has for some time been neglected, but which we may hope soon to hear repeated. Another interesting feature was a *suite de piens* by Lachner, a composer whose name is somewhat unfamiliar here, but whose power is unquestionable. The scheme also included the usual proportion of recent music. Beethoven's picturesque "Egmont" overture, and Mendelssohn's "Melosine."

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave a remarkably interesting concert on the 5th; the programme including three important works widely different in style and character. These were Mozart's First Mass, Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," and Mendelssohn's "Athalie." Of these the first and the last came in for the largest share of public favour. Both are tolerably familiar, and though the Mass is somewhat wanting in grandeur and solemnity, its tunefulness recommends it to everyone, and the "Agnes Dei," which it contains, is one of the accepted gems of sacred music. Sung with exquisite taste by Miss Edith Wynne, it proved the most attractive item in the concert. The success of the "Athalie" music was owing chiefly to the band and chorus, who were thoroughly well up to their work, and were directed with unusual ability by Sir Michael Costa. The principals seemed to want fire and animation, but the spoken lines were very finely delivered by Mr. Ryder, one of the few among our living actors who know how to declaim blank verse. The "Christian's Prayer" has never been a great favourite, and on this occasion it fell somewhat flat.

The new series of concerts which has been commenced since Christmas at the Albert Hall, promises to be more successful than the gigantic scheme which last autumn was put out by Messrs. Novello and Co. The concerts are now only two in each week, a popular ballad concert being given each Saturday, the other concert being alternately of classical and oratorio music.

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, before the fifth of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

M. B. would feel obliged to Sylvia for her help. She has a lavender silk dress, train, and very much gored, a tight body and tight sleeves. What can she do to make it fashionable and hide the soiled body—not for full evening dress, but as useful dress for dinner or evening? M. B. is not in mourning; she has had the dress for some years, and wants some way of wearing it out. Height, 4 feet 5 inches; hair, auburn; complexion, fair. [Wear a beaded lace cuirasse and tunic over the dress. Cut the body en cœur. Cut the sleeves short to the elbow, and trim with deep beaded lace and black net. Wear very pale mauve bows of a shade that will go with the colour of your dress.]

PHILLIS would be glad if Sylvia will kindly tell her how to put the down into the petticoats. A friend has some white down from Russia, and wishes to know if it will answer for a petticoat. I read in last number that a person sent to Edderton for ferns, and her letter was returned. I wrote, sent six stamps, and had a nice bundle of ferns and bundle of heather in a few days afterwards. [Prepare the lining and outside, tack both together at the bottom. Lay on a table with the inside downwards, place a layer of down about three inches wide, fold over the outside upon it, and run the outside and lining together, repeating this process until you have the down as high as you wish to place it. The down from Russia will do.]

LITTLE NELL wishes to know if she could wear a beaded polonaise this spring, and if it would be fashionable; also, where she could get a pretty pattern for her polonaise. Little Nell does not know if there is any charge made for answering questions. Will the Editor kindly give the information required next month? [Yes. Madame Goubaud supplies paper patterns of all descriptions. See price-list on pattern sheet.]

ELLEN would feel much obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following questions—1. What can she do with a shabby black silk short walking dress, to make it tidy for the spring. The front width has five narrow frills, above each frill two bands of black ribbon velvet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide, plain back; tunic open in front, one frill round and one band of velvet; plain bodice, with large coat sleeve, trimmed with velvet. It is not worth going to much expense. The skirt has never been turned. I have several odd pieces of silk. Ellen is 5 feet two inches, clear complexion, bright colour, brown hair. 2. Also, what would Sylvia advise for the shoulders of a girl four years

old? 3. And how to make a print walking dress for the same? 4. Ellen has a plain black silk long skirt, quite new, and seven yards of silk by her for bodice. What would Sylvia advise to make it a handsome dress for best? 5. Have I written according to the rules? [1. You must take the silk entirely to pieces, picking out all the threads. Then sponge every piece thoroughly in clean water in which you have dipped the blue-bag pretty freely. Fold the pieces smoothly, roll them in a clean cloth, and next day iron them carefully on the wrong side—that is, the worse side. Hang them on a clothes-horse, not too near the fire, until they are thoroughly dry. This process will renew the black better than anything I have ever seen tried. Make up the skirt, and if your flounces are not too shabby, put them on as before, as the marks of the stitches will not come out. Perhaps if they are freshly hemmed, or pinked out again, or bound with the velvet, which may be too shabby to lay on flatly again, they would do. If the velvet is too shabby, and you do not wish to go to the expense of buying more, make pleatings or bias folds of the pieces you have by you, and put them on with narrow jet trimming, which you can buy for 1s. 4d. the dozen yards. If you find the silk too shabby for daylight wear, make it evening length by adding a piece of any black stuff you have by you to the top, trim round with flounces, put on with jet, using part of the tunic for these, and reserving part for making your sleeves wide from the elbow. Cut the body square or en cœur, and wear with any light tunic and body that you have, for dinner or evening. 2. A child of four ought to wear a cape or jacket of the same material as her dress. 3. I must refer you to fashion plates and articles. 4. Your dress will not be handsome without a tablier, and seven yards will not be sufficient. Why not trim the skirt handsomely with the seven yards, and braid yourself, or get braided for you, in beads or otherwise, a handsome cashmere tablier and basque bodice? Madame Goubaud, of 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will supply the patterns. 5. You left no spaces for answers to your questions.]

Will Sylvia kindly answer PRIMROSE the following questions?—Would a cloak of black velvet or velveteen be considered heavy-looking for a baby during the summer months? [Very.] I wish to trim the said cloak with point lace. Will you please suggest one or two other fabrics, besides those mentioned, upon which such trimming would prove effective? [Cashmere or merino would be the only suitable ones for a baby's cloak.] What colours besides black would look well trimmed with white lace? [Blue, violet, or pink, always supposing you refer to a baby's cloak. Pale blue would be the prettiest.]

MINNIE would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia would kindly advise her what to do with a black silk walking dress she has. It has been spoiled in the making. Is much too narrow round the bottom of the skirt. Minnie has a panier and body, with coat sleeves of the same. The body is much damaged under the arms. Can Sylvia advise any plan by which the skirt could be made to look wider—Minnie does not care for frills—or if not, what must she do with it? She is in mourning for a brother. Minnie would not like

to cut the silk much, as it was new last Easter. Would feel greatly obliged if her questions could be answered in the March number, as she wishes her dress made up for Easter. She is of medium height and dark complexion. Minnie has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN several years, and likes it exceedingly. This is the first time she has troubled Sylvia. Is this letter addressed properly; if not, how ought it to be? [You do not say how your skirt is trimmed, or if you are wearing crape. If not, a wide simulated revers in black velvet, put up each side of the front breadths, and getting narrow at the top, fastened back with jet buttons, would add to the width. If you do this, you must trim the sleeves with velvet, and have a sleeveless velvet jacket, which will hide the worn portions of the body. Your letter was addressed quite correctly.]

MARJORIE would be obliged if the kind Editor, or any other friend, would inform her the way to clean a white fur jacket. She has got one of them, and it is soiled very much. Would you please to answer it in your next month's magazine. Marjorie is very much pleased with the magazine, and looks forward to it every month with pleasure. [You can have your jacket cleaned for 3s. You could not clean it at home.]

BEATRICE has a long white Japanese silk, with high bodice; the skirt made with an imitation kilt frill,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches front, 13 inches back, four box-pleated headings, also revers from the knee to the waist. The length of the train is 70 inches. Could Sylvia kindly suggest any way of converting it into a walking dress? Beatrice is 5 feet 6 inches, good figure, brown hair, dull complexion; suits green or violet. [Cut the skirt walking length, and put on the kilt pleating again. Of the pieces you cut off the train, make the front breadths gathered, putting black velvet bows between the gathers of the remaining pieces. Make a double quilling, which place round the skirt above the pleating, with a row of velvet between the two edges of the quilling. For the tunic and sleeves, get white Japanese silk with white satin stripes. Make it open in front, and trim sides of front with the revers off your long skirt. Bind the revers with black velvet, and fasten back with black velvet buttons. Trim the tunic round with quilling and velvet similar to that on the skirt. If you make your tunic with ends, trim them with black velvet and black silk fringe. If you have not enough pieces to put a quilling round the tunic, trim with black velvet and white goat-hair fringe. Sleeves must be of same material as tunic, and trimmed with cuffs of the skirt material, bound with velvet, and with buttons like those on the revers. With this, wear a black velvet sleeveless jacket. This costume would be suitable only for flower shows, garden parties, etc. If you wish to make it still brighter, you could have coloured velvet, mauve or blue, but black would be better taste.] Beatrice is having a black velveteen polonaise dyed brown; what should she trim it with? [Brown silk or satin, and fringe.]

E. M. would be greatly obliged if Sylvia would advise her how to alter a dress of enclosed pattern. It has been made several years, but has not been much worn. It is made quite plain, with tight-fitting bodice and train skirt. It has no tunic or trimming, except two long sash ends,



edged with fancy gimp same colour. Preferring a quiet style of dress, would like it toned down with a dark colour to make a useful walking dress, if that mode is not quite out of fashion. E.M. is of moderate height, slender figure, with dark hair and pale complexion. [If your dress is not gored, you might get enough out of the skirt to make a tablier. Trim the skirt with velvet of a darker violet than the silk. What you cut off the train might make a kilt pleating for the skirt. Trim the tablier with the same, and have velvet ends at the back trimmed with a tiny pleating of the silk. If the body is worn, wear velvet sleeveless jacket; if not, trim with velvet to match skirt. If you could manage enough pieces for basques, it would be well. They would have to be put on with a belt. As you are dark and pale, relieve with knots of pale mauve ribbon at throat and wrists.]

SOPHIE would feel much obliged to Sylvia if she would give her some directions as to what could be done with a dress of the accompanying pattern. It was made about six years ago, and has a plain tight body and very wide skirt. The three back breadths are ungored, and it has been very little worn. Will Sylvia kindly tell her what to trim it with, and how? It is for a lady of about sixty, pretty stout, and tall. It is intended to be worn in spring and summer. Sophie will feel so much indebted to Sylvia if she will give her directions in the next month's magazine, so that she may be able to alter the silk to a useful dress, and she will be glad to get whatever additions Sylvia suggests. [I should make very little alteration in the style for a lady of that age. Gore the three back breadths slightly. Perhaps one could be spared to make simulated basques and pleated trimmings round body and sleeves. Trim all the way up the front breadths with rows of velvet and black Yak lace placed across, and fastened at each end with a silk button. Trim basques with same, and supplement silk pleatings on body and sleeves with velvet.]

LOUISA would be much obliged to Sylvia if she could tell her how to make the clothes for a Japanese doll. Louisa has had one for some time, but has not been able to dress it for want of a pattern or guide of some sort; also for sandals. Louisa would also be glad to have a description of the pincushion doll represented in No. 12, Vol. v. [Get some brown cloth and some dark chintz. Make a pair of full drawers drawn in at the ankle of the chintz. Make a loose coat with sleeves of same, trimming all round with a band of the brown cloth. This coat is fastened at the throat with one button, and thence lies open, revealing a loose vest of brown cloth that comes below the waist, and fastens with brown cloth buttons. Buttons are placed down the coat, though it lies open. Brown cloth collar goes round the neck. Brown cloth flat cap. Sandals cut out in cardboard, and covered with black silk.]

M. writes—Will Sylvia be kind enough to give me the benefit of her advice about two dresses? 1. I have a black silk skirt, long, and trimmed with 9-inch cross flounces all round bottom, also full tunic of same, all in good condition, except about six inches round waist. 2. How can I make a simple, complete, useful dress of this black silk? Will a sleeveless jacket be needed, or some satin or faille? Please advise

me, as I am my own dressmaker, and not particularly skilful. Height, 5 feet 6 inches. [Have a sleeveless basque jacket of velvet or cashmere. Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, can supply the pattern. The cashmere will look very well braided or beaded.]

MARY ISA writes—Seeing how much you benefit your correspondents in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I am induced to write for advice. I have a dress (pattern enclosed), which has been little worn. Do you think it will be suitable for me? I am about twenty-eight, 5 feet 4 inches in height, stout, and fair. I have the idea that it is too old-fashioned for me, but if you think that a young lady might wear such a dress, will you kindly tell me how to make it up, either for house or out-of-door wear? It has a plain skirt and waist; the skirt is 1 yard 7 inches long, 4 yards 12 inches wide, and no gores. [Your dress would look very handsome and fashionable if made as follows:—Make front breadths of plain brown silk, shade of sprig in gores, gathered all the way up. Put the back breadths in four large folds at the waist. They must be gored. Trim up sides where your silk meets the brown silk gathers with a close pleating six inches wide, made out of your front breadths. Trim sleeves with close pleating of the plain brown silk. Wear with pale blue ribbon.] Have I addressed this letter right? [Yes.]

MAR will feel obliged if Sylvia will answer the following questions in the March number—Map has a violet silk dress (pattern enclosed), which she wishes to turn and make up in a fashionable way. The skirt is five yards wide and rather long, with narrow flounce, but no panier, and the body is cut in V-shape. Map is thirty, rather fair, and of middle height. She will feel grateful for Sylvia's advice. [Turn the skirt, and wear with tablier and fichu of beaded lace, plain lace, or puffed tulle with jet between puffs. Trim V-shaped neck with handsome white lace or pleated tulle, with puffs of black tulle.] What is the prettiest and most useful style for making frocks for little boys aged three and four? Map does not like tunics, and sailor suits, etc., are too old-looking, as the children are rather small. [Little drawers made rather tight, with loose jackets caught in with a belt and made high in the neck, with pretty embroidered collar and coloured tie, look very well.]

META would be much obliged if Sylvia could tell her of any way in which she could alter these two dresses (patterns enclosed) either into one dress or two. They are both made with quite plain skirts, jacket bodies just bound with a piece of the same material, and tunics bound also; the sleeves, fronts of bodies, tunics, and skirts are slightly soiled. As this is the first time Meta has troubled the most useful Work-room, she hopes to see an answer in the March number. Meta is more than twenty, and tall, and rather slight. [They will make one dress. Make the skirt of the darker colour, and trim it with the lighter. Make tablier, basque, body, and sleeves of the lighter, and trim with the darker.]

LEONORA would feel so much obliged to Sylvia if she will kindly tell what to do with her crape fan, which from her breath gets wet, and when dry is all cockled up and stiff and hard, quite spoiling the look of it. She would be so glad to know what to do with it, or how to prevent it. [You can do nothing to restore the

crape, but you can prevent its being further spoiled by not breathing on it.] Will Sylvia also inform Leonora if she could possibly have a quilted satin skirt dyed black, and if so, where would be a good place to send it? (Pullar and Sons are good dyers, but I do not think you could have the skirt dyed without taking it to pieces.)

BEATRICE C. would feel obliged to Sylvia if she would kindly give her a little assistance. How could she alter her dress to make it look more fashionable (pattern enclosed)? It is walking length, has three slightly gathered flounces at the back six inches deep, and three puffs the same width on the front breadth, with a narrow pleating on the top, rather scanty tunic, open in front, trimmed with Yak lace three inches deep, and narrow trimming of a darker shade; jacket bodice, with coat sleeves, trimmed with the same. Beatrice C. does not want to buy anything, as she does not think it is worth it. [As you do not wish to buy anything, I do not see how you can make your dress more fashionable, except you have some dark brown silk or other material that would make a tablier and trim the skirt. Your scanty tunic would then trim the tablier.] Also, what would be most suitable for dresses for confirmation (not muslin), as they will be trimmed with embroidery next summer, and how should they be made? [White cashmere or alpaca; but you cannot trim these materials with embroidery; only muslin, French cambric, and lawn dresses can be trimmed with it.]

KITTY asks—What bonnet shapes will be worn this spring? She is now wearing a square crown. [A great variety.] If puffed crowns will be worn? [Yes.] What colour bonnet would Sylvia suggest to wear with dress (pattern enclosed). Kitty has fair complexion, light hair, and is rather tall. [Dark and light blue, with dark brown foliage.] Kitty would like to know what would be nice to trim a black cloth jacket with. It has been worn for mourning, and is now trimmed with crape. [Black silk.] Has Kitty directed right? [Yes, but forgot to leave space for answers.] Would it be troubling Sylvia too much to ask for a little advice as to how she would dress a little girl four years of age this spring? She has fair complexion and light hair. [Must refer Kitty to dress articles and fashion plates.]

ALICE B. will be very grateful for Sylvia's good advice. Alice has a nice black silk walking skirt. Could she wear with it a cashmere tunic and sleeves, and black silk sleeveless jacket? [This would be in excellent taste.] Alice has sufficient silk for the jacket, so that it would be a cheap costume, but she is in doubt if it would look nice. She thought of having dull red cashmere, or pale blue (if not too pronounced), for the tunic and sleeves. [Black would be better.] Would homespun be better? [A matter of taste.]

CATHERINE L. would be much obliged to Sylvia if she would tell her, in next month's number, if the dolman fits tight to the figure, and if it has a join down the back. [It is tied in at the waist behind. Fits better with a join down the back.] Also, if braiding them is more fashionable than lace or fringe? [Both.] Will the tablier be fashionable in the spring? [Yes.]



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**OUR EXCHANGE.**—Ladies wishing to effect exchanges through our columns can do so **GRATIS**, on the following condition:—1. That they give an address, *which may be printed*. 2. It is not possible for us to undertake to forward letters and enter addresses; but ladies who wish to exchange, and who object to their addresses being published, can advertise an exchange, without address given, on payment of one shilling for thirty-six words, when their names will be entered, and letters forwarded, without further expense.

C. M. C. will be very thankful if she can be informed how long it is requisite to be in mourning for an aunt; also, the length of time a little girl, four years old, should wear mourning for her brother, eighteen months old. [Crape three months, and second mourning three months more. From nine to twelve months.]

FEFFA would be much obliged if the Editor would give a pattern of a round pinafore for a boy three years old. Feffa wrote to Heather Bell, at Eddleston, in November, and received the fern roots quite right; so it is singular how other letters have gone astray. Can any of your correspondents tell me if there is an organ-setting of Oh, that I had Wings like a Dove, by Mendelssohn, and where procurable? Feffa thinks the songs and pieces are advertised in the Drawing-room at too high prices. [We give the patterns that are likely to be most generally useful. At the same time, if we find that there is a great demand for some one special pattern, we try to comply with our subscribers' expressed wishes, and issue it.]

MRS. R. would be greatly obliged to the Editor, or any of his readers, if they would kindly tell her a cure for superfluous hair. She has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for six years, and never, to her knowledge, has she received two coloured plates with one. [There is no cure for superfluous hair. Any attempt at removing it only results in disfigurement; and not only that, but the attempt always leaves visible traces. Now and then, an extra coloured plate is given away with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN; but the publishers will discontinue the practice if they receive so many complaints that they do not *always* give away extra plates.]

H. BEAUMONT writes, Seeing how very kindly all young Englishwomen who apply to the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for advice are answered, I venture to ask assistance in a matter that troubles me. It is this: I want a situation of some kind, and I do not know how to obtain one. I have advertised in the "Telegraph" and "Christian World" without any success; and as a few shillings even are some object to me, I cannot afford to do this often on chance. There is a paper called the "Continental and Swiss Times." Would this be a likely paper through which I might find something suitable? I am not fitted for a governess, but any other capacity I think I could fill. I should like to be in business: I understand confectionery and refreshments thoroughly; and fancy I should like to be in some exhibition, bazaar, or some such place, either in England, Paris, or Brussels—indeed, anywhere. Or, I could be in an hotel at the sea-side. I would be glad even if it were only for the busy season. Now, if the Editor can help me, I shall feel very thankful. I think it is likely that at some of the fashionable sea-side places, at hotels and confectioners, they have extra hands for the season, and I am in no hurry for a month or so. Please do help me, and let me have an answer early. [Your

failing to get replies to your advertisements may have been owing to want of clearness in expressing your wishes. Advertising is your only way, if your friends cannot assist you. The "Christian World" is an excellent medium for advertisement. State your age, if of pleasing appearance, and if you are willing to give any time at first—which you had better do if you have had no experience. If you could manage to advertise in this way two or three times successively in any one good paper, with an interval of a day or two between the appearance of your advertisements, you would be almost sure to obtain a result.]

EMILY BURTON, who is an old subscriber to the magazine, wishes to purchase a song by the late Charles Edward Horn, The Troubadour, beginning—

"One summer's eve, at twilight hour."

She will feel obliged by any subscriber kindly sending her the words of a piece of poetry commencing—

"The leaves of autumn fade away,  
The summer's brightest flowers decay."

E. B. greatly values your excellent and instructive magazine. The additional paper on Daily Politics she trusts will be continued; fashion-plates suitable for the dresses, caps, and bonnets for the middle aged—the latter, she considers are much needed, and would be appreciated; and a detailed account of the materials, shades of colour most suitable for the season, and where procurable, would be advantageous. E. B. wishes to know whether there is any charge for answers in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN? [We are always glad of practical suggestions and comments. There is no charge for answers in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.]

BROWNIE would be much obliged if any correspondent of the magazine would tell her how to make frames for pictures of cork. She has often seen them, and they look as if there were hundreds of little bits of cork stuck on; but she cannot think how they are done, and would be much obliged for any information.

A CHURCHWOMAN sends Elsie the words of a hymn which she asked for in the September number. She adds, I am not a subscriber, but see your valuable paper through a friend, so want to know if I have the privilege of asking questions through its medium? [Certainly.]

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought!  
How can I love Thee as I ought,  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?  
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought;  
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have, or am, is Thine;  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.  
Jesus, my Lord, etc.—Amen.

JESSIE CLYDE would send a packet of 20 roots of Devonshire ferns (6 varieties) for 12 stamps; or, if preferred, half the number for 6 stamps. Post free.—Miss Clyde, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devon.

ANNCHEN writes, Can any of your correspondents tell me where I can procure articles suitable for a bazaar, at a cheaper rate than I can get them at ordinary shops? If you will insert this in your next number, you will greatly oblige me.

MAVOURNEEN would be very glad indeed to have the Nightingale's Trill from Liberal, at the price she names. If agreed, what is M. to do? [Send stamps to the amount to the editor, with blank stamped envelope, and instructions to whom to forward.] Mavourneen would be glad to know, when a gentleman at dinner, after saying some complimentary sentences to a young lady, raises his glass to his lips, if it is necessary for her to do the same? [Certainly not.]

PURPLE PANSY inquires whether the feathers of the ostrich drop out naturally, or require that the bird shall first be killed? [I am afraid they are plucked out while the bird is alive. There is but a small proportion of the feathers that are valuable, except to the bird itself. Those that drop are naturally rather out of condition.] Is it considered correct to send a visiting card by post, or by servant, in case it is impossible to call? [If you have a man servant, it would be more polite to send them by him than by post. If not, post them. To send them by a maid servant would be out of place.]

BLUEBELL begs to recommend E. G. S. coal-tar soap for the skin when irritated by cold. It can be procured from any chemist at 6d. per cake. Bluebell would be much obliged if the editor, or some correspondent, would inform her where the following lines are to be found:

"Such is life: one constant change.  
And yet to love it, Oh! how strange!"

And also say whether he should infer from her letter that her education is very imperfect? [Latter query against rules.] Bluebell encloses some lines for the Amateur's column, should they be deemed worthy of insertion. [Declined with thanks.]

SWEETBRIAR would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia could tell her some simple and becoming way of doing up her hair. She is five feet two inches in height; has golden hair, rather long, but not very thick; long face, rather thin; fair skin, dark-blue eyes, slim figure. [The Catogan coiffure ought to suit you admirably, arranged rather far back; and your hair puffed out a little at the sides, as your face is rather thin. In case you do not know how to do it, I will describe the manner of it as well as I can; but it is always difficult to convey information of that kind. Divide the hair across the middle of the back. Comb the lower-part up, and tie it. Pin under the string two frisettes. Roll the hair over these, twist the frisettes over each other, and fasten the end of the twist up beside the tied part; that makes the falling plait at the back. Then tie the hair up at the left side, leaving out the front piece, if you prefer to do it separately. Fasten the hair at the right side back with a hairpin, as little rolled curls are made of it afterwards to hide the beginning of the pendant plait. Pin two frisettes under the tied hair at the left side, cover them with the hair, twist over each other, and coil the twist across the head, fastening the end rather far back. Then roll the little curls

mentioned before round your finger, and fasten each with a hair pin. If you write again, please use only one side of the paper.]

OTTILLIA presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would be greatly obliged if she would kindly answer the following questions: What quantities of feathers ought to be put in beds, bolsters, and pillows? [Depends on the size; must not be too much, for that makes the beds, etc., too hard.] How should a young lady wear her watch-chain; should it be put round the neck, or doubled up till it is short? [Looks prettier, and is more fashionable, doubled up.] What kind of bottles should one have to hold gin, whiskey, brandy, and rum, etc.? [There are small decanters with silver-tipped corks and labels, sold in stands on purpose.] Of what material should jelly-bags be made? [Thick new flannel.] With what kind of brush should carpets be swept? [Long-handled brush, the broom part being about a foot in length.] What kind of biscuits would be most suitable for the tea-table? [Biscuits are more suitable for luncheon and dessert; but the softer kinds might, perhaps, be put on the tea-table.]

A. W. G. presents her compliments to the editor, and would be kindly answer the following questions: Should the pulp of an orange be eaten? [No, except when boiled, as in marmalade.] Are all the cakes in Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book suitable for tea? [Not the very rich kinds.] On what kind of dish should jagged-hare be served, and how should it be arranged on it? [Silver or plated deep dishes. Pieces all close together in the gravy.] Should bread sauce be as thick as apple sauce? [Thicker.] How long should plum and other boiled puddings be left to cool before being taken to table? [They usually cool sufficiently in the process of dishing.] And how should they be cut—is it cross down like one cuts a loaf, or should the knife be put in towards the middle? [Put the knife in the middle of the top, and cut straight down to the dish. Cut several slices thus before you remove one.] How should a fowl's wing be eaten—should it be opened with a knife and fork, or left as it is? [Just as you wish.]

A SPINSTER will be obliged by Sylvia taking into her consideration the Old, as well as the Young, Englishwoman. Now and then a suggestion as to a dinner-dress, and coiffure to match, would be most acceptable to the elderly portion of her readers, and it would increase the usefulness of the publication. [See Sylvia's Letter.]

Can any of our correspondents tell Edith S. of anything that will prevent the hair falling out?

E. F. wishes to know of something that will cleanse the ormulu part of a steel fender. [The water in which tamarinds have been boiled will clean ormulu, but I do not know if it will injure the steel or not.]

EMMIE C. would be glad to hear of any institution where young girls are trained for domestic service.

THE CORSAIR asks if any of our correspondents know the name of the author or publisher of a book called *Clovermook*?

FANNY THE FAWN will feel obliged if the editor will tell her, if there is a saint called St. Clad, and what is he the patron of? [Wells.] Can Sylvia recommend a good book with plain directions for knitting ribbed stockings? [Such a book will shortly be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.] I want the words of the song, Parted; will any correspondent kindly send them? Is there any saying about "Too many iron in the fire," and what is the meaning? She is glad to be able to tell Mabel W. that pine wool can only be bought of Madame Simon, Soho Bazaar. I think it is rather expensive; a pair of knee-caps are 5s. 6d., but she has not found much benefit from the use of it.

L. A. writes, I should feel greatly indebted to you, or any of your correspondents who would kindly inform me as to the particular process for etching in pen and ink. Are the

pens used the ordinary steel pens, and is common ink employed? if not, where could I procure the proper materials? I trust that my letter may be in time for your next number.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER asks for a list of the Manors and Hundreds of Berks. Meta thinks it just possible she (or he) may find the information required in Kelly's Post Office Directory for that County.

M. A. P. presents her compliments to Alice Grace Violet, and has much pleasure in telling her that "I will not Heed Her Warning" is the third song connected with the Gypsy's Warning, words by W. Mitchell, music by Alfred Lee. M. A. P. has, I will not Heed Her Warning, and would be glad to dispose of it to Alice Grace Violet for 5d. post free, good as new. W. Smallwood is the composer of Spring Flowers: there are six, viz., The Daisy, The Lily, The Primrose, The Violet, The Pansy, and the Forget-me-not. M. A. P. has three numbers, and would be glad to dispose of them for 5d. each.—Address, M. A. P., Post Office, Low Bentham, near Lancaster. [If you write again, please use only one side of the paper, and put Advertisements for the Exchange on separate paper.]

M. A. H., seeing Freda complain of not receiving the extra coloured plate with each number of the magazine, has the same complaint to make; but did not know that two were issued till she saw Freda's letter in the Drawing-room of the February number. M. A. H. has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN many years, and always liked it. [A Coloured Pattern, in addition to Fashion Plate, is not always given.]

QUEEN MAB presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would she kindly answer her a few questions? What would be most suitable for a confirmation-dress for a young lady eighteen or twenty? [White cashmere, alpaca, or muslin.] Do you think a clear or white striped muslin would be most suitable? also, how should it be made? [Clear would be more suitable; made very simply. You could add tunic and other elaborations afterwards.] Should a veil or cap be worn? if the latter, how should it be made? [A small cap of white tulle, or fine muslin, trimmed with soft lace, is more suitable than a veil; the sole reason for wearing either being that the hands of the archbishop or bishop must be laid on your head: and it is sometimes unpleasant to touch hair—for instance, when pomade is used.] Queen Mab has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for some time, and looks forward with pleasure for each part as it appears.

BELLA greatly wonders to see Our Amateur's Page so frequently blank. Are Young Englishwomen afraid to venture their efforts into print? or does Mr. Editor so often reject what is sent as to give discouragement? Bella has so often wondered what could be the reason, that she now sends a little verse of her own to see what the result will be. [Declined with thanks.]

SNOWDROP will feel obliged if Sylvia will inform her in the March number if it is considered right to wear jewellery in slight mourning. Snowdrop has worn deep mourning for a parent twelve months, and has now left off crape, and does not know whether she must still wear jet, or a gold chain. [You cannot wear a gold chain till you begin to wear second mourning.]

AN IRISHWOMAN writes, In confirmation of the remarks on the growth of Camellias in the open air, which appeared in the last number of this magazine, I may be permitted to say that, in a garden in the South of Ireland, is a camellia-tree, fully six feet high, facing south-east, which every year is covered with gay blossoms, numbering generally between 150 and 200 flowers, and supplying bouquets for a couple of months in early spring. At present this tree is in full bloom; and the contrast of the bright scarlet with the deep green leaves, makes an appearance not often presented by open-air shrubs at this season. Snow, or hoar-

frost resting on the flowers discolours them; but, on the whole, the blossoms escape very well, though totally unprotected over head. A situation too much exposed to the sun does not agree with the camellia. I find a little wholesome neglect does more to insure vigour than too much petting.

EMMEY. It is impossible to reply by post. It is not necessary to wear a silk dress with a silk bonnet.

Leaves of Autumn, declined with thanks.

Addresses wanted: Ida G., Helen.

E. W.'s verses declined with thanks.

AGNES NEVILLE writes, Is the present fashion of doing the hair likely to continue? I think it only suits tall figures. [Fashions for the hair never last very long; but the Catogan seems particularly popular.] What can be the cause of a person getting chilblains that never had them before? She is now twenty-two, and quite strong; but for the past two years she gets them. Is it true that people's constitutions change every seven years? [Chilblains indicate defective circulation. There is some probability in the theory.] Where could I get a plain English dictionary. I like a small one, that I could keep in my pocket. Is not a very high forehead in a woman considered ugly? [Yes.] Is not an oval face more admired than a round one? [Yes.] Are not people with round faces more youthful-looking, as a rule? [Perhaps so.] What do you think of my writing? [This query is against rules.]

E. R. writes, Will you kindly insert the following in the next number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN? I make pretty, useful, baby's bibs, in thick, ribbed, and raised crochet, for 1s. 6d. each. Also the following articles, with fern impressions upon white jean. Toilet mats: one large mat, for brush and comb, and six smaller ones, for 5s. 6d. Nightdress tidy, 4s. 6d. Whatnot for bed, 4s. 6d. Watch-pockets, 3s. 6d. per pair. The above will all wash well. Drawing-room mats, fern impressions upon leather, 3s. 6d. per pair.—Address, E. R., Box 44, Post Office, Coventry.

[In future, Advertisements of this description will be charged for at the rate of one shilling for twelve words, and will be inserted at the end of the Drawing-room.]

GEM, Wereham, Brandon, Norfolk, will be glad to exchange Half-Mast High for Janet's Choice, and Walter's Wooing for Maggie's Secret. All by Claribel.

J. B. H. writes, Will you allow the following to appear in the next number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN? I have the numbers for 1874, in good condition, with diagram sheets. Will take half-price, which can be sent in stamps. I have also a quantity of pretty songs and pieces. Will forward any of the following on receipt of 13 stamps. Songs: I Wandered by the Brookside (Oliver Notcutt), Ring Out, Wild Bells (John Blockley), The Danube River (Hamilton Aidé), A Year Ago (W. S. Rockstro), Let Your Motto be Up and Be Doing (Harry Clifton), Evening Rest, for the piano (Sydney Smith), The Lorne Quadrille (J. P. Clark), Under the Evergreens (W. F. Taylor), La Traviata (Felix Gautier), Rhine Bells (Harold Thomas), The Blue Bells of Scotland, duet (J. Pridham). J. B. H. wishes to say that she likes the magazine very much since it has been enlarged, and she wishes it all success. Will you please say if I have complied with all the rules.—Address, J. B. H., 59, Denmark Road, Northampton.

MRS. B. has the first four numbers of Jones' "Grammar of Ornament," now publishing in monthly parts, of which I wish to dispose. It is issued in half-crown parts.—Address, Mrs. Bing, Stagenhill, Burton-on-Trent.

MISS ST. CLAIR thanks the Editor very much for inserting former questions, etc., and would be obliged if he would find space for this one, at his first convenience. Has anyone the Girl of the Period Almanac for 1869, for cash or exchange? The following pieces I will send to any address six for 1s., or separate: Crossing the Brook (Pridham), Angel of Night (Packer),

Jerusalem the Golden, Havelock Galop (S. Glover), The Burlesque Galop, Cheer, Boys, Cheer (March), The Fairy Dream (B. Richards), What are the Wild Waves Saying (B. Richards), The Echo of Lucerne, Masters' Grande Valse, Woodland Whispers Waltz, Overture to Caliph of Bagdad, Lakes of Ireland (Pridham), March of the Cameron Men (S. Glover), March Mexicaine (Herry), Sultan's Polka, Tarentalla (Rossini), Martha (Oesten), Lucretia Borgia (Oesten).—Address, Miss St. Clair, Post Office, Peckham Rise, S.E.

Can any of our readers tell Une Jeune Mere from what subject a piece of old-fashioned piece of fancy-work called "Poor Maria," is taken? [When friends make a short call it is not necessary to offer them cake and wine. For afternoon calls, tea is now often offered instead of wine. The head of the table is at the end of the table furthest removed from the door. At supper parties it is not necessary to arrange with gentlemen for carving until they enter the supper room. Of course, if your acquaintance with them is slight, it is as well to say a word beforehand. Their names may be put on the plate, or not, as you wish. Menus may be put at every plate, or only at the carver's. It is better to put them all round the table; gentlemen prefer it.]

VALENTINE.—For a parent, you must wear crape for a year; and until you leave it off, you cannot go to theatres, concerts, dinner parties, or evening parties—only to spend quiet evenings with friends.

BLANCHETTE has many songs and pieces to sell or exchange for something useful. Can be had separately.

HERALDINE has crests and monograms, 100 for 1s. 2d.; 100 with names for 2s. 6d.; 50 illuminated in gold and colours for 5s.; 25 eccentric monograms, illuminated, for 5s.

MARGARET has many songs and pieces of music to dispose of at a low price, and in good condition. Will send list on application to Mrs. Wilmot, Fylton, near Bristol.

A. S. has the following pieces to dispose of, almost new: Caprise sur Le Prophète (Thalberg), 1s.; Serenade from Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Thalberg), 6d.; Lilly Dale (Thalberg), 1s.; Don Juan (Thalberg), 6d.; Strauss's Blue Danube Walse (arranged by V. Kuhe), 1s.; Dinorah (Kuhe), 1s.; Oh! Ruddier than the Cherry (Kuhe), 6d.; Blue Bells of Scotland (Kuhe), 1s.; Mandolinade (J. Leyback), 6d.; Tarentella, 6d.; Bohemiennes Russes (Jules Schullhoff), 6d.; Adieu (J. L. Dussek), 6d.; The Mocking-Bird (Edward Hoffman), 1s.; Just Before the Battle (Franz Nava), 6d.; Morning Dewdrops (Sydney Smith), 1s.; La Perle du Nord (J. Ascher), 6d.; Der Freischütz (J. Benedict), 1s.; Floating on the Breeze (G. A. Osborne), 6d.; Lied Ohne Worte (Edward Lawrance), 6d. All of which will be sent post free. Letters to be addressed to A. S., at Mrs. Mears', 8, Windmill Street, Brixton.

C. T. has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1874, which she would like to exchange; would prefer an old-fashioned book, no matter how shabby.—Address, Rosa House, Burnham, Somerset.

MISS F. has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for the years 1872 and 1873. Should like to exchange them for black jet brooch or ear-drops, or will sell them for half-price. Please insert this in Our Drawing-room in the March number, with the following address.—Miss Fryer, 35, King Street, Newark. I like the Letters on Etiquette, and think they will be very instructive.

M. H. O. has several volumes of the magazine, unbound, which she would be glad to exchange for the Quiver, Day of Rest, etc., or dispose of very cheaply, either in part or as a whole. If Alice Grace Violet still wishes for the third song connected with the Gypsy's Warning (I will not Heed Her Warning), I can

send it to her for three stamps.—Address, M. H. O., Epping.

S. A. L. L. has for disposal the following articles very cheap: a very nice Church Service, only 2s. 6d., worth more; S. A. L. L. is parting with it because she is very near-sighted, and the print is rather small. Also, some nice new books, viz., Leslie Goldthwaite, 7d.; Edgeworth's Popular Tales, 7d.; Aunt Jane's Hero, 7d.; What Katy Did, 7d.; Little Women, 6d.; Good Wives, 6d. Also a new bound book of music, very cheap, 5s., and a quantity of unbound music, quite new.

ALBERT'S DARLING wishes to dispose of the following songs and pieces: The Bird Waltz, 6d.; Weber's Last Waltz, 6d.; Rene Angelique, 6d. (real price 2s.); Nora O'Neal, 1d. (real price, 3d.); What Nora Said, 1d.; Speak Gently, 6d. (real price, 9d.); Walking in the Starlight, 2d.; Cora, 6d.; I Won't be a Nun, 6d.; Mocking-Bird, 6d.: all these are quite new.

E. M. has a quantity of pianoforte music, solos, duets, and songs; also, several two-shilling novels, by Miss Braddon, Bulwer Lytton, Anthony Trollope, etc., which she would exchange for anything useful or ornamental for the house. Wants instand (walnut or rose-wood), shells, etc. Open to offers. List on application.—Address, E. M., Post Office, Balsall-Heath Road, Birmingham.

A CONSTANT READER wishes to exchange the opera Dinorah, with English and Italian words, arranged by Arthur Sullivan, and Beethoven's Engedi and Mount of Olives, for Handel's Solomon, or Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. [Please send your name, so that we may forward replies if there are any.]

OLIVE has the following songs and pieces to dispose of, either separately or together: Mermaid's Song (Haydn), 10d.; Dear Normandie, 1s.; Flower Gatherers, duet, 1s. 10d.; Rose of Allandale, 9d. Pieces: The Musical Box (Liebach), 1s. 4d.; Patchwork Quadrilles, 1s. 6d.; also two Sonatas (edited by Barnett) 2s. I have also Franz Abt's Exercises for the Voice, quite new, for which I gave 3s. I would exchange this for a volume of poems (Tennyson preferred), or something useful. I have also two years (1869 and 1870) of the Young Ladies' Journal, in monthly parts, which I should like to exchange for two years of the Argosy. I would send 20 roots of Hampshire ferns, six varieties, for 12 stamps.—Address, Olive, Post Office, Totton, near Southampton, Hants. I look forward to receiving your journal with much pleasure, it is so useful to country subscribers. [Advertisements of the latter description will in future be charged for at the rate of one shilling for 12 words.]

A. M. A. has the following music to dispose of: Holly, Holly, Holly Oh (R. Andrews), 2s.; Home Again, duet, 3s.; La Bohemienne (Hauman), 2s.; Les Montagnardes (Abt), 2s.; The Bazaar Waltz (Andrews), 1s. 6d.; La Mandolinata (Kumnel), 1s.; Come Back to Erin (Claribel), 4s.; No. 1 book Leider Ohne Worte (Mendelssohn), 1s. 6d.; Silver May Bells (Trekell), 3s.; Over the Sea (B. Richards), 3s.; Andante Grazioso (P. de Vos), 2s. 6d.; Moss Rose Polka (Strauss), 3s.; Let's Welcome Father Christmas (Andrews), 2s. 6d.; No. 19 Mozart's Sonatas (Hallé); Book of Part-Songs and Glee (Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew.) The above are all in good condition; the prices affixed are the published prices. A. M. A. would like Home they Brought Her Warrior Dead. Would Jennie kindly send a list of those pieces she wishes to exchange.—Address, A. M. A., 21, The Groves, Chester.

MISS LEE wishes to part with the following songs at low prices: Clairette, ballad from La Fille de Madame Angot, 2s., and So the Story Goes, 2s. (James Molloy), 1s. each, quite new; A Little Bird Told Me, (J. P. Knight), 6d.; I Love Her More than I can Say (E. Philp),

9d.; Sighing for Thee (Jules Benedict), 9d. Only Last Night (Charles Gounod), 9d.; I Saw Thee Weep (F. Marsh), 9d.; Boosey's Opera Song Book, containing 36 selected from the best Operas, bound in red cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; Souvenir de Trovatore, pianoforte solo (Hoffman), 3d.; Auld Lang Syne, fantasia (A. Godwin Fowles), 1s.; Rondo Favors (J. N. Hummel), 6d.; Chappell's Beethoven's Sonatas (Hallé), Nos. 7 and 8, in good condition, 6d. Miss Lee will send them free on the receipt of the stamps. She has also many very pretty patterns of crochet rounds for antimacassars, etc. Four different ones sent to any address, with written directions how to make them, on the receipt of 14 stamps; or two patterns sent for 8 stamps.—Address, Miss Lee, Hill-side Lawn, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

VIOLET asks if a daughter can use her father's seal with family coat of arms? (I believe not.) Would anyone oblige me with the words of a song by Campana, called the Scout? What is the best kind of soap to use for washing? some say the common yellow. [Oatmeal soap.]

KATY asks if there is a book published that would give her instructions in crochet: wool antimacassars being mostly what I want. I am not particular as regards price. [Madame Goubaud's Crochet Instruction Book on Knitting will teach you the stitches, and you will find patterns in the same volume.]

DAISY will feel much obliged if the Editor, or one of his readers, would send her the names and addresses of some French papers in which advertisements are inserted by young ladies seeking engagements as governesses in schools or families in France. [Continental Herald, 19, Rue Scribe, Paris; Galignani, Rue Rivoli; Figaro, Rue Richelieu.]

A. M. S. writes, Would you kindly tell me why valentines are sent on the 14th of February? [The origin of this custom cannot be accurately traced.] Could you tell me the words of a song called, I really am so Sleepy; perhaps, one of your correspondents may have the song to sell cheaply. I like the magazine very much.

SOPHY would give an onyx ring in exchange to any young lady who could send her cut-out pattern of jacket-bodice that was given in the magazine the beginning of last year. I am sorry to say I have lost mine. I think it was in March or April.—Address, S. H., Post Office, Aberystwith, Wales.

VIOLETTA will feel much obliged if the Editor, or any reader, of the magazine, will kindly tell her who is the publisher of The Manual of Parsing, by Davison and Alcock, of which she has heard so much. She would also like to know if anybody can tell her what is the price of the book.

THEODORA presents her compliments to the Editor, and wishes to know how "La Rosée du Matin" is pronounced, and what it means in English; also, how "Des Eaux Rapides" is pronounced, and the meaning. [The first means "Morning Dew," the second "Rapid Waters." You will find the pronunciation given in a French pronouncing dictionary.] I have been told that cleaning the teeth with soap preserves them; but it makes them yellow. What does the Editor think? [The Lancet recommends soap as a dentifrice.]

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER is charmed with the kind answers Sylvia returns to the tedious questions asked in the Work-room. She admires the coiffures inserted in the January magazine very much, and wishes Sylvia would kindly help her, by her advice, to copy No. 19. Would a small wire frame be required? If so, how, and where, can she obtain one? An answer inserted in the March number will greatly oblige. [A piece of stiff net, with a narrow piece of wire sewed in round the edge, will be sufficient.]





E. J. H. 1892

11<sup>re</sup> Lefebvre imp. Paris

M. G. S. 1892

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
The Young Englishwoman







APRIL, 1875.

## LIFE'S SPRING-TIME.

AT the time we write, spring is rather an expectation than a reality. Snow lies in the fields, whitens the hedgerows, and in towns gives a broad line of white coping to the roofs. March has come in, not in accordance with the old proverb, as a roaring lion, for that has a hot flavour of the tropics, but rather as a white polar bear, an advanced guard of icebergs and snow-falls. By the time our readers peruse these lines, March may be going out like the lamb of the same proverb, with a garland of spring flowers twining round its dainty neck, and leading the way to the pleasant meadows and gardens where the "April showers" will bring forth "May flowers."

The four seasons of the mind have a certain correspondence with the four seasons of external nature. The similitude is as old as poetry, art, and mythology. In the babe are the germs of the man or woman's maturer growth hidden, as yet small seedlings, but with all the promise of blossom. Youth and spring-time have been associated ever since the first poet sang—perhaps to the music of Jubal's lyre—the first love-song. The beauty of youth is fresh, modest, and charming as the white or daintily-tinted flowers of the early months; the mind of youth is, or ought to be, as delicately sensitive to impressions, gradually developing into the maturity when it will "fear no more the heat of the sun," which would now be too ardent for its nature, as for the young growth of the corn before it ripens into full ear, or the early blossoms which prepare for the fruit, and in that preparation make the world beautiful.

The precept, "Remember thy Creator in the days of

thy youth," should be considered, not only in a theological, but in a very human sense. The fact that we are created beings, with a past, present, and future, is to be remembered. In youth, and the spring-time of our lives, it may be—it is—well to prepare for death, for death may come. But we should also prepare for life. Early death is, of course, probable, but life is more so; and it very much depends upon the use made of the season of the human spring what kind of life our summer and autumn shall enjoy. To revert to the analogy of nature, our spring-time has two aspects. We are partly imbibing nutriment for the future, and partly enjoying, with no slight capacity of enjoyment, our life of the present. It seems to be quite possible very pleasantly and very rightly to combine these two aspects or duties of the spring of life. What a morbid or ignorant estimate of the beauty, fulness, and purpose of life that must be which insists upon the duty of repressing the lively emotions of youth, checking laughter, expressing horror at the innocent romp, looking aghast at the singing of a merry or prettily sentimental song! There are some people in the world who are shocked that young people should "make melody in their hearts," as young birds make melody; and, indeed, we sometimes suspect, would, if they could, limit the song of the birds in the hedgerows and copses to formal tunes, given out by an old and sedate bird one bar at a time. Such folks are almost equal to reproving the skylark for being flighty, and the nightingale for keeping bad hours. But youth is almost irrepressible in its gaiety and cheerfulness, and what a terrible loss the world would sustain

if it were not! Heaven knows there are often clouds enough to obscure the noon of our lives, and sometimes very dark shadows at eventide. Let us enjoy the sunrise, the golden rays, the arrows of Apollo ready to slay terrible Pythons should they attack youth and innocence. The old fable tells us that raging lions will not hurt young maidens, but even crouch submissively at their feet. We doubt if they would be so complying and forbearing if the maidens were the manufactured creatures, stiff, artificial, and preternaturally sour and worldly, some old folks would make them. It is the frank joyousness, the unconscious beauty, the instinctive innocence of youth, that, like music, "soothes the savage breast." And music, too, in one of the forms in which the great masters love to embody the thoughts—the symphony—is another symbol of human life. They give as allegro, andante, and a cheerful movement, sometimes, indeed, a scherzo, or series of lively passages. The symphony of our lives has, too, youth, sedate maturity, and it is well if the dying cadences are not too sombre in their tone, if (to change the figure) life fades with a smile upon the face.

Taking into consideration this double aspect of the function and duty of youth, enjoyment and preparation, why should it not experience now, and prepare to experience in greater intensity hereafter,

"All thoughts, all passions, all delight,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame?"

The foreshadowings of heroism, devotion, love, the duty of maturer years—all wait upon the path of youth. The hues are not gloomy; they are like the varying shadows of the branches and leaves of spring-time, which, in the ever-changing variety of form, make the lane-path more beautiful, and the sunshine on the way more delightful and picturesque. To exclude fiction and poetry from a girl's reading is to shut out sunshine, and no flower grows well in the dark. It is, of course, possible for a weak mind to lose all sense of reality, and imagine that the world before her is, or ought to be, nothing but a three-volume novel in action, that the persecuted, unappreciated, but lovely heroine, who will, in the end, marry a marquis, and be happy ever afterwards. Some unhealthy natures breed disease even from good food. But sensible girls know that the ideal is not a region quite apart from the real, but an elevation to which the real may easily be made to reach, that the duties every day brings forth are to be performed, not as daily tasks; but because a more ideal view of life, strengthened by the exercise of the imagination and familiarity with higher models than perhaps the associations of real life afford, has made them show that they are duties to themselves, as well as to others, necessary to that elevation of character which they desire to possess, and which their reading has taught them is possible to human nature, without endangering any of the necessary conditions of their individual and social position.

Why should not girls read love stories? The girls of

to-day are the wives and mothers of a few years hence. Some day—and for many days, we hope—love will be the great fact of their lives, and if the sentiment is so far idealized that a girl strives to be better worthy of a good man's love, to make herself more gentle, true and loving to him, the better and happier wife she will make; and a certain amount of ideal cultivation in the spring-time of life will very much help to form that frame of mind. Duennas schooled in the old style may keep love off the bookshelves, but they cannot keep it out of the hearts of their charges, and it is wise to recognize it as a great tendency of life, to be watched and directed as other influences, not forbidden; for, depend upon it, nature has a great tendency to grow morbid under the influence of repression and enforced concealment. Sense and sentiment are good loving sisters if they are allowed equal growth, and the end to be desired is that they should grow up together, "like twin cherries on one stalk," and go hand-in-hand, smiling and sisterly, through girlhood, love, marriage, motherhood, and all the other phases of human life.

The time will come in due course when the freshness of the impressions of youth will have passed away, when life will wear a graver aspect, when we come to the andante, or even the adagio movement, of life's symphony; but the time will not come when, in reason or true religion, we ought to regret that in our spring-time we sowed the seeds of many beautiful thoughts which, in the alchemy of our moral nature, have developed into abiding principles, strengthening the life of our maturity; that when young we were innocently gay and sensitive, and when standing

"Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

we enjoyed the life of youth, retaining much of the brave cheerfulness of childhood, while gaining glimpses of the broader and maturer life before us. "Summer is a coming in," says the old song of the cuckoo; summer is coming to us with all its wealth of verdure and ripening of fruit, but that verdure is growing green and beautiful in the spring-time, and the delicate gracefulness of the apple-blossom was the forerunner of the mellow fruit.

Literature does not possess a more exquisite and thoughtful poem than that "Maidenhood" of Longfellow's from which we just now quoted two lines. It is really the text of all we have written, and we will finish with the strain of the poet's music in our ear—

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

"O, the dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

"And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art."



## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## VIII.—AS A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH.

WHEN, in due course of time, Bergan came partially to himself, he found that he was lying on his own bed, with the twilight shadows gathering duskily in its hangings. But his mind was too dull and confused to trouble itself with the question how he came there, notwithstanding that his ears seemed still to retain the sound of low voices, and his limbs the pressure of careful hands. Scarcely had he unclosed his heavy eyes, ere he was glad to shut them again, and to sink anew into slumber.

But this time, it was not, as before, a profound stupor, a deaf, blind, torpid, state of nothingness. Though it lasted some hours, he never quite lost an oppressive sense of overhanging trouble, imperfectly as its nature was apprehended. Moreover, he was harassed by dreams of that most trying character, wherein varying images revolve around one fixed idea; combining the misery of continual change with that of ceaseless iteration into one intolerable horror.

Breaking, at length, from the teasing spell of these phantasms, he saw that it was past midnight. Through the opposite window, he beheld a pale, waning moon, and, by its light, a grey, dimly-outlined landscape,—a faint and lifeless sketch, as it were, of a once bright, breathing world. While he looked, over it came the black shadow of a wind-driven cloud, blurring the lines here and there, into still greyer indistinctness, sweeping across the lawn, mounting the steps of Bergan Hall, and laying, at last, its thin, light hand over his own brow and eyes.

With it, as if by right of near kinship, a deep gloom fell upon his heart. Till now, it had not occurred to him why his head ached so heavily, nor what weary weight it was that burdened his mind. Yet he did not—as too many would have done, after a brief flush of shame, and a momentary feeling of regret—seek to throw off this burden by telling himself that his late aberration was, after all, a matter of small moment, since it was only what hundreds like him had done before, were now doing, and would continue to do till the end of time. Not of any such weak stuff, incapable of looking his own acts squarely in the face, and judging them according to their merits, was Bergan made. On the contrary, he felt as much humiliated as if he had been the first, last, only intoxicated young man in the universe.

And this, be it understood, was not so much because he had violated the higher law, as because he had broken his own law unto himself. With the Bergan temper, he had also inherited a fair share of the Bergan pride, and the Bergan strength of will. But, softened and guided

by home influences at once wise and genial, the one had hitherto shown itself mainly in a lofty, almost an ideal, purity of character, and the other had expended its force chiefly upon himself. The two, therefore, had served him less effectually, in keeping him free from current vices than higher motives might have done. He had taken a stern, proud pleasure in knowing that he wore no yoke but such as it pleased him deliberately to assume. He would have scorned to say, what he often heard from the lips of his fellows, —“*I cannot* quit drinking, *I cannot* live without smoking, *I cannot* resist the fascinations of gambling,” etc.;—he would have felt it a woful slur upon his manhood to avow himself so abject a slave to his animal nature. So strong was this pride of character, that no sooner did he feel any habit, any appetite, any pleasure, however innocent in itself, taking firm hold of him, than he was immediately impelled to give it up, to refuse it indulgence,—for a time, at least,—just to satisfy one part of himself that its control over the other and baser part was still perfect. At whatever price, he was determined to be his own master.

It may be imagined, then, with what sharp sting of pride, what miserable sense of weakness and failure, he writhed, as Memory now flung open the doors of her silent gallery, and showed him sombre picture after picture, representing his own figure in divers humiliating positions. It shrank from the utterance of its strong convictions of right; it gave way to the assaults of a poor ambition; it drifted with circumstance; it was driven to and fro like a shuttlecock between outward temptation and inward passion; it was successively a fighting rowdy, a blind lunatic, an insensate drunkard.

Not that these representations were all true in tone, unexaggerated in colour, and correct in sentiment. Often, there is nothing more difficult than to fix upon the exact point where the plain boundary line between right and wrong was crossed; and neither pride nor remorse is apt to do it correctly. Some steps may have been taken upon a kind of debatable ground; had the march been arrested at any one of these, its tendency would have been different. In reviewing his conduct, Bergan failed to do justice either to his uncle's undeniable claims to his respectful consideration, up to the point where he had been required to follow him into a low bar-room, or to the real beauty and worth of some of his own feelings and motives. Looking back, he saw—or seemed to see—only a pitiable career of irresolution and moral cowardice, ending in disgrace. Covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the unwelcome sight, he groaned aloud.

To his surprise, the groan was distinctly prolonged and repeated. Was it the responsive wail of the ancestral spirits, mourning over their degenerate scion, or only the sympathizing echo of the ancestral walls? Springing to his feet, he beheld a tall, erect figure standing on the hearth, showing strangely weird and unearthly by the flickering blaze of a few dying embers. Nor till it turned and came toward him did he recognize the dusky features and age-whitened hair of Maumer Rue.

"I hope that it is not on my account that you are up at this time of night," said he, gravely.

"You forget that night and day are both alike to me," she quietly answered. "Are you better?"

"Much better, thank you." And he added after a moment,—"How came I here?"

"Brick found you in the avenue. By my direction, you were brought in. At first, it was thought that you had been thrown from your horse, but——"

Rue paused.

"I understand," said Bergan, bitterly. "I was drunk."

Rue did not immediately answer. It was only after some moments that she said, earnestly:—

"Master Bergan, I am an old woman. I have seen four generations of your house,—I have nursed two,—and I have spent my life in its service. If it had been my own, I could not have loved it better, nor felt its welfare nearer my heart. If these things give me any right to say a word of warning to you, let me say it now!"

"Say whatever seems good to you," replied Bergan, gloomily, as he flung himself into a chair. "I doubt if you can say anything so hard to bear as what I have already said to myself."

"Is that so?" asked Rue, in a tone of relief—"is that really so? Then I need not say anything. It is a higher voice than mine that speaks within you; and my poor words would only weaken its effect. Only listen to it, Master Bergan, pray listen to it!" she went on, with tears streaming from her blind eyes. "If you stifle it now, it may never speak so clearly again!"

"Make yourself easy, Maumer," answered Bergan, much affected, yet doing his best to speak cheerfully,— "I have not the least intention of stifling it. Moreover, I assure you that I am in no danger of repeating last night's miserable experience; drunkenness is not my besetting sin. I only wish I were as certain that I should never again give way to my temper."

"It has run in the blood a great while," remarked Rue, not without a certain respect for its length of pedigree; "it will be hard to get it out."

"It *shall* be gotten out, though," responded Bergan, knitting his brows and setting his teeth with true hereditary doggedness.

"Very likely it may," replied Rue, quietly, "if you take *that* tone. No doubt the Lord meant the Bergan will to conquer the Bergan temper—with his help. But

I will not trouble you any longer, sir;—thank you for setting my mind at rest. And don't be offended if I recommend you not to come in your uncle's way this morning; give him a little time to get into a better mood. I will send your breakfast out to you."

Bergan's brow darkened. "I do not intend to come in his way," he answered, a little shortly, "neither this morning nor at any other time. My visit here is at an end. I leave this house directly."

"Oh, Master Bergan, I beg you will not do that!" exclaimed Rue. "Your uncle really loves you in his heart; he will soon forget all about his anger."

"It is not because I dread his anger that I go," replied Bergan gravely; "it is because he has lowered me in my own eyes, and disgraced me in the eyes of others, in a way that I cannot forget. At least, not until I have proved to myself that I am neither a moral coward nor a miserable parasite, and to the world that drinking and fighting are not the essential conditions of my existence. I cannot well do either without leaving Bergan Hall. And I certainly shall not put myself in my uncle's way again, until he sees fit to apologize for what he did yesterday."

"Is the world turned upside down, then," asked Rue, with a kind of slow wonder, "that an old uncle must apologize to a young nephew?"

Bergan coloured, and the unwonted bitterness and irritation of his manner gave way before the force of the implied rebuke.

"Thank you," said he, almost in his natural tone, "I see that I am—or, at least, that I was—a little beside myself. Still, I must leave Bergan Hall. I cannot think it right or expedient to remain here longer. But when I have put myself in the way of living independently, and cleared up my reputation, I will do what I can, without loss of self-respect, to establish friendly relations with my uncle. Indeed, I do not mean to be foolishly resentful, nor unbecomingly exacting."

"May I ask what you are going to do?" inquired Rue, after a few moments of thought.

"Certainly. I am going to carry out my original plan, and my mother's express wish, by opening a law-office in Berganton, and doing my best to win fame and fortune in the place which my ancestors founded; and in which," he added, with a smile, "their shades may reasonably be expected to watch my career with especial interest, and also to do me a good turn, whenever they have it in their power."

"Well," said Rue, after a long pause, "perhaps you are right. I think I begin to see that it may be quite as well for you to go away for a time. You shall not lose anything by it; I will take care of that. I have more influence with your uncle than you would think. And I promise you—remember, I promise you," she repeated, with marked emphasis—"whatever comes, you shall have Bergan Hall."

The young man shook his head. "I think not," said

he. "Indeed, I have ceased to wish for it; I do not see any place for it in the life which I now contemplate. It was but a pleasant day-dream at best, and it is over."

"It may be over for you," rejoined Rue, quietly, "but it is not over for me; and my dreams are apt to come true. I may not live to see it—indeed, it is borne in upon me that I shall not—but the Hall will surely be yours one day."

Bergan again shook his head. Without making any pretensions to the prophetic gift, he thought he could foretell, better than old Rue, the effect of the course which he had marked out for himself upon his uncle. But the blind woman could not see the gesture, and he forbore to put his doubt into words, unless its subtle prompting was to be detected in his next apparently irrelevant sentence:—

"I shall think it one of my first duties to go and see my Uncle Godfrey."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Rue, placidly. "He is a wise, just man, and no doubt he will give you good advice about setting up your profession. I have been hoping that, through you, this long family breach would be healed."

And here the conversation strayed off amid thick-growing family topics, where it is unnecessary to follow it.

Grey dawn was in the east when, after a long, lingering look at the ancestral portraits, Bergan went out from the old Hall. He could scarcely believe that it was less than a week since he first entered it. He had passed there one of those crises of life which do the work of years. His short occupancy had left its indelible impress upon his character for good or evil.

Rue attended him to the door, and detained him for a moment on the threshold.

"If ever you are in need of a quiet place where you can feel perfectly at home," said she, "come here. Your room shall always be ready for you, and you might stay here for weeks together, and no one be the wiser, rarely does any one but me come inside the door. And if ever you should be in any trouble or in any want, come and see what the old, blind woman can do for you; she may be better able to help you than you think. And now, good-bye, and God bless you, my dear young master—the future master of Bergan Hall!"

She raised her withered hands and sightless eyes to heaven as she ended; and when Bergan looked back from the farther verge of the lawn, she was standing there still, in the dim dawn-light, a grey, venerable, ghostly figure, framed in his ancestral doorway, calling down blessings on his head.

## IX.

### THE BLOT CLEAVES.

YOUTHFUL spirits have a natural buoyancy that floats them easily over the first wave of trouble, however severe.

It is the long succession of wearing disappointments and corroding griefs, of anxious days and restless nights, of abortive aims and hopes deferred, which finally overcomes their lightness, and sinks them fathoms deep under a smooth-flowing surface of gentle cheerfulness, a teasing ebb and flow of worry, or an icy plane of despair.

But of this grievous iteration, and its depressing effect, Bergan, as yet, had no experience. His heart involuntarily grew lighter as he went down the long avenue. The old Hall, with its dust-clogged and tradition-darkened atmosphere, its dusky delights and duskier temptations, seemed to fade back again into the unsubstantiality of his childhood's visions. His sojourn there was, at best, but a brief, casual episode in an otherwise coherent life. He now recurred to the main argument. Not that he could foresee precisely how it was to be wrought out. But the very uncertainty before him was not without its own special and potent charm. It gave such unlimited scope to hope and imagination; there was in it so much room for sturdy endeavour and noble achievement, for an iron age of progress and a golden era of fame!

It was still early when he reached the Berganton Hotel. The landlord was in the office; he was also in the midst of a prolonged matutinal stretch and yawn, when Bergan surprised him with a pleasant—

"Good morning. Have you a vacant room for me?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I will see," was the somewhat inconclusive reply; its first clause being due to the favourable impression made by Bergan's face and manner, and its last to prudential considerations arising from the quickly recognized facts that this prepossessing young man was on foot, and without baggage. "Do you want it long?"

"I can hardly tell; some days, perhaps; possibly longer. I wish to see if it be worth my while to locate myself permanently here. My name is Bergan Arling. My baggage is to be sent over from Bergan Hall."

"Ah, I see," said the landlord, in a tone which implied that he had suddenly been lifted to a point of observation at once wide and unpromising. And almost immediately he added—"On the whole, I believe I haven't got an eligible room to offer you. The one that I thought of at first is partially engaged; I cannot let it go till I know the gentleman's decision."

Bergan was gifted with perceptions too quick and fine not to notice the unfavourable effect produced by his frank explanation of himself. Nor was he slow to divine the cause. No doubt his name had been bruited abroad in connection with the disgraceful scenes of yesterday; and, as a natural consequence, in the very place where it would otherwise have been an advantage to him, it would now stand in his way. His heart sank a little to find that he had not left yesterday's acts so completely behind him as he had allowed himself to believe. He had still to endure his inevitable term of bondage to their evil consequences.

Yet herein, he remembered, was his strongest motive for perseverance in the path upon which he had entered. He could not leave a tarnished reputation behind him in the place founded by his ancestors; the very dust of which, blowing about the streets, doubtless held many particles closely akin to his own earthly substance, and dimly capable of pride or shame on his account. At whatever cost of present pain or ulterior loss, he must stay in Berganton long enough to set himself right in the public eyes.

And loss, it was plain, there might be. Berganton was no longer the busy and prosperous town of his mother's reminiscences. All these years it had been going backwards. Looking up and down its long, tame, principal street, with its scant and sluggish flow of human life, he could discover little field for energy, little scope for ambition. Were it not for the cords of obligation woven around him by yesterday's events, he would scarcely have stayed for a second look. But those cords held him firmly to his purpose.

"Do you know of any respectable family where I should be likely to obtain board, or, at least, lodgings?" was his next inquiry.

"I do not. I think they might take you in at the Gregg House, down at the lower end of the street."

The words were spoken carelessly enough, yet Bergan could scarcely fail to detect in them a covert insinuation, or to imagine one. His cheek crimsoned, and his eye flashed. Ere he could speak, however, a gentleman, whom he had observed sitting near him, with a newspaper before his face, dropped the printed screen, and came forward.

"Mr. Arling can breakfast here, at any rate," said he, in the tone of a man accustomed to overcome all obstacles; "it will give me pleasure to have him for my *vis-à-vis* at the early breakfast that I have bespoken this morning, in order to gain time for a visit to a far-away patient. And you can at least give him the room of which you speak until it is called for; by that time, we will hope, he may be provided with one even more to his mind."

"Certainly, doctor," returned the landlord, looking a little crestfallen. "If I had known the gentleman was a friend of yours——"

"Hardly that yet," interposed the doctor, smiling, "though I trust he may be, in good time. I know your uncle very well," he continued, addressing Bergan, as the landlord moved away; "indeed, I may say, your two uncles, if that be any ground of acquaintance. But I have the advantage of you, in that I heard your name just now; mine is Remy—Felix Remy—very much at your service. Not that this announcement places us on an equal footing; for, while your name puts me at once in possession of your antecedents, to a certain extent, mine tells you nothing about me except that I am of French descent. Are you willing to take the rest on trust, until

a fitting time for a fuller explanation?" and the doctor held out his hand.

"Until the end of time," replied Bergan, grasping it warmly. "It would be strange if kindness were not its own sufficient explanation."

Doctor Remy shrugged his shoulders with a frank cynicism. "Perhaps so," said he. "Yet I make bold to confess that my own practice is to look kindness a little more closely in the face than its opposite. The latter generally wear its reasons openly on its forehead; but for the complicated motives at the bottom of the former, one needs to look long and deep."

"Do they pay for the trouble?" asked Bergan, smiling.

"Not unless you love knowledge for its own sake. As society is constituted, you cannot well act upon it. To apparent kindness, one has to return apparent gratitude."

"I trust I succeed in making mine 'apparent,'" said Bergan, falling into the doctor's humour.

"Perfectly. It could not be told from the genuine article."

"The same thing might be said of your kindness."

"Doubtless. But here comes Cato, to show you to your room. I think breakfast will be ready as soon as you are."

A very few moments sufficed for Bergan to remove the traces of his early morning walk, and rejoin his new acquaintance in the breakfast-room. The two gentlemen at once seated themselves on opposite sides of the table. An opportunity was thus afforded them to observe each other at their leisure, of which Bergan was first to avail himself. His interest had been awakened by the doctor's peculiar style of conversation.

He saw before him a man of medium height and compactly built figure. His locks had been touched by thought or care to a premature greyness, for he had scarcely yet entered upon middle age. His features were regular, and would have been handsome had they been less keenly and coldly intellectual—the physical mould was forgotten in the mental one that made itself so much more manifest. Their expression was one of active intelligence and calm force, embittered, at the mouth, by a touch of scorn. Yet the face did not absolutely repel; for many minds, it would possess an inscrutable fascination. It provoked study; it challenged the imagination and the understanding.

The doctor's conversation was marked by a curious frankness, and an equally curious reserve. He made no scruple whatever of opening to the light of day shadowy recesses of motive and aim that most men would studiously close, nor of putting himself at odds with the world on various points of social or moral ethics, nor of boldly questioning and criticising much that mankind consents to hold in reverence. Yet, at the end of an hour's conversation, though he had talked readily and fluently on many subjects, and said something true, or profound, or



brilliant, or suggestive, about each, his interested, amused, startled, and bewildered hearer could find almost no *residuum* of his real opinions about any of them. It was impossible to decide where he had been in jest, and where in earnest; though his most serious argument had run a vein of mockery, from under his profoundest thought had peeped forth a hidden sarcasm. His creed, social, moral, and political, continually slipped through the seeker's fingers in subtle, witty, or scornful negations and controversies.

Not that Bergan was conscious of this at the moment, nor, indeed, until after many days of familiar intercourse. He recognized in the doctor an intellectual cultivation of no ordinary depth and scope; he was interested and well-nigh dazzled by his originality of thought, the boldness of his attacks, and the freedom of his speculations; but the dubious aspect of his own affairs continually rose before him to harass his mind and distract his attention; he was himself incapable of close observation or continuous thought. After a time, his glance sank upon his plate, or wandered aimlessly out of the window: though he forgot no requirement of courtesy, he was often in a state of semi-abstraction.

Then, in his turn, Doctor Remy fixed his eyes upon his companion. It was evident that he subjected him to a far more careful and penetrating scrutiny than he had sustained himself. He noted his looks, he weighed his words, he analyzed his turns of thought, in a way to indicate that exceeding "love of knowledge for its own sake," of which he had spoken, or some deeper motive than even his hardy frankness would care to divulge. Whether or no he liked what he saw, no mortal could have told. The doctor's face was a sort of mechanical mask, absolutely under his control; it expressed anything or nothing, according to his will.

One thing only would have been plain to the observer, that he was puzzled by something which he found, or did not find. After one of his deeply penetrating glances, he suddenly called for a bottle of wine, and, first filling his own glass, passed it across the table.

"I am fortifying myself for a harder day's work than usual," said he, as if by way of apology, if apology were needed. "Will you try it? I think I can assure you that it is tolerably good."

"Thank you; I never take wine at breakfast."

"Anything else that you would prefer?" began the doctor, courteously.

"Nothing whatever, thank you," replied Bergan, with a most conclusive wave of the hand.

"Then you do not hold the theory that a little good wine, or other spirits, after a meal, clears the brain, and aids the digestion?"

"Do I look as if I stood in need of either good office?" asked Bergan, smiling.

The doctor gave him a quick, critical glance.

"No, I cannot see that you do," he answered. "I should say that, in your case, Nature might safely be left

to perform her own functions; I do not think I ever saw human mechanism in a sounder condition, or animated by a richer vitality. Still, there can be no great harm in drinking in moderation. Of course, if one cannot do that, it is best to avoid it altogether."

Bergan looked up quickly, almost angrily, but there was nothing in the doctor's face or manner to indicate that his general remark was weighted with any ulterior meaning. He was holding his wine up to the light with the air of a connoisseur, and having sufficiently enjoyed its colour and bouquet, he tossed it off with apparent relish. Yet Bergan could scarcely have failed to notice, had he been less preoccupied, that he then quietly pushed both glass and bottle aside, and seemed to forget their existence.

"Can I do anything for you before I set off on my daily treadmill?" he asked, when the meal was ended.

"Nothing, thank you, unless you can tell me where I shall be most likely to find lodgings and an office."

"An office, did you say? Do I behold in you a brother of the order of the *Asclepiadæ*?"

"No, I have not that honour. I am enrolled in the ranks of the Law."

"How many pegs shall I take myself down in your estimation, if I proclaim myself a deserter therefrom?"

Bergan could not help looking the astonishment that he did not express.

"It is true," said the doctor, answering the look. "I studied law, and practised it for about two years. But it did not suit me."

"Would it be impertinent to ask why?"

"Not at all. It gave too much scope, or too little, to my natural antagonism of mind; too little for mental satisfaction, too much for material advantage. For instance, I was always possessed with an insane desire to clear the guilty man, whether he were my client or no."

"Yet you deny to yourself the credit of generous impulses!"

"Stay a little. I was often assailed with an equally insane desire to convict the innocent one, when he was *not* my client. Do not look so horrified, for the same motive was at the bottom of both. It was because I saw so clearly that, with an exchange of circumstances—inherited traits, education, temptation, and so forth—there would also be an exchange of persons."

"In that case, it would seem that neither should be convicted."

"Exactly. But it was Society that needed to be convicted and punished. There was a real satisfaction in reversing its unrighteous judgments."

Bergan felt that he was sinking in a kind of mental quicksand. "But," he objected, catching hold of the first twig of support that offered itself, "you count the man's will for nothing."

"With most men, it does count for nothing. Where one man performs either a good or a bad action delibe-

rately, looking behind and before him, nine hundred and ninety-nine do it because of the pressure of outward circumstance."

"You think, then," said Bergan, after a moment's consideration, "that when a man wilfully embarks on the current which tends towards the Niagara cataract, it is his misfortune, and not his fault, if he finally finds himself at a point where the pressure of outward circumstance must needs carry him over the fall."

"In that case," said the doctor, "the responsibility shifts back to the power that made the current and the fall, and put them in his way."

Bergan saw the wide labyrinth of controversy opening before him, and tacitly declined to set foot in it. He was in no mood for polemics. He merely asked—

"And in what way, if the question is admissible, do you find medicine more to your taste than the law?"

"In medicine there is always a distinct and legitimate foe to combat—disease. When one engages in a hand-to-hand fight with a fever, there are no side issues. Nor does it matter in the least whether battle is to be done over the body of an incarnate demon or an angel unfledged—in both cases the treatment is identical, the physician's duty the same."

"I think I understand you," said Bergan, after a pause, during which he had been trying to reconcile these curious and half-conflicting statements with some underlying principles, and finding it, at last, in his own heart, rather than in the doctor's words; "a physician's professional and abstract duty are never at variance, while a lawyer must often be puzzled to decide if he is justified in using his legal skill to save a criminal from merited punishment."

"It is a question that puzzles few of them," remarked the doctor, dryly. "But in regard to this office, *in posse*, of yours: I rent my own from a very respectable widow lady, whose house is much too large for the narrow income to which she found herself restricted at her husband's death. I think she has another room that she would be glad to let to an eligible tenant. Shall we go and see? It is quite in my way; I must visit my office before I set out on my rounds."

The house won Bergan's liking, at a glance. It stood on a corner; it was large and airy; double piazzas surrounded it on three sides; over it a hale old live-oak and half-a-dozen grey, decrepit china-trees flung their pleasant shade. In the rear, was a tempting thicket of a garden, which Art had first planted, and then handed over to Nature, to be taken care of at her leisure,—the result being an altogether admirable and Eden-like wilderness of boughs and vines, and, in their season, flowers and fruits, such as can be seen nowhere but at the South. The interior of the dwelling wore a most attractive look of neatness, comfort, and refinement, notwithstanding its extreme plainness of finish and furniture. Crossing its threshold, he felt that a true *home* had received him into its beneficent shadow. Nothing

could be better for him, he thought, than to find an abiding place therein.

Nor was there any difficulty in the way. The doctor's magical touch arranged the preliminaries. Then, Mrs. Lyte,—a pale, sweet, fragile-looking woman, with the gentle gravity of manner that comes of sorrow at once incurable and resigned—yielded at once to the magnetism of Bergan's address,—the involuntary softening of tone wherewith he recognized the claim of her black garments upon his sympathies, the manifest deference which he paid to her loneliness, her bereavement, her sorrow. Since it was needful to sacrifice something of the home seclusion and sacredness to the necessity of daily bread, she could not hope for a more desirable tenant. The negotiations were quickly concluded. Not only was an office secured, but a lodging-room in its rear was also placed at his disposal; and he was to take his meals at the hotel.

Returning thither, and finding that his baggage had duly arrived from the Hall, Bergan's active temperament would not let him rest until he had transported it to his new quarters, and gotten them in tolerable order. In this business he consumed the greater part of the day. The sun was low in the horizon, when, by way of a finishing touch, he nailed a tin plate, bearing in gilt letters the words—"BERGAN ARLING, ATTORNEY AT LAW," to his office window.

With the act, came a thrill of strange enjoyment. It was like the first breath of a new and invigorating atmosphere. That little sign imparted an element of solidity to his plans and aims, hitherto lacking. It marked an epoch in his life. Now, first, he flung himself, with all his strength and energy, into the great struggle of mankind.

To this pleasantly excited mood, motion was still desirable, weariness unfelt. He decided to pay a visit to his second, and yet unknown, uncle,—Godfrey Bergan. He quitted the village with the last, red sunbeams.

## PART SECOND.

### THE FRUIT OF THE WAY.

#### I.

#### THROUGH A MIST.

OAKSTEAD, the estate of Godfrey Bergan, was separated from the lands of the Hall by the small river—or "creek," in local parlance—which has before been mentioned. The pleasant dwelling of the owner stood not far from a picturesque bend of the stream, commanding a view of its tawny, slumberous current for a considerable distance up and down,—a view made up of gentlest curves and softest colouring only, yet with

enough of quiet beauty to arrest Bergan's feet, for some moments, on the oak-shadowed lawn.

The river's tide stole almost imperceptibly past, mirroring in its still bosom the sunset-painted sky, and the graver tinted objects of earth, with equal felicity,—like a gentle spirit, in whose well-ordered life the things of either world find their appropriate place and exquisite harmony. Just at that point of the upper stream where an artist would have placed it for the best pictorial effect, was the bridge of the main road, with rough abutments half-buried in wild foliage, and railings overrun with vines; and at a remoter point down its shining course, the slenderer span of a narrow footbridge, with a single rustic railing, was also seen, idealized by distance into an aerial passway fit for fairy feet. In the earlier days of Godfrey's proprietorship, while the half-brothers were yet on friendly terms, this latter structure had furnished the means of easy and frequent communication between the two households. On the cessation of intercourse, however, Major Bergan had threatened its destruction, and had even begun an attack upon his own abutment; but his operations being suddenly suspended, and no convenient opportunity occurring for their resumption, he had finally left the work of demolition to be finished by the wear and tear of the elements, and the slow tooth of time. Though in a somewhat ruinous condition, and but insecurely poised on the damaged abutment, the bridge was still passable, with due caution; and, doubtless, it served for the nocturnal visits of such negroes of the two estates as were not set at odds by the bitterness of their masters' feud.

At a little distance below the footbridge, the river made another graceful bend, and soon disappeared in the shadow of the pine forest,—behind and above the dark, swaying fringe of which, the posthumous glory of the sun was fading from the western sky. Against this flitting splendour, the turret-like summits of the chimneys of Bergan Hall were distinctly visible. A little saddened by the sight, as forcing back on his mind thoughts and images which he had partially succeeded in flinging off, Bergan turned and walked quickly up the path to the house. Voices met him as he drew near. In one end of the broad piazza, so shut in by interlacing vines as to constitute a kind of leaf-tapestried parlour, two gentlemen were talking.

"I am afraid the identity is only too certain," said the smooth, sarcastic voice of Doctor Remy. "But I doubt if the habit be a confirmed one,—certainly, the physical indications are lacking. At any rate, as I said before, he is evidently making an effort to overcome it."

"I wish that no such effort were necessary,"—began a different voice; but with the instinct of delicacy, Bergan set his foot upon the lower step of the piazza in a way to be distinctly heard, and would have done the same had he supposed that the conversation concerned him, which he did not. The voice ceased abruptly, and a gentleman, whom he instantly recognized as his uncle, advanced

meet him. Though he had enough of the Bergan cast of feature to identify him at the first, casual glance, as belonging to the race, it was lost, almost as soon as seen, amid traits widely differing from the ancestral pattern. He was a much more genuine outcome of American soil than the rest of Sir Harry's descendants,—in whom a childhood fed upon old-world family traditions, and a youth spent at Oxford or Cambridge, had availed to preserve the English mould from all but the more unavoidable modifications. The race had always been marked by a greater volume of muscle, a ruddier complexion, and a sturdier texture of character, than was exactly native to the soil. But, in Godfrey Bergan, these characteristics were lacking. Though tall and well-formed, he was spare in figure and thin in face. His complexion had the true American sallowness of tint. In matters of bulk, weight, and colouring,—all the purely animal characteristics,—he fell far below the standard of his half-brother. By way of indemnity, his figure had more litheness and grace; and his features were more clearly cut, and endowed with a keener vivacity of expression,—apparently, they were informed by a quicker and finer intellect, as well as a gentler spirit.

Altogether, it was thoughtful, a refined, a benevolent countenance, that confronted Bergan; yet not without certain firm lines about the mouth to indicate that its owner could be decided, if he chose, and perhaps severe. While it invited liking, it commanded respect.

It was with real pleasure that Bergan made his self introduction to a relative with so many apparent claims to affection and esteem. Yet, even while he mentioned his name and relationship, and held out his hand, as to a stranger,—albeit a friend,—he was beset by an uneasy consciousness, that he had met Mr. Bergan, or somebody very like him, before. But where? Sending a swift, retrospective glance through his life, he could find no clue to the perplexing feeling; and, having scant time for investigation, he quickly dismissed it as the offspring of some indefinite and elusive resemblance, perhaps to one of the ancestral portraits, perhaps to a half-forgotten acquaintance.

It was the more easily disposed of, that its place was soon filled by another shadowy vexation. His uncle's reception was both courteous and kind; yet he could not help feeling intuitively that it was lacking in some indefinable element of cordiality, even while he repudiated the intuition as a baseless figment of his own imagination. Certainly, there was no tangible coolness, not so much as a thin film of indifference, upon which to lay a plausible finger-tip; nothing that did not slip away from every attempt at analysis, and seem to resolve itself into a sickly humour of his own. At worst, he told himself, there was only some less definite expression of consanguineous sympathy, in the pressure of his uncle's hand, and in the modulations of his voice, than he had allowed himself to look for; and this was a mere matter of mood and temperament, the absence of which formed no good

ground for complaint, whatever warmth and grace might have been contributed by its presence. No doubt, it would come in good time.

Meanwhile Doctor Remy, sending forth his keen glance from the shadowy end of the piazza, had recognized the new comer; and he now presented himself, hat in hand.

"The first meeting of near relatives," said he, with his indescribable mixture of seriousness and sarcasm, "is a scene upon which a third person is bound to pronounce his blessing, and—turn his back! Nay, no disclaimers; he is equally bound not to listen to them. Good evening, Mr. Bergan,—allow me to remark that good influences may avail much in the matter that we were talking of. Good evening, Mr. Arling,—it gives me pleasure to leave you in such agreeable quarters; Oakstead has manifold attractions, as you are in the way to discover."

And the doctor bowed, and descended the steps.

Mr. Bergan turned to his nephew. "I hope you left my sister well," said he.

"Quite well. I have a letter from her for you. I am ashamed that it has not been delivered before, but—"

Bergan hesitated; a further explanation would take him upon delicate ground.

"Never mind the sequence of the 'but,'" said his uncle, smiling, albeit a little gravely;—"I am aware that the road from Bergan Hall to Oakstead is not so smooth as could be wished. I"—there was a slight hesitation, as if a colder phrase had been sought, and not found,—"*I am glad that you were able to surmount its difficulties so soon. A letter from Eleanor!*" he went on, with a sudden change of subject,—"*that will be a treat indeed! I take shame to myself that our correspondence has fallen into such desuetude. But what one ever did survive the lapse of forty-two years, without the reviving impulse of an occasional meeting? I hardly dare venture a question about my sister's family, lest I make some terrific blunder. I am not even sure about the present number of her children.*"

"There are six of us left."

"Left' implies 'taken,'" said Mr. Bergan, with a sigh.

"We have lost two of our number."

"So have we," replied Mr. Bergan. "But we have not six left—we have only one. However, she is a host in herself,—at least, we think so,"—he added, with a smile at his own enthusiasm. "But, will you come in and see your aunt and cousin?"

He led the way to a small room, pleasantly furnished as a library; and Bergan followed him, though not without a vague sense of a lurking reluctance and lukewarmness in the invitation,—which he sternly smothered, nevertheless, as unworthy of himself and unjust to his uncle.

Stepping to an open French window, Mr. Bergan slightly raised his voice and called,—

"Carice?"

"Yes, father!" was the instant answer, in a voice of peculiar richness and melody; and the next moment a young girl stood in the window, with a light shawl wrapped round her slender figure, and her hands filled with autumn flowers, just gathered. The light was too dim to show her features clearly; but a certain indefinable freshness and sweetness seemed to enter the room with her and diffuse itself through the atmosphere not less perceptibly than the scent of the flowers. At sight of a stranger, imperfectly seen in the twilight obscurity of the room, she stopped abruptly.

"It is your cousin, Bergan Arling, the son of my sister Eleanor," briefly explained her father.

There was a little start of surprise and of pleasure; then Carice dropped her flowers on the nearest table, and gave Bergan two cordial hands. Not only was there a charming grace in the unstudied action, but also the pleasant heart-warmth, the frank recognition of kinship and its appropriate sympathies, which Bergan had so unaccountably missed from his uncle's manner, even while trying to persuade himself, either that it was there, or that its absence was no matter of surprise.

"Have I really a cousin, then!" said she, brightly. "I never believed it till now. That story of cousins at the West always sounded like a pleasant fiction to me,—I am glad to know that it is founded on fact."

"On six facts," said Bergan smiling. "I am the fortunate representative of five other claimants to your cousinly regard."

Carice laughingly shook her head. "I believe what I see," said she,—"*or rather what I should see, if it were not so dim here. By-and-bye,—after I have ordered lights,—I may be able to reason from the seen to the unseen.*" And she glided from the room, which seemed to grow suddenly dark and chill behind her.

Very shortly she returned, preceded by a servant bearing lights, and accompanied by her mother. Looking towards Bergan with a smile, she gave a slight start; the coming words were arrested on her parted lips; the colour mounted to her brow; across her face went a sweet ripple of disappointment and pain. Quickly recovering herself, she presented him to her mother; but the bright cordiality, the warm heart-glow of her earlier manner had faded, and came no more. It was as if a grey screen had suddenly been drawn before a cheery household fire.

Happily for Bergan, his aunt claimed his attention before he had time to feel the full dreariness of the change. She was a woman of rare tact and much kindness of heart, despite a somewhat stately manner, and a considerable degree of aristocratic chill for people not exactly in her "set." She gave Bergan a warm welcome—almost a motherly one; there was something about him that brought a softening remembrance of the two sons that slept in the family burial-ground, and quietly opened the way for him into her heart. Finding his



entertainment left very much in her hands, she cared for it kindly, though not without a secret wonder at the inexplicable indifference of her husband and daughter. But she did her best to make amends for it by her own friendliness, and in part succeeded.

Meanwhile, Bergan was beset by another tantalizing resemblance. Never, he thought, had he seen anything quite so lovely as his cousin Carice—with her soft, brown hair, her clear rose complexion, her large, limpid blue eyes, the lily-like droop of her exquisitely-formed head, the inexhaustible grace of her attitudes and movements—but he had certainly seen somebody a little like her. So strong, yet so puzzling, was this conviction, and so frequent the glances consequently sent in her direction, that he felt a word of explanation might not be amiss.

"Excuse me," said he, "if I seem to be looking at you almost constantly; but there is something about you curiously familiar, though it is impossible that we should have met before. I suppose I must have seen somebody that resembled you, but I cannot tell when or where."

Carice looked down, and coloured slightly. Her father came to her relief.

"There is often no accounting for resemblances," said he. "When there is any tie of blood, however remote, we understand them, of course; but when the face of an utter stranger startles me in the street with the very smile of my sister Eleanor, or the grave look of my dead father, what am I to think?"

"One would like to know," remarked Bergan, "if there is a mental and moral likeness to match the physical one. When I fix the resemblance that eludes me so persistently in you," he added, turning to Carice, "I hope it will help me to answer the question."

"I doubt if it does," replied Carice, quietly, yet not without a certain something in her tone that sounded almost like sarcasm. He looked at her in considerable surprise, but her eyes were turned away, and she said no more.

Feeling as if he were walking in a mist, which everywhere eluded his grasp, while it blinded his eyes and chilled his heart, he rose to go.

"Let me see," said his aunt, kindly, as she gave him her hand, "to-morrow will be Sunday, will it not? Pray let us find you in our pew at church in the morning, and come home with us to an early dinner before the evening service."

Bergan hesitated. He had no reasonable excuse, yet his uncle had not seconded the invitation. As if suddenly cognizant of the omission, Mr. Bergan now spoke.

"Come, by all means," said he, with more kindness than he had yet shown, for he could not bring himself to give a half-hearted invitation to his sister's son, "I have still a great deal to ask about your mother."

"And I," said his aunt, laughing, "have still a great deal to ask about yourself. Good night."

They stood on the piazza watching him until he was out of sight. Then Carice turned to her father.

"Did he say anything about—yesterday?" she asked, gravely.

"Not a word. I should have liked him better if he had offered some explanation."

"Perhaps he did not recognize us," suggested Carice,

"How could he help it?"

"I don't know—only—you were angry and I was frightened; probably our faces did not wear their natural expression. Besides, he was doubtless a little bewildered by his fall, and——"

"What or whom are you talking about?" here broke in the amazed Mrs. Bergan.

"About my nephew, the mad cavalier who so nearly came into collision with Carice yesterday," replied her husband.

Mrs. Bergan threw up her hands. "And you let me invite him to dinner!" she exclaimed, in a tone of deep injury.

"How could I help it, my dear? Besides, he is my sister's son."

Meanwhile, Bergan found his way back to the village through the darkness, wondering what had become of the lightness of heart and cheerfulness of hope with which he had set out—he looked at his watch—only two hours before!

## II.

### STRENGTHENED OUT OF ZION.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Berganton, was a small, plain structure of brick and stone, rather prettily situated on the bank of the aforesaid creek, which flowed through the midst of the town. Its sole claim to exterior beauty must have rested on the thick vines which covered its walls, framed its windows, and climbed to the roof of its low, square tower; doing their best to atone for its many architectural deficiencies, its failure to present to the eye a certain material "beauty of holiness," in harmony with the spiritual loveliness of the unseen temple, of which it was the faint type.

Towards this church, on the morning after his visit to Oakstead, Bergan directed his steps. Meeting his uncle in the vestibule, he was soon seated in the square family pew, and had a few moments to look about him, before service.

In its small way, the church was almost as much a memorial of the House of Bergan as the old Hall itself. Sir Harry had been a fair sample of the average English Churchman of his day, with whom a certain amount of religious observance was deemed necessary and becoming, both by way of seemly garmenting for one's self, and good example for one's neighbours. If it did not reach very deep into the heart, it at least imparted a certain completeness and dignity to the outward life.

Moreover, family tradition was strongly in religion's favour. There had always been relations of a highly friendly and decorous sort between the house and the church; and to have turned his back disrespectfully upon the one would have been to show himself a degenerate scion of the other. As a natural consequence, Sir Harry did not feel that he had done his whole duty to himself, or to his posterity, until he had provided a fitting stage for the necessary family ceremonials of christening, marriage, and burial; as well as an appropriate spot for his own enjoyment of a respectable Sunday doze, under the soothing influence of an orthodox sermon, after having duly taken his share in the responses of the morning service. If this school of Churchmen had its faults, it also had its virtues. If its standard of religion was a low one, with a strong leaning toward human pride and selfish indulgence, it was better than the open irreverence and infidelity, the unblushing disregard of religious restraints and sanctions of later generations.

Under Sir Harry's auspices, therefore, the foundations of St. Paul's were laid, and its walls arose, as a kind of necessary adjunct to Bergan Hall. And his successors, with rare exceptions, had felt it a duty to add to its interior attractions, as well as to make it a continuous family record, by memorial windows of stained glass, mural tablets of bronze or marble, and thankofferings of font, communion plate, and other appliances and adornments. Some of these, no doubt, were merely self-laudatory, the fitful outgrowth of family pride; others might have sprung from a sense of what was beautiful and fitting; which was a very good thing, as far as it went though it went not much below the surface; but a few there were, doubtless, which had been consecrated to their use by heartfelt tears of sorrow, of penitence, or of gratitude. Be this as it may, they all helped (at least, in human eyes) to give the interior of St. Paul's a certain completeness, and even a degree of beauty and harmony.

Still, both in its size and its decorations, the church was far inferior to the Hall. There was a vast disproportion, both in amount and quality, between the space and the furniture set apart for the service and pleasure of a single household, and that consecrated to the worship of God, and the spiritual nurture of His people. But, in the matter of preservation, as well as in answering a definite end, the advantage was greatly on the side of the church and its appointments. Wherever the Bergan hands had grown slack, or had been withdrawn, in *that* work, others had taken it up, for the love of Christ, and carried it forward to completion, or kept it from lapsing back into chaos.

And so, Bergan—remembering how surely the merely secular memorials of Sir Harry and his successors had been overtaken by the slow feet of decay, while these others had been saved by their connection with an institution having a deeper and broader principle of life—was led into a natural enough, though for him a most unusual train of thought. He asked himself if Sir Harry would

not have done better, even for his own selfish end, to have given the larger share (or, at least, an equal one) of his time, care, and money, to the edifice which had the surest hold upon permanency, and was most likely to be sacredly kept for its original purpose. In our country, more than almost anywhere else, people build houses for other people to dwell in, and Time's delights to blot family names from his roll, at least on the page where they were first written. All family mansions, however fair and proud, are surely destined to fall into stranger hands, or to be given over to the Vandal occupation of decay. All families, of however lofty position, are certain to sojourn, at times, in the valley of humiliation, if they do not lose themselves in the deeper valley of extinction. Would it not have been better, then, to have foregone somewhat of the frail and faithless magnificence of Bergan Hall, and linked the dear family name and memory more closely with the indestructible institution which belongs to the ages?

And, as he thus questioned, the narrow walls, the low roof, and the insignificant adornments of the little church seemed slowly to widen and lift themselves to the grand proportions of a vast, pillared temple; and the small chancel window—doing so little, nor doing that little well, to keep alive the fair memory of "Elizabeth, wife of Sir Harry"—became a great glory of pictured saints and angels, through whose diaphanous bodies the rainbow-light fell softly among a crowd of kneeling worshippers; unto whom the sculptured mural tablets, the jewel-tinted glass, the stately walls, the soaring arch, told over and over again the lovely story, and held up to view the noble example, of a race whose labour and delight it had been to build strong and beautiful the walls of Zion; and which, in so doing, had raised up to itself the most enduring, as well as the most precious of earthly monuments. How much better this than the crumbling splendours of Bergan Hall, and the fading glory of an almost extinct name!

"The Lord is in His holy temple," was here breathed through Bergan's visioned fane, in appropriately awed and solemn tones. Nevertheless, they broke the slender thread of its being. As Bergan rose to his feet, with the rest of the congregation, its majestic vista, its pictured windows, and all its rich array, vanished like the filmy imagery of a dream at the moment of awakening. But it was not without a keen sense of the contrast that he brought his mind back to the real St. Paul's, and the service going on under its lowlier roof.

Nothing remained but the harmonious voice, which had at once perfected and broken the spell. Glancing toward the chancel, Bergan saw a clergyman, with a face that would have been simply benignant but for the vivid illumination of a pair of deep-set, dark-blue eyes—a light never seen save where a great heart sends its warm glow through all the chambers of a grand intellect.

There is something marvellous in the inexhaustible adaptation of the Church service to the wants of the soul. At the same time that it is a miracle of fitness for the ends

of public worship, it has its adequate word for every secret, individual need. Though Bergan had heard it hundreds of times before, and always with a hearty admiration of its beauty and comprehensiveness, never had its rhythmic sentences fallen upon his heart with such gracious and grateful effect. Doubtless, this was owing, in great measure, to the subdued frame of mind induced by the events of the last week; but it was also due, in some degree, to the perfection with which the service was rendered. It was neither hurried nor drawled, neither grumbled nor whined, neither a rasping see-saw nor a dull monotone. It was not overlaid with the arts of elocution, nor was it robbed of all life and warmth by the formal emphasis and intonation of the merely correct reader. But in Mr. Islay's mouth it became the living voice of living hearts. The dear old words, without losing one whit of the accumulated power and the sacred associations of long years of reverent use, came as freshly and as fervently from the speaker's lips, as if they were the heart-warm coinage of the moment.

As an inevitable consequence, Bergan's responses were uttered with answering fervour. And how perfectly they met his wants! How wonderfully they expressed his sense of weakness and failure, his depression and humiliation, his new-born self-distrust, his earnest desire and determination to be stronger against future temptations. In some sentences there was a depth of meaning and of fitness that seemed to have been waiting all these years for this moment of complete interpretation. Continually was he startled by subtle references to his peculiar circumstances, by the calm precision with which his sores were probed, and the tender skill which applied to them healing balm.

Especially was he struck by the Collect for the Day, so clearly did it express thoughts and feelings too vague in his own mind to have shaped themselves into words—

"O Lord, we beseech Thee, absolve Thy people from their offences; that through Thy bountiful goodness, they may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by their frailty they have committed."

Never before could he have so clearly understood what was meant by the "bands" of sins committed, not of deliberate intent, but through frailty. How painfully he felt the pressure of those bands! how certainly they would cramp his efforts and hinder his progress! And how singularly distinct they had become to his sight, both in their nature and their effects, by means of that old, oft-repeated, yet ever new, Collect!

With a half-unconscious attempt at divination, Bergan turned over the leaves of his Prayer-book, during the short pause before the psalm, wondering what other mystic meanings were waiting under familiar words, for his future needs. It was not without a little chill at his heart that his eye caught the opening sentences of the burial anthem.

There could be no question about *that*. Whatever else

might or might not be waiting for him, that was certain, some day, to be said over his dead body, and vainly to try to find entrance into his deaf ears. But when? At the end of a long life, in the midst of his days, or ere his work was scarce begun?

His work. What was it? To walk in a vain shadow? To disquiet himself in vain? To heap up riches for an unknown gatherer? To write his name high on the temple of Fame? To become a philanthropist or a reformer? No; but to "apply his heart unto wisdom."

It was both a deep and a hard saying. Bergan felt that he could not fathom it, even while he saw how ruthlessly it struck at the roots of human pride, and lopped the boughs of personal ambition.

Meanwhile the psalm had been sung, and with a rustling of leaves and garments, the congregation had settled themselves into their seats. Through the succeeding hush, Mr. Islay quietly sent the words of his text: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor *wisdom*, in the grave whither thou goest."

It was the word in season!

Bergan left the church that day, not only with a deeper sense of his own mortality, and consequent weakness, than ever before, but also with a modified view of life's work and duty. In one sense, it was a narrower view—with that narrowness which feels the need of some true, fixed centre from which to work outward, with any degree of safety and system, and, consequently, of success. He began to see that he who would influence others for good, and through them the world, must first be certain of the point where his influence begins, and that toward which it tends.

Not that Bergan understood, or would ever be likely to understand, the full measure and real character of the change that had been wrought in him under that lowly church-roof. Up to this point, his life had been from without, inward; henceforth, it was to be from within, outward. The inner life of the soul was really begun in him—feebly, half-unconsciously, it is true—yet possessing a hidden power of assimilation and growth, that would soon bend all things to itself. Storm and sunshine, darkness and light, success and failure, would alike minister to its wants, and help it to grow fair and strong. Things most inimical to it at first sight, would but give it tougher fibre and lovelier grain; in the drought, it would but send its roots down deeper in pursuit of hidden wells; under the pruning-knife, it would but burst forth into fairer blossoms and richer fruit.

Yet it was no sudden change, for all his life had been a preparation for it. Oftenest the kingdom of God cometh without observation. The stones of the spiritual temple may be fashioned amid clamour and discord, but they are laid in their places with a silence that is full of meaning.

## AUTOGRAPHS.

WE have not unfrequently heard it objected to collections in general, and especially to such collections as of autographs, crests, and monograms, that, in the hands of the great mass of those who engage in them, that they are meaningless, and of little or no value—that the pursuit itself involves little or no discrimination or judgment, imparts no knowledge, and tends to nothing elevating or intellectual. We dissent from this in toto. The objection is altogether founded on error. The taste for all such pursuits, and especially for the collection of autographs, tends materially to the increase of knowledge. Biographical knowledge in an especial manner, for we can hardly possess the autograph signature of any individual without being induced by it to find out something of his life and history.

The student in any department of science and art will find his historical and biographical knowledge insensibly increased upon him, if his taste lead him, as a pastime, to collect the signatures of the learned men who have lived and who are now living to do honour to the profession to which he aspires. For instance, let the divinity student collect the signatures of the distinguished Church dignitaries and learned divines of the past and the present age. Let the medical student pursue the same plan in his own profession, making any artificial periods for the sake of classification and arrangement which his own fancy may suggest. Let the artist do the same, arranging his signatures according to the different styles of art, with dates attached to them. And we venture to affirm that all these will find that they have been, while thus amusing themselves, acquiring knowledge, both of men and things, most important, and in a degree far greater than most persons would anticipate. The same holds true, also, of those who would collect the signatures or autographs of statesmen and military and naval heroes. These signatures have an influence upon knowledge, and, in this respect, a value over and above the interest which attaches to the pursuit of acquiring them.

On very many occasions, a taste for collecting autographs has been the means of rendering good service to the cause of historical truth. But for this taste, several of our most valuable original state documents—the very bases of the history of our country—would have been entirely and irretrievably lost. It is a fact not perhaps generally known, but nevertheless positively correct, that it was the accidental presence of Sir Robert Cotton, which some years ago saved the original *Magna Charta* itself from being cut up into tailors' measures, to which ignoble distressing ignorance had consigned it. Mr. Upcott, Librarian of the British Institution, in a manner equally accidental, discovered and rescued from destruction, the notes and papers of the celebrated John Evelyn, and

even so recently as the years 1838 and 1839, a laudable zeal in collecting autographs became the means of revealing the wanton waste of a motley mass of most valuable and interesting historical and archæological matter, and led to the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Lords "to enquire into the destruction and sale of certain Exchequer Documents." It was this committee which elicited the appalling fact that Treasury warrants, with the royal sign manual, and other illustrious signatures from the days of the Tudors downwards—original letters of King Henry VIII., correspondence of the Leicesters and the Burghleys of Queen Elizabeth's time, lists of people "touched and cured," of state prisoners sent to the Tower, and the charges brought against them, records of the Commonwealth, memorials of the Restoration, the actual receipt of Mrs. Gwyn for her pension, and an immense variety of other matters, all serving to illustrate our national history—had been left to rot in the vaults under Somerset House; and that as much of it as was in a state to serve as waste, was sold for the sum of eighty pounds to a fishmonger in Hungerford Market. Let the reader consider for a moment what a vast amount of written documents, all of national interest, and of value, more or less, does the sum of eighty pounds represent, with waste paper at one penny halfpenny or twopence per pound? We can only judge of what was lost by the value of the little that was saved. The Government, at a heavy cost, repurchased some portion, private collectors secured a share—still, notwithstanding some part was saved, destruction did its work.

Who then knows the great good that has resulted from autograph collecting, and what, for aught we know, might result again—will not pardon the little trouble which the young amateur may give, while in pursuit of the object which he has in view. Notwithstanding Southey vented his spleen against the whole sect so strongly as to give public notice that he had entered into a "Society for the Discouragement of Autograph Collecting, which society," he goes on to say, "will not be dissolved until the Legislature in its wisdom shall have taken measures for suppressing that troublesome and increasing sect."

Dr. Phalmas professed to measure a man's modesty by the facility with which he granted the favour of his signature when the request was made to him. Notwithstanding these great authorities to the contrary, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that society reaps a benefit from a prevalence of this taste, because of it; though masses of rubbish may be collected, that which is of real value is never likely to be lost.

With regard to the arrangement and classification of autographs, we have already given a few hints in the



course of these remarks, and perhaps what we have said may be sufficient.

The album, which appears to have been the original method, is without a doubt the best that can be adopted for preserving the signatures which we may obtain. Original specimens should be kept in one album and facsimiles in another. These two should never be mixed, for the value of any collection of the former depends of course upon their being strictly genuine. Any original signatures of deceased persons which we may obtain from letters or elsewhere, can be neatly gummed into the album; and it is a good plan to write underneath the date of the birth and death of the individuals to whom they belong. Living celebrities should be induced, if possible, to comply with the old German custom, and write their own on the page itself.

Facsimiles of signatures of historical and antiquarian interest are not without value if well done. Copies of the signatures of the kings of England form an interesting collection. The earliest royal autograph, we believe, now in existence is the small figure of a cross made by the hand of William Rufus (William II.) in the centre of the charter by which he granted the manor of Lambeth to the church of Rochester. This charter is preserved in

the British Museum, having been bequeathed to the nation some years ago, with several other interesting documents of a like kind by Lord Frederick Campbell. The next in point of date is the signature of Richard II. (Le Roy, R.E.) affixed to two documents—one of which is in the archives of the Tower of London, and the other, which relates to the surrender of Brest, is among the Cottonian Manuscripts. From the time of Richard II. the royal signatures of England continue in uninterrupted succession, and facsimiles of these are very easily obtained.

With regard to classification, the most natural plan is at once the most convenient and the most easy of adoption, both in the case of original signatures and facsimiles. Crowned heads, peers of the realm, noblemen, archbishops, bishops, and clergy, military and naval men, statesmen, physicians, lawyers, foreigners of distinction, etc., etc.; these appear to embrace the principal heads under which autographs can be arranged and classified. There are many valuable books upon this subject, which those who take an interest in it will do well to consult. Perhaps the most interesting is "The Handbook of Autographs," by F. G. Netherclift, published by John Russell Smith, Soho Square, London,

## THE VISIT.

"The sweetest woman ever fate  
Perverse denied a household mate."  
WHITTIER.

'TIS twilight of the day,  
And twilight of the year;  
The leaves are turning sear,  
The green is growing grey.

It is a little room,  
So neatly dressed and still;  
Which fostered roses fill  
With subtlest of perfume.

A zephyr lurking by,  
Betrays the curtained bed—  
Did ever mortal head  
On either pillow lie?

That pantomimic fire—  
How clear its cozy glow!  
It gestures ever so,  
Behind the woven wire.

But hush! The Lady comes,  
As softly as the hours;  
'Tis sweeter than her flow'rs—  
The melody she hums.

She deftly locks the blind,  
And draws the night-shade low;  
While with her gown of snow  
The kitten toys behind.

Her hands are faultless fair,  
Her movements all of grace;  
And hers a queenly air  
For such a lowly place.

She sits, and bows her head—  
What do the shadows say?—  
Her volume of the day  
Lies open and unread.

The beauty of her face,  
Where lives a dreamy light,  
No suffering shall blight,  
Nor wearing years erase.

She sighs—now lifts above  
The worship of a tear:  
And angels waiting near,  
Record a wounded love.

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## ROSA BONHEUR.

IN the year 1820 there was a young artist of the name of Raymond Bonheur, residing at Bordeaux. He had little wealth to boast of, but possessed much talent, and was a universal favourite. Rumour spoke of him as certain to arrive at distinction if he only worked hard, and remained for many years single, for it is well known that in pursuit of fame the married man has not by any means so good a chance as the unmarried. But it so happened, that Raymond Bonheur, in order to eke out his scanty income, gave lessons in drawing. One of his pupils was a charming young lady, and with her he fell in love. It was quite a natural proceeding, and we are not to be surprised that the pupil reciprocated this attachment. The two were married in 1820.

The bride's father did not approve of the match: such a romantic affair was not all, he thought, in harmony with the commercial traditions of a great trading port like Bordeaux. He refused to give the young people any assistance, and their only hopes of happiness and prosperity depended on their mutual love and industry. She was a brave woman, Madame Bonheur; indeed, she strikes us as much better fitted for encountering the difficulties of the world than her husband. She regretted her father's coldness, but felt that with him she loved by her side, poverty would be no great hardship.

On the 25th of March, 1822, their first-born child came into the world. She was called Rosalie, but more commonly is known as Rosa, and in her we find the subject of the present memoir.

A few years elapsed and the family of Raymond Bonheur increased; in consequence a larger income was needed, and it seemed as if it were not to be obtained at Bordeaux. He turned his eyes towards Paris, the paradise of youthful ambition, and, when his daughter Rosa was four years old, the whole household removed to the capital.

Then began a struggle for existence. It was a time when the public taste was not in favour of art, and when it was better to be a workman than a Michael Angelo. Want not only looked in at the window but often stalked into the home of the Bonheurs. The father's paintings stood with their faces to the wall, unsold; and the mother was thankful to give occasional lessons at a cheap rate on the piano. The years 1829 and 1830 were especially a difficult time; even the music lessons failed then. The trials, the privations even, that the tender mother endured on behalf of those she loved, will never be known. At last, however, the storm blew over, and for awhile the artist's family enjoyed comparative prosperity.

Rosa Bonheur had thus a hard life of it in her youth; like many another fair flower she was planted in the soil of poverty. It has been often said that as a child she showed signs of genius. But this is only one of those exaggerated statements which biographers delight to indulge in. The fact is that, to speak about her in her tenth year, she was nothing but a good little girl, with a lively disposition, frank in manner, and a great deal fonder of dabbling in the clay of the *atelier*, and making small figures of it, than of opening a lesson book. She was of a generous turn of mind, and the most noticeable thing about her was that she was very independent.

A misfortune worse than want befel the Bonheur household in August, 1833. The noble wife who had sustained her husband so well in the hour of adversity, died. May the tears which water our graves be as sincere as those which were shed over hers! Raymond Bonheur was now left a widower with four children. As the four were all too young to be without some kind of superintending care, the father gave them in charge to a nurse in the Champs Elysées.

This was an interesting period in Rosa's early life. Nurse Catherine sent her, her two brothers, and her sister Juliette, to school, for she was a woman of the drum-major sort, who had no idea of allowing children to idle away their time. But school was not to Rosa's taste. She escaped from it when she could, and used to saunter about the green avenues of the Bois de Boulogne and see the horses exercised, to the dismay and in spite of the expostulations of nurse Catherine. Two years passed thus; they were years of delicious stolen idleness, in which girlhood revelled in the independence of nature.

At the end of that time the father got his two boys placed at a school at which he gave lessons in drawing; his salary as master going to pay for their education. As for Rosa it was a difficult thing to know what to do with her. Some one suggested that she should be placed with a sempstress, and that suggestion was acted upon. But a worse choice of employment could not have been made. Rosa had an utter aversion to needlework of every sort, and aversion went hand-in-hand with awkwardness. She was dull and thick-headed enough at her seam to drive any mistress distracted. Her only minutes of enjoyment were when she could slip slyly into the workroom of her employer's husband. He had a lathe, and if he was at work the stupid sewing-maiden would show herself in her true colours, making herself useful at turning his machine, and amusing him by her anxiety for information.

When her father came to see her she used to weep

and implore him to take her away from this weary stitching business: anything, she thought, would be better than such monotony. He, who would do anything for her, at last got her placed in a boarding-school for young ladies in exchange for lessons which he was to give as drawing-master. The greater number of the pupils were of wealthy families, but Rosa was to have the same privileges as they. She gave as little satisfaction to her teachers as she had done to the sempstress. At play, she was ahead of all competitors; in tricks, she was most ingenious; but commendation stopped here. With the other pupils, too, she did not live harmoniously. Youth, we all know, is not very merciful, and Rosa was made to feel that she was poor. Her temper became at last ungovernable, and she succeeded in so enraging the heads of the establishment that her father had to remove her from school.

Rosa Bonheur, a failure as a sempstress, and far from a success as a boarding-school young lady, now takes her seat by her father's fireside. In the silence of his painting-room she begins to understand herself, and to think that she has a mission in the world. Her thoughts expand, her ideas change, and she begins drawing and modelling with enthusiasm. Genius asserts itself. Her father observes the bent of his daughter's inclination, and, by example and sage counsel, does all he can to cultivate her long-hidden talents. He sends her to the famous gallery of the Louvre, to form her taste by the study of the masterpieces of antiquity. Day after day she devotes herself with joy and assiduity to this labour; she is the first at the opening of the galleries in the morning, and the last to leave at night.

An anecdote worth repeating is told of our heroine at this period. One day she had just finished a copy of "The Shepherds of Arcadia." Her work was on the easel before her, and she stood looking at it and thinking how long it would be before she could equal the merits of the original. An old man approached, and after many a critical look, said, "Do you know, my dear, that this copy is admirable, irreproachable. Continue your studies thus, and I predict that you will become a great artist." These words filled Rosa Bonheur with hope; they strengthened her confidence in her own powers, and that evening, when the gallery doors closed, she turned her steps homewards, experiencing the most lively pleasure. Such is the effect of praise when one feels that one has done one's best to deserve it.

To assist her father she made copies of celebrated paintings for sale. But this sort of work is no better paid in France than here, so the devoted daughter had to labour hard to make anything like a respectable addition to the common purse.

When she was seventeen years old—that was in the year 1839—Rosa Bonheur began the study of animals. Her first attempt in this branch of art was a goat, which she copied from nature. Soon she became enamoured of this new path. She hunted everywhere for subjects,

sometimes pursuing her search far into the surrounding country. Luxurious modes of travelling were unknown to her; the common purse was always too light for luxury. But the brave young artist could walk, and many a mile did she go, colour-box in hand, and bearing several pounds' weight of modelling clay. No difficulty made her recoil. If she returned to her father worn out with fatigue, what did it matter? To become a great artist, she would say to herself, one must endure hardships. We see in her case an illustration of the words of a celebrated writer. "Genius," he says, "is like a raging torrent: nothing can stop its course. Those whom God has marked with the seal of his power, march, without stopping, towards the end. He has decided upon for them. Every obstacle is but a spur that excites them to press forward."

The subjects which Rosa Bonheur picked up in her rambles sold well, and, we may suppose, fetched a somewhat better price than the copies to which she had previously devoted herself. This induced her to persevere, and gave her courage to undertake a disagreeable course of study at a Parisian slaughter-house. She began a daily attendance there with a view to observing nature. The ground was wet with hot blood, the atmosphere reeked with offensive odours, rough and brutal men were there, but nothing damped the courage of our young enthusiast. She would leave home with a piece of bread in her pocket, arrive at her singular school, and become so completely wrapped up in her subject, that she would often forget all about the frugal fare, that she had brought with her. Her zeal, united with a conciliatory demeanour, quite won over the coarse men of the slaughter-house: they spoke of the lady artist with respect, sometimes even with admiration.

Rosa Bonheur's father, who had acted all along as her sole instructor in art, now married a second time. The family took up their abode in not by any means numerous apartments on a sixth story. Raymond Bonheur, his wife, and the children, however, were contented, and all were tolerably comfortable. One who knew them at this period says, that nothing could be more delightful or touching than the scene which their painting-room usually presented. All worked ardently and merrily under the wing of their father, the master and friend who shared their hard labour, and joined in their innocent sports. Auguste and Isidore, Rosa's brothers, studied incessantly; and as for Rosa herself, she was always the first at her easel, and sang away from morning till night. After the fatigues of the day, our young artist often spent the evening by the fitful light of the lamp in making designs for the morrow's sale. The younger sister, Juliette, also worked hard, and strove to follow the example of the elder.

Birds were special favourites with Rosa Bonheur in those days, but she grieved to see them confined in cages. Her brothers, therefore, contrived a piece of network which prevented their escape by the window, and gave

them all the appearance of liberty, an arrangement which gave her much pleasure. There was also a pet lamb belonging to the family. It will easily be understood, that to render existence on a sixth floor endurable to the poor animal was no easy matter; but Rosa and her brothers and sister were fond of it, and it made a docile model, always at hand when wanted. Isidore used to put it laughingly on his shoulder, and carry it now and then to a neighbouring meadow to browse on the fresh green grass.

In 1841, Rosa Bonheur made her *début* as an artist, by exhibiting at the Salon two little pictures, "Two Rabbits" and "Goats and Sheep." Both were charming productions. In the following year she exhibited three pictures, which were also much admired: "Animals in a Pasture, Evening Effect;" "A Cow lying in a Meadow;" and "The Horse to be Sold."

In 1843, she had in the Exhibition, "Horses Leaving the Watering-place" and "Horses in a Field." These two works were sent in the same year to Rouen, and gained the bronze medal there. The more she worked the more she was able to work, and, in 1844, we find Rosa Bonheur exhibiting five pictures, and a bull modelled in clay. The city of Rouen this year awarded her the silver medal; and so year passed after year, adding to her renown and developing her extraordinary talents. At last Paris gave her the gold medal, and in the enjoyment of that triumph we shall let her rest a little, whilst we briefly describe her personal appearance and peculiarities.

Rosa Bonheur is of middle height; her features are a little hard, but very regular, and she has a noble forehead. All the lines of her profile express force of character. She possesses the dark flashing eye of genius; her hands are delicate and nervous—they are the hands, in fact, of a born artist. In her dress she has ever studied simplicity and convenience; indeed, not unfrequently she errs on the side of negligence. When she goes about on artistic excursions, she invariably assumes the masculine garb, and plays the part, to all appearance, of a young farmer. In frequenting cattle-markets and farm-yards, this practice has much to recommend it; it enables her to inspect and to purchase her subject with less interruption and remark. And it must be allowed that the costume is not ill-suited to the decided character of her face. In town this disguise is laid aside; Rosa Bonheur appears there in the attire of her sex.

We return now to the history of her life, and have to tell that, about 1847, our young artist received a visit from Paul Delaroche, the famous French historical painter, who died in 1856. This was a great honour to Rosa Bonheur, and was felt by her as a great encouragement. The interview left upon her mind a most agreeable impression.

Two years later, a severe blow struck her family. On the 24th of March, 1849, the father, Raymond Bonheur, breathed his last. He had been appointed by Government, some little time before, Director of the Female

School of Design. Unfortunately, his health did not allow him to enjoy his new position, and he sank into the grave just as his eldest child was rising into fame. His life had been passed in an incessant struggle against poverty and the cares of a family.

During the illness of her father, Rosa Bonheur had been at work on her delightful picture of "Ploughing in the Nivernais." When it was placed in the Exhibition, it made a great sensation. The Government, by whom it had been ordered, honoured the artist by hanging it in the Luxembourg, and it was so brilliant an example of the most exquisite qualities of art, that it greatly increased her reputation with the public. Commissions now flowed in upon her, and, in 1851 and 1852, she was so busy that she could send nothing to the Salon. It was a course of unwearied activity that she pursued, and, as we think over her career, memory recalls, one by one, the noble fruits of her pencil. It surprises us to see the facility with which she has been able to produce so many admirable works.

On one canvas she represents to us a "Watering-place," to which the thirsty and ruminating oxen are going with heavy, majestic steps. Beautiful oxen, with their calves playing about them, are also there. The day is done, and the shades of evening throw over the picture a charming poetic feeling that fills the mind with dreamy repose.

On another, she depicts a "Ewe Surprised by a Storm," and lost in its violence. Her attitude, full of anxiety for her lamb, which she calls by bleating, moves one strangely. You are, in spite of yourself, vividly impressed by the little simple drama.

In a third painting, a rich "Farmer of Auvergne," mounted upon his nag, and accompanied by his man, drives a troop of animals to market, across a vast extent of country, which loses itself in a boundless horizon.

Then it is a "Young Shepherd," a child of the Pyrenees, watching his flock upon the mountains. In this picture, Rosa Bonheur seems to have endeavoured by poetry to obtain a mastery over nature herself.

Elsewhere it is a "Cow Sleeping in a Field," a "Flock of Sheep," "Cows in a Field," "Charcoal Burners in a Forest," and numberless other pictures, in which the artist has never failed to spread with profusion the charm of her great and varied talent.

Amongst the most remarkable of her works was the grand picture representing the "Horse Fair," which was the principal success of the Exposition of 1853. In 1855, it formed the chief attraction of the French Exhibition of pictures in London, and almost monopolized for a time the attention of artists and connoisseurs. It was recognized as placing the artist on a level with Landseer. England proved its permanent abode. It may interest the reader to see the description of it given in the catalogue of our National Gallery: "Men trotting out horses in the bright sunshine; some riding them, others leading them by cords; some coming forward, others retiring. To the



spectator's right are avenues of trees, with groups of lookers-on; the effect broken up by glimpses of sunshine."

In all her productions she has shown a wonderful power of representing spirited action, which distinguishes her from other eminent animal painters of the day, and endows her pictures as compositions with extraordinary interest. She also contrives to throw a surprising amount of beauty and human feeling into all she does. It is not the forms only of her animals that interest us. Rosa Bonheur's mission, says a French critic, is to decipher the sublime poetry of animal life, and to translate the grand characteristics of those works of the Creator. It is in the fields, in the woods, on the mountains, that she prefers to search for the objects to be combined in her charming compositions. Her pencil reveals to us the wonders of animal life, and teaches us to read the varied book of nature.

The remaining events of Rosa Bonheur's career up to the present time do not require an elaborate notice. To the Universal Exhibition of Paris of 1855, she sent a new landscape of large size, "Haymaking in Auvergne." This work went to the Luxembourg, and Rosa obtained a medal of the first class, "as the artist *could not* be decorated," said the report. The Empress Eugénie, however, took a different view of the matter, and thought that she *could*. So, whilst the Emperor was away in Africa in 1865, the Empress-Regent decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honour. Had not lady artists as good a right to that distinction as nuns and *vivandières*? In 1868, Rosa Bonheur was appointed a member of the Institute of Antwerp. In 1870—71, during the siege of Paris, her studio and residence at Fontainebleau were in great danger of being destroyed by the Germans. By special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia, they were spared and respected. It was an act worthy of remembrance: devastation, fire, and slaughter making a military salute to peaceful and artistic genius.

Speaking of her residence reminds us that she has fitted up an ante-chamber, divided only by a partition from her studio, as a stable, for the convenience of the various animals domesticated therein. She has also established a small fold in the immediate vicinity for the accommodation of sheep and goats. It is owing, in a measure, to this conscientious examination of the development of animal life, that she has produced such masterpieces as we have named above. In 1867, her menagerie consisted of two horses, five goats, a bull, a cow, several asses, sheep, dogs, and birds, without counting a number of other subjects, both rare and interesting. Surrounded by the objects of her study, Rosa Bonheur lives, like one of the ancient painters, a retired and tranquil life. This mode of existence is the more agreeable, as she has known how to assemble affectionate and admiring friends about her. Wedded to her art, she has repulsed without mercy all who have aspired to her hand. She never has been known

to encourage the hopes of any one, or to play with an affection in which she did not share.

Many anecdotes have been told of Rosa Bonheur, and with two or three of these we shall conclude. She has never sacrificed art for the sake of money, and is the last person in the world we would expect to fall down and worship the golden calf. A wealthy Dutchman called one day at her studio and entreated her to paint for him a rough sketch for which he said he would give a thousand crowns. "No," said she, "I can't do it: *I am not inspired.*"

This aversion to working solely for money is one reason why she has never accumulated a large fortune. Another is her open-handed generosity. She never encounters misfortune without relieving it, and she does so with such kindness and grace as doubles the value of the service rendered.

A lady artist, threatened with the loss of sight, addressed a petition for relief to the Society of Artists. Several of the leading painters backed her up in her application. The result was that aid was forwarded to the amount of rather less than *ten shillings*. Humiliated beyond expression, the unhappy woman did not know whether to accept it or not, for misery and hunger were at hand. "Refuse," said Rosa Bonheur; "the dignity of art requires it." At the same time she unhooked a picture from the wall of her studio, and gave it to the indigent artist. This picture procured such a considerable sum as relieved her from all immediate want.

A young sculptor, smitten with the talent of our heroine, enclosed a bank-note for five francs in an envelope, with the following sentences: "Mademoiselle,—This is all I have at my command. Will you be so kind as to send me in exchange a sketch from your pencil of the size of the enclosed note?" That very evening he received a sketch valued at a thousand francs, and the kind-hearted painter returned at the same time his bank-note.

For a long time Rosa Bonheur had as her constant companion Mademoiselle Micas, one of her intimate friends. They lived together like sisters, and without Mademoiselle Micas, it is to be feared, the artist's residence would often have gone to wreck and ruin, for Rosa Bonheur is not much given to attending to domestic duties. This useful friend was very delicate looking, but bore on her countenance the marks of benevolence. She accompanied the artist in all her excursions. In spite of her fragile appearance, Mademoiselle Micas was endowed with a singular faculty. By the power of her eye alone, she could obtain the mastery over any animal which her friend wished to paint. In the country she approached the most dangerous bull, looked at it in a peculiar way for some seconds, magnetized it, so to speak, then seized it fearlessly, and made it take all the attitudes required. The animal, with the greatest docility, and looking almost as if sensible of the honour of having its portrait painted, stood still as long as Rosa Bonheur desired.

## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER IX.

YOU find us, in humble imitation of Mr. Turveydrop, still using our little arts to polish—polish!" said Jessie Kirke, mimicking the famous trowel gesture of the Professor of Deportment, as Orrin Wylls entered Mrs. Baxter's drawing-room on the evening of the fourth of January.

The Lady's President's "collegiate re-unions" on the first and third Thursdays of each month had, up to this winter, been declared a nuisance by the class for whose benefit she had inaugurated the series; to wit, the homeless, graceless students whose intellectual training was committed to her husband and his *confrères*, while their polite education was left to Fate and the hap-hazard culture of promiscuous society. Now, promiscuous society—(the term is Mrs. Baxter's—not mine) in Hamilton, although less detrimental to the principles, manners, and conversational powers of unguarded youth than the same foe would have been in a region more remote from the great humanizing and refining centre expressed, to the visual organs, by the square, cream-coloured mansion at the right of the college campus—was yet inimical to the best interests (another stolen phrase!) of the aforesaid matriculated youngsters. To counteract the evil, the presidential residence was converted, on the evenings I have designated, into a social reformatory, and the mistress put forth her utmost energy to render the process of amelioration pleasant to the subjects thereof. The success of her system, which had gone into operation two years before, had been less than indifferent up to the date of her young kinswoman's arrival. Simultaneously with her appearance at the pillared portal of the cream-coloured Centre, the cause of elegant deportment and colloquial accomplishments began to look up in the contiguous halls of learning. The "reception" on the ensuing Thursday was well attended, the second was a "crush"—the supply of lemonade and sponge-cake inadequate to the demand.

This was the third, and the hostess, elate with past, and sanguine of prospective, victories, had, with the assistance of her guest, bedecked her rooms with New Year's garlands and floral legends. As an ingenious tribute to the learning of the major portion of the assembly, Mrs. Baxter had accomplished a Latinization of certain stock phrases of welcome, and was immensely proud of the "classic air" imparted to her saloon by these.

"I suppose they are all right," Jessie said dubiously to Orrin, when he inspected them. "My knowledge of the dead tongue is confined to the musty sayings everybody has learned by heart—'*Sic transit gloria mundi*,' '*Mirabile dictu*,' and the like."

"*SALVE!*" blossomed into being in heather, and pink-and-white paper roses over the mantel opposite the door of the front parlour. Over that in the back—"*Jubemus vos salvere*," while "*O faustum et felicem hunc diem!*" was tacked above the piano in the music-room.

"To polish! to polish!" reiterated Jessie, stroking her gloved left hand with her right, and looking so roguishly beautiful that Orrin had no difficulty in throwing an expression of intense admiration into his gaze.

"Stand off, and let me look at you!" said he, rather brusquely for him, drawing back for a better view.

She was well worth it. Native quickness, aided by the marvellous intuition as to effect, and the daring that attempts new combinations of colour and untried styles of coiffure and dress, which people name "French taste," had wrought together in her attire. She had a "genius for apparel," Mrs. Baxter pronounced delightedly, adding "So much for blood! The Parisian eye and Parisian aptitude are, like the poetic afflatus, *nascitur non fit*. You are a true Lanneau." There would be no better-dressed woman in the assembly to-night than the country girl, whose toilette had yet cost less than that of any other who laid claim to the honours of belleship.

Her maize-coloured tissue had a full double skirt; the upper looped with rosettes of black lace and narrow black velvet. A bunch of fuchsias—scarlet with purple hearts, drooped about her left temple. Not a jewel was visible except her engagement-ring—a fine solitaire diamond. Instead of a brooch she wore another spray of fuchsias, mixed with feathery green, at her throat, and her only laces were those edging her neck and sleeves. But she was dazzling enough to turn stronger heads than those of the sheepish sophomores, pert juniors, and priggish seniors, who would compose her train, thought Wylls, surveying her with the deliberate freedom of a brotherly friend. Her eyes sparkled into splendour, her bloom deepened, and the white-gloved fingers toyed nervously with her bouquet as his inspection was prolonged. As the finale, he offered his arm with a sweeping obeisance, and they strolled through the rooms, untenanted as yet save by themselves.

"I hardly expected to see *that*, to-night," said Orrin, touching her bouquet. "The utmost I hoped was, that it might please your eye for a moment, as it passed in review among a host of others."

"There is a degree of modesty which is laughable," she returned. "Pray, whose flowers did you suppose I would prefer to yours?"

"Perhaps I feared the rivalry of the chaste assortment

of sweet alyssum and white rose-buds I saw left at Professor Fairchild's door this morning."

"Eminently suitable to my 'style!'" interrupted she, ironically. "The fear reflects credit upon your discrimination—and my taste."

"Or—" he went on—"the astounding array of camelias, azaleas, and orange-blossoms that arrived last night, duly enveloped in wet cotton, sent per express from the greenhouse of a city florist to the millionaire's son—Senior Lowndes. Rumour affirms that he has neither studied nor eaten since he was first pierced by Cupid's arrows—your eyelids doing service as bows, and the sight of the magnificent offering which is to propitiate the blind god, has driven him clean daft with rapturous anticipation. Seriously and frankly, my advice is that you discard my simple gift in favour of the exotics. I am content—or I should be—with the grace already shown me by your intention to give my flowers the place of honour. But Mr. Lowndes may be offended if you do not exhibit his Brobdignagian bouquet. It is already the talk of the place, and everybody expects to see it in your hands to-night."

"It will not be everybody's maiden disappointment," said Jessie, obstinately. "The floral behemoth has a big vase and a table all to himself in the music-room, so Mr. Lowndes can play showman to his satisfaction. I reserve the right of wearing what I please, and my bouquet is part of my toilette. Could anything harmonize better with my dress than these scarlet verbenas, divided from the purple violets by the circlet of white blossoms, and capped by one snowy cape jessamine—like a queen in her ermine?"

"That is the only member of your family to be had in this frozen region," rejoined Orrin. "I telegraphed to Baltimore in the vain hope of obtaining the golden bells you love."

"Did you? They do not bloom anywhere at this season, I imagine. But your effort to procure them was an evidence of thoughtful kindness beyond my expectation and desert. You do too much for me! I am humbled, yet happy, when I recount to myself your favours."

"Don't say 'favours!' If you knew——"

"Knew what?" queried Jessie, innocently, looking up.

He held her eyes for a second by the irresistible magnetism of his, then, saying, with a short laugh that sounded like bitter self-disdain—"What you will never hear from me!" commenced talking fast and gaily about other things.

Mrs. Baxter ran in, opportunely, to give Jessie time to collect her thoughts. Unobservant of the gravity of one of the parties to the broken dialogue, and the forced liveliness of the other, the hostess dashed into a profusely illustrated description of the *contretemps* that had detained her in her dressing-room. It was nothing less serious than the doctor's mistake, in taking from a closet

a bottle of ink instead of the scented glycerine she asked him to get.

"For my tender skin (we Lanneaus are deplorably thin-skinned) is frightfully chapped this winter, and there is no better remedy for this affliction than bay-water and glycerine, as perhaps you know—you who are ignorant of nothing! 'Now, my dearest,' I said, 'may I trouble you to pour it upon my hands as I hold them over the basin? Gently, doctor, darling!' When, presto! down came an inky deluge!" screaming with laughter, as she had with alarm when the mischance had occurred. "I spent nearly an hour in endeavouring to efface the murky stains, and I shall be compelled to keep my gloves on the entire evening. Isn't it a pitiable predicament?"

The scarlet scarf was on duty again to-night, but now tied about her waist, the knot at the side.

"I never feel quite dressed unless I have a speck of scarlet artfully brought into my costume," she had said to Jessie, on the evening of her arrival. "It individualizes my attire. I should not know—should not be myself without it."

Jessie joined in her merriment over the catastrophe that would have angered a wife whose temper was less even, but her heart was beating hard and hurriedly with vague alarms. Orrin had altered inexplicably of late. His sudden alternations of spirits and mysterious allusions were more than an enigma—they were a distress to her.

"If I knew!" she repeatedly mentally. "What was he about to say, and why did he look at me so intently? Why did he refuse to finish the sentence? I have wounded or offended him—but how?"

Self-condemnation was her first impulse when she noted a change in the demeanour of those she loved. Orrin ridiculed it as a morbid trick of mind that might be cured by reproof or raillery. Roy bore with it patiently and hopefully, recognizing in it an hereditary strain of melancholy which she would conquer or outlive in time. Her eyes were darker, her voice a tone lower, her smile a trifle subdued all the evening, for the incident that preceded the festivities. Nobody complained of the change. She was new, handsome, and sprightly, a triumvirate of recommendations that would have made her a star of note among her associates had her "style" been less unique, her cast of thought and conversation as commonplace as it was original. She was surrounded continually, to-night, by a group of gentlemen—most of them young, while there were some whose attentions—paid as they were by men of mature years and high standing, intellectual and social—were a compliment of which the *débutante* might justly be proud.

Orrin kept aloof from her, playing his part among the guests with his wonted spirit and grace. But his eyes followed her furtively wherever she went, until she was provoked with herself for meeting them so often. He would suspect her of impertinent curiosity, accuse her of forwardness, or feel that he was under espionage. She would not look in his direction again. A resolution

she was certain to break within three minutes after it was made, tempted to the infraction by the stealthy yet piercing ray she imagined she could feel, when her face was turned away from him, and which, struggle as she might against the inclination, drew her regards again and again in his direction.

She descried a new meaning in his watchfulness before long,—a sad yearning that would not let her out of his sight; mournfulness that might signify either compassion or regret. Unused to dissemble, she must have grown *distract*, unmindful of the gay scene and the duties it imposed upon her, but for the example of his fidelity in the performance of these. Emulating what she plainly perceived was self-denial in him, she talked, promenaded, and laughed with conscientious diligence, to the delight of her *chaperone* and the distraction of the smitten swains of three classes, the freshmen counting as nobodies.

The crowd was thinning fast when Orrin again approached her.

"We will finish our promenade now that there is room to move and breathe," he said, drawing her hand within his arm. "I want to have a moment's talk with you before I go. I leave town early in the morning."

The involuntary clasp of the gloved fingers upon his sleeve was all it should be, but the deprecating glance and exclamation were too frank and sisterly.

"Are you going away? Not to be absent long, I hope?"

"A week certainly—probably a fortnight."

"I shall be very lonely without you! absolutely lost, in fact!" replied Jessie, feeling all she said.

"I could stay, I suppose—but I ought to go," said Orrin, slowly. "Yes, it is the best thing left for me to do! Don't think, however, that it costs me nothing to leave Hamilton while you are in it. I shall carry the image of my docile pupil, my bright-faced, sunny-hearted friend, with me wherever I go. You have been a beautiful revelation to me, Jessie. Let me speak, for a moment, out of the sad sincerity of a spirit, wrung as I trust yours will never be. Should we never meet again upon earth, you will not cease to be to me—pshaw! what am I saying. I talk wildly to you, I doubt not, but there are times of battle and tempest and desolation in the which incoherence is pardonable. When you are married, you may be sorry for me in a calm, sisterly way, as people on the cliff above the beat of the surf pity the wretches suffocating in the waves."

"Let me help and comfort you now!" begged Jessie, her tell-tale eyes glistening until Orrin was fain to halt before Mr. Lowndes' monster bouquet in the last room of the suite, and keep her back to the company, while she struggled for composure. "It breaks my heart to hear you!" came at last in a half sob from the trembling lips.

"Don't talk of breaking hearts, dear!" he returned,

smiling sadly. "It is an idle phrase in the mouths of the loved and happy. May you always be both!"

He squeezed her hands until she winced with pain, took one lingering look into her eyes that seemed to compel her soul to their surface, whispered, "God bless you!" and before she could move to stay him, he was making his *congé* to Mrs. Baxter.

Regardless of the stranger and inquisitive eyes that might be upon her, Jessie watched the parting; the hostess' dramatic start, and fingers joined in hospitable supplication; the toning down of her physiognomy from tragic consternation, at the announcement of his contemplated journey, to plaintive resignation, as he declared the fixedness of his purpose; marked the animated pantomime, and felt no inclination to smile that it was over-wrought to extravagance. Assuredly, Orrin's going at all was a serious discomfort to herself. Taken in connection with his evident unhappiness, his disjointed confessions of grief and trial, that, despite the absurdity of the imagination, she could not help believing had some reference to her; finally, her inability to soothe or aid him,—these all combined to make the farewell the saddest—save one—she had ever gone through.

"You are weary, my dearest girl!" said Mrs. Baxter, sympathizingly, twining her arm around her, and pulling her down upon the sofa, when she had bidden a widely smiling adieu to all her guests, with the exception of a bald, mild man in spectacles, who was penned in the angle formed by the chimney and the wall, while the doctor, planted in front of him, held to his argument and his handkerchief at such length that only half the knots were yet untied. "But you have been charming this evening! have really outdone yourself! I prognosticate a dazzling season for you—scores of conquests and troops of friends."

"I don't care for the conquests, but the friends will be welcome to one who has so few," returned Jessie. "Not that I have any enemies, but my circle of acquaintances is small."

She tried to speak brightly, lest her dispirited mood should reflect discredit upon her friend's endeavours to make her happy.

"It will enlarge rapidly within the next few weeks. The *prestige* of Mr. Wyllys' approval and friendship would ensure the success of a *débutante* whose personal claims upon popular favour were far inferior to yours, my sweet. I shall always cherish a grateful recollection of his attentions to you, as my relative and friend. It is a high compliment, as you would understand, were you better acquainted with the materials and structure of our best society. His influence in Hamilton is *extra-ordinary*. I have promised to do my best to fill his place while he is away, but I am painfully conscious of my inability to prevent you from missing him continually. He was averse to going, but said the necessity laid upon him to do so was imperious. He was rather out of spirits, I fancied, but it might be *only* a fancy. Doctor, dear! do



let Mr. Barnard come to the fire! The rooms are growing chilly, now that they are so nearly empty."

"Empty!" The doctor turned amazed. "Where are all the people, Jane?"

Jessie did smile now, impolite as she feared it was, at the alacrity with which the mild victim wriggled from the corner at the momentary diversion of his jailor's notice, muttered apologetically to the hostess, and got himself out of the apartment and house.

"As I was saying——" pursued the doctor, consulting his handkerchief and collecting his wits—"my objection to Darwin's theory and to the hypothesis advanced by Agassiz is one and the same. I maintain——"

"Dearest husband!" interposed his wife. "Since Mr. Barnard has followed the rest of our friends, suppose we postpone the further discussion of that point until to-morrow. Jessie and I are quite exhausted by the excitement of the evening."

Jessie was sorry for him as he began, with a rueful visage, to disentangle his cambric and his brains.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening," she said, affectionately, going up to bid him "good night."

His eyes cleared at sound of the frank, sweet voice, and the sight of her face. She had never been shy of him, had understood him better and sooner than young girls did generally, and made herself useful to him in many little ways. He caught himself dreaming, sometimes, in looking at and listening to her, of what his life and home might have been, if daughters of his own had graced and blessed it. Jessie had taken very kindly, on her part, to the rustic, eccentric scholar. Roy had made her acquainted with his excellences as well as his peculiarities, and bespoken for him a worthy place in her regard. He talked of "my young friend, Professor Fordham," to her more frequently than he was aware of, won to communicativeness by her deep and evident interest in the theme. She had not thought it best, up to this time, to reveal her engagement to him or to his talkative spouse, although Roy's last letter had gently advised her to do so, at the first favourable opportunity. The doctor might let slip the *morceau* of news in one of his fits of abstraction, while "Cousin Jane" would, she was sure, be in a twitter of mysterious importance, and desire to announce it formally and publicly. And Jessie, being new to the fashionable world, shrank from having her heart-history gossiped about. Her conscience was pricked slightly now for her want of confidence in Roy's dear old co-labourer, as he laid a hand on either shoulder, and gazed steadfastly at her, his hard, Scotch lineaments softening into kindness and paternal affection.

"You are very handsome, my dear! Do you know it?"

Jessie blushed deeply, but she did not laugh or bridle, and her answer was straightforward and unaffected as was the query.

"I have been told so, sir!"

"Very handsome, but somewhat wilful!" continuing

his physiognomical examination. "Undisciplined, too! A warm heart, but hasty judgment. Loving and lovable. A nature powerful for good as for evil. My daughter! when the crisis in your life shall arrive—for there is a turning-point in every human life—hesitate long and pray earnestly that you may be directed into the right path. If you take the wrong, great woe will ensue to yourself and others."

Then, with the grave simplicity that sometimes invested the quaint little man with dignity at which the most irreverent could not mock, he laid his withered hand upon her head:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; make the light of His countenance to shine upon thee, and give thee peace!"

After which he kissed her between the great, solemn eyes, and wished her "sound slumbers and happy dreams."

"It seems a ridiculous thing when it is put into words, but it reminded me of the way Roy used to say 'Good-night,' last summer, at the close of our happiest evenings!" thought Jessie, on her way upstairs, a mist between her and the glittering stair-roads. "Oh! I ought to be a good woman!"

Too much excited by this little episode, or the other events of the evening, to sleep, Jessie sat down by her chamber fire, when she had donned her dressing-gown, and unbound the hair that oppressed her head by its weight of braids. She had kept up her Parsonage habit of reading a portion of Scripture before retiring each night, and her Bible lay upon her knee now, but unopened. She was heavy-hearted, notwithstanding Mrs. Baxter's congratulations and predictions.

Was it home-sickness that painted the images of her father and Eunice in the fiery bed of coals filling her grate? that showed her, in the violet-tinted flames quivering above the ignited mass, her chamber in the manse among the hills; her mother's portrait over the white tent bedstead; her mother's escritoire, between the windows, that contained Roy's letters? Was she already tired of the life that had been so pleasant four hours ago? Was this dissatisfaction with herself, and those with whom she had talked and laughed within that time, satiety or chagrin? She had enjoyed every moment of her visit heretofore, with the avidity of a novice in the scenes to which her cousin's kindness had introduced her; the rides with Mrs. Baxter; the walks with Orrin, and the Hamilton girls who had extended to her a hearty and generous welcome; the parties, lectures, and concerts she had attended; the German and music lessons; the books she read aloud to Mrs. Baxter, and those Orrin had read to them both on the delightful stormy nights that kept other callers away; had caught eagerly at Fanny Provost's offer to teach her billiards, and Orrin's proposal that she should learn to skate. In fact, the day and evening had been so crowded with occupation, recreation, and incident, as to leave her scanty space for letters to Dundee, and oblige her to steal hours from sleep that she

might live her enjoyments over in describing them to Roy. She had studied faithfully, too, and successfully under Orrin's direction, and spurred on by his encouragement. She was sure she could never learn so rapidly and zestfully again. Life seemed such hard and dreary labour.

She wished herself back in the quiet Parsonage, where the evening's talk, music, or reading was seldom interrupted by neighbours or strangers; where one day went by like every other, within doors; where, on snowy afternoons, the ticking of the hall clock could be heard all through the house—by Patsey in the kitchen; by Mr. Kirke in his study; by Eunice, sewing in her room overlooking the churchyard; most distinctly by herself, as she read, drew, or wrote in her favourite oriel, or, in the twilight, walked up and down the parlour, dreaming visions that put winter and gloom to flight—dreams of Roy's return and their united lives. Wished herself back, if she could be once more the girl who had left home six weeks ago. She forgot that latterly she had sickened there in mind and body, under the strain of her grief at Roy's absence, and the pressure of her self-imposed tasks, unrelieved by the divisions needful for a girl of her age and temperament. That life seemed such a safe, wholesome one—simple, pure, pastoral. It beckoned her as might a living friend, beloved and trusted. She verily believed, after the fashion of young and ignorant dreamers, who take to misanthropic reverie at the first blast of disappointment, as a frightened deer to the water, that she had exhausted the pleasures of existence; had proved the gay world, and found it all "hollow, hollow, hollow"—the while she, a *blasé* cynic, could never return to relishful participation in the innocent joys that had once satisfied her.

The touch of Dr. Baxter's hand was yet warm upon her head; the grave accents of his admonition and blessing had scarcely left her ear, but she had no thought that the predicted crisis was upon her; that her feet stood upon the very point where turning was to be blessing or curse. No! she was fatigued in body, unsettled in spirits. The eccentric doctor's warning had joined to the reaction succeeding the excitement of the day, to put her out of conceit with her present mode of life—and Orrin Wyllys was to be out of town for a fortnight.

This was the diagnosis she made of her discontent after an hour's melancholy lucubration over the restless tongues of flame, and their scarlet substratum. All her causes of discomfort were absurd and childish vagaries, she said, severely—excepting the last. And oh! of course, the separation from Roy! Orrin's absence would make her feel this the more—would be an actual trial. For was he not the oldest and best friend she had in America, outside of Dundee? She had thought much, tenderly and regretfully, since she had become so dependent upon Orrin's kindly offices, of her own dead brother, the day-old baby whom she had never seen; who would, had he lived, have been to her all that her brotherly friend was, and more, if

that were possible. She had mourned that little baby always. It is natural for girls to want an older brother upon whom to lean for protection and guidance. She had not guessed what a comfort and joy such would be to her until Roy's adopted brother had, in some degree, supplied this need. She had seen him every day since her arrival in Hamilton, and each interview had strengthened her regard and admiration for him. His interest in her studies, her amusements, her health—in all that went to make up the sum of her earthly happiness, was marked and unvarying. A brother in blood could not have been kinder, more thoughtful, in providing whatever could increase her comfort or contribute to her pleasure. She had learned to expect his coming on the evenings she spent at home; to watch for glimpses of his figure in a crowd of unfamiliar forms and faces; to refer doubtful questions to his arbitrament, and appeal to his sympathy in her moments of sadness and anxiety. In fine, he had gained what may be called Cupid's best vantage-ground; he had rendered himself necessary to her enjoyment and peace of mind. His going made a void in her daily life and in her heart.

Although romantic and immature, she was not weak or mawkish. Therefore she did not repeat, "I never loved a tree or flower," as she ended her musings with a sigh to the memory of the student in foreign lands, and for him to whom she had that night said a tearful "Good-bye." But she remembered both in her prayers. If she named Orrin with more earnestness than breathed in her petitions for Roy's welfare, it was because she believed his present need of comfort to be greater. The very mystery veiling the cause of his unhappiness, led her to dwell upon the subject longer and more interestedly than if he had confided to her the nature of the trouble he was in.

With the morrow came a note:—

"DEAR JESSIE,—I am scribbling this before sunrise on this dark morning, to ask your forgiveness for my abruptness and moodiness last night. I puzzled—may be, pained you—kind heart that you are! Do not let a thought of my unhappiness mar the brightness of your existence, now or ever. If you cannot think of me without sadness, forget me. I could bear that better than the thought that I had distressed you. Believe me you have no truer friend than he who signs himself, in sorrowful sincerity,

"Yours faithfully,

"ORRIN WYLLYS."

"Doesn't he mean to write to me while he is away?" said Jessie, after reading the ten lines through twice, wondering and attentively. "He is evidently in great trouble. If I could only help him!"

If he meant her to forget him, he had taken extraordinary measures to secure this end. At six o'clock every evening, a bouquet was left at Mrs. Baxter's door

for Miss Jessie Kirke. Mr. Wyllys' card accompanied the first. The rest needed no other label than the snow-white cape jessamine, that, lurk in whatever ambush of greenery and bloom it might, was instantly betrayed by its subtle aroma.

Eight days went by more laggingly than Jessie had believed time could pass in Hamilton, and Eunice's weekly bulletin of home news announced that Dundee had been honoured by Mr. Wyllys' presence.

"He spent the Sabbath with us," wrote she. "It was a pleasant day to us all. Mr. Wyllys kindly took my place as organist in church, and played with even more than his usual taste and feeling. His news of you would of itself have made him a welcome guest. His report of your health, sports, and progress in your studies was very favourable. He says, moreover, that Mrs. Baxter will not consent to give you up before spring. Do not abridge your stay, for fear we shall be lonely without you. We miss you, of course, but we are consoled for the pain of separation by the knowledge that you are improving in health, and enjoying social and educational advantages such as our secluded valley cannot furnish.

"I enclose a letter from Roy, directed, as usual, under cover to father. In the accompanying note, he alludes to his gratification at learning that you are so pleasantly situated and happily employed this winter. We are glad that he is heartily in favour of the important step we ventured to take without waiting to consult him.

"I wish you could see your oriel now. Our flowers have flourished this winter as they never did before. The Daphnes are in full bloom; the Stephanotis is almost encumbered by buds; and the fragrant petunias and double nasturtiums (the seed of which Mr. Wyllys gave me in the fall) are thriving bravely, the latter climbing rapidly.

"Our excellent neighbours are very kind and attentive," etc., etc.

Jessie re-read this letter when she had finished Roy's: perused it with a half smile that was more mournful than amused, and an odd stricture about her heart. Eunice's round of duties and pleasures seemed to her like something she had passed—outgrown ages since; yet there was, far down in her spirit, a piteous longing for those gone days. She might be wiser—she was not better or happier for the glimpses lately granted her of a world of stormy and contending passions and mixed motives.

"He spent the Sabbath with us!" she read aloud. "And I was not at home! He said nothing to me of his intention to visit Dundee. Since he has changed his plans in one respect, he may in another, and be absent three or four weeks instead of two. Heigho!"

She folded up her sister's letter, and addressed herself very slowly to the task of getting ready for a party at Judge Provost's, the great house of the town. It was given in honour of a niece of his, who was visiting his daughter, and was to be a grand affair. Jessie had

never attended one half so fine, but she was *ennuyée* in anticipation.

"There will be the stock company of beaux," she meditated. "The one unmarried professor; the ten almost marriageable seniors, and the ten utterly ineligible ones, who are without beards or moneyed capital; the whole army (I had nearly said 'herd') of juniors and sophomores; the dozen or fifteen gentlemen detailed for the occasion from the doctors' and lawyers' offices, and the higher rank of tradespeople in Hamilton. There will be dancing in one parlour and small-talk in another; promenading in the halls and billiard-room; flirtations in all stages among the oleanders and lemon-trees of the conservatory, and a 'jam'—*not* sweet—in the supper-room. As a clergyman's daughter and the guest of a clergyman's wife, I must not dance in public. I am sick to nausea of callow collegians and small-talk, and I don't care for late suppers of indigestible dainties. I would rather spend the evening with Mariana in the moated grange, for that mopish damsel would let me sit still and sulk if I wanted to. And I believe I do!"

"A little more fire, my love!" whispered Mrs. Baxter in the dressing-room, affecting to be busy in shaking out Jessie's pink silk drapery. "I have a presentiment that you are to meet your fate to-night; but you must positively exert yourself to seem less quiet and preoccupied. Repose and lofty indifference are considered well-bred, and are a very safe rôle for the commonplace to adopt; but they are unbecoming to us."

The novice did her best to throw light into her eyes and warmth into her complexion. Being a novice, the attempt was a failure; but Mrs. Baxter, perceiving that ignorance, not obstinacy, hindered the desired effect, forbore to hint that, in spite of Jessie's elegant attire and becoming *coiffure*, she had never seen her look worse. Trusting to the animating influences of the festive scene to restore that which friendly expostulation had proved inefficient to recall, she committed her to the officious homage of young Lowndes, and turned her attention to the part she was herself to play in the evening's drama:

"What a magnificent creature your niece is, Mrs. Baxter; or is she a cousin?" said an elderly gentleman—also one of the judge's visitors—to her, at length.

The pleased and amiable chaperone looked over her shoulder, directed by his gaze, just in time to see Jessie pass, treading as if on air; her eyes luminous orbs of rapture; her cheeks like the inner foldings of a damask rose; her lips apart in a smile, sweet and happy, and her hand on Orrin Wyllys' arm.

## CHAPTER X.

"AND you have really been to Dundee!" Jessie was saying, unconscious that she was clinging to Mr. Wyllys' arm—very slightly, but perceptibly to him, with the glad

hold of one to whom something dear and rare has been restored. "Was this a part of the original plan of your journeyings?"

"No; but my business led me within sight of Old Windbeam—('a frosty pow' his is, just now!)—and it acted upon me as did the Iron Mountain of the Arabian Nights upon the hapless ships that approached it. It drew out the nails of doubt as to the best course for me to pursue; the screws of resolution not to be turned aside by memories of the past and the allurements of the present. To be brief, I collapsed utterly! took the afternoon train to Dundee, and passed, in that retreat from briefs and busybodies, the happiest Sabbath I have known since last August."

"Euna wrote to me about it; the lovely, precise old darling! She never indulges in extravagances upon any subject, but her concise sentences mean much, and these said how she enjoyed the day, and your music. I was envious of her, when I read of it; just for a moment, of course. I have seen so much of you this winter it seemed mean and selfish in me to grudge her one day of like pleasure."

"Envy so groundless could not but be evanescent," said Orrin, with admirable gravity. "But tell me about yourself. What have you been doing while I was away?"

"Cultivating envy, as I said; and, I am not positive, but wrath and all uncharitableness as well. Who is it that confesses to an instant uprising of all that is wicked in his nature at the approach of trouble, while visible blessing always moves him to thankful piety? I am afraid I am similarly constituted. I have been dull and 'dumpish' for a week and more; choosing to quarrel with the three peas under the fourteen feather-beds, rather than enjoy the good that is certainly mine. You see I also am versed in fairy-lore."

"I remember that the disguised princess, at being asked why she was haggard in the morning after the night spent in the forester's cabin, betrayed her gentle breeding by complaining of the lumps in her mountainous couch. Fourteen feather-beds! Think of it! To sleep amid the waves of one of the Dutch abominations is enough to engender dyspepsia, apoplexy, and spleen. But what were the three peas in your bed of roses?"

"It has rained four days out of eight, my Germany letter was behind time, and I missed my brother-cousin at every turn," responded Jessie bravely, vexed that anything in the enumeration should make her cheek put on the sudden flame of poppies.

"Two valid and sufficient reasons for *ennui*! As for the third, and notably the least of all, I thank you for the welcome implied by it. I have missed you, Jessie!"

"But not as I have you!" was the ingenuous response. "I have been homesick, dismal, disagreeable; *horrid* generally. But I spare you the recapitulation. I am very, very happy that you are back again in health,

and,"—faltering a little—"in better spirits than when you left us."

"Mr. Wyllys!" interrupted a consequential personage—a young-old bachelor. "Excuse me, Miss Kirke, but this is business of importance!"

He spoke a sentence aside to Orrin, who replied briefly in the same tone.

"Mr. Hurst is acting as master of ceremonies to-night, *comme à l'ordinaire*," observed Wyllys, moving on with his companion. "How will Hamilton parties get on after he dies, or marries, I wonder? There has been an addition to the ranks of fashion during my absence, I find. I had hardly finished my bow to Mrs. and Miss Provost, when Warren Provost presented me forcibly to Miss Sanford. I learned, before I went three steps farther, that this party is given to Miss Sanford, and now Mr. Hurst tells me that I am expected, presently, to dance with Miss Sanford. Who is Miss Sanford?"

Jessie comprehending, at once, that he shunned further reference to the state of his spirits at their parting, followed his lead away from the subject with alacrity.

"Miss Sanford is the daughter of Judge Provost's sister, and *such* an heiress! An American Miss Burdett Coutts, if half the stories in circulation about her be true. She is the only child of a five-millionaire, and has, besides, a million in her own right, inherited from her mother. Poor thing! what a nuisance it must be to be so *horribly* rich!" commented the country girl who thought herself wealthy with her mother's wedding portion of ten thousand dollars, carefully husbanded by her father against her majority or marriage.

"If another woman than Jessie Kirke had said that, I should have supposed she was in jest," said Orrin. "I believe you mean what you say. But why? Many and sweet are the uses of money."

"Why do I regard it as a misfortune for a woman to be immensely rich? Because she can never be sure of true friend or lover. Because she seldom escapes one of two evils, dupedom or misanthropy. It must be almost an impracticable task for a great heiress to satisfy herself that she is not wooed *pour les beaux yeux de ses écus*."

"But if there are no other *beaux yeux* in the case—her own being, we will say, leaden—should she not congratulate herself that she has one talisman that will win attention and regard?"

"Regard!" echoed Jessie, incredulously.

"And why not? She typifies bank stock, real estate, ready money, to the adorer of these. He worships *them*, it is true, but through her, as discriminating Romanists try to make us believe that they adore the Virgin Mary by the help of her images."

"And as Dr. Baxter told me the other day, Aaron and his crew of apostate ingrates bowed down to the molten calf as the representative of the Egyptian Apis," put in Jessie, sarcastically. "If a woman can content herself with that sort of worship, put herself on a par with the



goose that laid the golden egg, she wants neither affection nor pity."

"Yet I'll warrant that the famous goose preened herself alongside of the most gorgeous peacock in the barnyard—accounted herself the equal of the stateliest swans. There are as many purse-proud women as men. Millionaires of both sexes do not scorn the court paid to their money through themselves. On the contrary, they would be piqued and offended if their dollars were not duly appreciated. Novels and sentimentalists tell us that the unhappy possessors of princely fortunes desire to be loved and sought for their intrinsic virtues, whereas the great mass—especially of women—who are wedded for their riches, are quite alive to the truth that this is so, and are far from being wounded thereby. They are neither dupes nor misanthropes, but sensible practical bodies who regard their property as a part of themselves, soul of their soul, and unhesitatingly appropriate all the advantages it buys, pluming themselves, as a rule, upon their ability to command service and fidelity. You shake your head? Let me illustrate from real life. I was talking, some time ago, with a married lady whom nobody had ever, in my hearing, called weak-minded, even behind her back. I had known her for many years, and she had opened up her mind to me freely, with regard to her courtship by, and marriage to, the man of her choice. 'I feared, at one time, that I had lost him for ever,' she said. 'He was quite assiduous in his attention to another young lady who was pretty, elegant, and accomplished. I was very unhappy, for he had never declared his intentions to me. But she had not money enough to suit his notions of the fitness of things,'—I quote literally. 'So he came back to me. Wasn't I thankful then that my dear father had provided for me handsomely, and thus secured my happiness for life!'"

"A clever anecdote, considering it is impromptu!" said wilful Jessie, with an air of superb disbelief. "If I could credit it, and you——"

"You would cease to commiserate heiresses!" finished Wylls. "For myself, I have an antipathy to the whole class. All whom I have had the misery of knowing were sordid, self-conceited, and rapacious of admiration to a degree that passed understanding and disgust."

He dropped his voice, for the crowd immediately about them had grown still and attentive.

Miss Sanford was going to sing. Jessie and her escort chanced to be near the piano, and had a fine view of her as she was led to the instrument by an ambitious senior, whom she loaded down with her bouquet, gloves, fan, handkerchief, and gold vinaigrette. She was probably about twenty-five years of age, but this was a difficult point to determine from her appearance, her hair, eyebrows, and complexion being so light, that, as Jessie afterwards said to Mrs. Baxter, she looked as if she might have lain for forty-eight hours in a bath of caustic soda and water—the preliminary process in the preparation of the phantom bouquets the President's lady was skilled in

arranging. Miss Sanford was thin and bony. "Scraggy," one would have termed her, had she belonged to the so-called inferior animals. Her eyes were a pale, fixed blue, like those of a china doll; her lips met scantily over teeth that were unpleasantly prominent; she had a receding chin, a sharp nose, and a low forehead. A homely, shrewish-looking girl to the uninstructed eye. Yet her air showed that she was accustomed to receive court from the sophisticated multitude, the many who were awake to the fact that she was the undoubted mistress of charms not to be adequately expressed by less than seven figures. Her dress was a walking advertisement of her pretensions to this intelligent homage, being mauve satin, flounced with point lace. It was cut too low upon the flat chest and prominent shoulder-blades, but the region thus left bare was made interesting to feminine eyes by a magnificent diamond necklace. Bracelets to match loaded her meagre wrists, and were pushed up ostentatiously before she put her fingers on the key-board, with a coquettish grimace at her cavalier.

"I don't sing ballads," Jessie and Orrin heard her say, tossing her head one-sidedly—a frequent trick with her, since it set her earrings to dancing until the precious stones seemed to emit sparks of real fire. "Ballad music is considered so low in refined circles. I have never cultivated any but the classical style—operas, you know, bravuras and arias, and all that, you know. Let me treat you to my favourite, just the *sweetest* thing you ever heard, from 'La Traviata.' I perfectly dote upon it."

She played a thumping prelude and accompaniment in villanous time; her voice was shallow and shrill; she made audacious dashes at trills and cadenzas, her feeble pipe breaking down upon the ascending, and breaking up upon the descending scale. A more lamentable and witless travestie of operatic execution could hardly have been conceived of. The Italian words were made a thing of no account whatever.

"Her resources are wonderful," said Orrin, under cover of the buzz of compliments and thanks that succeeded the song. "When she forgot what came next, she substituted something of her own composition—in the Kaffir dialect, I think—with a readiness and coolness truly astounding. Honour bright now," laughing down mischievously into his companion's eyes, "what has this little scene reminded you of—something you have hitherto viewed as a caricature?"

"I won't tell you!"

But Jessie's face was alive with fun. It might not be—it certainly was not—altogether kind or well-bred in her to join in ridiculing the host's niece, but it was "only Orrin," and so long as his comments were for her ear alone, no harm was done.

"You need not! Miss Swartz has arisen above such 'low style' as 'Blue-eyed Mary' and 'That Air from the Cabinet,' but she can still 'sing Fluvy du Tajy if she had the words.' Indeed, being bent upon fascination, she sings it, words or no."

He had found Jessie and Mrs. Baxter deep in "Vanity Fair" one evening, had taken the book and read aloud several chapters, including "The quarrel about an heiress."

"Yet you will not let me say, 'Poor Miss Swartz!'" said Jessie.

"Certainly not; she is in Paradise. Reserve your pity for me, who am doomed to ask her to waltz soon as this part of the exhibition is over. Hark! another sweet selection! This time from 'Der Freischutz'—Agatha's prayer, done into boarding-school German *patois*, varied by the amazing improvisations aforesaid. For Heaven's sake! come away into the conservatory. Even 'when music, heavenly maid, was *very* young,' a baby in the cradle, she never squalled like that!"

Jessie could not help laughing at his whimsical impatience. Mirth came easily to-night. The surprise and joy of her friend's return had exhilarated her. The very freedom of his comments upon others made her feel the entireness of their mutual confidence. His talking to her in this strain was a direct compliment to her discretion. It was delightful to see him gay once more—to believe that his light rattle was the overflow of a heart as full and happy as her own.

He lingered with her in the conservatory until the indefatigable Mr. Hurst came to hunt him up.

"You will let me take you in to supper?" said Wylls, pulling himself up with graceful unwillingness from the fantastic root seat beside the fountain. "Where shall I find you, if I survive the next half hour?"

"Here!" glancing up brightly. "It is cool and quiet, and my feet ache with standing. Don't send anybody to me, please! I shall sit here, and rest and think—ponder seriously upon the miseries of the rich, the compensations of the poor."

Orrin had chosen their resting-place in the leafy boudoir with his habitual sagacity, having an eye both to ease and the semi-privacy which confidential friends find so enjoyable in the neighbourhood of a crowd. An osier frame overrun with ivy, screened Jessie on the left from any save very prying eyes; a barricade of lemon and orange trees towered at the back; in front, the fountain, showering from peak and sides of a rock-work pyramid, cast a shimmering veil between her and the archway, closing up a vista of vines and shrubs, through which issued music and the hum of many voices with the rhythmical beat of feet. Jessie listened to the merry din, the nearer dash of the glittering drops into the basin at her feet; and inhaling the perfume of the exotics behind her, smiled a happy little smile in remembrance of her scornful weariness in predicting the flirtations among the oleanders and lemon trees. She had no prevision then that she should sit here with one chosen companion, talking freely and gladly of all that was in her heart; none of the gentle and lovely reverie to which he had left her.

From a great globe of ground glass overhead, efful-

gence like that of a midsummer moon streamed down upon the falling water; the trailing grasses and clinging mosses upon the stones were threaded with tiny brilliants; the broad wet leaves of the aquatic plants overhanging and growing within the marble reservoir were washed with silver. A single lily arose, pure and proud, from a clump of luxuriant flags. Tall ferns standing motionless on the thither margin, made a miniature brake of an alley that stretched away into cool green dimness. A bed of musk-plant yielded up languorous sighs to the warmed air. All that was sensuous in temperament and artistic in taste made response to the influence of the place and hour. Jessie gave herself up to it without resistance, laid her head against the tortuous scroll-work of the high back of the settee, and dreamed. The evening had been triumphant, intoxicating to her. The evening she would have preferred to spend with dolorous Mariana!

She whispered the familiar lines to herself:

"All day, within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creaked;  
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about."

But that was nothing! I dare say the Grange was a commodious, respectable family mansion; that it would have been as beautiful as the Alhambra to the poor girl, had the faithless lover kept his tryst. "'He cometh not," she said!' That was the key to the desolation without and within. I had not believed that I could be so glad to see any one except Roy, as I am to meet Orrin again. He has a look like his cousin sometimes. I never noticed it before as I have to-night;—a look that gives me a sense of safety and companionship when with him, which makes sadness and homesickness impossibilities. It is *good* to have a friend upon whom I can lean my whole weight without fear of causing weariness—in whose society I can be frankly, fearlessly, joyously, *myself*!"

There were but two or three couples in the conservatory beside herself, and they, too, seemed to be lulled into silent musing by the subdued lights and odorous airs of the fairy-like haunt. Perhaps some of the dancers found fault with the draught from the archway, for Jessie saw Warren Provost and Mr. Hurst let down the damask curtains which had been looped back from it. She drew a deeper breath of content in the feeling of increased seclusion. Now that the music, the babble of human tongues, and the tramp of a hundred waltzers were muffled, a mocking-bird from his concealed cage in an acacia tree began to sing. First came a chirp of alarm as if he had just awakened from dreams of tropical skies and magnolia groves—then a trial trill, a gush of liquid melody, clear and soft as the ripple of a mountain rivulet. Next, he whistled, still softly, but with marvellous correctness and sweetness, a flute waltz Jessie had heard

Orrin Wylls play last summer. She smiled and murmured in her trance,—

"Everything associated with him is pure pleasure!"

Nobody could be moody or dull when he chose to please and interest. To her, his coming was like the spreading of the sun rays down the mountain sides and through the valley on summer mornings, steeping the commonplace in beauty; making of native loveliness a witching miracle. Dear, dear Roy! She owed this great happiness also to him. He had reckoned wisely and lovingly in committing her to the care of this guardian.

The band struck up a march. The blare of the instruments burst unwelcomely upon her rosy dreams. She aroused herself with a start to see the curtains pulled back. The mocking-bird ceased his song abruptly. The waltzers, panting and flushed, thronged the narrow aisles of the conservatory; chattered and flitted among the foliage like bright-plumaged, loud-voiced parrots. Miss Sanford was conspicuous among them, leaning palpably upon her escort's arm. Her affected laugh grated unpleasantly upon Jessie's ears, every few seconds. She was in exuberant spirits; in high good-humour with herself, and, presumably, with her partner.

"Oh! that darling beauty of a lily!" she cried, pushing roughly past the ivied screen, to get a closer view of the proud, pale princess of the fountain. "I wanted you should see it! Fanny Provost, my cousin, goes just crazy over it. It was brought to her all the way from the Nile, or the Ganges, or the Amazon, or some other of those stupid rivers in Europe, whose names I always forget—by her beau. You know she is engaged to Lieutenant Averill of the Navy? Everybody who is anybody announces engagements nowadays, as soon as the matter is settled by what my uncle, Judge Provost, calls the high contracting parties. It is a nice fashion. Don't you think so? I do think an engagement must be just the cunningest, sweetest thing in the world!"

"That depends, in a great measure, upon who the high contracting parties are, I suppose," replied Orrin, with the slightest imaginable glance in the direction of the concealed spectator, but one in which she read a drollery of appeal that wrought irresistibly upon her risibles.

Miss Sanford tittered. "I declare I am afraid of you, Mr. Wylls! You are so sarcastic! Of course, that was what I meant. One takes that for granted always. But it must be just too sweet for two people who are devoted to one another, and who are of suitable ages and prospects, and all that, you know, to promise that they will just perfectly adore one another, till death, you know. At least, that is the way I look at it. I am so womanly, Mr. Wylls! I often tremble at the thought of buffeting the world. Everybody is so absorbed in their own selfish interests. My cousin, Mrs. Morris—the ex-chancellor's lady, you know—says I am a sensitive plant, not fit to meet the rough winds of life."

With the ventriloquial knock that belongs to the

genuine slayer of hearts, Orrin made his reply inaudible to any one but the woman at his side, who flushed up eagerly, and fanned herself in naïve agitation.

"I wish I could think so, Mr. Wylls! It is ever so kind in you to wish it, I am sure. But men—and I am ashamed to say it—women, too, are such awful flatterers! And appearances are so deceitful! Nobody would believe, for instance, that I, with everything—comparatively speaking you know—to make me happy, should pine for a kindred heart—one that would beat responsive to mine. True, one person cannot have everything, you know. There! I've tore my lace flounce upon that ugly cactus! Just see, Mrs. Saville!" to a lady who was passing, revealing the extent of the rent. "The first time I have ever worn it, too! I don't know what my careful papa will say. It was a present from him. But, la! who cares? If he scolds, I'll punish him by paying for it myself. That will just break his heart. Nothing puts him out so much as for me to remind him that I can be independent of him if I choose. That is the way with all you gentlemen—isn't it, Mr. Wylls?" staring boldly—she fancied engagingly—up at him. "You would have us owe everything to you. Bless me! can that be supper? And just as we are having such a sweet, romantic time! Isn't this the most delicious bower in Christendom? I tease my cousin Fanny by insisting that Lieutenant Averill couldn't help proposing when once she had got him in here. Not that it can compare in size with our conservatory. Ours is connected, too, with the graperies, which makes it perfectly immense. Where can Mr. Romondt be? He saw me come in here, I am certain, for we passed him in the door. He was to take me in to supper, but I am not in the habit of waiting for my escorts. It would be just too funny if I—of all the women here—should be thrown upon your protection in the character of the deserted maiden—wouldn't it?"

"The bliss of succouring you is not to be mine, at present, it seems," said Orrin, with an adroit, backward bow, as Mr. Romondt hurried upon the scene, full of apologies, to claim his convoy.

A new caprice seized the belle.

"I protest *he* ought to be the deserted one, in punishment for his tardiness!" regaining her hold of Mr. Wylls' elbow, and making a resentful *moue* at the derelict gallant. "I have half a mind to go off with you and leave him to solitary regrets. Suppose, if I trust myself to him, my barque should be shipwrecked on the journey?"

It was an awkward moment. The heiress' look and action plainly testified that hers was no "half mind" to commit herself to the pilotage of the man who had not invited such a display of confidence. Wylls extricated himself promptly and creditably, and as if her proposal were entirely decorous and ladylike. He had too much sense and tact ever to patronize one of his own sex, and owed much of his popularity to the air of respectful *bon-*

*homie* with which he now turned to the perspiring and rebuked Romondt.

"Do not try fallible humanity beyond endurance, Miss Sanford! It is hard to be just and magnanimous in the face of such a temptation, but right is right. Mr. Romondt! grant me the honour of becoming your security for the safe and pleasant transfer of *la reine du bal* to the supper-room."

Jessie was quivering with merriment in her sheltered nook.

"I have been in mortal terror lest I should not be

launched at all, but be left high and hungry upon the stocks!" she cried gayly, at her attendant's approach. "And supper is one of the substantial blessings of life, when one has a good appetite."

Orrin feigned to wipe the dews of exhaustion from his brow with a despairing flourish of his handkerchief.

"At last I am at your service. You must stay me with flagons (of champagne), and comfort me with (pine) apples;" he said, profanely enough, "for I am sick of heiresses!"

#### LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.—IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridicule that has always been poured upon the habit of paying calls and receiving callers, it is a necessary custom in existing society, and its rules must be known to any woman who means to frequent society.

There are many occasions on which calls should be paid. They may be ranged under three heads: congratulatory calls, condolence calls, and calls of courtesy. At the head of the congratulatory calls are those paid to a bride as soon as she is settled in her new home. Her parents receive callers immediately after the engagement is announced, and after the marriage has taken place. When any of your friends have a child born to them, it is your duty to call with your congratulations, as soon as the mother is well enough to receive you. These calls are not made quite so soon as they were in the Middle Ages, when the lady received her visitors while she was still in bed. In these reunions, without the constraint of the opposite sex, the lady visitors seemed to have let their tongues run at their ease, for all scandalous gossip used to be called "lying-in tales."

Besides the two grand occasions of marriages and births, it is usual when any other cause for congratulation arises, for friends to offer their good wishes in person.

The condolence calls are paid when any sorrow or domestic calamity befalls friends or acquaintances, and one of the most difficult tasks of life accomplished—condolence and sympathy offered. I say difficult, for most people, because only a very few know how to offer sympathy, and bring balm to a wound instead of irritation. There are people who possess this marvellous gift, whose very presence in a house of mourning brings a kind of respite from pain, but they are few. It requires the greatest tact and the most sincere feeling to bring consolation where it is needed, especially in England, where people are generally shy about their sentiments, and rarely wear their hearts on their sleeves.

It is hardly necessary to say that in this sort of visit there should be no hasty intrusion upon the trouble and grief of acquaintances. Of course, if you are friends in the deep true sense of the word, you cannot too quickly show that there is love and sympathy still left, no matter what is gone. To insure oneself against indiscretion with acquaintances it is best to send inquiries, and it has become the custom to "return thanks for kind inquiries," and after these have been received, the call may be paid.

Calls of courtesy are made in the country upon people when they first come into the neighbourhood, and in a town after an introduction has been made through some mutual friend. These formal visits should always be returned within three or four days. What are called in France "Digestion calls," that is, after you have been out to a dinner, etc., are paid in a few days after the event. If you cannot go, you must leave cards at the door or send them.

The hours for calling are from two to six p.m. You must be very intimate to call before two or after six. On any occasions of a formal character, cards must be left. A lady leaves her own and two of her husband's—one for the gentleman of the house, and the other for the lady. When a lady leaves her husband's cards she must place them on the hall table, and not leave them in the drawing-room on her departure, as the custom used to be. If the persons upon whom you call are not at home, you turn down one corner of your card, which means that you have called in person. When you send cards with inquiries, a servant must take them.

For first visits in town, exactly the opposite rule must be observed to those in the country. When you arrive in town, you call and leave your card to inform your acquaintances of your arrival. Whilst in the country, you wait till you have been called upon. Of course this custom has its *raison d'être*. Your friends cannot be expected to know of your presence in a large



town, whereas in the country, every event is known directly.

Cards now are unostentatious and plain, unglazed, and the simpler the better; the gentleman's smaller than the lady's. Name and address are printed in ordinary type. Married people often have names together on one card, so—

MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

*Kingshurst.*

Unmarried daughters have their names put under their mother's—

Mrs. BANNISTER.

Miss BANNISTER.

*The Laurels.*

Young men often discard the "Mr.," and simply have their names thus—

JOHN FRANKLIN DAVIES.

All official and honorary titles are omitted except for official visits.

Many people are puzzled by the initials P. D. A., or P. P. C. in the right-hand corner of visiting cards; the former means *pour dire adieu*, and the latter, *pour prendre congé*. They are added when a call is made for the purpose of leave-taking, and should be left before any lengthened absence from the neighbourhood.

A would-be "Saviour of society" (not Mr. Brown-ing's) says that he should like different names of different calls. "When a fine lady, having a new-fashioned suit of clothes, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her friends in one day, I am for an abridgment of the word, and would call it a *vis*. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a country dinner with country friends, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have called that

a *visit*. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months at a house, I call that a *visitation*."

A formal call should never last longer than a quarter of an hour. If when you call there are visitors there already, you leave sooner. When the mistress of the house receives her friends, she does not introduce them. She rises and gives a chair near her to the last comer. The gentlemen get up as visitors enter, but the ladies keep their seats. When visitors leave, the lady rings the bell, and a servant should be near to open the door. If the gentleman of the house is present, he accompanies the guests to the door and puts the ladies in their carriage. A gentleman should bring his hat and stick into the room and keep them in his hand.

It is rude to keep visitors waiting, it is much more polite to appear as you are than to keep people waiting while you change your dress. If, however, you have unavoidably kept your visitors waiting, do not "confound yourself" in apologies; if you can, state calmly the reason and then say nothing more about it.

It is rude to take either children or dogs when you go to pay a visit.

When you call with a letter of introduction, which, by-the-bye, should be left open, you should leave your card and the letter, and not go in, as it is awkward to read a letter before the person whom it concerns.

In America, a letter of introduction means much more than it does in England. Here, you give a dinner to the friend of your friend, and you have done with him, but on the other side of the Atlantic they have kept the hospitable customs of their ancestors and yours. They, their houses, their servants, and their carriages are yours while they entertain you. They are careful to entertain strangers; the English often forget that they miss angels as well as bores.

## A DAY DREAM.

ALL thro' the brightly-broidered hours  
That pass with song and story,  
We sit and dream of fadeless flowers  
In far-off fields of glory;

And catch the rhythmic flow of tunes  
That chime with love's own calling,  
When into happiest of swoons  
The golden days are falling.

But in the land that leaneth down  
To the eternal river,  
Our lives will wear their olden crown  
Forever and forever!

And days will come, and days will go,  
And calmful dreams will reach us,  
And the life we vainly cry for  
God's tenderest love will teach us.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE most important question just now in the department of Fashions is the new shape to be adopted for spring and summer hats and bonnets.

not seen anything like the classical head-inclosing bonnet of former times. Some are in the shape of a cone with the point cut off, some squarish, some



180.—FICHU OF BLACK SICILIAN CLOTH (BACK).

The shapes in themselves, and examined minus trimmings, are odd looking enough. They all look like fantastically turned-up and bent-about hats. We have

toquet shaped with a funnel-shaped border turned up all round, and some oval with sloped off brim and a sort of pleated curtain behind (this is the Charlotte

**Corday**). It would be useless to give a list of names for all these shapes, as these names vary at each *modiste's*. The typical shapes, however, besides this Charlotte Corday, are the Dubarry, broad brimmed,

the Maréchale, with its mantilla and lapels. There are also various models of capotes with wide strings, either in brocaded lampas or in tulle and lace.

Hats are also of diverse shapes. There is the



181.—FICHU OF BLACK SICILIAN CLOTH (FRONT).

and sloped off all round; the Chloé, with border turned up en coup de vent; the Erignon sloped down over the eyes, and turned up at the back with loops of faille or ribbon; and the Watteau, coquettishly turned up on one side, with a flower or aigrette; and

Henri III., the Louis Quatorze, and the Directoire. They are for the most part high-crowned and broad-brimmed. The large Leghorn hat will still be very fashionable for the garden and country. The Volontaire has a somewhat conical crown, and extremely



narrow brim, it has no trimming but a black silk ribbon or braid, with tiny bow and buckle round the crown, like a man's hat. In fact, the styles adopted are very different, ranging from widest to narrowest brim, from low square crown to the most overpoweringly high calotte.

Among the made-up and trimmed bonnets we have seen, one of the prettiest is a Charlotte Corday, of Leghorn straw, lined with drawn light rose-coloured taffetas, and a *ruche* of the same, with a cluster of *noisette* roses upon the left side. A wide *echarpe* of rose-coloured and white brocaded lampas ribbon is folded round the crown, and forms a bow of many loops at the side, fastening on a spray of *noisette* roses.

Another is a Dubarry bonnet of fancy grey straw; the broad, sloped-off border is lined with *cerise* silk, and bound with grey velvet. The crown is trimmed with tastefully-disposed *coques* of grey velvet, and grey faille of a lighter shade of grey, with clusters of *Pyrus Japonica* blossoms over both border and crown.

A Chloé bonnet is of white tulle, beaded with white jet and trimmed with white blond. The border is very high in the middle of the front, and lower at the sides, but sloped off very much all round. A handsome white ostrich feather is curled round inside this border over a *torsade* of pale blue silk. A cluster of pale pink roses is placed on the top of the crown, and a *torsade* of pale blue silk goes round the crown, and is veiled over with white-beaded blond. Two long white feathers droop over the crown. This bonnet is suitable for the theatre or concert-room; or for very ceremonious visits. It will be less dressy, but still very tasteful, of black-beaded tulle and blond, trimmed with flowers of any colour to match the dress.

A Trianon bonnet is of white English straw, trimmed across the front, with a strip of rose-coloured brocaded ribbon, and at the back with a bow of several wide *coques* of the same. All the front part of the crown and sloped border are covered with clusters of white and pink May blossoms, delightfully true to nature.

A Watteau, of rice straw, is lined with pale blue taffetas, and turned up at the side with a spray of monthly roses. An *echarpe* of blue crepe de chine is tastefully draped round the crown with a wreath of rose-buds, which is finished at the back with a large cluster of the same.

And a capote of mauve crepe lisse is trimmed with white blond and clusters of Parmese violets. A bow of white lace and mauve taffetas completes the trimming at the back, and there are mauve taffetas strings edged with white lace.

As for hats, we will merely describe the three following:—

First, a *chapeau de courses*, of bronze-coloured straw, trimmed with faille and velvet of two shades of bronze, relieved by a crimson *aigrette*. This hat is in the *Directoire* shape.

Then a hat for promenade au Bois, in the Louis Quatorze shape, of black straw, turned up with bright blue velvet, and trimmed with two feathers, one blue and one black.

And thirdly, a Henri III. hat of grey faille turned up with a darker shade of grey velvet. A long plume naturelle is curled over this hat quite in the style of the period, and fastened with a jewelled *agraffe*. This elegant *chapeau* was destined to be worn with a costume of cashmere and faille in two shades of grey to correspond.

As the season advances, other models of hats, for travelling, for the country and garden, will be introduced. At present they are only worn by youthful ladies at the spring races, or in the Bois. They should, as nearly as possible, be matched with the costume, for to dress en suite is still the great test of good taste in modern fashions, and this *assortiment* of every item of the toilette one with the other has become a still more difficult and complicated affair since so many shades of colour are used in each part of the dress; for each shade must reappear in bonnet, dress, confection, and even *chaussures*, without forgetting gloves and sunshade.

The striped and à carreaux materials, of which we have already spoken, make a nice change in the trimmings of the toilette, or as a combination with self-coloured tissues, both new and pretty.

Thus a very tasteful, simple, but stylish spring costume is of self-coloured, fawn-coloured beige, and the same material à carreaux in softly graduated tints of the same colour. The skirt is of the self-coloured beige with one deep flounce of the same, above which there is a narrower flounce of the checked beige, cut on the cross, and but very slightly gathered. A *tablier* of the checked beige is trimmed with a bias of the same. This *tablier* is draped very high at the side, and finished, being in two shawl lappets. The *cuirasse* bodice is of the same pattern as the *tablier*, and open en chale in front with a fluting of the self-coloured material, finished by a bow of ribbon to match. The sleeves are also of the plain material, with double frillings and bows at the wrists.

Another beige costume is partly self-coloured and partly striped. The self-coloured material is steel grey, the stripes are of two shades of grey, divided by streaks of bright blue. The grey skirt is trimmed with a flounce cut on the cross, and above this with five narrow *coulisse* bouillons, each divided by stitched bias; all this trimming is of the striped material. Watteau polonaise of the self-coloured grey beige, very long in front, but caught up very high at the back, with lappets of the striped beige; a bias of this same striped material goes round the edge of the polonaise. This long-waisted, tight-fitting polonaise is trimmed all the way down in front with a very narrow bouillon and frilling of the striped beige. The sleeves are also striped; they are cut on the cross, and trimmed round the wrists with narrow bouillons and frillings of the self-coloured beige. The cuirasse-shaped bodice is finished round the throat with



a small striped collar. There is a large square pocket, trimmed with striped bias, upon the right side of the polonaise.

For more dressy toilettes taffetas is very fashionable this spring, either plain or striped.

Here is a very distingué costume of Grisaille taffetas. The skirt has two flounces, each headed with a narrow bouillon and fluting. The tablier is divided in the middle of the front part by a double trimming, consisting of a coulissé bouillon, with narrow heading on each side; the same trimming goes all round the edge. The tablier is very long in front, but caught up very short at the back, where it is also divided, and then joined together again with a large bow and lapels of taffetas. Cuirasse bodice, with trimming to match that of the tablier round the bottom; same trimming also put on en cœur over the front part of the bodice, which may be worn open or not, according to taste, and finished with a bow.

Another costume is of claret-coloured taffetas. The semi-trained skirt is trimmed with three gathered flounces, the upper one finished with a bias and fluted heading. A long tablier, merely piped round, without

any trimming, is caught up rather low at the back, with a very wide bow of brocaded lampas ribbon to match; this, however, may be exchanged for plain taffetas like the dress, but the brocaded lampas ribbon is very fashionable. The cuirasse bodice, deeply peaked in front and at the back, is perfectly plain. Dresses of mohair or sultane can be made up after the same pattern.

In new confections for the spring we notice the Stella cuirasse of black cashmere, embroidered all over with jet beads, and fringed with the same at the edges. This cuirasse is perfectly tight fitting, with deep gored basque, peaked in front and at the back, and no sleeves.

The Visite, a semi-tight jacket of black faille, made short at the back, with long fronts and dolman sleeves, and trimmed with black guipure, or Chantilly lace, headed with a handsome border of beaded passementerie; this trimming goes all round the edge and up the middle of the back, and also over the outer seam of the sleeves.

And the pelerine à La Maréchale, a circular of black cashmere or faille, fitted at the waist behind, and loose in front, trimmed with black lace and passementerie, or with plissés and silk fringe.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

1. Bride's dress of white faille, or Sicilienne. Trained skirt, mounted in the Bulgarian fold at the back, pleated across the front in pleats which point upwards. The tablier is trimmed down the middle with a coulissé in four rows of gathers. One of the sides is trimmed with a coquillé of white lace. A double flounce of faille and lace terminates the tablier. Bodice, with long point in front and at the back. Sleeves pleated like the tablier, with coulissé down the middle, finished at the wrist with a cuff made of two rows of lace placed edge to edge, with a roll of faille between. Lace collarette and faille ribbon cravat. Wreath of orange blossoms and à la Juive veil, falling to the lower edge of the train at the back.

2. Dress for a young mother in grey faille. Trained skirt with Bulgarian fold, trimmed to half the height of the front, with bouillonnés and coulissés bands, headings

lined and bound with pink. These bands are arranged so that each heading covers the edge of the former band. Flat, square tablier, trimmed with double pleatings, and bias bands, bound with pink. Habit bodice, with flat basques in front, bound with pink and trimmed with two rows of pleatings. The back is in four parts. Consequently, there is a seam in the middle, and each part is continued in long ends, which meet in the middle of the skirt, and are tied in a bow with falling, fringed ends. All the seams of the bodice are piped with pink. The skirts of the habit, as well as the bow, are lined with pink silk. The top of the bodice is trimmed with a turned-down open collar in pink faille. The sleeve has a pink cuff, with grey faille bias and pleatings. Fine white lace lingerie.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

### LADY'S JACKET BODICE.

The bright spring weather always brings us light and pretty fabrics for new dresses, etc., therefore we cannot do better than give our readers a stylish jacket bodice pattern, suitable for any of the new materials. The great novelty in this pattern is the basque, which is rather deep behind; the side piece is laid over the back,

this latter is arranged in a single pleat at the waist, and carried under the side piece and joined at the extreme end to the seam under the arm. It thus forms a double tab. The pattern consists of six pieces, viz., the front, side piece, half of back, upper and under portion of sleeve, and cuff.

## Indoor Dress.



182.—INDOOR DRESS.

182.—INDOOR DRESS.

Dress of violet poul de soie, the skirt trained and raised en pouf. The front breadth trimmed from the waist with bands of velvet, and having on each side a vertical pleated frill of poul de soie. Jacket bodice trimmed with bands of velvet. Echarpe of a paler shade of violet poul de soie.



### Spring Toilet.



183.—SPRING TOILET.

183.—SPRING TOILET.

Skirt, tunic, and bodice of grey blue serge. The skirt is trained, and trimmed at the lower edge with five graduated bands of worsted braid. Jacket bodice trimmed to correspond, and having a narrow frill of the serge arranged half-way to the waist, where it is terminated by a bow of blue grey silk. Pockets of serge, and fancy buttons on the cuffs.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

I PROMISED in my first letter on the subject of Something to Do few words on Wood-cutting; but since writing that, I have met with a little book, a slight sketch of the contents of which may prove generally useful to our readers than the meagre information I could offer on one special subject. This little book is called "The Year Book of Women's Work," and is published with the view of giving assistance to women who are seeking employment with remuneration. Many of our readers, no doubt, are anxious for something to do merely for the sake of doing something, filling up empty, and brightening colourless lives. Work brings brightness, if it is congenial work. But some of our readers may be obliged to seek for a path in life which shall lead to independence, and for these I quote the admirable words of the author in her preface:—

"A voluntary acquiescence in any ideal short of the highest possible to each individual is the first step towards deterioration of the whole character, and I therefore beg no woman to feel herself degraded by the discovery that she has to earn her own living, but rather to welcome the necessity as a divinely-appointed ordinance, by which she may, if she will, mount higher in the scale of humanity, and perform her portion of its duties still

" 'All for love, and nothing for reward.' "

Those who are not born in the ranks of life in which women are worked as well as men, are, even in these enlightened days, too apt to think that working for bread is a disgraceful thing. If we could count the women who now, in Great Britain, lead lives bare of enjoyment, stripped of grace and narrowed to a line, by living on insufficient incomes, we should find hundreds such. Rather than "demean themselves" by engaging in any remunerative employment, they live without books, except stray volumes which are lent, and with very little society, because they are not rich enough to entertain their friends in return, until mind and spirit become cramped and dwarfed, and the only amusement they can afford themselves—petty gossip about their neighbours' affairs—becomes the occupation of their lives. If such women were to take up some employment and throw their energies into it, they would be better as well as happier, and we should have fewer Mrs. Grundies. And nothing stands in the way of this freer, nobler life but a foolish pride that will—let us hope it—be old-fashioned and out-of-date in another fifty years.

The review taken in the Year Book of the employments to which women have been admitted, proves that new paths are now being opened to those of us who want "Something to Do." Book-keeping was once exclusively a man's employment; but now there are many women book-keepers. In Leeds a lady has been employed by a well-known firm, as overseer of the women employed in its factories; and in some of the large shops in London where numbers of young women are engaged, the same idea has been put in practice, to result, doubtless, in the best effects to both employer and employed.

Owing to the increasing demand for infant-schools on the Kindergarten system, the author tells us,

"There is hardly a large town in England where a lady, thoroughly versed in the real system, taught by Frobel's disciples (not in the base imitations which too often pass current for it here), might not earn a good living by keeping an infant-school of perhaps two grades, one for the children of gentlefolks, and another for those of tradespeople."

There is a demand for lady lecturers on sanitary subjects, and also on cooking; and women secretaries are now frequently met with, whereas, a few years ago, such a thing was almost unknown.

On the subject of wood-engraving our author says:

"Engraving on wood is well adapted for ladies, either as an agreeable and interesting occupation, or as a remunerative employment. The wood blocks and few engraving tools, being small and clean, can be carried in a work-bag of moderate size, and be ready at all times to take up. Hand impressions can be taken, to show the progress of the work, or the final result.

"To a lady who could copy diagrams, or design other more ornamental subjects, to superadd wood-cutting, after designs made *on the block*, would be a pleasing pursuit, easily acquired. With a few hints from a wood-engraver, in a single conversation, I found no difficulty in executing a diagram, and the tools cost about eight shillings."

In the chapter devoted to the consideration of "Home Employments," the author makes an excellent suggestion, to which I give place here in its details, hoping by so doing to bring it before the notice of some who may not see the little book from which I quote it, and who may be both willing and able to assist in making the idea a practical and benevolent reality.

"Could not private persons—gentlemen or ladies—rich enough to bear the incidental expenses of correspondence, carriage, etc., constitute themselves a sort of medium between a few poor ladies and the Trade. Let me instance the industry of making Fishing-flies as one which may illustrate my meaning: ascertain the kind of fly most in demand in the trade, and the season at which they will be required, the agent would supply her clients with the materials and directions for making them, pay her workers promptly the fair market value of their work, and retaining or not, as she may choose, the cost of the material, hold herself responsible for any loss. All payments should be made immediately on receipt of the goods. The materials should always be bought wholesale, and of the best description. A worse attack of illness, or a longer interval of enforced idleness, would give a superior claim. Thus, all working expenses being done away with, many of the disadvantages which accrue to the existing organizations for the sale of ladies' work would be obviated."

In old times, rich people tried to purchase salvation by building a church or an abbey. We know better nowadays; but we are apt to run into the other extreme, and content ourselves with yearly subscriptions handed over mechanically to some persevering collector. But here is an opportunity for some benevolent rich person to lay the first stone of an undertaking that may grow into a very St. Paul's among buildings. And would not one rather be the originator of a project that would not brighten many sad lives of ailing women than even be a Sir Christopher Wren?

SYLVIA.



## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

Costly your habit as your purse can buy,  
Neat, but not gaudy.

IT is to be feared that, while but a small minority of persons dress much within their means, the majority act up to a very liberal rendering of the first line quoted above. Indeed, some tailors and milliners might say with truth that "Your habit, costly as the system of credit will permit," would seem to be the acknowledged axiom on which some persons dress. However this may be, the age of elaboration in dress is revived to a certainty. Dress has become one of the arts. One of its prime ministers is Worth, who, like some other geniuses, began life without many advantages. He made his business into an art, and in so doing raised himself. And when we see the results of study in the art of dress, we sometimes can do little but admire, and forget to settle in our own minds whether it is high art, low art, or no art.

At the present moment the modes are particularly becoming to those who are tall and slight. In fact, absurd as it seems to say so, it is the fashion to be tall and slight! All the pattern dresses are made for figures that unite these qualifications. The following dress, for instance, which I saw at the mourning establishment of Messrs. Jay, 259, Regent Circus, would scarcely look so well on a short, stout woman as it did on the tall and graceful girl on whom I saw it. It was a black silk, with a tablier in silk also, but with stripes of black simulated embroidery on white, alternating with plain black stripes. This tablier was so long that if it had been allowed to fall its full length it would have been several inches on the ground. It was caught up, however, at about ten inches from the ground in two or three folds at each side, was draped with a scarf in black silk, formed of many close folds, this scarf coming diagonally across the front. The tablier was trimmed round the lower edge with black and white tape fringe, and up each side of the back, where it was perfectly straight, with white thread lace. The waist was very long, as they are to be worn so now, and the dress tied back very tightly indeed. This dress will convey a very good idea of the style likely to be in favour for the next few months, long waists, long skirts, long tabliers, long ends at the back, deep basques, and coat sleeves.

An attempt is being made in Paris to revive the now old-fashioned white bonnets. Black bonnets, however, are so much more becoming that I do not think the attempt will succeed at present. Perhaps when the hot weather comes we may see a few white bonnets, that is, if the hot weather will be so kind as to make any stay with us. The cold weather does not object to do that, but the visits of real summer weather are too much like those of angels. The present style of bonnet looks curious in the hand, but is remarkably becoming. The shape is more oval than round, and jet is still used in

trimming, though not so profusely as it has been. I saw a very pretty one for a girl at Messrs. Jay's, consisting of white chip, in shape rather like the old-fashioned gipsy hat of long ago, trimmed with black velvet and white flowers. Strings are coming in again, or rather a pretence of strings, for they are simply long ends of tulle or ribbon, which either float at the back or tie loosely in front or at the side, with the ends falling.

One of our correspondents wrote last month saying that Sylvia ought to consider middle-aged as well as young Englishwomen, and I bore this in mind in my visit, and inquired particularly about coiffures suitable for ladies who are too young to wear caps, and yet like to wear something over their hair. I was shown several very pretty models in white muslin, crêpe lisse, and ribbon and Valenciennes for both morning and evening. Those trimmed round with a soft fluting of crêpe lisse, with bow of ribbon, and puffs of crêpe lisse, are, I think, the most becoming. They are worn either with or without ends at the back.

I saw also some pretty coiffures of this kind at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. They are made with ribbon of all colours, with a flower sometimes peeping from under a little arch of lace. Some of the bonnets at this establishment are very pretty. Quantities of flowers are used in trimming them. As to the hats, they are enormous. Indeed, if they were not, no one would know them from bonnets. The parasols are of rather large size, with moderate handles, and are all more or less trimmed. I saw here a great variety of ties trimmed with lace, gauze ties in every colour, and coquettish little black silk aprons, prettily trimmed with silk, lace, and jet.

One of the indispensables of being well-dressed according to the well-known French rule is to be bien gantée. Cheap gloves, as a rule, are a delusion and a snare, but the Copenhagen Glove is satisfactory as well as cheap. Jannings and Son, 16, Fenchurch-street, have them in all the new shades at 2s. a pair, and 2s. 9d. with two buttons. Their White Cotton Stockings also deserve praise, being fine in appearance and durable, having double heels and feet.

Another novelty has made its appearance this season, and it will no doubt be a very useful one. It is a Corset and Dress Improver in one. It is patented by Williamson, of Leighton-Buzzard, under the title of the Pro Tem, but can be had of any good draper throughout the country. The Dress Improver can be taken off if wished, but the satisfactory combination of both articles saves not only trouble and time, but expense also.

The Beatrice Collapsing Dress Improver, that I mentioned last month, is patented by Messrs. Skinner, of Cox's court, Little Britain.

SYLVIA.



186.—CASHMERE MANTLE (BACK).



184.—LITTLE GIRL'S JACKET (FRONT).



187.—CASHMERE MANTLE (FRONT).



185.—LITTLE GIRL'S JACKET (BACK).



188.—GIRL'S PALETOT (BACK).



190.—LITTLE GIRL'S BATISTE APRON.



189.—GIRL'S PALETOT (FRONT).



191.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.



193.—LADY'S KNITTED HOOD.



192.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.



194.—LITTLE GIRL'S GREY LAWN APRON.



195.—LITTLE GIRL'S CAMBRIC APRON.





196.—BALL COIFFURE.



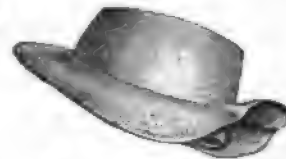
197.—WREATH OF CUT JET.



200.—PARIS NET SHAPE.



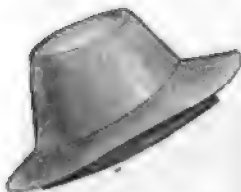
199.—ORNAMENTAL HAIR PIN.



201.—BONNÉT SHAPE.



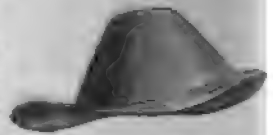
198.—BALL COIFFURE.



202.—NET SHAPE.



204.—MUSLIN FICHU.



203.—HAT SHAPE.





205.—CORONET OF CUT JET.



206.—ORNAMENTAL HAIR PIN.



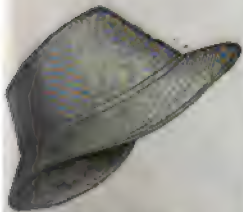
207.—CUT JET ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR.



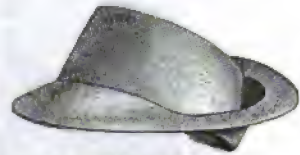
208.—CUT JET ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR.

210.—BALL COIFFURE.

210.—BALL COIFFURE.



211.—BONNET SHAPE.



212.—BONNET SHAPE.



213.—LACE FICHU.



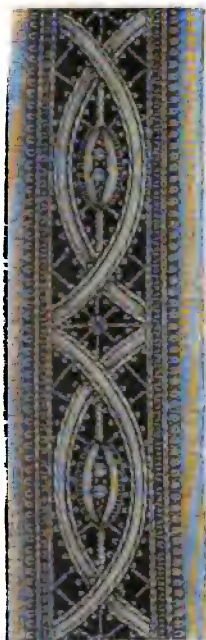


214.—EMBROIDERED NET BORDER.

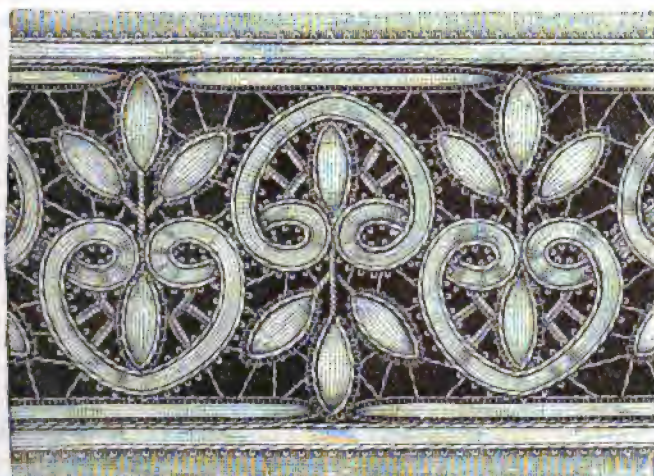


215.—POINT LACE INSERTION.

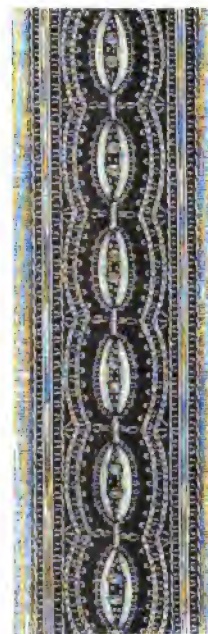




216.—POINT LACE INSERTION.



217.—POINT LACE INSERTION.



218.—POINT LACE INSERTION.



219.—CHATELAINE BAG ORNAMENTED WITH POINT LACE.

## Nos. 180, 181. FICHU OF BLACK SICILIAN CLOTH.

Fichu of black Sicilian cloth, with écharpes; richly trimmed with passementerie borders and fringe. Bow of black grosgrain silk.

## Nos. 184, 185 &amp; 191.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND WALKING JACKET.

This little costume is made of poplin, and trimmed with bias folds and fancy buttons.

## Nos. 186, 187. CASHMERE MANTLE.

Dolman of black cashmere, with straps of worsted braid, passementerie buttons and black guipure lace. Bows and ends of black grosgrain silk.

## Nos. 188, 189. GIRL'S PALETOT.

Paletot for little girls of 6 to 8 years old. Long mantle of steel blue reversible cloth, with striped passementerie and grelots.

## APRONS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

No. 190. Apron of white batiste, with chain-stitch embroidery of scarlet worsted.

No. 194. For little girls of 4 to 6 years old. Apron of grey lawn, vandyked round the edge and trimmed with scarlet braid and soutache.

No. 195. Apron of white cambric, braided with black soutache. Outside pockets trimmed to match.

## No. 193. LADY'S HOOD IN NETTING, KNITTING, AND CROCHET.

The hood is of a circular shape, with two écharpes, knitted in open-worked pattern with white wool. It has a crocheted trimming of blue and white wool, and a netted ruching of white wool and blue filoselle. It is commenced with eight stitches in the centre of the back, and then knitted to and fro as follows: 1st row: purl. 2nd row: alternately knit 3 together, and knit 1, purl 1, knit 1 out of the next stitch. Repeat these 2 rows, reversing the position of the stitches, and remembering that the wrong side of the knitting is the right side of the work. Increase or decrease at the outer edges, and set on fresh thread for the écharpes. Crochet round the completed hood 4 rounds. 1st round: with white wool. Double crochet, 2nd round. Alternately 1 double in both parts of the stitch, 3 chain, miss 1. 3rd round: 2 slipstitch, 1 double, \* 1 chain, 5 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain, 1 chain, 1 double in the centre of the next 3 chain, repeat from \*. Then 1 slipstitch. 4th round: with blue wool \*, 1 double in the centre of the 5 treble, 5 chain, 1 double in the next double, 4 chain, repeat from \*. For the stripe arranged as a frill at the back of the hood, cast on 100 stitches, and knit to and fro as follows: 1st row: alternately wool forward, knit 2 together. 2nd row: knitted. 3rd row: \* twice alternately knit 1, wool forward, then 4 times knit 2 together, wool forward, knit 1, wool forward, repeat from \*. The 2nd and 3rd rows are repeated 9 times, decreasing 1 at the end of each row. The foundation stitches form the lower part of the frill, and it is edged there by a crocheted row of blue wool. Alternately 1 double in the foundation stitch over the next hole, 4 chain. This strip is pleated at the upper edge, and at each side, and arranged on the hood according to our illustration. The ruching at the front is netted with white wool over a mesh rather more than half an inch wide. Net 4 rows, and then edge the long way of the strip with blue filoselle. This strip is arranged in double box pleats, and the hood is finished off with bows of blue sarsanet ribbon.

## Nos. 196 &amp; 198, 209, 210. COIFFURES FOR BALL AND EVENING DRESS.

No. 196. Marabout feather, arranged as a wreath, with a large pink rose in the centre. From the rose falls a spray of rose buds, and edelweiss with small green leaves.

No. 198. Spray of different coloured pinks, with buds and green leaves.

No. 209. Hanging wreath of blue asters, with shaded green leaves, arranged on a spray of very small pearl beads.

No. 210. Spray of crimson fuchsias and leaves on a fine stem wound round with gold cantille.

## Nos. 197, 199, &amp; 205 to 208. VARIOUS OBJETS DE TOILETTE.

No. 197. Half wreath, à la couronne, of black cut glass, arranged on a metal frame in narrow oval medallions.

Nos. 199 and 206. Two ornamental hair pins of black cut jet; circular medallion and feather pattern.

No. 205. Coronet to wear with hair pins.

No. 207. Another pattern of the same ornament; three star like designs, with cut centre.

No. 208. Coronet of black crystal glass, in graduated floral rosettes.

## Nos. 200 to 203, 211, AND 212. BONNET SHAPES.

Fashionable bonnet shapes for the present season.

## Nos. 204 &amp; 213. MUSLIN AND LACE FICHUS.

No. 204. Fichu of mull muslin, with pleated frills of the same material, black ribbon velvet bows, and black lace.

No. 213. Fichu of white lace and insertion, arranged on a ground of stiff net, with straps of bright blue grosgrain silk.

## No. 214. EMBROIDERED NET BORDER.

Trace the design on tracing paper, place over it fine Brussels net, and go over the outlines, veinings, and tendrils with fine thread. The wheels and lace stitches require lace thread. The net is cut away from the embroidery, and the pattern finished with pearl edging.

## Nos. 215 to 218. POINT LACE INSERTIONS.

No. 215 is a singularly beautiful design, and makes up extremely well for underlinen, etc. Trace the design carefully on the tracing paper, over which place white mull muslin, and go over the outlines in narrow point lace braid. The Venetian bars are next added, with purls wherever the illustration directs. The small ovals and curved lines are worked in overcast stitch, and the wheels and other lace stitches in point with fine lace thread. Edge the insertion with a braid that has on either side a pearl edging, and cut away the muslin according to the illustration.

In No. 216 the small pattern in the centre of each medallion is formed with open-work point-lace braid, and the straight stems are worked in overcast stitch. A close braid is used for the narrow ovals of the medallions, and a pearl edging for the outside of the insertion.

No. 218 requires two kinds of point lace braid and a pearl edging; the lace stitches are worked as usual with fine lace thread.

No. 217 is a pretty design, fully repaying the amount of time and labour required to be expended on it. It is embroidered with point lace braids of various widths; Venetian bars and overcast stitch worked over one or more strands of thread as required by the illustration. A pearl edging is then added to finish.

## No. 219. CHATELAINE BAG ORNAMENTED WITH POINT LACE.

This elegant bag is made of black velvet, and ornamented as shown in illustration, with point lace designs.

## No. 220. CORNERS FOR COLLAR IN VENETIAN POINT.

The design for this collar is first traced, and fine lawn placed over it. The outlines are then worked in close button-hole stitch, and the material cut away.

## No. 221. EDGING FOR TRIMMING UNDERLINEN, POINT LACE, BRAID, AND CROCHET.

The lace braid selected for this pattern must have an



openwork edge. 1st row : along one side of the braid, \* 1 treble, 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble, then 1 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 double in the first stitch, 5 chain, 1 purl, 4 chain, 2 double in the last two of the 4 chain, 3 chain, 1 treble in the first chain of the last purl where the double was previously worked, 3 purl, 1 treble where the last treble was worked, 3 chain, 1 double in the second of the 5 chain after the last purl but one, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 double in the last of the 4 treble separated by 1 chain, repeat from \*, joining where shown by the Illustration. 2nd row : along the other side of the braid 1 treble, 1 chain, repeat.

#### Nos. 223, 228. EMBROIDERED BORDERS FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

These two designs, after having been drawn upon the tracing paper, are embroidered on a ground of fine white batiste. Point lace braids of different widths and patterns are employed. The Venetian bars and overcast stitches are then worked, and the scalloped outlines closely worked in buttonhole stitch. The batiste is then cut away from the embroidery, as shown in the Illustration.

#### Nos. 224, 227. INSERTIONS FOR UNDERLINEN, ETC., MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

\*For No. 224, select an ordinary mignardise braid, and commence as follows—1st row : 12 chain, join to the fourth loop of the mignardise, then going back along the 6 of the 12 chain, crochet 1 leaf of 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, \* 1 leaf of 6 chain, join to the next loop but 3, going back along the 6 chain, 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, then 17 chain join where you joined before, then going back along 6 of the 17 chain, 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, repeat from \*. 2nd row : take a fresh piece of mignardise, and join to the double stitch of the last leaf, \* along 6 of the 11 chain, 1 leaf of 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, join to the next loop but three of the 2nd braid, 1 leaf in the same stitch where the last double was crocheted, 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, repeat from \*. Along the other side of the braid crochet as follows—3rd row : 2 treble in every loop. 4th row : 1 treble between the groups of 2 treble, 2 chain, repeat.

No. 227 requires a braid with fourfold groups of loops on each side. The insertion is worked in two halves as follows—1st row : \* 4 treble in the fourfold loops, 1 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the first stitch, 1 chain, join the next 4 loops with 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, repeat from \*. 2nd row : along the other side of the mignardise, join with 1 treble the two last of 1 fourfold loop and the two first of the next, 3 chain, repeat. This completes one half of the pattern. The second half is crocheted in the same way, only that the purls are joined together, as shown in our Illustration. To effect this joining properly, the needle must be taken out of its stitch, placed in the stitch required to be joined, and its own stitch drawn through.

#### No. 225. INSERTION IN MUSLIN, APPLIQUE, AND EMBROIDERY.

The design is first traced on the muslin, then it must be carefully tacked to the net, and the design worked in satin or overcast stitch. The muslin is then cut away, as shown in Illustration.

#### No. 226. CROCHET EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN, ETC.

1st row, to form the lower edge of the work : \* 17 chain, close the 9 last into a circle with 1 slip stitch, 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 11th of the 17 chain, 3 chain to form 1 treble, 11 treble in the 12th to 17th of the chain which was closed

into a circle, 1 slip stitch in the 6th of the 17 chain, 11 treble in the 5 chain crocheted before the last double, 1 slip stitch in the 3 chain that formed 1 treble, repeat from \*. 2nd row : 1 double in the 4th of the 11 treble by the side of the round pattern, \* 10 chain, 1 long treble in the 9th of the 11 treble in the 4th of which 1 double was worked, 1 double long treble in the centre of the 5 chain between this and the next round figure, 1 long treble in the centre of the 11 treble of the next round figure, 1 double long treble in the centre of the 5 chain between the two round figures, 1 long treble in the 3rd of the 11 treble of the next round, 5 chain, join to the first long treble, 1 double, 1 treble, 3 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double in the 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the last long treble, 10 chain, 1 double in the 9th of the 11 treble in the 3rd of which 1 long treble had been crocheted before, 5 chain, 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain between two rounds, 5 chain, 1 double in the 4th treble of the next round, repeat from \*. 3rd row : \* 1 treble in the 5th of the next 10 chain, 5 chain, 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 treble, 5 chain, 1 treble in the 6th of the next 10 chain, twice alternately 5 chain, 1 treble in the centre of the next 5 chain, then 5 chain, repeat from \*. 4th row : 1 treble in every stitch.

#### Nos. 229, 230. EDGINGS IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET FOR UNDERLINEN.

For No. 229 a braid is required, which has on one side single, and on the other, threefold loops. Along the side with the single loops crochet as follows : the 1st row : \* 3 double in the nearest loop ; 3 chain, 3 treble in the next loop, these trebles are drawn up at once instead of separately, 3 times alternately 3 chain, 3 treble long treble, to be drawn up like the last treble, then 3 chain, 3 treble drawn up as before, 3 chain, repeat. 2nd row : \* 4 double in the chain scallop, 4 times alternately 1 double in the next scallop, 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the first chain stitch, 2 double in the same scallop, 1 purl, 1 double in the same scallop, then 4 double in the next scallop, repeat. 3rd row : along the other side of the braid, alternately 1 double in the 3 parts of the threefold loop, 4 chain between.

For No. 230, the mignardise should have on the one side single, and on the other, fivefold loops. Along the side with the single loops, crochet alternately 1 double, 2 chain, along the other side, crochet as follows—1st row : \* 5 double in the separate parts of the first loop, 3 purl of 7 chain, and one double in the first stitch, miss one loop, repeat. 2nd row : 6 double in every purl.

#### Nos. 231, 232. CARRIAGE AND BALL OVER-SHOE.

We recommend this invaluable finish to a lady's evening dress, as a preservation against a chill to the feet, or any injury to the delicate kid or satin chausseure beneath. It is made of black lasting, lined with flannel, and soled with cork or gutta percha. The sides are scalloped, and fasten with a button and a steel clasp.

#### No. 233. BEAD WORK BORDER.

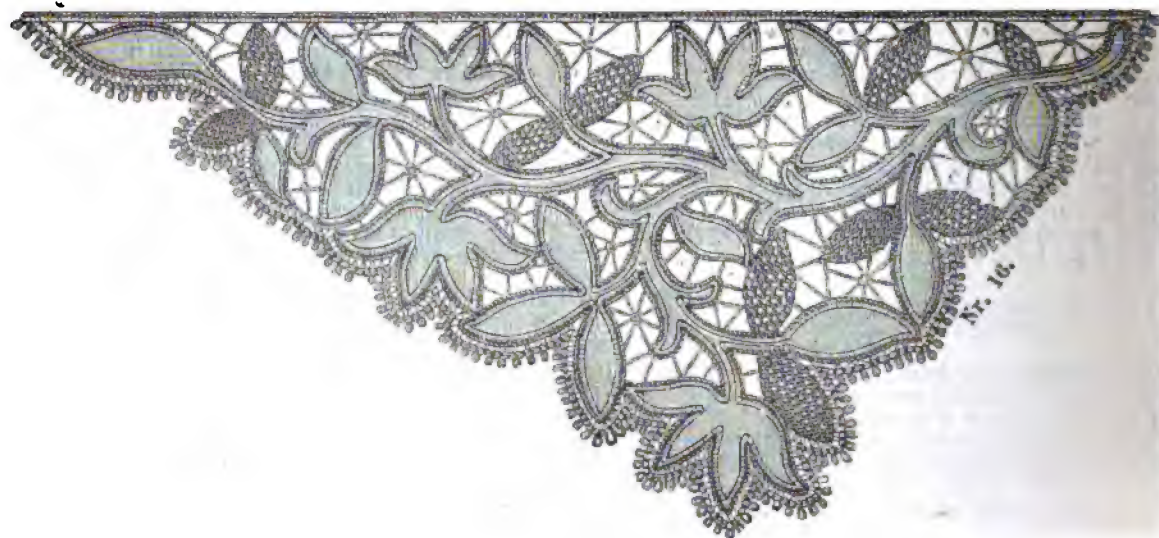
Border for mats, baskets, urn-stands, etc. ; the design is worked in beads on fine canvas, but would look equally well if worked with wool and filloselle.

#### No. 234. SECTION FOR CUSHION IN BERLIN WORK.

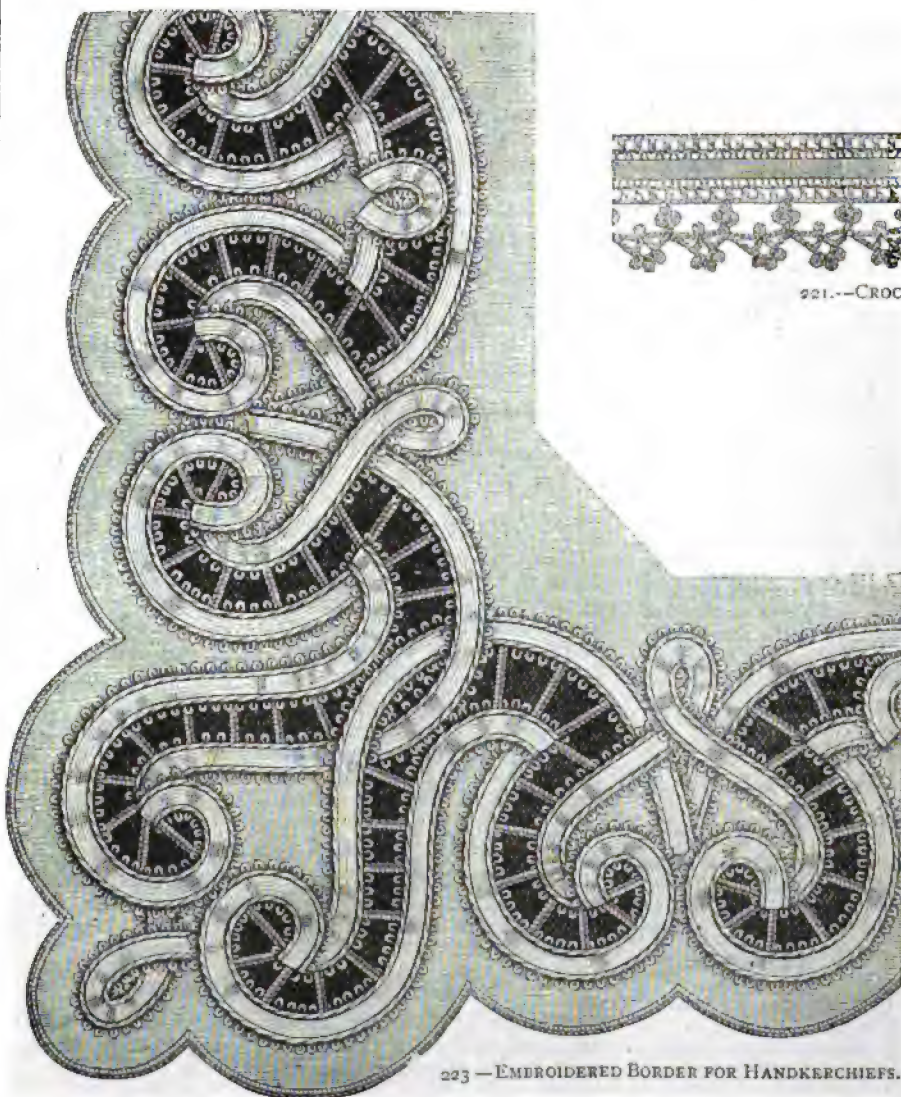
Our illustration shows the quarter of a round cushion of music stool ; it is worked in common cross-stitch, and the lightest shades in filloselle ; the selection of colours are left to personal taste.

#### No. 235. SLIPPER IN BERLIN WORK.

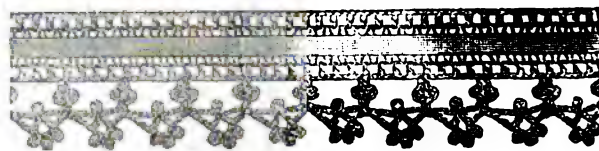
This pretty slipper well repays the worker for the trouble bestowed, as the variation of colours are so exquisite when worked, they should be grounded in black.



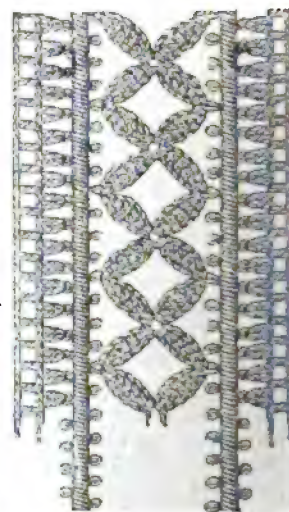
220.—CORNER FOR COLLAR IN VENETIAN POINT.



223.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.



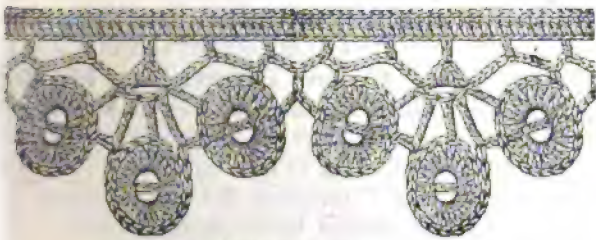
221.—CROCHET EDGING.

224.—INSERTION IN MIGNARDISE  
BRAID AND CROCHET.

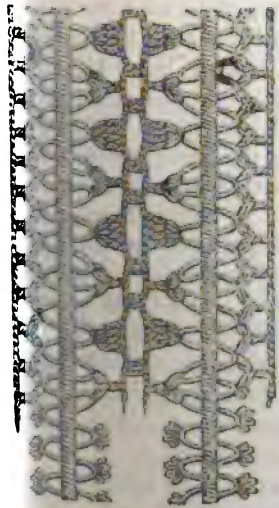




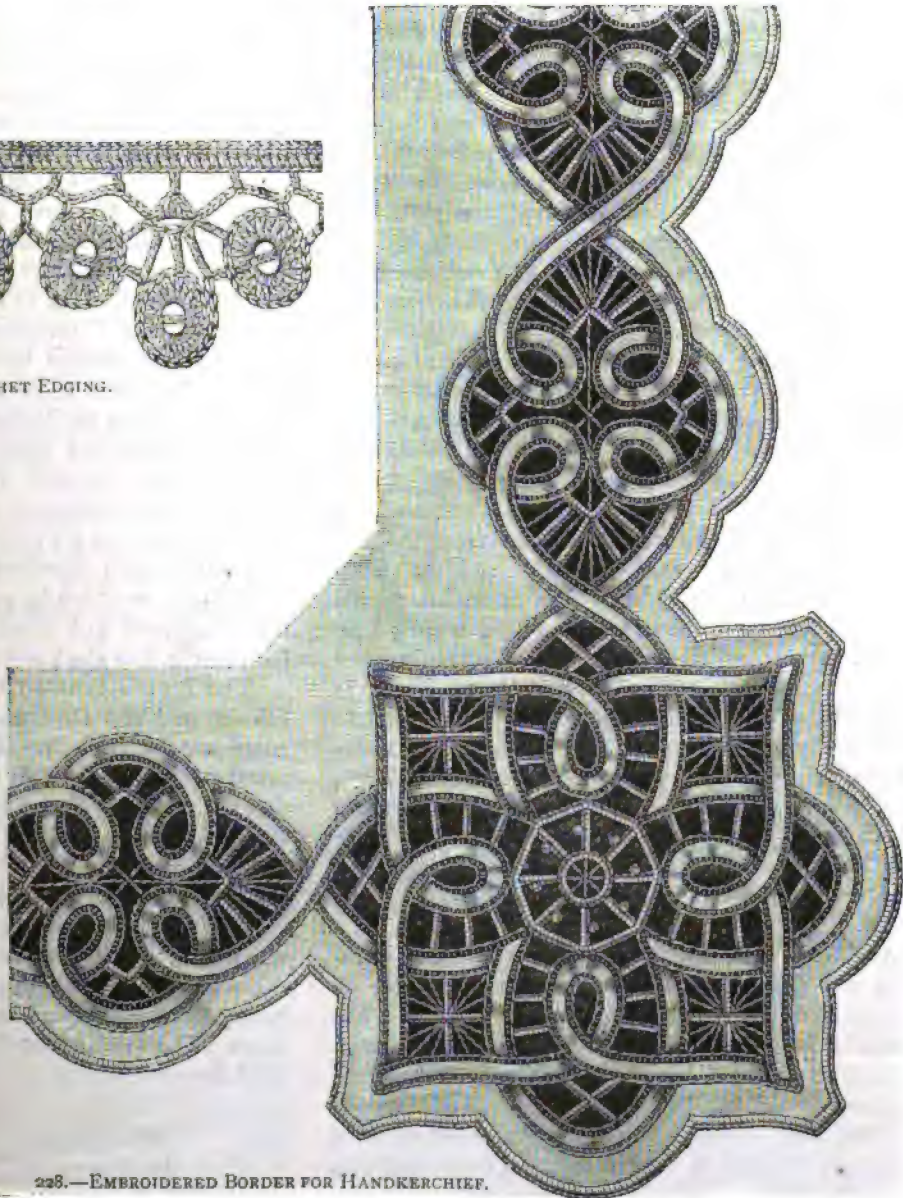
225.—INSERTION IN MUSLIN APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.



226.—CROCHET EDGING.



227.—INSERTION IN MIGNARD SE.  
BRAID AND CROCHET.



228.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE House of Commons has rejected, by a majority of forty-three, Mr. Cowper Temple's Bill, having for its object to remove doubts as to the power of the Universities of Scotland to admit women as students, and to grant degrees to them. Our readers will perhaps remember that the Scotch Court of Session recently decided that the university authorities had no power to make arrangements for the conferring degrees upon female students. Mr. Cowper's Bill proposed to declare that Parliament, in passing the existing Act, intended that there should be such a power, leaving it in the discretion of the authorities to extend the benefits of university degrees to females as well as to males. There seemed nothing very terrible in this, for, after all, the Bill was only permissive, and left the University authorities to do as they pleased in the matter. The opposition to the measure took rather a strange form. It was actually contended that the authorities were not fit to be entrusted with such a discretionary power—that, in short, the House of Commons knew very much better what was good for the universities than the universities themselves. Mr. B. Hope said the Bill was an attempt to sanction the principle of admitting women to the professions, to which he was "utterly opposed," his opposition resting on the rather amusing basis, that but one result of such a course could be produced—"in the long run, all professions being thrown open without discrimination, the stronger sex would win." If so, what was he alarmed at? When young women desire to study medicine, they are not silly enough to suppose that they will not encounter opposition, and that they will achieve success in the profession, if they are not as well qualified as men. They only ask for the same advantages in education, so that they may start fair in the race. Of all the leading professions, that of medicine is best suited for women. All medical practice does not require the strength and nerve demanded for the operating-room of a great hospital; but there are bed-sides to be attended, where womanly qualities, united with competent medical knowledge, would be invaluable; and certainly, in the case of women and children patients, the appropriateness of female doctors is obvious. But the House of Commons decided otherwise, and the Scotch universities are closed against women.

Another Woman's Bill is before the House of Commons, and the opposition to it will probably rest on different and not quite such irrational grounds. The object of it is to extend the electoral franchise to women. It is very short, but a few words says a great deal—the pith being, that "in all Acts relating to the qualification and registration of voters or persons entitled or claiming to be registered, and to vote in the election of members

of Parliament, wherever words occur which import the masculine gender, the same shall be held to include females for all purposes connected with and having reference to the right to be registered as voters, and to vote in such election, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding." The second reading will be taken on the 7th of April, and no doubt a lively debate will take place.

A very charming and thoughtful writer, Sir Arthur Helps, has passed away. He was the author of "Friends in Council," a book, the classic elegance and refined tone of which sometimes veiled, until a second reading, the real depth and subtlety of thought it contained. Besides writing historical works, chiefly relating to the life of Columbus and the progress of discovery in America, Sir Arthur was the chosen literary assistant of the Queen, in preparing her "Diary in the Highlands" for the press. Holding the position of Clerk of the Council, he had many opportunities of association with the most eminent personages, and the Queen regarded him as a private and valued friend. We have ourselves heard him speak of the high qualities exhibited by her Majesty in private life in a manner which ought to shame those who make ignorant and scurrilous attacks on royalty. The official "Court Circular" contained the memorandum, which was, no doubt, penned by the Queen herself. "By the death of Sir Arthur Helps the Queen has sustained a loss which has caused her Majesty great affliction. As a loyal subject and as a kind friend, he rendered to her Majesty very important service. He assisted, with a delicacy of feeling and an amount of sympathy which her Majesty can never forget, in the publication of her 'Records of the Prince Consort's Speeches' and of her 'Life in the Highlands,' to which he willingly devoted the powers of his enlightened and accomplished mind. The Queen feels that in him she has lost a true and devoted friend."

The Female School of Art, in connection with the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, is going on flourishingly. The prizes were distributed a few days since by the Earl of Aberdeen, and it was stated that in the annual competition of 123 schools of art, the students of that school had attained a satisfactory average, and that Miss Gann, the Superintendent, stood sixth on the list of sixty head-masters and mistresses. The number of students on the books for the summer season was 203, and for the winter season, 194.

We notice in a Birmingham paper a complaint which young ladies who attend lectures will do well to take to heart. The Midland Institute in that town enjoys eminent lecturers, who attract large audiences, and of course among the number are many young ladies, and, it would seem, young gentlemen too. Older folks complain seriously that these youthful persons, "snigger, whisper,



giggle, and talk loudly," which is obviously improper; that, in fact, there is a great deal of flirtation going on. An old gentleman particularly wanted to hear a certain lecture, but near him was "a young lady holding quite a reception, surrounded by a numerous band of admirers, to whom she dispensed lavishly her smiles." The Birmingham young ladies should really behave better; and Birmingham young men should speak seriously to them on the subject, unless, indeed, they share the opinion of Biron in "Love's Labour Lost," that women's eyes are,

"The books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

But that is not the right sort of philosophy for a lecture-room, and good taste and good manners ought to go for something.

The Girls' Public Day-School Company, the object of which is to provide thoroughly good schools for girls—really, notwithstanding the multiplicity of "establishments," a great desideratum—appears to have achieved considerable success. At Chelsea, Croydon, Notting-Hill, and other places, good schools have been established; and a meeting has been held at Clapham, under the presidency of Lord Aberdeen, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a school in that locality. The Education Act is working marvels in behalf of very poor children; it would be disheartening if the middle classes who can pay for a good education for their own children, but have hitherto wasted a great deal of money in trying to obtain it, should be distanced in the race.

It would require a very big book to contain all the poetical answers to the question, "What is a woman's heart like?" Invention has been almost exhausted by

poets and wits; but a writer in the "Contemporary Review" has struck out a new comparison, which we scarcely think ladies will consider to be complimentary. Woman's heart, it seems, is like a meerschaum pipe! Says the writer: "There is no way of telling a meerschaum except to smoke it for at least a year. Meerschaum is like woman's heart, as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true." We sentence that gentleman to a long term of imprisonment in the smoking-room; he is much too bad to be permitted to enter the drawing-room.

Another magazine, "Temple Bar," has a joke at the ladies, who, says the writer, with characteristic contradictoriness, attach two entirely opposite meanings to precisely the same form of words, quoting phrases which certainly are frequently heard, in relation to costume: "I assure you, madame, it is the fashion, and everybody wears it," and "My love, it is atrociously vulgar, everybody wears it." Men, however, indulge in similar eccentricities of language. They will buy a newspaper because it contains the "earliest intelligence," and also because it contains the "latest intelligence."

The most prominent event in London during the month has unquestionably been the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American religious revivalists. The subject of their ministration is not one for our columns; but we cannot avoid noticing the extraordinary effect produced by the vehement appeals of Mr. Moody, and the really fine singing of Mr. Sankey. Any of our readers who desire to know more of this remarkable movement, should read a little book, "Moody and Sankey, the New Evangelists," just published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

## NEW MUSIC.

*La Poste du Village*, Galop Brilliant. By Lillie Albrecht. (Goddard and Co.)

*The Maiden's Tear*, Reverie. Same Composer. (Duncan Davison and Co.)

Both of these pieces evince in their different styles no small share of original talent as well as artistic cultivation. The galop is light, tuneful, and sparkling, and the reverie is full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that they will be very popular, both in the concert-room and salon.

A parcel of new music, chiefly by foreign composers, has reached us from Messrs. Hammond. Of these we can recommend Herr Carl Bohn's fantasia, *Farewell to the Rhine*, as being easy and effective. *Or et Asur* and *Rêve Dore*, by Georges Lamothe, are two capital waltzes of that high class to which so much of the dance music published by Messrs. Hammond belongs. *Sous les Drapeaux* is a showy drawing-room piece by the same composer; and we would also call attention to Mr. Cohen's melody, *Speranza*, and Mr. Alfred Sargent's nocturne, *A Bientôt*, both of which are simple and pleasing. Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, and Co. have a new gavotte by Miss K. Field, which is remarkably well written, and marked by decided originality.

## MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

*A Strange World*. By M. E. Braddon. (Maxwell and Co., Shoe Lane.)

It would indeed be rather a strange world if such events as Miss Braddon has described in her latest story were common. But a novelist, like a poet, has a licence; and the novel-reader is always asking for something new, or, at any rate, old incidents newly arranged. In the art of manipulating the stock materials of a sensational story Miss Braddon is almost unrivalled, and in *A Strange World* she shows all her old power. Of course, there is a murder, but it is very early in the story, and we venture to say that not one in a thousand of the readers will be able to guess at the point of the story—who the murderer is. Miss Braddon has a liking for Yorkshire, and the theatres in that circuit; so we need not be surprised at another description of the wonderful Minster and the old walled town; nor at the appearance of a "heavy father" actor, who has a combined flavour of Dickens's Vincent Crummels and Micawber; nor of the young girl actress familiar with poverty, but having great intensity of feeling, who develops into a beautiful intellectual creature, and makes rather a grand marriage. We will not anticipate our readers' enjoyment by detailing the plot.



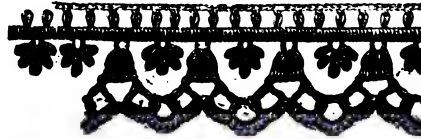
231.—CARRIAGE AND BALL OVER SHOE.



229.—EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN IN MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET.

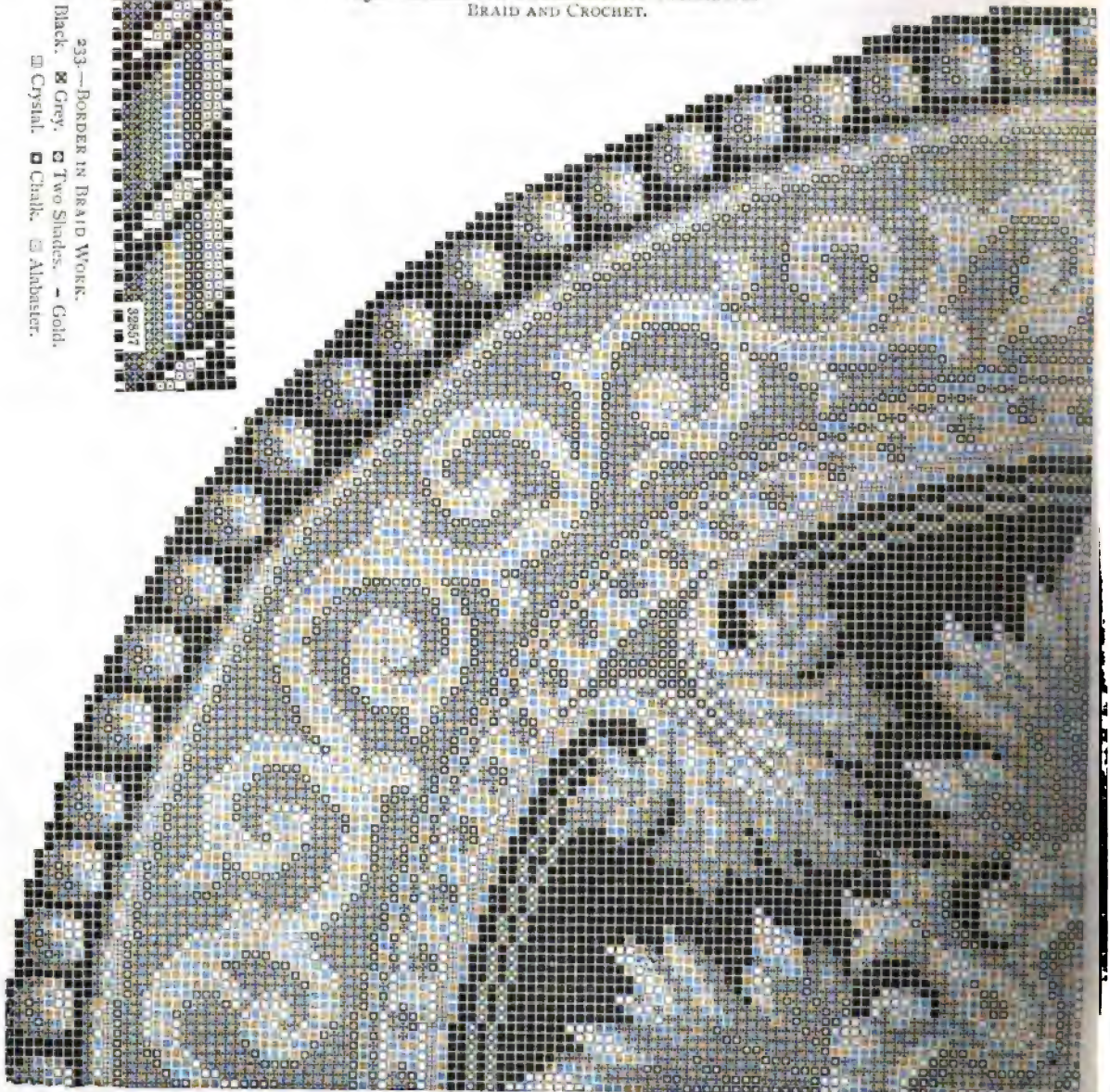
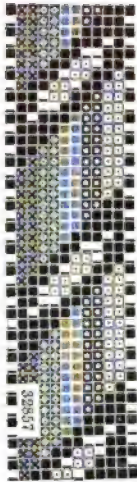


232.—CARRIAGE AND BALL OVER SHOE.



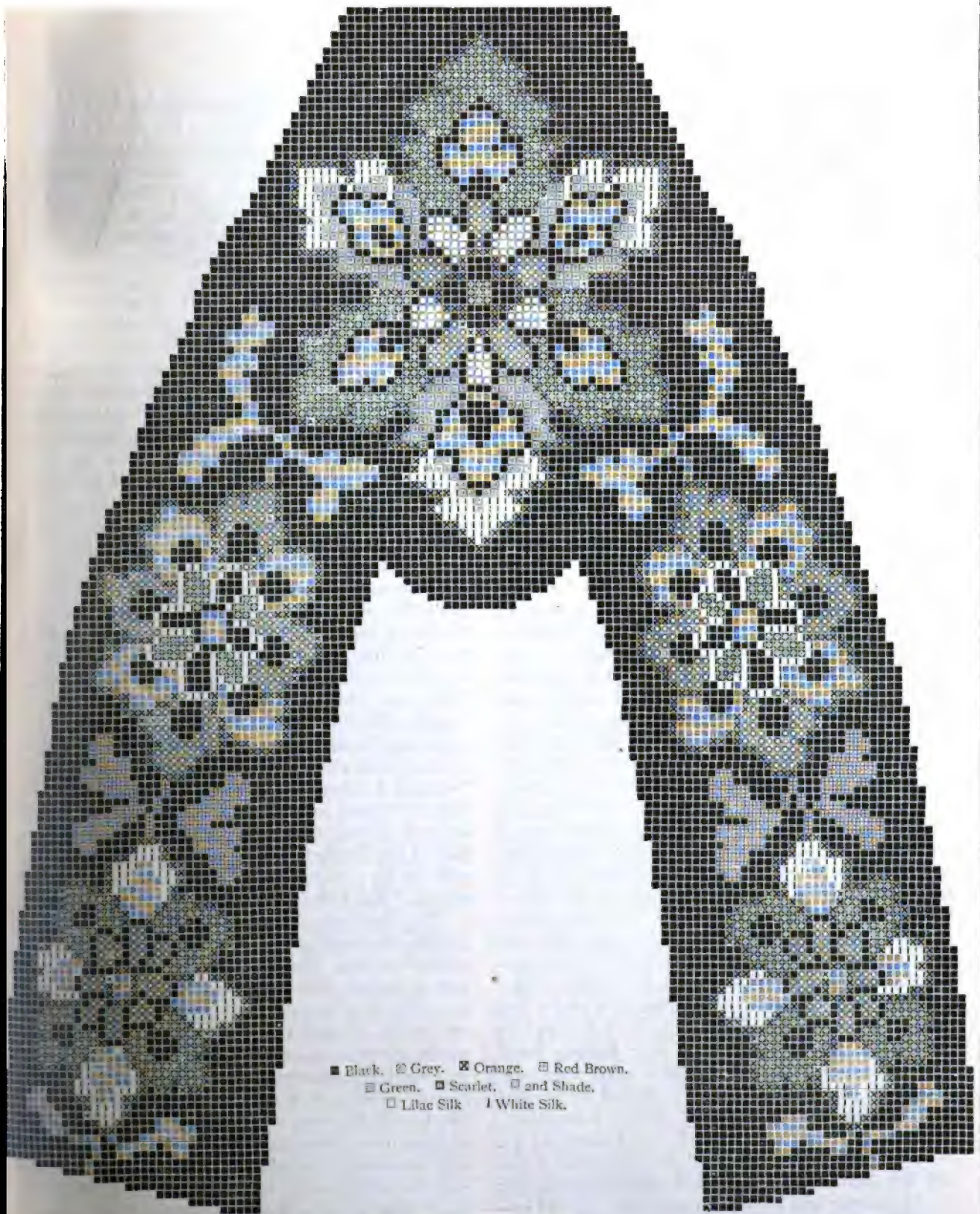
230.—EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN IN MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET.

233.—BORDER IN BRAID WORK.  
 ■ Black. ■ Grey. ■ Two Shades. - Gold.  
 □ Crystal. □ Chalk. □ Alabaster.



234.—SECTION OF CUSHION IN BERLIN WORK.





235.—SLIPPER IN BERLIN WORK.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE principal event in the theatrical world since we last wrote has been the three weeks' performance at the Opera Comique, by members of Mr. Hollingshead's company, including Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. Maclean, and Mrs. Leigh. Each week has seen a change of programme, the first being taken up by "She Stoops to Conquer," the second by "As You Like It," and the third by the "Lady of Lyons." In each of these the principal parts were allotted to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the public had an opportunity of seeing these clever actors in three of their most successful, and at the same time ambitious, impersonations. So good was the acting, that one could have wished that any one of the plays might have held the boards during the entire period, and that a little more liberality might have been shown in the mounting. The scenery especially was decidedly scanty and wanting in variety, and the whole of the attraction lay in the acting. This is all very well as far as it goes; but we have got accustomed of late years to such lavish liberality in this particular, that a falling off to the opposite extreme cannot fail to be noticed. Of the three performances, that of "She Stoops to Conquer" was the most completely successful. Mrs. Kendal is certainly seen at her best in the sprightly and coquettish part of Miss Hardcastle, and her husband is thoroughly at home in the part of Young Marlow. The scenes in which the young lady stoops to the character of a barmaid, in order to conquer her bashful lover, were most capitally rendered; every point was well made, and was thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Maclean and Mrs. Leigh were most satisfactory representatives of the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, and the minor characters were well supported. Mr. Cecil's Tony Lumpkin was a somewhat new reading of the part, though it showed that the actor had at all events formed a consistent idea of the part. If Mr. Cecil erred at all, it was in the direction of keeping too prominently in view the boisterous side of the young scapegrace's character. Tony Lumpkin is not without a certain amount of smartness, but he is unquestionably dull and stupid; and though he manages to find a way out of his difficulties eventually, ideas take a long time in penetrating his thick skull. In "As You Like It," Mrs. Kendal's powers were more severely taxed. Rosalind is a character which requires a very wide range of dramatic power, and there are very few of our actresses at present on the stage who could attempt it creditably; and it is only fair to say, that, if Mrs. Kendal was not completely satisfactory, she at all events attained a considerable degree of success. The sprightly bantering side of the character was depicted to perfection, and the epilogue was spoken with most charming point; but the actress failed in delineating that depth of overmastering

affection for Orlando that possesses her from the first moment she sets eyes on him. Mr. Kendal's Orlando was fairly good, but he failed to give to the part the prominence it should fairly hold. Next to Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind, the best feature in the performance was the Jacques of Mr. Herman Vezin, which was really a masterly specimen both of acting and elocution. The charming speeches—some of the best that Shakespeare ever wrote—that are put into his mouth were delivered with a most welcome distinctness of enunciation, and was, in the absence of rant, all the more welcome, because they are so rarely to be found. Mr. Cecil, as Touchstone, erred, as he had in Tony Lumpkin, on the side of boisterousness. He should have been more quiet and sententious, and not so ready to romp with Audrey, who, by the way, was sadly exaggerated by Mrs. Leigh. There is no doubt of Mr. Cecil's ability; our only fear is that success may have been too easy for him, and that he will aim too suddenly at an over wide range of parts. A word is due to Mr. Maclean's judicious treatment of the character of the "good old man," Adam. The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal terminated on the 13th, so that a change of programme was again necessitated. Mr. Hollingshead has withdrawn "The Midsummer Night's Dream" from the Gaiety stage, and "John Bull" has been substituted, with Mr. Phelps as Job Thornberry. The policy at the Opera Comique seems to be at present uncertain. At Drury Lane, Mr. Chatterton ended his season on Saturday evening, March 13, and the theatre will now be closed in preparation for the Italian Opera season. At the Adelphi, the two pieces which have been in the bills for some time, "Lost in London" and "The Lancashire Lass," have been withdrawn to make room for Mr. Halliday's adaptation of Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," supported by the pick of Mr. Chatterton's company; and the Vokes family wind up the evening's entertainment with their laughable sketch, "The Belles of the Kitchen."

Mr. Hare opened his season at the Royal Court Theatre, on Saturday the 13th, with every prospect of a brilliant success. The house was crowded in every part, and the general verdict was most favourable. We hope to be able when we write next to go into full detail upon the bill of fare which Mr. Hare has submitted to the public, and which is unquestionably a most attractive one. At present we must be content with merely stating that the *pièce de resistance* is a modern "comedy of society" by Mr. Charles Coghlan, well known as a valuable member of Miss Marie Wilton's company at the Prince of Wales', and is entitled "Lady Flora." The story of it is but slight and unimportant, the strength of the piece lying in its carefully-written dialogue, and the care that is expended over every detail. Mr. Hare is fitted with a part that suits him admirably—that of an old French nobleman.



Mrs. Kendal plays the heroine very charmingly; and Mr. Kendal and Mr. John Clayton are capital representatives of her rival lovers. Two capital bits of character acting are worthy of notice—the part of a butler played by Mr. Kemble, and that of a “swell,” Lord Melton, by Mr. Kelly.

The London musical season is fast approaching its climax, and we know now pretty nearly what is in store for us. Mr. Gye has issued his Covent Garden prospectus, which is much like other documents of the same kind we have seen before. The list of vocalists is nearly the same, only some few new names being added, which are for the most part unknown here. Madame Patti still remains the bright particular star of the company, and she is announced to appear in what may almost be called a new character, that of the heroine in Gounod's “*Romeo e Giulietta*.” It will be remembered that this opera was originally given at Covent Garden in 1868, with Madame Patti in the character she is now to resume; but it failed to be a success, owing chiefly to the fact that Signor Mario, the Romeo of the cast, had not sufficiently mastered his part. Among the other popular names in the prospectus are those of Madlle. Albani, Madlle. Marimon, Madame Sinico, and MM. Bagagiolo, Bolis, Maurel, and Faure. One opera is promised which will be looked forward to with great interest. This is Wagner's “*Lohengrin*,” about which so much has been heard, and which has been promised so often. It is quite clear that Mr. Mapleson will use every effort to give it at Drury Lane, and he will have a special attraction in the performance of the part of Elsa by Madame Nilsson. There is a chance, however, for Madlle. Albani to make a “hit” in the part at Covent Garden. As for the other additions which are promised to Mr. Gye's repertoire, “*Semiramide*” and Herold's “*Pré aux Clercs*,” we confess that we shall not be greatly disappointed if they are not given after all.

The Philharmonic Society have also put forth a prospectus of their sixty-third season, which is to commence with a concert on Thursday, March 18, at which Sir Sterndale Bennett's “*Funeral March*,” his last composition, will be given. We are also promised symphonies by Raff and Rubinstein, preludes by Wagner, Schumann's “*Bride of Mosina*” overture, and Lachner's suite in D, lately played at the Crystal Palace. This looks like a determination on the part of the Philharmonic to go on in the new paths they have so recently begun to tread.

At the Royal Albert Hall concerts nothing has been done that calls for special comment. The oratorios that have been performed have been Mendelssohn's “*Elijah*” and Rossini's “*Stabat Mater*,” with Mendelssohn's “*Hymn of Praise*.” Of these the two latter met with by far the best execution. The chorus, especially in the “*Hymn of Praise*,” sang with a remarkable precision, and with a very noticeable accuracy of intonation; and the delicate choral accompaniments in the duet, “*I waited for the Lord*,” were given with great delicacy. The solos

were taken by Madame Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Mr. Cummings, all of whom were well up to their work, though the tenor has hardly sufficient dramatic power for the marvellous song, “*The sorrows of death*.” In Rossini's cantata, Miss Antoinette Sterling took the place of Madame Patey, greatly to the disadvantage of the performance. Miss Sterling has unquestionably a very fine voice and method of singing, and in a song where she can have entirely her own way, it is a real treat to hear her; but her reading of oratorio music is rarely satisfactory, and occasionally her peculiar ideas on the subject of time quite jeopardise a performance. The basso music was taken by Mr. Whitney, who possesses hardly sufficient range of voice for it. In the quartette, “*Quando corpus*,” he was much too loud, while in the “*Gio mater*,” with choral accompaniment, his high notes were hardly audible. The chorus has unquestionably improved, but the band is very scratchy and uncertain occasionally. The transition to the quick time in the last chorus of the “*Hymn of Praise*” was a complete jumble, and was quite enough to lead any chorus or organist astray. Apart from the oratorio concerts, the most interesting has been a concert of Welsh music, which was given on St. David's Day, March 1, and proved very popular. Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Patey were among the singers, Mr. Brinley Richards was one of the solo pianists, and Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, was in command of a band of harps, and performed a solo. The airs of the songs were mostly familiar, and encores were frequent; but on the whole the effect was disappointing; one could not help being struck with the poverty of the materials out of which the concert was made up. To judge from it one might fairly fancy that there is not enough Welsh music worth hearing to supply the programme of one ordinary concert. The same airs appeared over and over again in tedious repetition—now as songs, now in a pianoforte solo, now upon the harp; and these few airs had to be supplemented by some works of modern composers, which could not lay any claim to a national character.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, who usually stand so firmly on the old lines, have shown that they can—in certain cases—depart from them, by giving another performance of Mr. Macfarren's oratorio “*John the Baptist*.” The composer certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Sir Michael Costa and all the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society for the great pains which have evidently been taken to put his work in the best possible light before the public. The result was a very decided success, and “*John the Baptist*” will no doubt form a regular item in the Society's repertoire. But we would ask, is this the only recent oratorio that deserves to have such pains taken with it? There are several other works which in common fairness demand a treatment equally favourable.

Mr. Henry Leslie has commenced his twentieth season, with a couple of concerts which prove his choir to be in as high a state of efficiency as ever.

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE of EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

ADA writes:—I have a light dress (pattern enclosed), scarcely worn at all, because so very unbecoming. It is made with short skirt, ten-inch flounce, crossways. Old-fashioned polonaise, all in one piece, without pleats, drawn into figure by band, trimmed with a white looped fringe, reminding one of toilet-cover fringe. How can I alter this dress, and trim it in some way to make it moderately fashionable? You will see it is a walking-dress. [Those loose polonaises suit very few figures. Make the body tight to wear with band. Take off the fringe, and trim skirt, tunic, and body with the washing linen trimming in black and crimson. These will relieve the lightness of the dress, and make it more becoming. If you wear light ribbon bows with it, mix black velvet ribbon with them.]

CHARLINA would like to know in the next number a pretty way of making up a skirt (pattern enclosed). I have five widths, and killing a quarter of a yard wide. Age, seventeen; height, 5 feet; dark hair. [Your dress would look very pretty trimmed with velvet the same colour. You do not say whether you wish it walking length, or trained. You will find many models and descriptions in our paper this month.] And would Sylvia kindly tell me the best way of making a brown and black striped silk; I have sixteen yards. [Skirt plain at the back, mounted in the Bulgarian fold. Basque bodice. Tablier, with ends at back. Trim all with brown and black fringe and brown and black buttons.]

MAY-LILY would be greatly obliged to Sylvia if she would kindly advise her how to make up two dresses (patterns enclosed), for a girl in her fifteenth year, very fair, height about 5 feet 5 inches, and slight in figure. She has fifteen yards of each, and wishes the style to be simple. May-lily derives much enjoyment from THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and though quite a new subscriber, looks forward with great pleasure to the arrival of every number. [For altering or contriving, Sylvia is always very glad to give advice, but descriptions of fashionable styles for making up new dresses would be merely repeti-

tions of the dress articles. A girl of 15 does not need her dresses much trimmed, nor do such good and pretty materials as your patterns require it.]

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, but one who has never before ventured into the Work-room, will feel very grateful to Sylvia if she can kindly give her a few suggestions in the next number. She has a Navy blue satin cloth dress, of good quality, and not much worn, having been laid aside on account of mourning. It is made in the Princess shape, with long, and consequently full, train, and a full flounce  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep. Can Sylvia suggest any way in which it could be made into a short walking dress? The flounce at the bottom is uncomfortably heavy, and having no tunic or panier, the dress looks incomplete. [If you take the back breadths to pieces, you can bring the fulness up to the waist instead of leaving it as a long train, and this alteration will make sufficient pouff. As the flounce is heavy, you might trim the front with it and perhaps some dark blue velvet, with which you might also trim the back, if necessary.]

ETTENNA would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly inform her the nicest way to make up a black silk, fourteen yards, twenty-eight inches in width, so as to suit either for handsome morning dress or occasional dinner ditto. The silk is a rich soft one. Would it be best made plain, or with polonaise? Ettenna is about forty years of age, married, rather dark complexion, short, and slight. She does not like much trimming on any dress. [The deep tablier, with tunic ends at the back, would be the most fashionable way to make it. Plain skirt mounted in deep folds at the back of the waist.]

FLEDA has a plain train skirt, very long, of white satin, with low bodice. Will Sylvia kindly tell me if it can be made into a fashionable dinner dress with the addition of some coloured satin, and how it should be done? I have also fifteen yards of Brussels lace five inches deep, which I should like to use for trimming the dress. I am a medium height, having dark hair and eyes, and a slight figure. [A tablier of beaded net, or of puffed tulle, with pearls between the puffings, trimmed with your Brussels lace, would look much handsomer and more elegant than coloured satin. There would be enough of your lace to trim body and sleeves handsomely as well. If you prefer not to wear a low bodice for a dinner dress, you could have a fichu and sleeves to the elbow made of the same material as your tablier, and trimmed with the Brussels lace. Coloured sash and bows, with same colour reproduced in the flowers or feather of the coiffure.]

JIMMIE writes—I shall feel much obliged if you will advise me how to alter a black silk dress. It was made three years ago, and has only been worn two or three times, as I did not like the style. The skirt is four inches on the ground, it has a flounce four inches deep, with one above it two inches deep. It is made with tight bodice, wide sleeves, bow and ends, and a crossover with long rounded ends in front. The flounces and frillings are bound with blue silk. [Cut it walking length, and replace the four-inch flounce. Trim the front breadths to simulate a tablier or tunic. You can do this by covering it with jet, sewn in straight lines on a foundation. Trim all round with jet fringe. Make ends at the back out of the crossover ends. Of the rest of the crossover make coat-sleeves. Trim these, and

the ends with fluting made from your two-inch flounce.] What sort of polonaise would be most serviceable to wear over different coloured skirts, cashmere or merino (black)? How many yards will it take, and how ought it to be trimmed to look nice? [From six to eight yards. Jet is the most fashionable trimming. Satin or silk would do, or plain rows of stitching done by machine.] What sort of hat should a little girl two years and a half old wear for best in the summer? She is tall for her age, and fair. [The modified small Dolly Varden shape is the most fashionable.]

ROSIE W. presents her compliments to Sylvia and would like to know what she would advise her to do with a silk dress (pattern enclosed). She has a plain short skirt and body, with small bell sleeves, tunic, not very full, trimmed with fringe the ground colour. Would Sylvia think it best to have it dyed, and what colour? It is faded under the arms and the front of the skirt, but not at all worn. It is too decided a pattern to wear often. Rosie W. is twenty-eight, married, fair, about 5 feet 4 inches, rather slender figure. Will feel grateful for any suggestions from Sylvia with regard to dyeing or making it up in any way to look a different dress. Rosie has found the answers to others of great use to herself, and this is the first time she has been a querist. She has been a subscriber for years, and greatly appreciates the enlargement of the nicest magazine for young people. [Your dress would look well dyed violet, and worn with velvet sleeveless jacket same colour. This would hide the worn part under the arms. If the front looks shabby still, trim with bands of velvet.] Rosie W. will feel grateful to the Editor if he could promise patterns of children's clothes from two to five years old, such as cut-out patterns of little boy's walking costume, jacket, etc. [Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, supplies these.] Can any of your correspondents tell me whether washing the head in luke-warm soda water promotes the growth and a nice shade to rather light hair, or is soft soap best in the water?

VIOLAT has a Japanese silk dress, which she got some time ago, but never liked, on account of its being wretchedly made. Would Sylvia, with her great fund of taste, please tell her how she might alter it in a pretty but inexpensive way? [If you will tell Sylvia how it is now made, so that she can form an idea as to the quantity of material it contains, she will have pleasure in giving her advice. Also, kindly say whether you wish to make it into house, walking, or dinner dress.]

SOPHY would be much obliged to Sylvia if she would kindly help her a little this month. Will the enclosed pattern of longcloth do to make white petticoats? [Too thin.] And should the frills be made of the same? [Yes.] I have a plain skirt and bodice of the enclosed silk, only just walking length. Could I do anything with it to wear with velvet sleeveless jacket and panier, or would it look nice made with a polonaise trimmed with something bright to wear over black silk skirt? Please tell me what would look well on it. I am 5 feet, dark hair and eyes, with fair complexion. [It would look well as a polonaise, trimmed with black, to wear over black silk. If you prefer a colour, almost any would go with it.] I have also a nice black shawl, square; could I make anything of it, as I

never wear it, and should like to use it for something. [You don't say what the material is. Would it not make a polonaise?] Will Sylvia please tell me how to cut a train skirt, and how many widths should be put in, and gores of a black silk? Can you tell me the price of black feather trimming about two inches wide? [Send to Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, for pattern of trained skirt.] Please tell me how to make a nice, dressy-looking frock (blue French merino) for a little girl eight years old, for the spring. [With cape and pleated frills.] I have a piece of blue satin cloth, enough to make quite a plain frock for a little girl of five. What could I trim it with to make it look dressy? [Velvet same colour.] I should be much obliged for the answers, as I live at the sea-side, and I am obliged to do all my needle-work in the winter.

AGUILLE would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly tell her whether a creamy, stone-coloured bodice, with tablier tunic, would look well worn with a plain black or black quilted skirt. [Very well, but better still over brown.]

ORISKA would be so much obliged if Sylvia would tell her how she might make a jacket into a fashionable garment. It is of very good cloth, but has been laid by for the last two years, in consequence of its loose and unbecoming shape. Would it look well as a sleeveless tight-fitting jacket? If so, would Sylvia say what it should be trimmed with? It will be wanted principally to wear with a black and white dress trimmed with beaded gimp. Oriska being only a poor governess, is obliged to do her own sewing and be very careful of her clothes, but nevertheless likes to look nice, and she will be very grateful if Sylvia would kindly answer her question in the April number. [Sylvia has much pleasure in helping Oriska, and hopes her advice may be of use. It would be very extravagant to make the jacket into a sleeveless one. Besides, these are not worn in cloth, unless some other portion of the toilette is in the same material. Unless Oriska is very clever at needlework, she would find it very difficult to make it into a tight-fitting jacket. A half-tight shape would be more easily managed. To do this, take out the sleeves, and unpick all the seams except those on the shoulders, which may not require altering. Then lay on the jacket patterns of demi-tight shape (such have been issued with former numbers), and cut accordingly. The sleeves may require to be made narrower at the arm, but that is easy. You must press the seams. Stitch all round with sewing-machine.]

A COUNTRY GIRL will feel much obliged if Sylvia will tell her how to make a silver-grey alpaca costume. She is barely 5 feet in height, very full figure, dark hair and eyes, generally a little colour, but not a very good complexion. As she is insignificant-looking, she should like to be dressed in a stylish manner, but not at all remarkable or showy, and would like the dress to add to her apparent height. What bonnet and neck-tie would go nicely with it? Please answer in next number. [As you wish to look tall, the less trimming you have, the better. But alpaca is a material that requires a certain amount of trimming, and the best style is six-inch frills arranged in very close folds. You will find descriptions in our fashion article, and models in our fashion plates. Any colour in bonnet or tie may be worn with grey. As you have not much colour, two shades of some soft bright colour would look best—such, for instance, as violet and mauve, not too bright, fané blue, and a deeper shade of same colour.]

MISS D. writes—I have a green silk ball dress, which was made three years ago, and was only worn once, as I have been in mourning ever since. It looks now quite old-fashioned, as it is made with a panier at the back and no tablier;

trimmed with pinked ruches of the silk (of which I enclose a pattern). Will Sylvia kindly assist me with hints as to renovating it? I have by me ten yards of yellow tulle, five of each shade, of which I forward patterns, as I think that the tulle might be used to trim the ball dress. The combination of colours seems to me pretty, but I do not know if it would be fashionable. I shall be grateful for any information and suggestions, as I live in a very out-of-the-way place, and have no good dressmaker at hand. [The yellow tulle would not look well on the green silk. Green tulle, crape, or even turlatan would look very pretty over it, made as tablier, with sash ends made from your panier. You could trim the tablier round with close pleats of the materials of which you make it, heading the pleatings with the silk ruching.]

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, who has very rarely troubled the Editor, will sincerely thank Sylvia if she will tell her what to do with her dresses (patterns enclosed). They were made years ago, with rather long untrimmed skirts. The foulard has a panier, not a large one, and she has two yards of new silk like the black. An Old Subscriber cannot afford to set the dresses aside, but cannot wear them in their present state. She thought, perhaps, a polonaise may be made out of the light dress, to wear over the black skirt. She lives in the country, but not far from a large city. She wants the dress for walking. The piqué has a small tunic, and the skirt is only a walking length. [The black silk will make a very nice and serviceable skirt. Perhaps you can take the back breadths out, if not much gored. Cut the remaining breadths to a walking length. Trim with flounces made from the back breadths, and two yards of new. Black velvet between each flounce would make the skirt look very handsome. The foulard will make a very pretty polonaise to wear over it, especially if trimmed with fringe the colour of the ground, and a row of black velvet. You would have enough foulard over to make a sleeveless basque jacket, which you could wear with your black sleeves. The jacket would be trimmed round arms and basques with fringe and velvet like polonaise. Blue bows would look well with it. Or make the black silk into jacket to wear over foulard sleeves. Trim the piqué to simulate a rather short tablier with the tunic, and with a sash of ribbon to match the colour of the flounce, it will be quite fashionable enough for a morning dress.]

HULDA thinks Beatrice C. can arrange her dress very well in the following way:—Take out the back breadth of the skirt, and replace with back breadth of tunic, if the tunic is too short to use as tablier; the fronts of the tunic will finish the tablier. If your skirt is not faded, it will require no trimming in front; if it is, make one of the puffings into a flounce; you will have two of the puffings over to join on the back breadth of skirt under the trimming; you will probably have a piece over from the front of the tunic, which will do for sash ends. If the dress does not require covering on account of being faded, you may make the three gathered flounces into two kilted ones; the front breadth to be trimmed in the same way, with one kilt. The narrow pleating of the front breadth, if it will iron out nicely, may be used as a plain band stitched against the tablier, with or without the Yak lace beneath—that is, if it is on the cross; if not, lay it on the under side of the tablier as a false hem. If you cannot get sash ends from the tunic, cut two-thirds of the front breadth of the skirt off for the purpose, and replace with lining.

EDITHA would like to know what Sylvia would advise her to do with a silk dress (pattern enclosed). She has a plain skirt, with two cross-cut folds headed with blue satin, large sash one

high and one low body trimmed with the satin. Editha might be able to get some more of the same silk. She would like a nice summer walking dress, and would not mind a little expense to make the dress nice. Editha is 5 feet 4 inches, fair complexion, brown hair. Editha would also like to know how to make up fourteen yards of light grey homespun for a walking dress, to be worn without a jacket. She likes her dresses very plain, but stylish, and has a great objection to jet or much trimming. [Your skirt will do as it is, and your large sash will be the very thing for ends at the back. You could either get more of the silk and make a tablier, or—which would be much prettier—have a tablier of blue cashmere or silk the same shade as your blue satin trimming. In this case, you would have to have a sleeveless jacket of the cashmere or silk, but as your high bodice is probably of an old-fashioned cut, this would perhaps be as cheap as buying extra silk. Your low body being useless, as you wish for a walking dress only, would help in trimming the sleeves, hiding the joins which will perhaps be necessary to make them the fashionable shape. Patterns of tablier and body were given in the diagram sheet with THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE for October last. Woollen materials and silk are now the favourite combination for costumes. In reply to your second query, see notice at top of previous page.]

LILY would feel obliged to Sylvia for her advice respecting a silk dress, of which a pattern is enclosed. Would it be better to have it dyed or cleaned? [It ought to clean very well.] It has a long trained skirt, with wide crosswise flounce. Lily is tall, with fair hair and complexion, and prefers a long dress. Does Sylvia think the skirt would look well plain, and take the flounce to trim the body and sleeves? The body is plain, without trimming and coat-sleeves. What would Sylvia advise? [The skirt would look rather old-fashioned if worn plain in these days of tunics, tabliers, and trimmings. The bodice and sleeves need not be trimmed; your wide crossway flounce ought to cut into enough narrow frills to trim your front breadth en tablier, and still leave sufficient for loops and pinked-out ends at the back. This will look very well if set perfectly plain into the waist, except four inches at the back, where the fullness is arranged in large overlying folds.]

QUEENIE would be deeply indebted to Sylvia if she would kindly advise her how to remake a grey alpaca dress. Queenie has only worn the dress a few times, in consequence of having to go into mourning. She is dark, rather tall, slender, aged eighteen. The dress has three wide crossway flounces, bound with grey Japanese silk at the back, and six narrow ones on the front, finished off by bows. It is not at all pretty, and Queenie would like to mix a little black with it, as she will have to wear it in slight mourning. [If you would get some alpaca of a darker grey, you might make a very handsome dress of your alpaca. Cut a tablier from the darker grey, which must not be too dark. Trim this with a very close pleating about five inches deep, made from some of your old flounces. Make a sleeveless jacket with basques of the dark grey also. Trim the basques with a very narrow close pleating. Trim your light great coat-sleeves with close pleating of dark grey. Trim your skirt with your old flounces, headed by bias bands of the darker grey. You had better take off all the Japanese silk, which would do for another dress. This dress will be slight mourning, if worn with a knot of black ribbon or velvet at the collar, and if you manage it well, you could scarcely have a prettier spring dress.] Will sleeveless deep basqued braided bodices be worn in the spring and early summer? [Yes.]

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

EDITH ROSE has enclosed the words of the pretty ballad, "The Beating of my Own Heart," asked for by one of your correspondents in the January number, and takes the opportunity to express her regret at Myra's illness, and hopes she is now quite recovered, that lady's writings having been always looked forward to with great interest, and found very useful. She has no doubt her successor will be equally welcomed; and hopes the admirable letter "On Good Intentions" will be thoughtfully read and laid to heart by many young ladies. She has noticed an improvement in the magazine this year, and would be glad to know of a useful, inexpensive book on "Wild Flowers," as she has some little girls she wishes to amuse themselves with collecting and preserving in the coming spring, such wild flowers as are to be found in their usual walks. She suggests the study of botany, as a most delightful and interesting pursuit to all young Englishwomen, and especially to those who reside in the country. Will Sylvia kindly give her some hints on a pretty, simple way of making children's dresses for the spring, when leaving off mourning? their ages are seven and four years. She also suggests, that if Sylvia would mention any novelty or change in style or make, at the commencement of the "Work-room," it would be acceptable to many, the answers not being so generally useful. [Children's dresses look pretty with a flounce round the hem, and a tunic, real or simulated, in the trimming. The cape or jacket should be of the same material for spring and summer wear. The new styles are described in the article on "Paris Fashions," but Sylvia thanks Edith Rose for her suggestion, and if anything new should prevail in the "Work-room" department, will make mention of it in future.]

## THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART.

I wandered by the brook side,  
I wandered by the mill,  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still;  
There was no buzz of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid;  
I listened, listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word;  
But the beating of my own heart,  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no, he came not,  
The night came on alone;  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on its golden throne;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

ADALIA writes: Will you kindly ask if any of your readers have a book called "Urgent Questions," by Dr. Cumming, which they will sell? I am very anxious to obtain it, but cannot from any bookseller. Was there a coloured pattern given with the February part? if so, it has been omitted in the copy I received. Can I have it by sending a stamped envelope? I think if the pattern was spoken of in the same article with the fashion plate, it would be an

improvement. [There was none issued with the February number.] I am pleased to be able to inform Alice Grace Violet that the third part of the "Gipsy's Warning" is called, "I will not heed her warning." Will you or Sylvia kindly tell me the best way to make up wool-work dinner mats? Must they be put on cardboard? [Yes.] And is cord around the edge necessary? [Bind with ribbon.] I should be much obliged if any one could tell me the name of a song commencing:—

"I'll deck my brow with flowers,  
The false one will be there."

I have taken your magazine since January, 1874, and think it the best published for young ladies. I look forward to it with pleasure every month, and hope you will consider my request about the coloured patterns. P.S.—Is it absolutely necessary to write on one side of the paper only? [Yes.]

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

The gay leaves fade,  
The fair flowers droop and die,  
The round and rosy cheek grows cold and pale,  
Dim the bright eye.

All changeth here;  
Life's brightest hopes decay;  
One word is written upon all we love,  
"Passing away."

Is there a land  
Where sorrow never comes?  
Where the tear never falls for love grown cold,  
And desolated homes?

Yes; the bright flowers,  
We from earth's garlands miss,  
Are blooming 'mid the radiance of the skies,  
In fadeless bliss.

There is no change;  
Death cannot enter there,  
For He who conquered death there glorious reigns—  
Nor pain, nor care.

Joy for the saved,  
That this life passeth by!  
Each year is but a milestone nearer home;  
Nearer the sky.

Nearer our home!  
Soon will the strife be o'er.  
One joyous household band shall meet above.  
To part no more! MAY.

L. B. has a number of pieces of music which she wishes to dispose of, or to exchange for pieces by Schubert, Liszt, Schumann, or Chopin. A list sent on application.

CONTESSA asks: Would you, dear Mr. Editor, try and find out the origin of the redbreast's nickname "Robin"? You will laugh at my repeating so often this wish, and yet I assure you I was once puzzled in Florence by this very question. Would it be possible to give in one of the front pictures of fashion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN a little boy of six years of age in an English sailor's costume? It would be for me and for many of our Italian ladies a great prize, and would enable me to order of Madame Goubaud a costume for my little fair-haired boy. If you can I am sure you will give me this pleasure; for it strikes me that

you are very kind. ["Robin" is the name of that species of bird. It is merely a coincidence that it is also a man's name. "Redbreast" is the nickname, for all robins have not red breasts. It will give us pleasure to comply with your request, if we can possibly do so.]

L. M. W. can supply Annchen with the information she requires. Address with Editor. [We cannot insert L. M. W.'s notice, as it is an advertisement, the charge for which would be half-a-crown.]

EUNICE presents her compliments to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and would be very much obliged if he would tell her the etiquette of visiting cards. When it is the correct thing to leave or send them; Eunice is so ignorant, she does not even know when it is proper to use them; but, being only sixteen, perhaps it is excusable. What will be the fashionable colours this spring? Eunice can scarcely understand what they are like from their French names. Eunice thinks THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN invaluable, and reads it with great pleasure. She would be grateful if the Editor would answer her questions next month. [If you call on friends and do not find them at home, you leave your card. All shades of faded colours will be fashionable. By faded, I mean the faded-looking colours that have come into wear during the last few years.]

TWOPENNY asks: Will Sylvia kindly give as much information as she can about garden parties? What time ought they to come? [Invite for 3 or 4 o'clock.] What time go away? [In time to dress for dinner.] What ought they to do the first thing? [After being received by the hostess, they walk about, stand about, or engage in the amusements provided for them. If a marquee is erected, what ought it to be for—dancing, supper, or what? [It ought to be fitted up with flowers, seats, etc., like a conservatory, for people to retire from the heat, for old ladies and gentlemen to chat, while the young ones flirt. There is not usually dancing at garden parties. Too early for supper.] Ought printed invitations to be issued, and how long beforehand? [A week or ten days, even more, according to scale of entertainment.] If the day happens to be wet, what is done? [Then, a dance is sometimes got up. A garden party on a wet day is a failure. Few people come, and those who do go away early, damp and dejected.] Any other information that you can give will greatly oblige Twopenny. [Croquet, archery, and other out-door amusements, form the entertainment. The refreshment is of the lightest kind, just as at an afternoon croquet party. Tea is handed round, with thin bread and butter, perhaps cakes, or some fruit.]

ANNETTE writes: In the January number of your magazine, Fanny the Fawn asks for a cure for chilblains. I used to be plagued with them, but was recommended to try a homoeopathic lotion, *Agaricus uscaris*; this quite cured mine. Sold at any homoeopathic chemists; small bottles, with brush, 1s. I should be much obliged if anyone would tell me when a note in music is marked both flat and natural how it should be played? [When a note has been sharp, it is necessary to make it natural before it can be written flat. Hence both the natural and flat. It is played flat.] Does ale injure the hair? Mine is very fine, and lies close, and my curls come straight in damp weather, so I use ale to make it stiff, but it takes the gloss off, and makes it sticky. Can you tell me of anything else that will keep it in curl? also what would make it grow? I cannot find an address in your magazine, but hope this will find you.



MARY writes: Can you or any of your numerous readers give me a receipt for a fast dye suitable for a batiste dress? The original colour of the material was drab, but this has washed out. I wish you every success in your useful journal. I have been a subscriber for at least a dozen years.

GREYSTIEL informs "Poor Maria" the piece of needlework is copied from an old engraving, representing the heroine of a touching episode in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

LINA MASSE writes: May I ask one favour of you. I don't think you'll refuse to answer me if you can; it is this. Do you, or any of the readers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN know of anything I could use to make my hair grow more on my forehead. I was quite distressed when I saw that in last month's number—please help me if you are able, I am sure I shall be much indebted to you or any other person who could answer my question. Would you please tell me if there is anything to pay, if so, I will forward you the amount in stamps. [What was it that distressed you?]

FRANKY asks where is it likely that she would be able to procure a painted glass transparency fit for hanging in a window; subject, the Crucifixion? [Cox and Co., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.]

LEONORA presents her compliments to the Editor, and begs to say that she thinks the Magazine much improved since it has been enlarged. The letters by Sylvia and those on Etiquette are invaluable to country subscribers. All her friends are very pleased with it, and she wishes it all the success it deserves. Leonora wants the July, August, September and November numbers of the Magazine for 1874, complete, for which she will give one dozen of new oxydised buttons, very handsome, cost 3s. 6d., or would pay half price for them.

RUBY would feel obliged to the kind Editor if he would tell how "Goethe," the German dramatist, is pronounced. Also if the three songs in connection with the "Gypsy's Warning" are all sung to the same air? [The "G" is hard, the "oe" pronounced as eu in French, and the "the" like the first syllable of our English word, tether. The three songs have different airs.]

W. WILBERFORCE BATTYE writes: My daughter takes in your Magazine, and I am glad she does, and hope that she may continue to do so, on account of its high moral tone. At the same time you must allow me to demur to the reason given to one of your correspondents, who inquires whether a veil or cap should be worn at confirmation. Surely, this is not to secure the bishop's hands from getting soiled! Surely, is it not rather a token of modesty, and because a veil is given to a woman "for a covering"? If I am wrong in this suggestion, all I can say is, not of course that the bishop has no right to "lay on" hands at all, but certainly that he has no right to have any hands to "lay on."

IDA WALES presents her compliments to the Editor, and would he kindly answer her a few questions? Is it customary in photographic albums to put the Royal Family first, or relations and friends? [Matter of choice.] Could he, or any of his numerous correspondents give her an address of a manufacturer of linoleum floor cloth? [Trelgar, Ludgate Hill, E.C.] What would be the price of a "Bristol Tune Book"? And will he give a pretty crochet pattern, wool work, suitable for a sofa blanket shortly? [At this time of year, such a pattern would be unsuitable.] Ida Wales has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for more than four years, and likes it exceedingly; this being the first time she has written to the Editor.

AUGUSTA presents her compliments to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN and would be greatly obliged if he would answer the following questions. How long will lemon rind keep good after the juice has been squeezed out? [Pour whiskey on it, and it

will keep for a long time.] And also the juice? [Only two or three days.] When lettuces, radishes, and cress are handed round, how should one take them? [There are usually a wooden salad spoon and fork with lettuce, etc.] When one has no fish-knives, should one hold the fork in the right-hand or the left, the same as for other meat? [In the right hand.] When jam is served with rice and blanchmange, could it be put in a little glass dish, the same as on the tea-table? [That is the proper kind of dish for it.] On what kind of dish should stewed fruit be served? [If cold, on glass. If hot, a dish like the rest of the service.] What sized envelopes are most fashionable for ladies to use? [Almost square, with very deep flaps.]

WILD DAISY would be grateful if Sylvia will kindly answer her the following questions. Would sauces for puddings be spoiled if one made them before going in to dinner? [Some kinds would.] Is it bitter or sweet almonds should be eaten with raisins? [Sweet.] And how much almonds should be put to every pound of raisins. [About a quarter of a pound.] And should they be helped with a dessert-spoon? [Table-spoon.] Should the seeds of raisins be eaten or left on the plate. [The seeds cannot be eaten.] Can more than one thing be placed on the same mat on the breakfast-table, or should a mat each be placed under the teapot, cream jug, and sugar basin? [A mat for the teapot, the others stand on the tray.] And on a plate or what, should the loaf be put? [A wooden platter.] And should the host cut it, and every one butter their own bread, or how? [Every one butters his own, as there are usually dishes for breakfast with which some persons take butter and others do not.]

Can any of our correspondents tell M. E. D. the origin of the word "Fenian"?

MRS. D. writes: In answer to Emmie C.'s inquiry respecting training-institutions for domestic service, she has much pleasure in informing her that there is one in Lakenham, Norfolk, of that description, where girls may be entered, with the payment (if she is not mistaken) of three shillings per week. Emmie C. may obtain full particulars by writing to the Institution. There is another at Alresford, Hants, but Mrs. D. believes it is private.

E. G. writes: Dear Mr. Editor, ought there to be two coloured plates in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN? I have never had but one. [If you write again, please leave space for replies. Now and then an extra coloured plate is given away with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.] Please tell me a pretty inexpensive way to furnish a bed-room. [Beeswax or oak-stain the floor, and have a square of carpet only in the middle. Have chintz curtains and bed-valance. Cover an old box with chintz and keep at the foot of the bed for laying crushable dresses in. If there is a recess, get a few hooks put up in it, for hanging your dresses on. Make chintz curtains for it and fasten these round a shelf at the top, which a carpenter will put up for you for a very few shillings. A pretty dressing-table can be made out of a very inexpensive table with light chintz drapery, or the conventional white muslin over pink calico. A washstand can be purchased cheaply and covered with the imitation marble cloth. A chest of drawers of light wood will be necessary, also a couple of chairs. The mantel-piece and looking-glass look well hung with chintz also, and trimmed with lace. Light iron bedsteads are the prettiest.] Ought dinner napkins to be always folded, or will a ring put round do. [Rings for napkins are quite a family arrangement. For a dinner party the napkins must be folded.] Will you or any kind friend tell me how to make the following: a mantel valance, not expensive work for drawing-room, chairs, etc., in green, also tea-pot cosy and dinner-napkin ring. Could you give a pattern of print dressing-gown, or will Sylvia tell me how to make the same?

I like the Magazine very much, but do wish there would be some hints for young housewives as there used to be. Will some one kindly inform me how to manage my allowance, £15 a year, everything but boots to find. I am sure I have tired the kind Editor with my long letter and trust he will excuse me. [Lace makes the most elegant mantel valance. Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will send you a pattern of a dressing-gown.]

JESSAMINE would feel much obliged if Sylvia would kindly tell her in the March number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN what would be the correct, and at the same time, the most inexpensive materials for the costume of "Red Riding Hood" at a fancy ball, and also how the dress-cloak, etc., should be made. A full description of the character would be of the greatest assistance to her. [A full plain skirt of blue cashmere, orleans, or batiste, gathered all round. Red circular cloak with hood to wear over the head, but showing some of the hair. This cloak might be made in a material that would make it a useful garment for other occasions, cloth, for instance. At Hengler's Grand Cirque, Little Red Riding Hood's cloak is of silk, and the small representative of the character wears short white socks, and shoes with straps and buttons, than which nothing could be prettier or more simple. Your letter was not in time for the March number.]

LILLY writes: would the Editor kindly give her a receipt for a roughness over the face; and also could he tell her the meaning of why rather a long sponge cake is sent with the mourning-card; and why people send valentines on the 14th of February; and what address should Lilly use if she wanted to send a letter to the Work-room? [Do not go out during cold winds without a thick veil. Do not wash the face just before going out or immediately after coming in. Dry with powder. We never heard of a sponge cake being sent with a mourning card. Perhaps it is a custom in some particular locality. Nobody knows exactly the origin of the custom of sending valentines on Feb. 14. Address, Sylvia, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.]

JACK O' LANTERN would be very much obliged if you or any of your correspondents could tell her, through the "Drawing-room," how to make the colour flow smoothly on photographs, she has tried many times but has only succeeded in spoiling them; on the dress in particular the colour went into lumps, though it was mixed quite smoothly. Is there anything to be put into it? And could any one tell me a good book from which to learn wool work, and the price of it?

AIGUILLE writes: In answer to Brownie, who asks how to make cork frames, Aiguille replies that she must first make a frame of stiff cardboard, unless she has an old plain wooden one. Next procure a number of corks, break, not cut them into rough, different sized pieces, and grate a quantity rather finely. With strong glue or gum fasten the pieces on as picturesquely as possible, and fill up the vacant spots with the grated cork.

STEPHANOTIS presents her compliments to the Editor, and having seen in her valuable magazine that Twopenny and other ladies wish for something which will render their hands white, begs to say that the following recipe, recommended by a celebrated physician, is most satisfactory for making the face, neck, hands, and arms white, soft, and delicate. Take 3 oz. of sugar candy, 1 wine-glassful of eau-de-Cologne; 1 oz. of white soft soap, 1 oz. of glycerine, and 3 oz. of almond oil. Manipulation: melt the candy (finely powdered) in the eau-de-Cologne, with as little heat as possible, then add the soap until it is properly incorporated, mixing with a basin and fork; now pour the glycerine and oil together, and gradually little by little, mix them with the soapy syrup, beating with the fork until it is a smooth thick cream; this being rubbed daily over the

skin, and then removed with a little water, drying with a soft towel, will produce the most pleasing results, and any lady who will try it will find that such is the truth. It is extremely inexpensive, and as one can make it oneself, one knows the ingredients, and that it is not injurious. Too much cannot be said in its favour, as many ladies testify. Stephanotis has also seen that many ladies wish for something which will remove warts; she begs to say that she for many years had been troubled with some on her hands, and though she tried a great number of remedies, they still remained. A short time since she was advised to try muriatic acid, and her warts soon quite disappeared. This remedy is entirely painless, and does not turn the warts black; it should be rubbed into them night and morning with a piece of stick, sharpened at the end. Stephanotis has not written to the Editor before, and fears she may not have addressed her letter correctly, but begs she will excuse any mistakes; she has herself proved that both the recipes she has mentioned are very valuable and effectual, and trusts they will prove so to other young ladies.

JULIA R. would be very grateful if the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN or any of the subscribers, could tell her of a publication that would enable one to teach oneself how to read music. I have no opportunity of taking lessons, so I want something simple. I have John Hullah's Exercises and Figures, but want a kind of key. If you could help me I should be very grateful for an answer in the "Drawing-room" of next month if possible. [Try Hamilton's Instruction Book.]

BLUE BELL would be greatly obliged if the kind Editor could tell her a good remedy for removing moles from the face, as they do not add to her beauty. [I do not think moles can be removed.] Would the Editor or a correspondent also inform her of something that would prevent the hair from breaking off; my hair being very fine, it quickly gets to look poor. Also could anyone favour her with the words of a song called the Gipsy's Warning? Blue Bell is delighted with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN; she thinks the tales are beautiful, and hopes the next story will be as nice. Will the Editor kindly tell me how I could improve my writing; I have always been delicate, and could not attend school. [Write from copies.]

BETA. [Cannot promise them just at present.] ELIZA, Twickenham. [When you have made the antimacassar wide enough, continue the same number of stitches without increasing or decreasing. After adding enough extra rows in this way to make it the required length, complete the square as usual. Helena is accented on the first syllable.] ETTIE. [Get Lady's Knitting Book, first series (Hatchard, Piccadilly.) A. H. [The slippers need not be made up. Cigar-case or tobacco-pouch. Cricket-belt worked in wool, or braces, ditto. Your letter was delayed through not having been sufficiently addressed. "Sylvia, care of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN," is not a full address. Another time, please add, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. The full address is on the front page of the magazine.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

Young Englishwoman's Exchange.]

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.

3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.

4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.

5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.

6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.

7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.

8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.

JENNIE has a pretty pair of gold and coral earrings, cost 15s. 6d., which she will exchange for a gold ring under that value. Address, Miss Simms, Paris House, Fakenham, Norfolk.

M. L. B. has for exchange the following pieces and songs: Oho, Oho, Lady Look down Below; solo by Offenbach, from Genevieve de Brabant; In August, and Oh! Sing Me not that Strain Again (Madame Sainton Dolby); L' Etranger (Giulio Allary); Dream of Angels, Little One (Franz Abt); A Lullaby (Harriet Young); Melvil Castle (Mr. Campbell); L'Addio (Sarmiento); Melodo Pratico (singing exercises by Vaccai); Grand Rondeau Brilliant (C. M. von Weber); L'Angelo Souvenirs (L. P. Gerville); Souvenir de la Pologne (2nd set of Mazurkas by Chopin); Les Cloches du Monastere, Nocturne (Lefebvre Wely); Melody in F (A. Rubinstein); The Marseillaise (Boynton Smith); Deutsche Volkslieder (Fritz Spindler); Oak Wreath, and Lily of the Valley Waltzes (Mrs. Hayes); Prince Albert Band March (Stephen Glover); Fairy Song, solo and chorus for ladies voices, by Robert Taylor. All quite clean. I would give anyone of the above in exchange for the Blue Danube, Guards, Mabel, or other good waltzes; and any four in exchange for the Messiah, Israel in Egypt, or the Creation. M. L. B., Post-office, Swansea, Glamorganshire.

S. A. S. has the following pieces to exchange, namely: Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still (Brinley Richards), 1s. 6d.; Alice Eugén (Woylke), 1s.; Golden Cloudlets (W. Smallwood), 6d., all in good condition; or she will take in their stead Clochette (Molloy), or the Storm (I do not know who it is by); or Won't You tell Me Why, Robin? She also wishes to add, that she wrote to H. B. Berks, and sent her nineteen stamps for a song, and has never received any answer. She cannot conclude without saying how much she likes the magazine. Address—Miss Stott, Pen Sychnant, near Conway, North Wales.

E. P. has the following pieces to dispose of, all in very good condition: Spirit of the Night, Galop (R. F. Harvey), 3s.; Leitartikiel Waltzes (Johann Strauss), 4s.; Woodland Whispers Waltzes (Gerald Stanley), 4s.; Prince Imperial Galop (Charles Coote), 3s.; Sunbeam Brilliant Galop (Edward Dorn), 3s.; Minuet from Mozart's Symphony in E flat (Jules Schuffholt), 3s.; Gloria in Excelsis (G. F. West), 3s.; Ronda in A (Beethoven), 3s.; Carnaval de Venise (Oesten), 3s.; Russian Hymn (W. Kuhe), 2s. 6d.; No. 6 of Mess Souvenirs d'Ecosse (Madame Oury), 4s.; Reels and Strathspeys, 5s. Any of the above will be sent for one fourth of the marked price. Address—Miss Peter, High Street, Kirkcaldy, N.B.

M. H. has the following music all in good condition, which she would exchange for other music, or anything useful, or would sell any of the pieces at 6d. each: Songs, Won't you tell me Why, Robin? Over the Sea; Say, What Shall my Song be To-Night? The One Fond Heart; Leoline; Only; I have Brought Thee a Rose; Sing Birdie, Sing; Thy Will be

Done; The Beating of My Own Heart; Jenny of the Mill; A Dead Past; Good Night; Let Me be Near Thee; Boosey's Musical Cabinet; songs by Claribel, Gabriel, etc. The Captive Greek Girl. Pieces, selections from Norma; Santa Lucia; Wedding March; Adagio Cantabile (Beethoven); Coote's Burlesque Lancers; Rowena; Maiden's Prayer: selection from La Sonnambula; The New Year; Evening Dew; La Sicilienne (duet); Les Cloches du Monastere; La Pluie Jolie. Address, M. H. Post Office, Atherstone.

Y. Z., has the following pieces and songs for sale: Pieces, short pieces by Heller, 4d.; two short sonatas (Tregang), 1s.; Standchen (Heller), 1s. 3d.; Impromptu (Schubert), 1s. 3d.; Pas des Nymphes (Clarke), 9d.; Alice (Wayche), 1s.; Those Beautiful Bells (Grobe), 4d.; Illustration de l'Africaine (Kuhe), 1s. 3d.; Fenian Galop, 1s.; Book of Instructions (incomplete), 9d. Songs, La Manola, 6d.; I Lombardi Alla Prima Crociata (Verdi), 1s.; I Linger by the Mountain Stream (Gumbert), 9d.; Remember Now, Thy Creator (Westrop), 6d.; I Will Arise, and Go to My Father (Westrop), 6d.; Simeon's Prophecy (Toppliff), 6d. Also 18 songs and pieces, including The Forsaken Nest (song by Tito Mattei); In the South (song by Offenbach), and other songs and pieces by Hatton, Benedict, etc. The lot of 18, for 4s., or separately, 6d. Address, Y. Z., Holy Brook House, Reading, Berks.

SUSIE writes: I have a lovely Algerian silk scarf or shawl, a yard square. Striped, but chief colour, gold; lovely to cut on the cross for trimming white opera cloak, etc. Also white washing grenadine skirt, very long and full, beautifully embroidered; for exchange, would like anything useful in dress for little girl of three. I have also a set of beautifully carved lava ornaments; brooch and earrings, unset, for exchange; nice black alpaca dress preferred. Where can I obtain the patterns of children's things exactly like your illustrations, which appear each month? [Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.]

FANCHETTE has My Queen, by Blumenthal, in the key of E; it is quite new. She should like to exchange it for Don't be Sorrowful, Darling, by Molloy, in the lower key, or, When We are Old and Grey, Darling, also in the lower key.

LILY has for disposal a number of songs and pieces remarkably cheap; also THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1872, and "The Quiver" for 1872, and "The Young Ladies' Journal" for 1874. Lily will sell the magazines for half price. Send for list of music.

ESMERALDA would exchange with any subscriber a set of Table ParLOUR Croquet, a very suitable game for children. Also all the numbers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1874 for half price, or anything useful.

L. C., has the following pieces and songs to dispose of, would like in return works by Trollope, Bulwer Lytton, or Miss Braddon, a pair of jet earrings, or, in fact, is open to any offer except of music, of which she has sufficient. Instrumental music, Robert le Diable (Sydney Smith); Barcarole (Sydney Smith); Faust (Sydney Smith); When the Rosy Morn (G. F. West); Etoile de Ma Vie (F. Berger); Where the Bee Sucks (Jules Benedict); Rule Britannia (B. Richards); La Nouvelle Pluie de Perles (G. Osborne); The Guards Waltz (D. Godfrey); Hymne à la Vierge (Badarzewski). Songs, There Was a Time (J. Knight); The Spirit of Good (A. Lee); They Are Not Dead but Sleep (Blumenthal); The Girl and the Book (J. Hatton); My Star of Heaven (H. B. Farnie); Come Where the Moonbeams Linger, duet (F. Buckley). Address, L. C., Post Office, Otley, Ipswich, Suffolk.

JESSIE CLYDE sends 20 Devonshire fern roots, 6 varieties, 1s., 100 leaves, 1s., post-free. Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devon.





THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
The "Young Englishwoman"







M A Y, 1875.

## A GARDEN OF GIRLS.

WE borrow that phrase from Tennyson, who describes his Maud as "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," and, pretty as is the idealization, there is a great deal more than mere prettiness in the epithet. We are accustomed to associate the beauty of girlhood and the beauty of flowers. Sweet Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane, is only one of ten thousand charming maidens celebrated in song as roses and lilies, as violets and daisies. The graceful forms and the delicate freshness of flowers are in poetical accord with our appreciation of the modest beauty of girlhood; and to the end of time, we suppose, lovers and poets will adopt the old simile, and find nothing so graceful and appropriate.

Of all the pleasing sights this every day and sometimes very wearying world can give, there are few more pleasing than that of a group of cheerful, light-hearted, happy, pretty girls in a well laid-out garden, tripping in and out among the flower-beds, or walking hand in hand demurely enough on the gravel-paths, till some flowering beauty attracts their attention; and then a quickened step, with smiling face and heightened complexion, to examine or pluck the treasure. Some bend down to note the beauty of leaf or colour; some stand and watch with a placid pleasure the excitement of the others. A painter might be pardoned if he failed to decide which part of such a picture is the more beautiful—the unconscious flower or the conscious, animated girls. Flowers are beautiful, and the wealth of bounteous nature is exhibited in their graceful forms and exquisitely harmonious colours; but the crowning charm of expression is wanting, and,

although the mere painter might find it difficult to award the palm, we have no such hesitation. Transferred to canvas, the girls and the flowers would be equalized; the beauty of the moment might be caught, but it would be fixed and unchangeable alike for each. As they rise from the blossom they have been admiring, a new expression appears on their features, new attractions may bring forth a smile or a flush, new emotions impart a novel beauty, while the change of attitude develops new graces of outline. So the girls are more beautiful than the flowers, just as the complete existence is more beautiful than still life. There is almost an appearance of voluntary life in flowers, when the petals and leaves expand to the morning sun, or the blossom turns on the stalk to follow the motions of the luminary; and one of the most beautiful passages in descriptive poetry is that of Shelley's, when he speaks of the rose opening till,

"Fold after fold, to the fainting air,  
The soul of its beauty and love lay bare."

Perhaps it is the advent of May that makes us think of gardens. In this climate it is not quite the flower month; our May-days are apt to be somewhat wintry, and night frosts chill early blossoms. But in May we enter, as it were, the gates of Flora's temple, tread lightly and hopefully on the path that leads to roses and a hundred other beauties of the garden. Very soon we shall be among them, and we enjoy their beauty by anticipation.

Not only in the sunlight and shade of the open air

are there gardens, but we have window-gardens, and even winter-gardens, conservatories where precious flowers are preserved with care, lest "the winds of heaven visit their faces too roughly;" choice bouquets of gathered varieties, little jewel-like gems for bosom or button-hole. And these flowers have their counterparts in the garden of girls. There are vases by the chimney-corner, making all around fragrant, and light, and beautiful; clustered groups of gay and graceful girls in drawing-rooms; some of rare qualities as yet treasured in conservatories, but to be transplanted when matured and full blossomed into the sunshine of the world; and there are, too, dainty, good, loving flowers ready to be placed near the hearts of brave men.

We suppose, too, to pursue the analogy, there are some "last roses of summer, left blooming alone, all their lovely companions departed and gone." Once they were a portion, perhaps, of the joyous smiling wreath of bridesmaids, and the others have advanced to the honour of brides, leaving them like the "lone one" of the song. Take heart; the song, so beautiful that it touches the heart of all who hear it, was not made for those who are gone, but for the one who is left, very charming in its solitude, and gracing with its modest beauty the fading year. And this brings us to autumn flowers, those which represent the paler attractions of the garden, but which have a certain and special beauty of their own. They do their work in making the season of the falling leaf less desolate, and cheering those whose hearts might sink when summer goes. We cannot hope to find life all sunshine, there must be an autumn of decline, a winter, perhaps, of gloom; but how much that decline and that gloom are enlivened and lightened by the loving ministration of some of those gentle, affectionate flowers in the garden of girls, who willingly transplant themselves from the bright parterres of society to share the retirement where the old, or sad, or infirm ask for the sight of a flower to refresh the eye and invigorate the mind.

There are, of course, faded flowers in the garden. There is no alchemy by which youth and beauty can be made perpetual. We have seen flowers preserved by cunning preparations, but how painted and artificial they appear; the bloom has vanished, the fragrance gone; they are spectres of flowers, only haunting, not beautifying our daily lives. We may love even faded flowers if they preserve dear memories. In many a cabinet there is a faded rose, as in many a heart there is a treasured secret and the ties are related. Even a few rose-leaves in a book give a pleasant fragrance to the page; and it will be well if sometimes, when reading a favourite author, we are reminded, by a beautiful thought or an

exquisite delineation of character, of some flower long since gathered by the "reaper among the flowers," even as the withered leaf on the page recalls the time when all was fresh, and fair, and fragrant in the garden of life.

We will end by quoting a little poem which carries out this line of thought; we met with it many years ago, and the poet—the name of Westby Gibson is on the title-page of the book—ought to be better known:—

"THE FLOWER IN THE BOOK.

"Tell me, O tell me, my mother dear,  
In many a lonely and silent hour,  
Why, buried in thought, do I hear you sigh;  
And sometimes I see a tear in your eye,  
Whilst gazing on that old withered flower!  
Oh, mother, it makes my heart ache to see  
Your dear sweet face with so sad a look:  
Ah! there's something that troubles—something that  
grieves—  
A mystery to me—in the dry dead leaves  
Of the flower in the book.

"O, fling it away, my mother dear,  
Why keep such a crushed and withered thing?  
I'll bring you the sweetest wild flowers, for I know  
Where the violets down in the hollows grow,  
And the primrose shines by the forest spring.  
I'll make you, dear mother, a posy sweet,  
And then you will kiss me, and smiling look;  
For there's nothing that troubles, nothing that grieves,  
In their rich dewy cups, as in the dead leaves  
Of the flower in the book."

"O bless thee, my child, for thy loving thought,  
But little of life can thy young heart know—  
How a simple flower may bring tears to the eyes,  
And the saddest and tenderest feelings arise,  
With thoughts of the years that are gone long ago!  
O, I could not part with these few dead leaves  
For a balmy cluster fresh from the brook;  
For memories troubled, and memories bright,  
Ever thrill my heart through, at the sad-sweet sight  
Of the flower in the book.

"'Twas thy father gathered this flower, my child,  
A treasure sweet to thy baby-eye!  
But it withered soon—and thy father died—  
Heart-broken, I too could have lain by his side;  
But for thy dear sake—oh! I could not die!  
And now, oftimes, in these lonely years,  
On a relic so precious I love to look:  
For memories troubled, and memories bright,  
Ever thrill my heart through at the sad-sweet sight  
Of the flower in the book!"

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## III.—SEEING, BUT UNDERSTANDING NOT.

THE service being ended, Bergan naturally turned to his kinsfolk for an ampler and friendlier greeting than had been possible at their hurried meeting in the crowded vestibule. Especially—with a grateful remembrance of her yesterday's cordiality—did he look to his aunt for a word of familiar kindness, that should make him feel less alone, less of a stranger, amid the friendly chorus of salutations and leave-takings coming to his ears from the departing congregation. But, to his surprise and pain, the same indefinable chill which had made him so vaguely uncomfortable with her husband and daughter, had now taken possession of her also, and woven a thin film of ice over the manner that yesterday was so kind.

The change was so unaccountable that he could not believe in it. He told himself that the real thing at fault was his own sickly imagination, that he was morbidly sensitive, as well as foolishly exacting. He convinced his understanding, but could not silence his heart. That Cassandra of the depths continually smote his unwilling ear with her lugubrious voice, calling upon him to observe how strangely Mrs. Bergan had been transformed overnight, from the interested, cordial, even affectionate, aunt, into the polite and practised woman of the world, doing merely what courtesy required for the entertainment of the guest that circumstances had flung upon her hands.

In this state of affairs, Bergan would gladly have exchanged the dinner at Oakstead for a quiet afternoon in his room and a sober talk with his thoughts. But the invitation being already accepted, he must needs abide by the event. Accordingly, he took the vacant seat in his uncle's carriage, and was soon set down at the cottage steps.

Before dinner, the two gentlemen were left to a quiet chat to themselves on a cool, shady piazza. Bergan embraced this opportunity to explain, more fully than he had yet done, his motives and aims. He told his uncle,—a little proudly, it might be, for he wished it to be understood that he had come hither with a self-respecting purpose of independence, and not with any idea of leaning upon his friends,—he told his uncle that his choice of Berganton as the starting-point of his professional career, was due to the influence of his mother. Her childhood's home, and its vicinity, had always kept a tenacious hold on her affections, despite the fact that more than two-thirds of her womanhood had been spent elsewhere, and all the deeper joys and sorrows of her life had blossomed and fruited in different soil. When, therefore, it became necessary for one of her sons to go

out into the world, in search of a better field of labour than was afforded in his native village, her thoughts naturally turned to the spot so hallowed in her memory, and where her ancestry had sent such deep, old roots into the soil, as to create a kind of kinship for evermore between their descendants and the locality. It would be a pleasant thing for Bergan, she thought, to make a home and a name for himself in a place where he possessed so strong a claim to residence; it would be equally pleasant for the old town to recognize the familiar mould of features and character in its streets; and it would be pleasantest of all for herself to know that her son was with her kinsfolk, amid well-known scenes, rather than among strangers, on ground where her thoughts could find no foothold. Some day, she hoped to visit him there, and feed her mother's pride upon his success, at the same time that she renewed her girlhood amid old associations.

Bergan then touched lightly upon his disappointment in the dull old town—finding it so much duller and older, even to decrepitude, than he had expected, and consequently, so little eligible to his purpose. And here, if he had been met by a more interested glance, and a fuller sympathy, he would have gone on to speak of the disgraceful scene into which he had been betrayed by his uncle—the Major—and the obligation under which he felt himself placed thereby to remain in Berganton, at least long enough to efface any unfavourable impression which it might have caused. But, though his uncle Godfrey heard him patiently and courteously enough, there was so little of the hearty interest of kinship in his manner, that Bergan could not bring himself to open the subject. Not only was it unpleasant in itself, but it touched at many points on deep things of his nature, which instinctively refused to pour themselves into any but a friendly, sympathetic ear.

If he had known whence came the cloud between his relatives and himself, he would have spoken, as a matter of course, at whatever cost of feeling. But this explanation of the matter suggested itself to him, only to be inevitably rejected. Although it might serve to account for the coolness that had characterized his uncle's manner from the first, it seemed to throw no light whatever upon the difficult problem of the sudden change from cordiality to reserve, in Mrs. Bergan and Carice. A much more natural supposition appeared to be, that something in his own manner or conversation had unfortunately awakened prejudice or created dislike. For that, there was no remedy save in time. He could hope that, when his

kinsfolk should come to know him better, they might be fain to reverse their hasty judgment, and account him worthy of a place in their liking. But, until that time should arrive,—though he would do anything in reason to help it on,—there was nothing to encourage or to warrant any overflow of personal confidences.

It was scarcely possible, under the circumstances, that Bergan should have reached a different conclusion. Of his meeting with Mr. Bergan and Carice, during his frenzy of rage and intoxication, he retained but the vaguest recollection; and he had totally failed to recognize either his uncle or cousin as his co-actors in the dim and misty adventure. Nor was this the only missing link in the chain of events. Dr. Remy's casual talk, in the visit immediately preceding his own, which had first made Mr. Bergan acquainted with the fact of his nephew's presence in the neighbourhood, and gradually led to his identification with the intoxicated cavalier of whom he entertained so disagreeable an impression; Carice's subsequent recognition of him, as soon as his features were distinctly revealed to her; and his aunt's later discovery of the same lamentable identity;—all these facts were necessary to a clear understanding of the situation, and its requirements. Without them, no wonder that Bergan was led astray both in his conclusions and in his acts; the former being the inevitable result of the false logic of the few facts of which he knew, and the latter going to help the equally false logic of the facts known to others, of which he knew nothing.

So, after Mr. Bergan had politely assented to his observations upon the dullness of Berganton, and somewhat pointedly remarked that perseverance and energy, when conjoined with upright habits, were pretty sure to command a reasonable measure of success anywhere, the conversation turned aside into other channels. The opportunity for a frank explanation—which could alone have placed him upon his proper footing with his new-found relatives—was lost. It would not return until it was too late to be of any considerable service.

Nevertheless, at the dinner-table, the moral atmosphere cleared a little. Mr. Bergan could not, in justice to himself, allow any guest at his board—much less his sister's son—to shiver long in an impalpable mist of coolness and reserve. His wife gladly seconded his efforts toward geniality and cheerfulness. Under this opportune sunshine, Bergan's manner soon lost its reflected touch of constraint, and sparkled with pleasant humour, or was warmed through and through with a rich glow of enthusiasm. Despite their prejudices, his relatives could not but feel its potent charm. Under protest, as it were, they yielded him a portion of their liking, even while they refused him their confidence. "What a pity," they thought, "that he is so dissipated, when he can be so captivating! What a fine character his might be, but for its one miserable, ruinous flaw!"

Especially was this thought prominent in the mind of

Carice, as she listened delightedly to the pleasant flow of his talk, and her youthful enthusiasm involuntarily sprang forward to meet his. Two or three times, he caught her eyes fixed upon him with an expression that not only puzzled, but pained him. But for the absurdity of the supposition, he would have said that it was pity!

In the hope of finding a clue to the mystery, he took a position near her, when they rose from the table,—leaning with an easy grace against the mantel, while she occupied the low window-seat,—and the two were soon deep in a conversation of absorbing interest. Beginning with books, it slowly led, by way of the morning's service and sermon, up to vital questions of duty and morals. In its course, it developed so many points of sympathy between the colloquists,—such happy correspondence of opinion, without lifeless unanimity,—so many dove-tailed segments of thought, glad to meet in close and completing union,—that Mr. and Mrs. Bergan, listening, at first, with indulgent interest, finally began to exchange uneasy glances, and, at length, withdrew to the piazza for a hurried consultation.

For this fair daughter of theirs—this blue-eyed Carice, with the lily-like *pose*, and the rose-like face—was their idol. Not specially congenial on other points, they were yet made one by their engrossing devotion to her. She was at once their exceeding joy and their exquisite pain. Although she had scarcely been ill a day in her life, she had a seeming delicacy of constitution that kept them in a constant quake of terror. She had also a sensitiveness of temperament, as well as a singular purity and simplicity of character, that filled them with nameless forebodings for her happiness. All their days were spent in keeping safe watch and ward between her and the first threatenings of evil, of whatever nature. Every coming shadow, every adverse influence, was foreseen or forefelt, and turned aside, before it could reach her.

Especially, of late,—seeing her continual growth in loveliness, of a character at once so rare and so attractive—they had charged themselves with the duty of watching against any unwise bestowal of her affections, and consequent misery. And, up to this time, there had been no cause for alarm. But now, as Mrs. Bergan glanced back through the window at the rapt talker and listener, noting the earnestness and heightened colour of the one, and the unwonted brightness half-hidden under the drooping lashes of the other, she turned to her husband with an anxiety that needed no further explanation.

"They are cousins, remember," said Mr. Bergan, snatching at the first thread of hope, though not without a sufficient sense of its fragility.

"Only half-cousins, at best,—or rather, at worst," replied his wife. "And so utterly different in type and temperament, that the relationship could never be set up as an insurmountable barrier. Besides, having never met before, they now meet as strangers."



"Then it will not do to encourage him in coming here," said Mr. Bergan, after a pause. "I could never give Carice to a drunkard, though he were fifty times as handsome and talented."

At this moment, Carice, awaking as from a dream, looked round for her parents. Seeing them on the piazza, she quickly rose, and came toward them, followed by Bergan. There was something in the action inexpressibly reassuring to the troubled spectators. The engrossing spell of the young man's conversation was so suddenly broken, when she missed her father and mother from her side! They looked at each other with a smile, and Mrs. Bergan playfully whispered,—

"I suspect that we are two fools!"

Nevertheless, enough of the effect of these few moments of parental anxiety remained, to fling a slight shadow over the party. Carice felt it first, in her quick sympathy with all her parents' moods; and Bergan caught it from her as speedily as if there were already some invisible bond between the two. Without knowing why, he very soon became aware that the atmosphere was again growing chill around him. He had been basking, not in a broad glory of summer, but only in a flicker of winter sunshine.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Bergan's announcement that it was time to set forth for the five o'clock service, was heard as a relief. Almost immediately, however, it was followed by an unreasoning pang of regret. It needed no soothsayer to tell him that moments like those just passed were to be rare in his immediate experience of life.

Dusk was fast gathering in the corners and under the arches of the little church, when the service was over. Parting with his relatives at the door, Bergan went his solitary way to his lodgings, through the deepening twilight. He walked slowly, not that the road was so pleasant, but because the end had so little attraction. The walls and furniture of his room were still strangers to him; no one corner would allure him with a more familiar charm than another, no particular chair would draw him irresistibly to its accustomed arm. No sweet, tangled crop of associations would fling their mingled light and shadow across the floor. It would all be dim, blank, lonely. And the foot falls but heavily on the path, the termination of which neither satisfies habit nor excites imagination!

Nevertheless, the slowest progress brings one quickly to the end, if the journey be short; and Bergan's lingering steps brought him to Mrs. Lyte's gate ere the dusk had deepened into total obscurity. Entering the wide hall, which extended through the whole depth of the house, he saw Mrs. Lyte seated at the further end, in a doorway opening on the garden. Her little daughter Cathie was sobbing at her side, in what seemed an uncontrollable passion of grief and indignation. The child's protector and playmate, a half-superannuated old mastiff, named

Nix, sat on his haunches at a little distance, watching the scene with sympathetic, intelligent eyes.

Cathie was already Bergan's fast friend. During yesterday's work of arrangement, she had at first hovered around him at a distance; then, yielding to the unconscious fascination of the young man's look and smile, as well as the irresistible attraction of the litter of books and papers, she had drawn nearer; later on, she had eagerly favoured him with the somewhat questionable help of her small fingers, and the amusing chatter of her tireless tongue; and she had ended by giving him all her childish confidence, and a large share of her freakish affections.

Freakish—because Cathie was a sort of elf-child; or it might be truer to say that, in her small compass, there were many elf-children; manifesting their several individualities through her changeable moods, and sending their various gleams through the almost weird splendour of her dark eyes. She could be wild and tender, playful and passionate, wise and simple, by turns; or in such quick and capricious succession that she seemed to be all at once. She took as many shapes, in her flittings about the house, as there were hours in the day; now a teasing sprite, now a dancing fairy; at this moment, a tender human child, melting into your arms with dewy kisses; the next, a mocking elf, slipping from your grasp like quicksilver, and leaving you with a doubt if there could be anything human about her; and anon, a fiery little demon, with enough of concentrated rage in her small frame to suffice for a giant.

It was in this latter phase that she was now exhibiting herself.

"I won't believe it!" she screamed, clenching her small fists, and jumping up and down in a fury of excitement. "I won't believe it! It isn't true! Miss Ferrars is a ——"

"Hush!" said the mother, softly, hearing the sound of Bergan's step.

"—A mean, lying old maid," went on Cathie, without an instant's hesitation. "I wish I had told her so! I will, when I see her again!"

"Hush!" said the mother again, more decidedly; laying her hand over the rebellious mouth, by way of enforcing the mandate.

But Cathie broke from her, and ran towards Bergan. At a few paces distant, she stopped and underwent one of her sudden metamorphoses; the convulsive fury left her features, and in its stead, there came a grave sorrow and wistfulness, piteous to behold. Fixing her dark, bright eyes full on Bergan's face, she solemnly asked—

"Are you bad, Mr. Arling? Tell me, are you really a bad man?"

Whatever mistakes Bergan may have made in his life, or may make hereafter—whatever sins he may commit, through ignorance, or in sudden passion, let it be remembered, to his credit, that he could meet those clear, innocent, child-eyes, without a blush, and answer the question as gravely and simply as it had been asked—

"No, Cathie, I do not think that I am."

The truthful accents found their instant way to the child's heart. Her confidence—which, in truth, had really never been lost—was restored fourfold. She threw herself into his arms, and laid her young cheek against his, in a loving attempt to atone for the wrong that had been done him. Nix came also, and rubbed his great head against the young man's knee, with an apparent understanding of the whole matter.

Nor was the child's mind the only one to which Bergan's words had brought quick conviction. Hearing his low, grave tones of denial, Mrs. Lyte felt a weight lifted from her spirits. She had just been listening to the story of Bergan's intoxication, with adornments, brought by a gossiping neighbour, and her heart had sunk with fear lest trouble and discomfort had found their way under her roof, with the new inmate. But seeing him thus acquitted by the child and the dog—two most unprejudiced judges, she thought—she quietly dismissed her fears. For, though so gentle and shrinking in manner as to give the impression of having no character at all, Mrs. Lyte was yet quite capable of forming an independent opinion, and of abiding by it.

So, when Bergan came toward her, leading Cathie by the hand, she did not hesitate to point him to a seat.

"Your room must be lonely," said she, kindly. "Will you sit with us for awhile?"

But Bergan did not heed, if he heard the invitation. He merely looked his hostess in the eyes, and said—

"Mrs. Lyte, will you be so kind as to tell me what made Cathie ask me that question just now?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But, Mr. Arling, the subject was closed for me, with her question and your answer. Would it not be as well for you to let it rest there also?"

Bergan only shook his head. And after a moment's study of his grave face, Mrs. Lyte, very quietly, as if it were a matter in which she had no concern, mentioned the report that had been brought her. As quietly, Bergan told her the whole story of his stay at the Hall; doing so the more readily, it needs not to be said to those anywise skilled in the intricacies of the human mind, because he felt that it was not required of him. For, though Mrs. Lyte listened with the kindest interest and sympathy, she took care to show by her manner that she did so more to satisfy him than herself. In matters like this, she was accustomed to trust her instincts more implicitly than her reason; and she was wise enough to know that trust is the short road to truth, in all characters not radically bad.

And thus, with the singular inconsequence of human life, the explanation was made where it was not needed, and left unspoken where it would have availed much against future misunderstanding, trouble, wrong, and sorrow!

#### IV.

##### PATIENT WAITING.

FIVE or six weeks now glided slowly by, without working any change in either the circumstances or the relations of the characters with whom this history has to do. Bergan still shivered in the still remoteness of position into which he had been flung, partly by his fault and partly by his misfortune. Not only between him and his relatives, but dividing him from the whole reputable outside world, there seemed to be a gulf fixed, impassable save to formal courtesies and commonplace usages. Anything warmer, more personal, more exacting, sought in vain for an eligible crossing place; and, if it leaped the grey chasm, it was only to lose itself among chill, illusive shapes of mist on the opposite side.

Thus excluded from the only society for which he cared, Bergan did not, as a weaker character might have done, betake himself for consolation to the lower circles of vice and dissipation that would have welcomed him rapturously. He could better afford to stand alone, he thought, than to throw himself into arms whose embrace would soil, and whose seeming support was an insidious undermining. Besides, it was much more in accordance with his character to regard the exclusion from which he suffered as a challenge to be answered, an adversary to be overcome, rather than a verdict to be acquiesced in. He would prove to the world that it had been mistaken.

Day after day, therefore, he spent in his office—as many a new-fledged lawyer had done before him—waiting with what patience he might for the clients that never came, and reading hard, by way of preparation for the cases that never presented themselves. It was dull and lonely work; yet it did him good service in giving him time for thought and reflection, and in making him acquainted with his own resources of will, courage, patience, and energy.

The only persons who came within the circle of loneliness that surrounded him were Mrs. Lyte, Cathie, and Dr. Remy. The first showed him much gentle, unobtrusive kindness, chiefly manifesting itself in a motherly oversight of his rooms and prevision of his wants. The second fluttered in and out of his office, like a bird or a butterfly, affording him much amusing, and often opportune, distraction from hard study or sober-hued thought. But neither of these two, for obvious reasons, could give him just the close, helpful friendship of which he stood in need.

Neither did he find it in Dr. Remy. Though he met the physician daily, and often engaged with him in hour-long colloquies upon all sorts of topics, he never felt that he really knew him any better than on the first day of their acquaintance. The doctor's peculiar frankness, which had seemed, at first sight, to promise such facility of intimacy, proved to be really more of the nature of an elastic barrier, yielding everywhere to the slightest

pressure; but nowhere completely giving way; or, it might be still more fitly characterized as a deceitful quagmire, wherein the curious explorer sank indefinitely, but never touched solid bottom.

Not that the doctor was at all reticent in regard to the main facts of his outward life. In a desultory way he had furnished Bergan with a sufficiently distinct outline sketch of his somewhat eventful career up to the present moment—a career which, for shifts and turns, outdid that of Gil Blas. According to this, he was born in New Orleans, the posthumous son of a French refugee by an American wife. When he was twelve years old, his mother had presented him with a stepfather. The gift proved so little to his taste that, two years later, he ran away from the pair, and flung himself into that El Dorado of boyish imagination—life at sea. In one capacity or another during the next twelve years, he not only contrived to visit most of the countries of Europe, but also, by dint of natural aptitude for study, to pick up a language or two, and to acquaint himself with the essential part of a college curriculum. It now occurred to him to return to New Orleans, and claim the modest patrimony awaiting him there in the hands of his father's executors. He found that his stepfather had been dead for three or four years, and his mother, after having exhausted her own scanty resources, was sinking, with her two children, into the dreary depths of poverty. It cost her some effort to recognize the slender stripling of her memory in the brown, bearded, broad-shouldered man who now presented himself before her as her son. However, his identity was satisfactorily established, both by certain indisputable personal marks, and by the presumptive evidence of his willingness to assume the burden of her support.

His next step had been to place himself in a lawyer's office, where, in virtue of close application, he made months do the work of years. Admitted by-and-by to the Bar, he had practised his profession for a brief space; but, finding the legal life not wholly to his taste, he had flung it aside, and, with the ready facility which had characterized his whole career, had betaken himself to the study and the practice of medicine. Here, he averred, he had found his true vocation, the rightful mistress of his intellect, and should undergo no more transformations and indulge in no more wanderings.

So far, Dr. Remy gave quite as frank an account of himself as could be expected or desired; but when it came to his inner life of thought, opinion, principle, his frankness was of the sort that obscures rather than explains. It put forth jest and earnest reason, and sophistry, airy spirituality and dead materialism, with equal readiness and with as much show of interest in one as the other. If Bergan caught at what seemed to be substance, it turned to shadow in his grasp. If he grappled with apparent earnest, it quickly resolved itself into a hollow helmet of sudden championship, or a thin mask of irony. He was often startled with a doubt

whether the doctor had any settled opinions or principles. He pulled down, but he built not up; he attacked, but he rarely defended; or, if he defended a thing to-day, more likely than not he would assault it to-morrow. All Bergan's own opinions and beliefs seemed to lose their consistency in the universal solvent of the doctor's talk, and only took shape again after a protracted process of precipitation in his own mind and heart.

If the latter organ made any part of Doctor Remy's bodily system, it never manifested itself to Bergan by any noticeable throb or sensible warmth. The young man was often puzzled by the question whence came the doctor's evident interest in himself, since it seemed so plain that it did not spring from any warm personal liking. He felt himself to be the object of his careful study, frequently; of his spontaneous affection and sympathy, never. He could not but wonder at such an amount and duration of a purely intellectual interest—for such he decided it to be—when it promised so little result.

However, the doctor's was the only society, worthy of the name, that was offered to him; his, too, the only friendship, or semblance thereof, that came within his reach. He gratefully availed himself of both, even while conscious that neither fully met his wants, or would have been the object of his deliberate choice. Without this resource, the flow of Bergan's life would have been characterized by a drearier monotony, even, than at present.

The first slight break in its placid current occurred one morning on his return from breakfasting at the hotel. To his surprise, Vic was tied before Mrs. Lyte's gate, arching her neck, and twisting her ears about, in her usual wild and nervous fashion. In most confiding proximity to her restless heels, Brick lay fast asleep on the sunshiny sward.

Roused by the sound of approaching footsteps, the latter sprang to his feet, and donned the palm-leaf *debris* that he termed his hat, in time to doff it in reverential acknowledgment of Bergan's surprised greeting.

"Why, Brick! how do you do? Is anything the matter at the Hall?"

"No, massa Harry, nothing 't all. Only, ole massa, he say we's gittin' lazy, Vic an' me; an' he tought you'd better be gettin' some good out ob us, dan to leab us in de stable; no, I mean in the cabin; no, one in de stable and turrer in the cabin—a-eatin' our heads off; dat's jes' what he said, massa. So he clared us off in a hurry, an' tole us to gib you his lub, and tell you dat he 'sposed you'd kinder forgotten 'bout us."

There could be no question but that the overture was kindly meant, on the Major's part, but it was one that Bergan could not possibly accept. Judging from present indications, it would be long before his professional income would suffice for his own support, to say nothing of the additional expense of a servant and horse. Besides, he had never regarded either Brick or the filly as

actual gifts, but only convenient loans, for his use while at the Hall. Any other view of the matter would, by no means, have suited his independent character. And, if this had been the case before the rupture with his uncle, it was doubly so now. Major Bergan must not be suffered to think that his resentment had given way, or that his goodwill had been restored, by the aid of any gifts, however valuable, or kindly bestowed.

Yet he would be glad to send his uncle a friendly message, to show that he was really grateful for his kindness, and ready to accept any overture which would not burden him with too heavy a sense of obligation. To ensure its safe delivery, without the risk of hopeless travesty, at Brick's hands, he went to his desk, and wrote:—

"DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for sending me your love; *that* is a thing which I am glad to get and keep. But I cannot keep either Brick or Vic; I have no present use for them, and no means of providing for them, if I had. Besides, I never regarded either as mine, except while I remained at the Hall. Many thanks all the same, for your kind intentions.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"HARRY."

The signature was written only after considerable hesitation. His note would be sure to fail of the desired conciliatory effect, if it wholly ignored the name upon which his uncle had so strenuously insisted. Yet he could not bring himself to incorporate it with his lawful sign-manual. He was forced to compromise matters by thus using it as a sort of *sobriquet*.

Giving the note to Brick, he bade him take it straightway to his master. The negro's face instantly fell; then it brightened again with the light of a plausible explanation.

"I 'spec I'se to come back, arter I'se 'livered it?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, Brick," Bergan gravely answered. "I cannot afford to keep you; it is as much as I can do, just now, to keep myself."

"But, massa Harry," remonstrated Brick, "don't you know I 'longs to you? I'se your nigger, sure as deff; ole massa gib me to you, an' tole me to wait on you, don' you 'member? An' how's I a goin' to wait on you, I'd jes' like to know, wid tree good miles atween us? 'Sides, I'd feel so mortify to go right back dar, like a dog dat don' own no massa, arter I done tole 'em all I's coming to lib wid you."

It was not without difficulty that Brick was convinced of the inevitableness of his return to Major Bergan. Not only did his heart yearn to be in the service of his young master, but he was fully persuaded that he could help, rather than hinder, his fortunes. He forcibly expressed his willingness to work his fingers off in the cause, and gravely proposed to put himself on a course of semi-starvation, in the matter of "keep." All this being of

no avail, he was finally forced to mount Vic, and turn homeward, a picture of the blackest despair.

On the way, his mind was illumined with a gleam of hope. Like all the negroes of the plantation, he had large faith in the occult power of old Rue. His present journey, he well knew, was mainly owing to her influence. If she could be made to see the propriety of his immediate return to Bergan's service, as he did, no doubt she could find a way to bring it to pass. And her conversion to his views could be effected, he shrewdly thought, by a skilful use of Bergan's confession of straitened circumstances, as well as a certain suggestive increase of gravity that he had observed in the young man's manner. His smile had not come quite so readily and brightly to his lips as in the old days at Bergan Hall. No doubt he was poor, lonely, and troubled. He needed some one to take care of him, and watch over him. And who so eligible to this position as himself? For Brick had inherited his grandmother's devotion to the Bergan blood, and believed that the chief end of his being was to live and die loyally in its service. Moreover, his young master had not only taken tenacious hold of his affections, but also of that still stronger faculty of the negro mind—his imagination. Though he might be a distressed knight, just at present, Brick's faith was firm that his time of triumph was not far off; and then, he wanted to be "there to see!"

He lost no time, therefore, in presenting himself before Rue, on his arrival at Bergan Hall. And so dexterously did he work upon her love and pride, by the deplorable picture that he drew of Bergan's sadness and poverty, that the faithful old nurse straightway betook herself to her master, and never left him till she had persuaded him to mount his horse, and set forth, at a brisk trot, toward Berganton.

In truth, the Major was only too glad to be so persuaded. His anger towards his nephew had quickly burned out by reason of its own fury, and, in thinking the matter over, he had come to be more tickled by the young man's prowess than he had at first been displeased by his flight.

"You should have seen him knocking those fellows around like so many ninepins!" he exclaimed, exultingly to Rue. "I couldn't have done it more neatly myself in my best days. I tell you he is a true Bergan at bottom, if he has got a few crinks and cranks at top. What a pity he could not make up his mind to stay quietly on the old place where he belongs, and which he might have done what he pleased with if he had only taken me on the right tack! But he'll come back—he'll come back! Estates like Bergan Hall don't grow on every bush. It won't take him long to find out that he can't raise one from the law; and then he'll be glad to come back to me, and I'll receive him as the father did the prodigal son!"

But, as time rolled on, and Bergan did not appear to claim this welcome, the Major began to feel a chagrin that would quickly have been intensified into anger, but



for the happy suggestion that the young man delayed merely because he was dubious as to his reception. This view of the matter was an excellent salve to whatever of bitter or wounded feeling the Major still retained. Bergan longing, yet fearing, to return to him was a vision that gently soothed his pride, while it appealed powerfully to his sympathies.

Matters having reached this point, he yielded easily to Rue's suggestion that Bergan's horse and servant should be sent to him, as a hint that hostilities had ceased; and though their prompt return was at first new matter of wrath, Bergan's note, Brick's report, and Rue's representations and entreaties, availed to smother the half-kindled flame, and send him forth toward Berganton in a most forgiving and patronizing frame of mind. He was ready to make any concessions to his nephew's principles and habits. If Bergan would but return to the Hall, he might dictate his own terms, and order his life in his own way. The Major had missed him more than he would have been willing to allow. The old place had not seemed the same without him. Its present had lost a strong element of cheer and energy, and its future had faded into dimness.

Arriving, in due time, at Mrs. Lyte's gate, the Major dismounted, and was about to enter, when his eyes fell on the little tin plate, in Bergan's office window, which has before been mentioned. If it had been the head of Medusa, with all its supernatural powers intact, it could scarcely have wrought a more complete change in the expression of his face. First, he glared at it in incredulous wonder; then he nearly choked with inarticulate rage; finally, words came to his relief. To the consternation of Mrs. Lyte, and the intense gratification of the crowd of boys and negroes which quickly gathered at a safe distance, he proceeded to pour forth a volley of the bitterest curses that he could frame upon the author of what he chose to consider an insult to himself, and a disgrace to his lineage.

"That I should live to see the name of Bergan on a snip of a tin sign like that!" he growled, shaking his fist at the offending plate, and trembling with rage. "What right had the scoundrel to put it there, I should like to know? 'Attorney at Law,' indeed, he shall have law enough since he likes it so well! I'll sue him for trespass, libel, forgery; I'll horsewhip him, and then have him indicted for assault and battery; I'll——" But here his indignation choked him for a moment.

Recovering his voice, his anger took a new direction. "'Bergan Arling,' indeed!" he muttered. "I suppose he was ashamed of the 'Harry,' though he could put it at the end of his note, smooth-faced hypocrite that he is! Where is he?" he went on, lifting his voice. "Why don't he come out, and face me like a man? Must I go in, and drag him out by the nape of his neck, the mean, sneaking, insulting puppy!"

"Mr. Arling is out, I regret to say," said Dr. Remy, appearing in the doorway, and confronting the furious

Major with his cool, cynical smile. "He went out for a walk some fifteen or twenty minutes ago. If he were here, no doubt it would give him great pleasure to meet you."

Major Bergan scowled in a way to show how willingly he would transfer his wrath to this timely object, if he could only find a reasonable excuse; but, discovering not the shadow of one in the doctor's polite, careless manner, he contented himself with growling—

"Out, is he? I wish he were out of the county, and a good riddance! When will he be in?"

"Not under an hour or two," answered the doctor, wisely postponing the era of Bergan's return to the utmost limit.

"Umph! that's the way he spends his time, is it? loafing about the country when he should be in his office! Well, I've got something to do, besides wait for him. Just tell him, will you, that I owe him a good, sound horsewhipping, and I'll pay it to him the first time I meet him."

"I will take charge of your kind message with pleasure," returned the doctor, blandly. "Any further commands?"

"No!" roared the Major, with a dim suspicion that he was being made to appear ridiculous, "not unless you like to come out and take the horsewhipping yourself. On the whole, I'd just as soon give it to you."

"Many thanks," replied the doctor, with imperturbable coolness; "but I could not consent to appropriate anything designed for Mr. Arling."

"If it hurts your conscience, you can pass it over to him," rejoined Major Bergan, with grim humour.

"It would lose its flavour at second-hand," said the doctor, smiling.

"It would be your own fault if it did," responded the Major. "At any rate, take care that my message don't lose anything on the way; and, while you're about it, just tell him that he shall never have Bergan Hall, nor an inch of ground that belongs to it—never! I'll give it to—Astra Lyte first!"

The doctor slightly shrugged his shoulders as an intimation that the Major's disposition of his property was a matter that did not interest him; but the latter mistook it for a sign of incredulity.

"I will! I swear I will!" he repeated, with an oath. "And why shouldn't I?" he went on, after a slight pause, as if the sudden idea had unexpectedly commended itself to him; "why shouldn't I? Her father was my cousin, and he had Bergan blood in his veins, too, through his mother; and he was a right good fellow besides. Where is she?"

"Miss Lyte is in New York on a visit," replied the doctor.

"Umph! I should like to see her. Is she growing up bright and handsome?"

"She is both," returned the doctor, briefly,

"Then she shall have it!" exclaimed the Major,

with sudden decision. "I'll go home, and make my will. Tell Harry so, for his comfort, when he comes back."

And the Major, delighted that he had bethought himself of a revenge so swift and ample, mounted his horse, and rode off.

On Bergan's return, the scene was described to him by Doctor Remy, with a minuteness and accuracy of detail and colouring that did great credit to that gentleman's powers both of observation and description. Nevertheless, there was something of cynicism or of satire that grated on his listener's ear, and he finally stopped the doctor's flow of eloquence with the question—

"Who is Astra Lyte?"

The doctor looked at him with much surprise. "Is

it possible that you have not yet heard of her?" he asked. "She is Mrs. Lyte's eldest daughter, and a genius too—or, at least, an artist; they are not always synonymous terms, I believe. But where have you been living, not-to have become acquainted with her name before this? It is always on Mrs. Lyte's lips; at least, she is ready to talk of her by the hour with a little encouragement."

"My conversations with Mrs. Lyte have not been many nor long," replied Bergan. "An artist, did you say?"

But Doctor Remy had fallen into a fit of thought. He merely answered the question by a nod, and very shortly he left Bergan to his own reflections.

## CURIOUS MAY-DAY OBSERVANCES.

A HALO of superstitious reverence once hung around the first of May—the marriage morning of spring and summer. Now, we are getting too prosaic for May-poles, May-day processions are fast becoming things of the past. We are not like Mr. Pepys and his wife, who went out to Woolwich on May-day for a "little ayre, and to gather May-dew;" or like Chaucer's Arcite, when he rose up and looked on the merry day, and "for to do his *observances* to May," he went forth "to maken him a garlande of the green," and loud he sang against "the sunnie shine":—

"O, May, with all thy flow'rs and thy green,  
Right welcome to thee, fair fresh May,  
I hope that I some green here gotten may."

Yet still, even within the present century, many curious customs were observed on the first of May, in which remnants of sun-worship and traditions of fairy-land were strangely mixed up. The practice of lighting large fires on the mountains and hills, originally instituted with the view of propitiating the good spirits and keeping off the evil ones, held its ground obstinately in many countries. In Germany, the festival of the Walpurgisnacht (night of the first of May), and the fires which were lighted to keep off the witches, has been celebrated in song and story, and both Goethe and Mendelssohn have lent their genius to illustrate it. Frederika Bremer gives us an interesting account of how she witnessed the custom of dancing round the May-day fires in the obscure region of Dalecarlia; and there must have been something singularly wild and romantic about the bright flames as they flashed back to one another from the adjoining hills in the still gloom of evening, while the dark figures gathered round to heap on more wood and keep the blaze alight. In Ireland and Scot-

land these fires were sometimes known as Bel-taine fires or fires of Bel, and not more than twenty years ago they were lighted in Ireland with perhaps hardly an inkling of this original meaning as tributes to the sun-god. General Vallancey says:—"The Irish still (the beginning of the present century) preserve this custom. To this day fires are lighted in the milking yards; the men, women, and children pass through or leap over the sacred fires, and the cattle are driven through the flames of the burning straw on the first of May." The Dublin bonfire of 1825 is thus described:—"The May-boys purchased a heap of turf, sufficient for a large fire, and, if the funds would allow, an old tar-barrel, a horse's skull and bones were also considered necessary, and on May morning groups of boys dragged loads of bones to their several destinations; hence the threat, "I will drag you like a horse's head to a bonfire." The preparations for May-day began about the middle of April, and terrible were the riots which went on between the rival factions of the Liberty and the Ormond boys. The great fire was in a part of Dublin called the Coombe, the weavers had their fire in Weaver's Square, the hatters and pipe-makers in James Street. The whole population collected round these fires, the old people bringing chairs and stools to sit out the wake of winter and spring. Fiddlers played, and there was no lack of dancing, shouting, or singing. As the fire sank lower and lower, the old people walked round it, repeating certain prayers; if a man was going on a journey, he leaped backwards and forwards to ensure success; if he was thinking of marriage, he did it to purify himself, while the girls tripped across to procure good husbands. Everyone took an ember of the fire to carry away, and if it was extinguished before the bearer arrived at home, he had to make up his mind for ill-luck, but if it was still alive, a new fire was kindled

from it, and lighted ashes were thrown into the corn and potato fields. Some places in Ireland are still called Bealtine, from May-fires having been lighted there. Baltinglas is said to mean Baal's green place; and in Scotland, a town in Perthshire, on the borders of the Highlands, is called Tillebeltane, that is, the eminence or rising ground of the fire of Baal. Dr. Eadie, the author of the "Bible Cyclopædia," says that an enclosure of eight upright staves is made where it is supposed the fire was kindled. In an ancient Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, the following reference is found to the May-day fires: "Beltine, lucky fire, bonfire. Two fires, which used to be made by the law-givers, or Druids, with great incantations, and they used to drive the cattle between them to guard against the diseases of each year. Bel was the name of an idol-god. It was on these days that the firstlings of every kind of cattle used to be exhibited as in the possession of Bel." We are told elsewhere that "a certain King Suathal erected a second palace in that part of Meath which was taken from Connaught, at Nisenach, when there was a general meeting of the men of Erin. This fair or assembly was held on the first day of May, and they were wont to exchange their cattle, jewels, and other property. They were also accustomed to make offerings to their chief god Bel, to make two fires in honour of him, and to drive a couple of every kind of cattle between the two fires. When we think of such customs as these, kept up, too, so close to our times, a curious link is established with long past ages, and we are strangely reminded of those passages of Holy Scripture where the Israelites are reproached for "causing their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch."

So much for May-day fires; now for love and life charms, which were considered unusually efficacious when they were observed at this time. The snail charm is described by Gay in the Shepherd's Week, and used to be frequently performed by the country girls in Ireland. The snail is not the box-snail, but the Dultrean, or slug. When found, it is placed between two pewter plates, or on a table sprinkled with ashes or flour, and covered with a wooden bowl. In the morning the anxious maid tries to find in the shiny track the initials of her sweetheart's name:—

"Slow crawled the snail, and if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes marked a curious L;  
Oh! may the wondrous omen lucky prove,  
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

In the extreme north of Ireland, particularly in Raherty Island, several May-day superstitions were observed. If a young woman wished to know who was to be her future spouse, she went late on May Eve to a black sally, or willow tree, and takes from it nine sprigs, the last of which she throws over her right shoulder, and puts the remaining eight into the foot of her right stocking. She then, on her knees, reads the 3rd verse of the 17th

chapter of Job, and on going to bed she places the stocking, with its contents, under her head. These rites duly performed, she will in a dream see her future husband. Another mode of obtaining the same knowledge consists in going, after sunset on May Eve, to a bank on which the yarrow is growing, and gathering nine sprigs of the plant. The girl then repeats the following words:—

"Good morrow, good morrow, fair yarrow,  
And thrice good morrow to thee,  
Come tell me before to-morrow  
Who my true love shall be."

The yarrow is brought home, put into the right foot stocking, placed under the pillow, and the mystic dream is confidently expected; but if the girl speaks after pulling the yarrow, the charm is broken. It was once usual in some parts of Ireland for the brides married since the last May day, to be compelled to present the young people with a ball covered with gold lace, and another with silver lace, beautifully ornamented with tassels. The price of these sometimes amounted to two guineas. The pathetic old air, "Summer is Coming," to which Moore has written the words, "Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore," was generally sung at this time.

"Summer, summer, the milk of the heifers,  
Ourselves brought the summer with us;  
The yellow summer and the white daisy,  
And ourselves brought the summer with us."

Wells were objects of special care and attention at May-time; and used, we learn, to be frequently watched all night to ensure them against being skimmed with a wooden bowl by some butter-stealing hag as the sun rose on May morning. This was called "taking the flower of the well," and the words, "Come, butter, come," were then repeated. An old woman was once caught on May morning at a spring well, cutting the tops of water-cresses with a pair of scissors, muttering strange words and the names of certain persons who had cows, and also "half mine is thine," in Irish. She repeated this last charm as often as she cut off a sprig of cress, which sprig represented the person whom she intended to rob of his milk and butter.

Mr. G. Steward, in his "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," tells us that at Belton Eve messengers were dispatched for cargoes of the blessed rowan tree. When brought, the branches were shaped into the form of crosses by means of a red thread. These crosses were inserted into the lintels of the different doors in the town, and were sure to protect the inhabitants from the most diabolical witch in the universe. Meantime, the matron was engaged in baking Belton, or Beltaine bannocks. The children are each presented with a bannock, and assemble on the brow of some sloping hill to roll their bannocks, and learn their future fate. With their knives they make the signs of life and death on their cakes; these signs are a cross, or the sign of life on one side, and a cypher, or the sign of death on the other.

This being done, the bannocks are all arranged in a line, and on their edges let down the hill. This process is repeated three times, and if the cross most frequently turns up, the owner will live to celebrate another Belton day, but if the cypher oftenest appear, he is, of course, doomed to die."

On May Eve, a few solitary ones used to wander among the lonely fairy-peopled glens in Ireland, in hopes of hearing the mystic pipers of the "sheogues," which are said to be out on that evening. Great is the agility and grace conferred on those fortunate enough to dance to the fairy pipers, and it used to be a proverb in Connaught, upon seeing a good dancer to say, "Troth! ma bouchal, you listened to the piper on May Eve." On that evening the hearth used to be carefully swept and sprinkled with some of the turf ashes, and if in the morning the print of a foot was seen on it pointing towards the door, it was fully

expected that some one would die before that day twelve-month. It was considered necessary to lay in a stock of brooms before May-day, as it would be unlucky to make any at May-time, and on no account would either fire or water, but, above all, a coal of fire, be given out of a house for love or money during the whole of May. The charm of May dew, and its beautifying effects on the complexion, is tolerably well known; but it is not only used as a cosmetic; it is, or was, as Lover has described in his "Song of the May-dew," a bond of peculiar power amongst lovers. As civilization advances, no doubt all traces of these May-day superstitions will rapidly disappear. Some are interesting, embodying as they do bygone forms of thought or religion, and showing that intense belief in signs from an invisible world which now-a-days we are content to ignore. Perhaps we are wiser; we are certainly less imaginative than our ancestors.

## JESSAMINE.

### CHAPTER XI.

JUDGE PROVOST, whose wife and daughters were the leaders of fashion in Hamilton, was himself a social Greatheart. Having brought to bear upon various vexed domestic problems the force of his astute mind and enlightened Christianity, he had arrived at a series of conclusions equally creditable to both. The pertinence of his deductions was so obvious to the impartial reasoner as to excite his surprise, that the great body of good and sensible men and women did not adopt and practise them. For example, he maintained, first, that the best way to keep men out of jails, was to provide them with abodes so comfortable that they would prefer these to stone cells and prison fare; secondly, as a modification of the same principle, that, since amusements are necessary to the happiness of the young, they should be provided with lawful diversions in their own homes, lest they should seek unlawful abroad; thirdly, in unconscious plagiarism of the wise and genial author of "Annals of a Country Neighbourhood," he held and believed for certain, that the surest way to make an indifferent thing bad, was for good people to hold themselves aloof from doing it.

Acting upon these principles, the eminent jurist built a bowling-alley at the back of his garden; caused his eight children to be instructed in music and dancing, and encouraged them to pursue these recreations in his parlours,—where, also, lay backgammon and chess-board in full sight. Finally, he crowned their gratification while he drew upon himself the reprobation of the zealous and puritans among his neighbours, by throwing a wing out from his already spacious residence, expressly

for a billiard-room. It was a pretty place, and a cheerful, with its green carpets and lounges, tinted walls, and long French windows, and was, as may be supposed, a popular resort with those of the college students who had the *entrée*, as well as with the young Provosts and their friends of both sexes in the town. A happy, hospitable set were the young Provosts—the four sisters and four brothers—affectionate to one another, dutiful and loving to the parents to whose judicious affection they owed their sunny childhood and youth. Jessie liked them better than she did any other family in Hamilton, while Fanny, the second daughter, had at first sight taken a fancy to her, which was ripening into a cordial friendship.

The billiard-room was very bright with afternoon sunshine, and merry with the chatter of gay voices, one day late in February, when a party of six or eight girls was collected about the table—four playing, the others looking on and talking, sometimes of the game in progress, sometimes upon other subjects—all in a familiar yet ladylike way.

"Somebody mark for me, please!" said a ruddy-cheeked damsel who had never, by any chance, won a game, and whose principal points were the point she made of missing every shot. "If I should hit anything it would be a pity not to get credit for it. Now—all of you look and learn!"

She poised the cue with a superabundance of caution, pursing up her lips into an O, as she took aim; dashed at the white ball nearest her, which flew frantically from side to side of the board, rebounding twice from the



cushion, and, at last, popping into a distant pocket, having dodged every other ball with a malicious ingenuity eminently illustrative of the proverbial perversity of inanimate things.

"Better luck next time!" said the player, invincibly good-humoured, resigning her place. "If there is anything in perseverance and hope, I shall do it yet, some day, and astonish you all."

The others laughed—with, rather than at her—and Jessie Kirke took the stand she had vacated. All leaned forward to watch her play, her skill being already an established fact. A touch—not a thrust—to the white ball sent it against a red at such an angle that in the rebound it hit another quite at the other end of the green table, which latter rolled into a pocket. This, to the uninitiated meaningless process, being repeated by her, with trifling variations, until she had made sixteen points, was considered a feat among the embryo billiardists surrounding her.

"So much for a true eye and a sure touch!" said Fanny Provost. "You shame us all, Jessie dear."

"So much for having a good teacher!" said another, less complimentary. "If Mr. Wyllys would bestow as much care upon our tuition as he has upon hers, we might be adepts, too."

"She has practised ten times as much with me as she has with him," answered Fanny, pleasantly. "So, I am entitled to the larger share of the praise for her proficiency. I will not be cheated of my laurels."

"Is Mr. Wyllys, then, your best player?"

The querist was Miss Sanford, who "did not care about billiards," and had even remonstrated, at the beginning of her visit with her cousin Fanny, with regard to her liking for the game—"such a queer one for ladies! She would be afraid to touch a cue for fear she might be called strong-minded." She had discovered, furthermore, that her wrists were not stout enough to bear the weight of a cue steadily, and took pleasure in publishing their genteel fragility. Only that afternoon she had called attention to this by an exclamation addressed to Jessie, as she drew up her cuffs in order to be ready for her turn.

"Dear me! Miss Kirke! what wouldn't I give to be as robust as you are! Look at her arms! They would make six of mine. What do you do to develop your muscles so?"

Jessie smiled in quiet satisfaction with her own beautifully moulded wrists.

"I am healthy, and I lead an active life," she said, laconically, but politely.

Miss Sanford was not pleased either with smile or words, but there was apparently nothing to resent, and she returned to her sofa. She had attended a party the evening before, and was to-day "utterly worn out." While the game went on, she toyed with her rings, slipped her bracelets of dead gold and pearls up and down her thin arms, and now and then yawned behind

her hand. Mr. Wyllys' name awoke her from the apathetic droning.

"Decidedly!" replied a looker-on, Selina Bradley by name—a kind-hearted, talkative, and indiscreet girl whom everybody liked, yet of whose tripping tongue many were afraid. "Decidedly the best in town. Don't you think so, Fan?"

"There are not many who can equal him among our finest billiard players," said Fanny. "I do not believe he has lost a game since Mr. Fordham went away. He played splendidly! His nerves were steady and his judgment nice."

"Fordham!" repeated the heiress, quickly. "What was his first name? Who is he?"

"Roy—and he is a professor in our college. He is now in Heidelberg, Germany. Do you know him?" said Fanny, in surprise. "You must have heard us speak of him before."

"Never! I used to know him," rejoined Miss Sanford, tossing her head. "He was engaged to a very dear friend of mind. No! I didn't know he was in Germany. I am glad of it!"

Selina, breathless with excitement, did not catch the latter sentences.

"Engaged! I thought he was love-proof! Fanny! Nettie! Sue! do you hear this? Who do you guess is engaged to be married? No less a personage than our invulnerable Professor Fordham!"

The girls crowded about Miss Sanford, forgetting the game in the superior attractions of a love-story.

"To whom?"

"Who told you?"

"I don't believe it!" were the divers comments upon the intelligence.

Jessie remained alone at the table, tapping the cushion opposite her with her cue, her face flaming with indignant confusion. Taken utterly by surprise, she could not at once rally to reply to the false statement she had heard, or govern her countenance well enough to seem indifferent.

The heiress bridled at the last remark, setting back her head in a fashion she conceived was regal, whereas it was merely ungracefully scornful.

"You are not asked to believe it, Miss Barnes! I said distinctly that the gentleman was *formerly* betrothed to my friend. I am happy, on her account, to be able to state that the (to her) unfortunate engagement was broken almost a year since."

"What do you mean? How did it happen? And to think we never heard a breath of it! Go on! there's a darling! and tell us all about it!" entreated Selina, sinking to the carpet at the feet of the in nowise reluctant newsmonger.

"Perhaps you had rather not, Hester," suggested gentle Fanny to her cousin. "Such stories are painful to those interested in either of the parties to the engagement, and the telling does no good to anyone. The

fewer people that hear of them the better, it seems to me."

"Oh! I don't mind it in the least *now*!" Hester hastened to re-assure her. She settled the voluminous skirt of her purple cashmere peignoir about her; disposed her rings upon her fingers, and her fingers upon her lap to her liking; sighed profoundly, and looked smirkingly sentimental. "There was a time when I could not allude to it, or even think of it, without tears. My disposition is so sympathetic! But time deadens all griefs, and my poor friend acknowledges herself that it was best the affair should have terminated as it did. She met Mr. Fordham at the seashore summer before last—was with him there for a week or so. It was long enough for him to fall violently in love with her. He couldn't help being taken by her appearance, for she is just perfectly lovely! a blonde, with blue eyes, and a red rosebud of a mouth, and golden hair, and the *sweetest* smile!"

"She must be a real beauty!" sighed Selina, in an ecstasy of admiration.

"She is. People pretend to see a resemblance between us. I have actually been mistaken for her more than once—but that is all nonsense," said Hester, modestly. "I should be just too happy if I were half as handsome as Maria. But I love her too dearly to be envious. We are like twin sisters in heart. I dare say that is the reason we are called so much alike. We go out so much together, you see, that the sight of one reminds people of the other, you know. But as I was saying, this Mr. Fordham pretended to be smitten with her, and, early in the winter, visited her at her own home. Her parents liked him exceedingly. He is rather an imposing man, you know, and has some reputation as a scholar. So, when he paid a second visit at Christmas, and offered himself, there was no objection raised to the match. Poor, dear, deluded Maria! how happy she was! All went swimmingly for about six weeks, when, without warning, he broke the engagement. And why, do you suppose? He had heard that one of her sisters had died of consumption several years before he knew her, and he 'could not be hampered by a sickly wife!'"

She waited until the chorus of reprobation subsided, then resumed:

"He wrote to her. Iron man as he was, he was afraid to trust himself in her presence. He 'regretted the necessity that forced him to this unpleasant step,' he said, 'but he owed a duty to himself which was not to be lightly put aside. He should always remain her friend,' and all that sort of rubbish, you know. The broken-hearted creature stooped to argue with him. She loved him devotedly, and she had had no other love. If I had been in her place, I would have died sooner than let him know how I suffered; but she was *such* a lamb-like, gentle creature! and her spirit was utterly crushed. She wrote to him, imploring him not to leave her, representing that there was not a sign of hereditary consump-

tion in the family; that her parents were living, and that her grandparents on both sides had all died from other diseases. But he was obstinate. He 'would never,' he replied, 'in any circumstances, marry a woman who was not, in his opinion, perfectly sound in mind and body, or who had any predisposition to scrofula, consumption, or insanity.' He pretended to believe still that she had the seeds of a fatal malady in her system, and went so far as to allude to her beautiful colour—just the sweetest pink and white you ever saw!—as a hectic flush. *That's* the history of Mr. Roy Fordham's love-scape!"

"And did she break a blood vessel, or go into a decline?" asked Sue Barnes, her round face ludicrously elongated, while her eyelids twinkled away a sympathizing tear.

"Well—no!" Miss Sanford hesitated, then made the admission unwillingly, evidently appreciating the damage her mournful recital must sustain through the want of this orthodox sequel. "But she was in a sad way for awhile. Her family kept the miserable affair as quiet as possible for her sake. The truth was communicated to nobody except a few very intimate and dearest friends. But you can't wonder that I have hated the sound of Professor Fordham's name ever since."

"Very natural, I am sure!" murmured the plastic Sue.

Hester made a parade of wiping her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

"Not that I ever liked him. Poor Maria brought him round to her house, one evening, on purpose to have me see him. And the next morning she was in, bright and early, to ask what I thought of him. 'I don't fancy him in the least, my dear child,' I said to her, candidly. 'He has a cold, severe eye, and a stubborn mouth. He is quiet in manner because he is unfeeling. If you marry him, he will rule you with a rod of steel, and make your life a burden.' It was a trial to say it, but I knew it was my duty, and I didn't turn back, you know. She cried her eyes out over what she said was my unkindness, and left me in a tremendous huff. She would neither speak to me, nor hear my name mentioned in her presence, until the rupture came. Then she sent right away for me, and fell upon my neck, begging my pardon. 'If I had been as clear-sighted as you, Hester, what wretchedness I would have been spared!' she sobbed. I am very acute in my perception of character. My grandmother, Mrs. General Deane—my mother's mother—said to her dying day that my skill in seeing through people—especially sheep in wolve's clothing—I mean wolves in sheep's clothing—was—well! the most astonishing thing she had ever seen."

Jessie was knocking the balls to and fro, in reckless disregard of the laws controlling the game, but the sharp click of the ivory spheres did not distract general attention from Miss Sanford.

"I never was more amazed in all my born days!" said Selina, conscientiously reserved with respect to her pre-natal experience. "Mr. Fordham is so pleasant, yet so dignified, and ranks so high in the Faculty and the

church, and has so much influence among the students! Who could ever have thought of his behaving in such an inhuman and ungentlemanly manner?"

"Why, people in Hamilton—everybody—out of the college as well as in, consider him a piece of perfection!" added Sue.

"He is a detestable snake in the grass, then!" Hester said, vehemently, her energy so disproportionate to the occasion, that doubts would have arisen, in an un-biassed mind, of her own belief in the affecting narration she had glibly poured forth.

"Take care, dear!" cautioned Fanny. "There may be extenuating circumstances of which we are ignorant. Mr. Fordham's character as a gentleman and a Christian is not to be lightly disputed. Every question has two sides, papa says, and those are wisest who suspend judgment until both are heard. I am morally certain there is some mistake about all this, which Mr. Fordham could clear up, if he were here."

The heiress sniffed haughtily, and her light skin was dappled with fiery red spots to the roots of her hair; her faint eyebrows met in a viragoish frown.

"I thank you for the inference, Miss Provost! Would I repeat a story unless I was sure—'morally certain,' as you say—that it was true in every particular? If you question my veracity, you can ask dozens of her acquaintances in her native place, who will confirm my statement; and you may be thankful if you don't, at the same time, hear some other ugly facts about your Christian gentleman that I have chosen to omit. If I have a fault, it is that I am too charitable in my judgment of human nature. I am perpetually being imposed upon."

The cue that had been stationary while Fanny put in her plea for mercy to the absent perjurer, was restless again, red balls and white chasing one another aimlessly across the green cloth.

"To tell the truth," said Nettie Fry, another of the listening group, propitiatory of the mistress of a million in her own right, "I never admired Mr. Fordham so much as many pretend to do. He was always so cool and lofty—so unapproachable and unlike other young men of his age; and, as Miss Sanford says, he looked as if he might, when married, grow into a kind of Bluebeard."

"For my part, I thought him grand and good," confessed Selina, "and I liked him a hundred times better than I did the modern young gentleman, with his flattering speeches and unmeaning attentions. I didn't think he *could* trifle with a woman's affections. I am dreadfully disappointed! I wonder if Mr. Wyllys knows anything about this shocking business!"

"Of course he doesn't! How should he?" retorted Hester, tartly. "There are not three people besides myself, even in our city, who ever heard of it."

"You said 'dozens,' just now, Hester!" ventured merciful Fanny, in gentle rebuke.

Selina averted the burst of anger portended by the darkening visage of the moneyed belle.

"I thought Mr. Wyllys would be more likely to hear Mr. Fordham's side of the story than anybody else," she said, timidly. "You know they are own cousins."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Hester, horrified; and by a simultaneous conviction of their indiscretion, the entire party was moved to glance at Jessie.

She appreciated the extreme awkwardness of the pause; felt that their eyes were directed, like so many burning-glasses, to a focus that was herself, and mechanically went on playing with her cue and balls. Only Fanny Provost was in a position from which she could see that while her features were steady, and her eyes seemed to follow the red and white spheroids in their windings and doublings, one swollen vein in her throat was beating like a clock, and the nails were bloodless where they pressed upon the cue.

"Come! we must finish our game;" said the young hostess, going back to the table. "Jessie has been perfecting her skill by a bit of private practice, while we were making havoc of our neighbours' characters."

At heart she was exceedingly displeased with the tale-bearer, but the courtesy of hospitality forbade her more emphatic expression of disapproval.

Jessie threw down the slender rod, and tried, very unsuccessfully, to laugh.

"I have done nothing except spoil your game for you. I thought you had found an occupation so far preferable, that you would not care to go on with this. I give up my cue and my place. You must choose other partners, and commence anew. I have forgotten how the balls were set up when we stopped to listen to Miss Sanford's thrilling romance. I must go now, Fanny. My time is up!"

Bowing a general "Good afternoon," she made her way to the library, where she had left her hat and cloak. Fanny accompanied her.

"You will join us again this evening, I hope," she said, kindly. "Mr. Wyllys is to give us some music. Hester has never heard him sing. By a somewhat strange series of mischances, she has never happened to be present when he gave the rest of us this pleasure. She cannot endure contradiction, as you see; so when she insisted I should ask him for to-night, I complied. I am often thankful, Jessie, that I am not an only child, when I see how restless and irritable so much notice and petting has made her. It is a downright misfortune to be so wealthy as she is. Everything and everybody conspires to spoil her. She is more to be pitied than blamed, poor girl!"

Jessie said nothing in rejoinder to this ingenious apology for her cousin's ill-natured tattling, and Fanny was obliged to proceed directly to the point.

"I am sorry if you are leaving thus early on account of anything Hester has said," she continued, genuine concern depicted in her countenance—"sorry if the slur cast by the idle talk of a party of thoughtless girls upon the character of your—of our friend, Mr. Wyllys' cousin, has wounded or displeased you. Hester does not mean

to exaggerate or misrepresent, but she has a wild, careless fashion of talking sometimes. I am convinced that there is some great mistake in the story you have heard. In details and in general bearing, it is not in keeping with Mr. Fordham's well-established character. If you knew him, you would agree with me in discrediting it *in toto*."

"I do know him, and I quite agree with you!"

Jessie was tying on her hat, and the action might have caused the slight quaver and weakness in her voice. It was firmer when she spoke again. Fanny, in consternation at the unexpected disclosure, and the manner which said that more was behind the mere statement, could not summon words for reply.

"Mr. Wyllys' cousin"—with unconscious emphasis, Fanny imagined was disdainful—"is not a stranger to me. I have known him a long time; but say nothing to your friends about the acquaintanceship. They might fear they had offended me by their strictures. I will—I may tell you more some other time. You will comprehend then why certain things which were said just now have excited me more than I care to show. You are always just and tender-hearted, and I thank you for speaking when I could not. Good-bye!"

Her lips were set and hard to Fanny's soft kiss, and her eyes glowed dangerously as the latter attended her to the front door. The peace-maker, noting this, refrained from further endeavours to heal the breach between her relative and her new friend. Hester had been shockingly, shamefully imprudent, even if what she stated were true. Jessie was hurt and angry, and she had a right to be. Yet she, Fanny, dared not advance another step without a more distinct understanding of the case. For the present it was beyond her art. She tried to content herself by a cordial invitation to "run in to-morrow forenoon for a quiet billiard practice—only you and myself—if you do not think better of your refusal to come to-night," and let her visitor go.

## CHAPTER XII.

GREATLY perturbed, Fanny returned to the circle of gossips. They had not recommenced their game, but were standing about, and leaning upon the billiard-table, busily rehearsing the late scene, accentuating their animated periods by tapping the floor with the cues, and rapping the board with the ivory balls. All except Hester, who sat still upon her lounge, twirled her rings, and looked sulky.

Selina was foremost and loudest in apologetic exclamations—being as candid in regret as she had been in censure.

"Do you know I never *thought* of his being a relation of Mr. Wyllys until just as I spoke of it? That is like my blundering tongue! There is no half-way house of

meditation between the brain and it. We are ruined, you and I especially, Nettie, and Sue is almost as badly off. Jessie will tell Mr. Wyllys, and he will report us all to his cousin, and won't there be a row!"

"Why should you care?" said Hester, sharply. "If the man is away off in Germany, he can't quarrel with you."

"But he is coming back next Fall! I should sink into the earth if he were to ask me any questions about what I have said. He has always been so gentle and pleasant with me! I felt quite proud of his good opinion."

"You had very little to be proud of, I should say!" retorted Miss Sanford, losing command of her tongue and temper entirely, as the discussion proceeded. "Thank Heaven! I am not dependent upon such contemptible trifles for my peace of mind! I wouldn't recognize Roy Fordham on the street, or anywhere else; would cut him dead were he to enter this room at this very minute. As for Miss Kirke, I care less than nothing for her, or her opinion. If she chooses to play the spy upon a confidential conversation between *ladies*, and carry tales to gentlemen, she may, and welcome. I never could abide her from the first instant I ever saw her. I do hate tattlers and backbiters. But let her do her worst! I flatter myself that I, at least, am above her reach!"

"I should be very uneasy and unhappy, if I believed that the substance of our conversation would ever reach Mr. Fordham's ears," rejoined Fanny, very gravely. "But Mr. Wyllys is no mischief-maker. Nor, for that matter, is Jessie Kirke. My principal regret is that we have wounded her; for I do not think a reputation so nobly earned as Mr. Fordham's has been, will suffer from our idle chatter. It is founded upon a rock. As to Jessie's playing the spy, Hester, she had no reason to believe the communication you made was confidential."

"She never opened her lips while I was talking! just stood off there, pretending to be busy with the billiard balls, and *listened*," said Hester, hotly. "If that wasn't mean and dishonourable, I don't know what is!"

"I am inclined to think it would have been well had the rest of us done likewise!" smiled Fanny, willing to give a jocose turn to the circumstance. "Since we cannot help our blunder, we will try to forget it."

But Hester had a troublesome bee in her bonnet. She looked more and more discomposed.

"What makes you all think that this Kirke girl will blab to Mr. Wyllys? What has she to do with him, more than any of you here?"

"What's he to Hecuba, or Hecuba to him?" quoted Fanny, theatrically, bent upon covering her cousin's coarseness of speech and manner. "They are old friends, and he is intimate at Dr. Baxter's, where she is staying. As I said, however, the least of my apprehensions is that she will stir up strife between us and Mr. Fordham."

She chalked her cue carefully, as if it were her chief concern at present.



"Is he addressing her?" demanded Hester, with increasing interest.

"I don't know. Selina! will you play on my side?"

"In a minute!" The volatile Bradley was off at a tangent. "I don't begin to believe that he means to offer himself to her, whatever wiseacres may say. It is well known that he is not a marrying man. He brings out girls that have the making of belles in them. It is a sort of hobby with him—a mission he has. This done, he stands back serenely, and lets other men marry them. He is a universal lover of the sex, and upon occasions like those I have named—a benefactor. Some of our most elegant matrons and handsomest young ladies were his *protégés*. His sanction of their charms made them the fashion. It is odd, but true."

Hester smiled, laid her head on her left shoulder, and peeped at an opposite mirror.

"It would be a sin were you Hamilton girls to let him marry this girl. You don't half appreciate him. I have met so many distinguished and gallant men, that I call myself a tolerable judge of true breeding and polished manners. And I can inform you that in a large, gay city such as that I live in, he would be a *star*! might have almost any girl he wanted. The idea of his throwing himself away upon a poor minister's daughter is just perfectly nonsensical. I have too good an opinion of his common sense and his taste, to believe it for a second. He can't but know that he could look ever so much higher. What there is about this Miss Kirke that you all admire, I can't see, for the life of me. She couldn't carry it, in our place, with such a bold hand, as she does here. She would be put *down* at once and for ever!"

"Jessie Kirke is my friend, Hester, and was but just now my guest," said Fanny, firmly. "Excuse me for saying that I cannot bear her spoken of unkindly in this house. She is a lady—born and bred. Papa says her family were people of rank in this country, before ours was ever heard of. I am not an aristocrat, but if I were I should rather belong to what Dr. Holmes calls the 'Brahmin caste,' in America, than to any other. Jessie Kirke comes of an educated race, and the refinement of educated generations shows itself in every motion and word. I do not affirm that she will—that she would, if he offered himself—marry Mr. Wylls. I do say that he would do well to win her for his wife. And I suspect he does not need to be told this."

The sun was an hour high as Jessie descended the granite steps of Judge Provost's mansion. The college buildings lay to her right, upon rising ground, separated by a shallow valley from the hill crowned by the Provost house and grounds. Instead of taking the street that would conduct her to Dr. Baxter's door, she turned sharply to the left, and began another and steeper ascent. There were few residences in this quarter of the town, and these were gentlemen's villas, separated by large gardens. She did not look up at the windows of the scattered dwellings in passing, although more than one

acquaintance watched, from one another of these, the straight, slender figure that held on its rapid course without sway or falter. In the plainest garb, she was conspicuous for her carriage and peculiar style of beauty. This afternoon she looked like a young forest princess in her dark green dress, and tunic trimmed with fur, the black velvet cap and sweeping green feather. She had thought of Hester Sanford's colourless countenance and Parisian costumes as she made ready for the call upon Fanny, laughed to herself at the image that smiled back upon her from the mirror, knowing how far handsomer, even more "stylish" (Hester's pet word!) she was in her simple robes. She thought more of such things now than ever before. Her enjoyment in general company was no longer the gratification of a young girl's frank vanity—often as guileless and freely uttered as a child's. The desire to be at her best looks, to attract and to hold the admiration of those whom she met abroad, had ceased to be simple and positive. There was in it the baser element of competition. She would be beautiful and brilliant because others—Hester Sanford in particular—were homely and silly. The feeling had grown upon her insidiously—so stealthily she could not tell when she forbore to laugh, good-naturedly, at the heiress's absurdities; to declare openly to Mr. Baxter and Orrin that she had conceived an antipathy to her before she had known her three hours, or three minutes; that association with her invariably provoked her into an indescribable but intolerable state of discomfort, analogous to that a cat is supposed to feel when her fur is turned the wrong way. But she disliked the woman intensely now when she hardly ever named her to others.

There were many reasons for this. As proud in her way as Hester was vain-glorious in hers, it galled her continually that she must appear—even for Fanny's and decency's sake—to submit to the insufferable impertinence of one who was her peer in nothing save the accident of riches. She would give her no apparent advantage; would not put it into her power to boast that she had driven her out of the arena where she—Hester—believed that she reigned queen of Fashion, if not of Love and Beauty, or she would have avoided her whenever she could. It seemed to her that the more dignified course was to overlook her—her spiteful innuendoes, her pompous condescensions, and brainless boastings—with the sublime indifference of one whose thoughts were set upon worthier and more comely objects; to mete out to the heiress scrupulously such show of regard as she would vouchsafe a peevish, painted gad-fly hissing about her ears and eyes.

The gad-fly had stung her out of her seeming of haughty carelessness, and since she could not crush or even touch it, she was fleeing before it as for her life. The figure occurred to her as she climbed a third hill—one she had never crossed before without pausing on the summit to look back over the town—a view Roy had commended to her admiration in one of his letters. She

did not stop now or turn her head, but almost ran down the other side, her teeth clenched, and a dry aching in the throat that ought to have been relieved by tears, yet was not to be. She met no one in her walk. The day was still, and very cold; the hills beyond the ice-bound river were strongly defined against a pale orange sky into which the colour seemed to be frozen, so unvarying was it, as the sun rolled horizonward. She had passed the region of paved sidewalks, but the ground rang like stone under her tread; her breath was frosty vapour as soon as it left her lips. She did not think how much colder it would be in the open country road on the other side of the bridge. She would not feel it when she got there. Two wood waggons, each with a team of four horses, were coming across the bridge abreast, and she stepped aside to let them pass. The drivers were walking behind their loads, swinging their arms and stamping to keep up the circulation of the congealing blood in their limbs. The roadsters tramped in a cloud of steam from their nostrils, about which fine icicles clung to their shaggy hair. They had thick woollen shields over their breasts, fur collars upon their shoulders.

"Men are tender in their mercies to the brute creation!" thought the young lady, at whom the men looked with respectful but evident approbation in going by. "When it comes to women, their pity fails them!"

She was doing more than escaping the malignant tongue that had blackened the fair fame of her betrothed. She despised Hester Sanford's intellect and inventive talents so heartily that she should have laughed to scorn the tale to which she had hearkened; dissected the ill-formed mass of contradictions, and boldly refuted her statements by a comparison of their incongruities. Three months earlier she would have covered the traducer with confusion, and rightly punished her gloating audience by standing forth as the defender of Roy's honour and truth, and proudly announcing the nature of the bond between them. She was incapable of such an attempt now. Like a cowed hound, she had crouched in a corner, and suffered the outrage to him who was her other self—the gallant gentleman whose name she was to bear some day—lifted neither tongue nor finger to save that name from obloquy. Not even to amiable Fanny (how much braver than her craven self!) had she been able to say, "This man is to be my husband! Who strikes him, wounds and makes an enemy of me!"

Why was this?

She stopped midway across the bridge; leaned over the parapet with locked hands and rigid features; stared down upon the shining black ice—still not feeling the cold—and tried to answer the question thrust upon her.

Why had she made no fight to save the character of him for whom she had once declared herself willing to die?

"How dared they?" she had muttered between her teeth, in leaving Judge Provost's portico. On the bridge

she spoke again—a hoarse whisper it hurt her throat to sibilate.

"If this be true!" she said, letting her clasped hands fall upon the stone wall.

There was a livid bruise on both when she removed her gloves that evening, but she had not felt it when it was dealt.

Had then her belief in her lover's integrity succumbed to the weight of the first doubt cast upon it in her presence? Were her faith and her love made of such flimsy stuff as to be torn into wretched rags by a single gale? If these were ever well-founded, must not the inroads of distrust have been gradual in order to be effectual? Had suspicion and forebodings visited her before to-day? been harboured, but not recognized? If so, what were the grounds for doubts and fears?

"If it be true," she repeated, with a desolate moan, "there is no help for me in earth or in heaven! I can never trust or love again!"

Some one was coming on behind her with quick steps, which echoed loudly on the icy planks, and she walked on hastily. Her first unwise impulse was to increase her speed in the hope of getting away from the intruder, whoever he might be; but finding, on reaching the opposite shore, that he gained on her, she slackened her pace to let him pass. She would be the sooner alone and unobserved if she allowed him to go on. It was only a chance wayfarer, of course, but she would shun all eyes, idle or searching, while her brain was in such a whirl, her heart rent and quaking. She detected nothing familiar in the footfall, but she did remark, with a sense of irritation, that it was more deliberate in nearing her. Did the unseen pursuer mean to dog her?

Annoyance was exchanged momentarily for active alarm; the angry blood welled to her face and head in one mighty throb, as a hand touched her elbow, before her persecutor had breath to accost her.

It was Orrin Wyllys' voice that said, laughingly, "Is it Atalanta or swift Camilla scouring the plain, whom I have chased for the last ten minutes? What are you running away from?"

"The Furies!"

## CHAPTER XII.

ORRIN was shocked into sober sincerity by the fierce, curt utterance.

"My dear Jessie! what has happened?"

"Don't ask me!" walking on, without looking at him.

Orrin kept step with her for several moments, studying the eyes that, black and disdainful, stared straight before her, and the mouth set in a close curve of pride, before he spoke again.

"I will ask nothing just now, except that you will take my arm, and allow me to be your escort. This is a lonely road."

"It suits me the better, then!"

He waited a minute more, and, with gentle force, undid her right hand from its hold upon its fellow, and drew it within his arm.

"I see that my society is unwelcome, Jessie, but it is not right for you to be so far from home at this time of day without a protector. I shall not compel your confidence. When you are ready to give it, my sympathies or services are at your command, as they have always been since I became your guardian in the absence and with the sanction of my cousin."

The hot sparkle was a blaze as she looked up.

"Yes! and you, too, must have known it! You, who pretend to be my friend! My trust has been blind and foolish throughout. You were ready enough to counsel and warn me about other things. Why did you never tell me of Roy Fordham's former engagement? of the love affair (save the mark!) that clashed with mine? You have said again and again that you respected me—that my happiness was of value in your estimation. Did not respect or humanity urge you to spare me this bitter humiliation?"

Unaffectedly amazed though he was at the onslaught and the information she imparted, Orrin yet refrained from explicit denial.

"Who has been talking to you?" he asked, instead.

She dashed through the story in the same impetuous strain, ending it with—"He ought to have told me this, and so ought you! I can forgive anything but deliberate deception."

Orrin mused.

"You are excited"—he began, slowly.

She interrupted him—"Who would not be? I am not a stone!"

"Nobody said that you were, or ought to be," smiling a little. "I was about to say that the displeasure you feel is perfectly natural—just what any woman with a heart would experience in the circumstances. But let us investigate before we condemn. What is your ground of complaint against my friend and your betrothed? Did he ever tell you that you were his first and only love?"

"I do not know that he asserted it in so many words," she replied, with a vivid blush. "But I certainly inferred as much from what he has said."

"Every woman's inference is the same when she listens to a declaration of affection. Who but a fool would preface such by a confession of how many times he had rehearsed it to other ears? Few men reach the age of twenty-five without having had two or three *grandes passions*. I do not maintain, as a gentleman did once in my hearing, when taxed with being engaged in his fortieth love-suit, that in this, as in most other things, practice makes perfect. But I hold that you cannot accuse Roy of deceiving you, unless he has declared expressly that he had never loved or wooed until he met you. Happy are those who are not visited by the ghosts of bygone—and, as they deemed, buried—affections upon their

bridal eyes! Ghosts that are hard enough to lay, as many a miserable married, not mated, one can testify."

"None such shall stand between me and him whom I marry!" cried Jessie, vehemently. "If Roy Fordham once loved—if he still regrets this girl—has one pang of compunction in the review of her fidelity and her sorrow; if he repents, never so slightly, his relinquishment of her upon insufficient cause—he shall go back to her. I will have a whole heart, or I will quit him, a pauper in love. Divided allegiance is worse than desertion."

"Be assured of one thing!" returned Orrin, emphatically. "Roy Fordham 'regrets' no past action of his own. His judgment is as calm as his measures are decided. If he suffers his heart to go out of his keeping, he does it in the persuasion that he could not act more prudently, more in accordance with his best interests, than to intrust it to her whom he has chosen. But should he, nevertheless, discover, from subsequent developments, that he was mistaken, he would recall affections and troth without weak hesitation. If Miss Sanford's story be true (which, please observe, I am far from admitting), we may still rest content in the knowledge that he pursued what he thought was the wisest course—performed what seemed to him a simple and imperative duty. He is, of all men I know, the most clear-headed and conscientious. If his ideas upon certain subjects appear to me to be over-strict, if his conduct, in cases that would be trying emergencies to me, looks like an exercise of superhuman resolution or self-denial, I do not, therefore, question his wisdom or my failings. His standard of right is so elevated, his views of duty are based upon——"

"Don't make laboured excuses for him which you feel, in your soul, are paltry sophisms!" burst out Jessie, impatiently. "Is it your belief that he was ever betrothed to this girl? And, if so, did he cast her off upon the barbarous pretext Hester Sanford named? I have tried to think it all out," she continued, putting her hand to her head, liked one dazed or stunned, "but nothing is fixed and clear. He *was* at the seashore two summers ago, after he visited Dundee. He *did* go to B—the following winter—twice—both times to attend the weddings of friends, he told me. These things he made no secret of. That does not look like guilt. And yet—Tell me what to believe—how to act!"

"If I were in possession of the exact truth, you should have had it before now. I am as ignorant as yourself of all except the facts you have stated. He has friends—relatives whom he esteems—in B—. I recollect that he was with them at the seashore late in his vacation, and that he spent Christmas before last in the city which is their home. This is the extent of my actual knowledge touching this mystery. He is reticent in the extreme with respect to his personal affairs. I never heard your name, never suspected that he was not heart-whole, prior to my first visit to Dundee. I can only judge him in this, as in every case, by what I know of his

principles and past conduct. He is incapable of what he would consider a dishonourable, much less a base deed! Try and trust him; forget this tale, which may be a fiction, out-and-out, and hope for the best!"

"Christmas before last!" murmured Jessie, in stifled accents. "He was corresponding with me then! He had told my father that he meant—Oh!" stopping short, and stamping her foot with feverish energy upon the frozen earth—"Is there *no* way of ending this horrible suspense! no one who can put me out of this pain? I would give my right hand if I might stand face to face with Roy Fordham, for ten minutes! just long enough to bring my accusation, and hear his defence!"

"I am thankful that this cannot be!" said Orrin, composedly. "I understand him better than you do in some respects. To doubt is to insult him. One sentence of 'accusation,' and your power over him is gone for ever. Be guided by me, Jessie! You are not in a fit condition to decide for yourself upon your safest mode of action at this critical juncture. It is an oft-repeated maxim of human law that every man is innocent until proof brings his guilt home to him. Two things are patent from our present standpoint. When Roy asked you to marry him, he was free to do so,—the previous engagement, assuming that such had ever existed, having been dissolved some months earlier than the date of his proposal to you. Again—and on this head I can speak confidently—he is thoroughly satisfied that his choice is a judicious one. This is not the first time I have wanted to say this to you. He may not be an ardent suitor, because his is not a passionate nature, nor is he given to demonstrations of emotion. But he is more than contented. He is sincerely attached to you."

"Which means that he will fulfil his part of the contract of marriage, unless *my* sister should die of consumption before the wedding-day arrives!" Jessie checked his defence of his kinsman by saying, with a rasping laugh.

Wylls looked deeply pained.

"We will defer further conversation about this matter until you are calmer," he said, with a manifest struggle. "You are not ready for it just yet, or you would not sneer at my well-meant, if ineffectual, attempt to set your mind at rest."

"With unfeeling arguments! with special pleadings that freeze the blood at my heart!" she pursued, unappeased and desperate. "If this is the ablest defence you can set up for your client, you do well to defer the further consideration of it. I have prayed you for bread, and you give me a stone! I have said, 'Let me have the plain truth!' and you tantalize me with fine-drawn theories and exhortations to patience and faith. I am tempted to believe that you are in the league to deceive me!"

"Jessie! Jessie! take care. You do not know what you are doing!"

It was entreaty—not reproach. He seemed to crave

a personal boon—deliverance from impending trial of his strength or feelings. Jessie rushed on headlong, deaf to the significance of the petition.

"Your advocacy is worthy of the cause you have espoused! And while you expatiate upon your cousin's cool head and colder heart, and recommend me to make sure of this pattern partner—yes! that is the way you put it, I am being torn by pride and wounded affection and incertitude, as by raging wild horses! It is easy for you to talk sensibly and even eloquently of what appeals only to your reason!"

"Child!" seizing her elbows, and bringing her to a stand-still in the middle of the road, facing himself, "does it cost *me* nothing, do you think, to plead this cause? There are no wild horses for me then! No 'Might-have-been' dogging my steps and haunting my pillow! No furies of betrayed confidence and remorse menacing me! I tell you, your pettish jealousy, your slight heat of resentment that will be gone before to-morrow morning, is, in comparison with what I endure, a summer breeze to a tornado; the flicker of a match to the fires of Gehenna!"

He released her, and she walked on beside him, bewildered and giddy; almost oblivious of her individual grievances in the thought of the passion that had fired his eyes, found vent in his hurried sentences. The sun was down. They were in a rough country road; stone fences on either hand; the naked hedgerows seeming to shiver in the still, freezing air. The hard orange dye of the west was beginning to melt slowly into a grey as cold. It was a heartless, bitter afternoon.

Jessie never forgot it, or the interval of awful silence that succeeded Wylls' unprecedented outbreak. Not daring to glance at his face, she had a second surprise, when he, at length, suggested, in a tone tranquil to coldness, that they should retrace their steps. Could she be dreaming now? Or were the strange, wild words echoing confusingly in her brain, dictated by her dis-temperamented fancy?

"It will be late before we reach home, as it is," Orrin offered, in support of his proposition. "And the air grows keener every moment."

Nothing more passed between them until they were again upon the bridge, where he stayed her, for a moment, that he might rearrange her furs.

"You are not used to this biting weather! Are you tolerably comfortable?" he asked, in his usual brotherly way.

"Quite comfortable, if you are not angry with me!" she answered, emboldened by the little attention and his tone.

"You silly child! I have never had a thought of you that bordered upon unkindness. We have both been hasty and unreasonable in judgment and in language, this afternoon. Your warmth was excusable. Mine was culpable weakness. You will hate me, in time, if I forget myself in this manner. It was selfish and wicked,



besides being unmanly. Don't contradict me! I know what I am saying now, at any rate. To exchange an unpleasant for a painful subject—promise me that you will not allude to Miss Sanford's narrative in your letter to Roy."

"I shall write to him by to-morrow's mail, and tell him all!" said Jessie, with a return of stubbornness.

"You will regret it all your life! If he is guilty, he will be offended at your arraignment of him by letter, which must, of necessity, be formal and incomplete as to testimony; you having but one witness, and that by no means a reliable one. Should he be innocent, you inflict severe and needless pain; put yourself in the position of a touchy, suspicious, exacting *fiancée*, whose troth he will ever thereafter hold by a slight tenure. 'Let sleeping dogs lie,' is a sage motto, unless they can bark to some purpose. If you will allow me, I shall make it my business to sift this story carefully, and apprise you of the result; if I have to cultivate an intimacy with Miss Sanford in order to get at the truth. Meanwhile, we will depend upon what we are certain of—Roy's integrity and the nicety of his honour. At the risk of being again taken to task for special pleading, let me say that he is, in my estimation, as nearly faultless as mortals ever grow to be. You cannot act more rationally than to think as much as possible of him, and as little of his *vaurien* cousin as is consistent with common benevolence."

It was silvery-grey twilight out-of-doors when they gained Mrs. Baxter's door, and they found a rosy twilight of summer within her firelighted parlours, balmy, moreover, with the spiciness flowing out in the genial temperature, from the latest bouquet presented by Mr. Wyllys.

The donor, playfully gallant, and bent, it would seem, upon effacing the memory of his late excited speech, was chafing Jessie's numb fingers before the fire, and she laughing in spite of herself at his sallies, when Mrs. Baxter tripped in.

She always entered a room bouncingly, generally with the added effect of being pushed in by some unseen hand from behind. She recoiled, momentarily, at the tableau upon the rug, and Jessie observed it with a sick, guilty qualm that made her snatch away her hand from Orrin's hold.

He was not discomfited.

"Here is a frozen wayfarer I picked up on the bridge, my dear madam, taking an *unconstitutional*," he said. "Mindful of your known charity and condescension, I took the liberty of bringing her in to be treated by you as her needs require. If I may advise you in a matter in which you are so much wiser than myself, I recommend that a cup of warm drink—gruel, panada, or posset, and a reasonable amount of admonition, tempered to suit the exhausted state of the patient, be administered without delay. As an additional precaution against rheumatism, pleurisy, or bronchitis, a glass of hot lemonade, with"—affecting to whisper—"a tablespoonful of

Jamaica rum or old Bourbon, at bedtime, would be eminently judicious. My impertinence culminates in the petition that you vouchsafe to bestow upon my unworthy but chilly self a cup of the nectar in common use upon your table under the name of *souchong*."

Jessie slipped away to her chamber, while her cousin was replying in suitable terms to this nonsense, and did not reappear until the tea-bell had rung twice.

She had been crying, Mrs. Baxter saw at once, and she was still very pale. It had been a violent fit of weeping that had exhausted her to languor of expression and movement. The doctor spoke cheerily to her as she seated herself beside him.

"Well, my little girl, how are your spirits this freezing night? Do they follow the mercury, or rise as it descends?"

An unfortunate question, but it brought a faint glow to her face.

"I shall be more lively when I have had my supper," she said, averting her eyes. "I am cold and tired now."

The doctor bent his head and raised his hand to ask a blessing, and then bade his wife "pour out Jessie's tea, forthwith. She looks as if she needed it," he subjoined, uneasily, watching her with eyes that were very keen when he was awake to what was passing in the every-day and material world.

Jessie sipped the scalding liquid, swallowing each spoonful with a tremendous effort, when it trickled down the lump that obstructed larynx and epiglottis, wishing, the while, that the doctor would subside into one of his fits of learned abstraction and knot his handkerchief, instead of staring so solemnly at her; expecting, every second, to hear him demand, "What have you been crying about, my daughter?"

She was very grateful to Orrin for his persistent and, in the end, successful attempts to draw the fire of the searching regards; and, rallying her wits and courage, she, at last, joined in the conversation. Mrs. Baxter, likewise, was less voluble than was her wont. Appreciating the fact, recognized by the majority of his acquaintances, that Mr. Wyllys was not a marrying man, she aroused herself to ponder, in serious earnest, upon what was likely to be the result of his fraternal intimacy with her ward. Orrin had made all straight with her at the outset, even before Jessie entered her house as a visitor, by representing himself as an old friend of the family, and speaking of Mr. Kirke's daughter in a grandfatherly strain, that entitled him to become the platonic cavalier of the rustic *débutante*. But platonic grandfathers did not squeeze pretty girls' hands *en tête-à-tête* in the twilight, "or they should not," reasoned the duenna; and Jessie's red eyes and pallid complexion increased her misgivings to dreads. She had been asleep all winter until to-night, she thought, shudderingly, and had awakened upon the edge of a precipice. If through her neglect or misplaced confidence, Ginevra's child should come to grief, she would rue, to the latest day of her life, the invitation that

had enticed her from home and safety, to lose her heart to the designing arts of a man of the world.

Orrin had small temptation to prolong his stay into the evening. There was incipient disfavour in the hostess' eye, which was not neutralized by her stereotyped smile. The doctor betook himself to his study when he arose from the table, and Jessie shaded her face from fire and lamplight by a hand-screen, complaining that she was stupid after her walk in the wind.

"I promised to go up to Judge Provost's to-night," he said, at the end of an unsatisfactory half-hour. "Won't you join our party for billiards and music? Miss Fanny charged me not to come without you."

Jessie did not raise her regards from the screen.

"No, thank you! I have had enough billiards for one day, and I am in an intensely unmusical humour."

"I really ought to 'do' the polite to Miss Sanford," continued he, lightly to Mrs. Baxter's ears, significantly to Jessie's. "I have been shamefully remiss since her appearance among us. Miss Fanny took me to task for it an evening or two since, and I was obliged to plead 'Guilty.' I have paid her very little attention except in public, and that has been confined to a dance or two at each party."

Mrs. Baxter, profoundly indifferent to Miss Sanford, and the degree of court he offered her, yet strove to look interested.

"That is a little remarkable, Mr. Wyllys, considering your reputation for gallantry and hospitality, and she is invested with more substantial charms than any of our Hamilton belles can boast."

"I am afraid my taste for the substantial has not been properly cultivated," was the reply.

Jessie was silent and gloomy, and Wyllys secretly lost patience with her.

"I thought her more of a woman!" he said, inly. "She acts like a fractions child, inconsolable for the loss of a toy. I gave her credit for more depth of feeling, more power of endurance."

She called up a faint symptom of a smile, in response to his adieu, and relapsed into taciturnity and the shadow of her screen when he had departed. Mrs. Baxter flitted about the rooms like a perturbed guardian angel; poking the fire that her charge's feet might be warmer; dropping a curtain to shut out a draught from the back of her neck; pushing forward a *bricche* for her use, and giving her chair a gentle tug nearer the grate, before she essayed verbal consolation.

Finally, she leaned upon the back of Jessie's seat, and made several mesmeric passes over her brow and scalp, the fringe of the scarlet scarf it was her pleasure, to-night, to sport twisted around her right wrist, brushing the chin, and tickling the nose of her young relative.

"Does your head ache *very* badly now, my sweet?" breathlessly solicitous.

"Not at all, thank you, cousin?"

"I am delighted to hear you say so! You don't think you have really taken cold, my precious—do you?"

"Oh, no! I never take cold!"

"Mr. Wyllys seemed very anxious lest you had," Mrs. Baxter remarked, quite too earnestly. "I say, 'seemed,' for these ladies' men are not models of sincerity always, however charming they may be as parlour companions. If I had a daughter, my love—and it is the great sorrow of my life, as it is of the doctor's, that we never had one—if I had a daughter just blooming into womanhood, affectionate, susceptible, and unsuspecting, I should caution her to be on her guard against a too-ready credence in the flattering tongues and the more insidious flattery of demeanour and action of gentlemen who are honourable in all things else. I respect Mr. Wyllys," she continued, the passes faster and more agitated, and the silken fringes bobbing up and down before Jessie's vision. "I honour his many estimable, admire his many shining qualities; but I am fearful that in his otherwise commendable desire to please and make happy, he may excite hopes—or expectations may be the better term—he never intended to engender. There is in every community, my darling Jessie, a class of men—pardon me for saying that it is fortunately a small class—who do not care or intend to marry, except for convenience or pecuniary gain—perhaps not even then. Yet they are generally the pets of their respective circles, especial favourites with ladies. Why, I cannot say, unless it be that they endeavour to make themselves agreeable to the entire sex, instead of concentrating their attentions upon one woman. Mr. Wyllys is a notable example of this order of carpet knights."

Entirely out of breath by this time, she withdrew her hand from her guest's head to press it upon her own palpitating bosom, while her gulp of emotion was as loud as the cluck of a brooding hen.

Jessie lowered her screen with a gesture of haughty amusement.

"If your object is to warn me against attaching undue importance to Mr. Wyllys' friendly attentions, cousin, I can disabuse your mind of fears for my peace of heart, by assuring you that it is not threatened from that quarter. I ought to have told you, long ago, of a circumstance that exculpates Mr. Wyllys from the charge of trifling, and renders the notice he bestows upon me altogether harmless and proper. I am engaged to be married to his cousin, Mr. Fordham, and he knows it. This makes all safe for us both—does it not? I am sorry I did not apprise you of this state of affairs when I first came to you. It would have been more honourable and kind to you, and an act of common justice to Mr. Fordham, if not to Mr. Wyllys."

## MINIATURE PAINTING.

BEFORE the discovery of the art of taking portraits by photography, miniature painting was highly prized, and there are few families in which there are not some treasured specimens of the beautiful art, preserving the features of those who were dearly loved. Many masterpieces are preserved in collections, but for more than twenty years it has been, so far as the general public are concerned, almost a lost art. A brief sketch of its history may be acceptable.

It was in the middle ages, from the 8th to the end of the 14th century, that it reached its perfect development; for during that period, in nearly all the religious houses, the monks spent much time in its careful study, and in the patient labour of illuminating their manuscripts of the sacred volumes and copies of the works of the classical authors. They were called *illuminatori*, and from the fact that the initial letter of a chapter or a paragraph was painted in *red*, the pigment for which was the Latin *minium*, or red lead, they acquired the name of *miniatori*, from which our word *miniature* is formed. Curiously enough, therefore, this word, which always conveys now the idea of *smallness* or *minuteness*, and which we have adopted as an adjective also to express the same idea, comes directly from a word which did not in any way indicate the size of the picture, but only the colour of the initial letter which, with its ornamentation, furnished the border or frame in which the picture was set.

It would be impossible to say too much in praise of the work of these "miniatori," of the Middle Ages. All over Europe—in Italy, France, Germany, the Low Countries, Spain, and England, this beautiful art was assiduously studied, and with wonderful results; and those who have seen the superb examples preserved in the many collections of the manuscript illuminations of these old artists, find it difficult to say in what country the finest were produced. And it is impossible to over-estimate, too, the value of this work in preserving and supplying valuable material for the development of the art of painting throughout the world. These little paintings, the results of earnest thought and patient, painstaking care in the cloister and in the cell, furnished the "*studies*" for those great masterpieces, on panel, on wall, and on canvas, which mark a golden age in the art of painting.

With the invention of printing, miniature painting, in the form it had thus far taken, practically disappeared, and in modern times it has been confined almost entirely to the production of portraits. In this direction, too, it has played an important part in the history of art, by teaching faithful accuracy of drawing and delicacy of expression, and serving at the same time, more than any other department of painting, to produce and preserve a

succession of portraits, more or less faithful, of men and women noted in history.

In France we find a succession of eminent artists devoting themselves exclusively, almost, to this department of art. Among the more recent of these the most prominent are Augustin and Isabey.

In England we find almost a continuous line of distinguished miniature painters, extending from the early part of the 16th century down to nearly the present time. The famous Hans Holbein, who did so much for England in the way of portrait painting, was sent, the historian tells us, with a letter to Sir Thomas More. The good Lord Chancellor was so much pleased with him and with his work, that he persuaded him to establish himself at his house; and while there Holbein painted several pictures, with which the hall of the house was adorned. Sir Thomas wishing him to be presented to the King, adopted the simple but effective plan of inviting the King to his house to a banquet, and when there, His Majesty was so much pleased with what he saw, that he carried off both pictures and artist, and gave them quarters in the palace, where Holbein remained, in very comfortable circumstances apparently, for many years. Although Holbein painted but little in miniature, yet that little was enough to draw out of his goldsmith's shop at Exeter Nicholas Hilliard, who, beginning with the study of Holbein's designs, soon became famous as a miniaturist, and was appointed court portrait painter to Queen Elizabeth. Then followed Isaac Oliver, a pupil of Hilliard, of whom it is said: "He has hardly been surpassed by any artist of any country," and he left as a worthy successor in his art, his son, Peter Oliver. He and his contemporary, John Hoskins, were the famous miniature painters of Charles I.'s time. Hoskin's pupil, Samuel Cooper, was noted as the artist who painted the portraits of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, and Spooner says of him: "He was the first artist of his country who gave a strength and freedom to miniature painting; his colouring was pure, his carnations were beautiful, and his hair was painted in a flowing, elegant manner."

Strictly speaking, miniature painting includes only water colour painting on vellum or ivory. And yet there is an important distinction between the method of painting known as "*guache*," and the true aquarelle. The first of these is the method adopted in work upon vellum, such as the richly illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages, of which we have spoken. The colours are ground in water, and diluted with gum water mixed with white, so that, in such painting, there may be a coloured background; the lights are put on in successive layers, and the artist covers the whole surface of his picture. In

aquarelle, on the other hand, the white of the background is reserved for the lights of the picture. For this, ivory has been found to be the best kind of material on which to work, possessing a transparency of texture, and producing a peculiar softness of effect in the painting, especially in the carnations. The back is always protected by something as perfectly white as possible,

for anything dark would show through it. Usually the piece of ivory is quite small, such as can ordinarily be obtained; but when larger pieces are required, the elephant's tusk is sawed around its circumference, and the ivory steamed and flattened by powerful pressure, and then mounted for use. In this way very large plates have been obtained.

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

### THE EX-EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE life of Eugénie, the ex-Empress of the French, is a remarkable illustration of the caprice of Fortune. Born in a private station; wedded to an Emperor; for seventeen years the ornament of the most brilliant Court of Europe; and then—all her imperial splendour having vanished—obliged to fly for refuge to the hospitable shores of England: could we find a better example of the fact that no condition in this world is certain, and that good fortune and disaster come alike to all?

Eugénie-Maria de Guzman was born on the 5th of May, 1826, in the famous old Spanish city of Granada. She was the second daughter of the Count de Montijo, a grandee of Spain. The Count came of an illustrious family, being connected more or less closely with the houses of the Duke of Frias, representative of the ancient Admirals of Castile, of the Duke of Fyars, and others of high rank. The heralds were careful, in after days, to make out that his daughter had royal blood in her veins, and that among her ancestors she numbered the Kings of Aragon. However this may be, it is certain that her father's family was a good one, and, better still, her father was a brave man and highly esteemed. It is told that, in 1808, when Spain was occupied by the French, the Count de Montijo lent his influence and drew his sword on behalf of the Napoleonic cause. Murat included him amongst his most intrepid officers.

The mother of the future Empress was also of no obscure origin. She—Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick—was descended from an ancient Scottish family, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, which still exists, but no longer in possession of its original property. The Kirkpatricks who settled in Spain had to leave their native land on account of their attachment to the cause of the Stuarts. Donna Maria's father was for some time British Consul at the Spanish port of Malaga, and occupied that post when she married the Count de Montijo.

Few particulars are available regarding the early life of the subject of our memoir, which is disappointing, for one likes to watch the development of those who have

made some figure in the history of the world. As a child, Eugénie was distinguished by her exquisite manners and the unalterable sweetness of her disposition. Her youthful beauty must also have attracted many a glance of admiration, and prompted many a guess as to her future. Good sense and devotion to duty marked her conduct more and more as she advanced in years, and neither the allurements of the world nor the natural frivolity of her sex could weaken her attachment to the sacred cause of religion.

In course of time her father died, leaving his widow and two daughters with an ample fortune; indeed, rumour gave out that the two young ladies were "amongst the richest heiresses of Spain." The elder daughter, we may mention here, just in order that henceforth we may give our undivided attention to the other, married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a noble Spanish grandee, lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill.

The Countess Dowager of Montijo spared no pains on Eugénie's education. She received careful instruction from the best masters both in Madrid and Paris, and her mind was expanded by excursions to London, Edinburgh, and many other important cities. She was brought up very differently from most Spanish women, who seldom quit their own country, and are entrusted with a very limited stock of learning. In her travels, Eugénie took the name of the Countess de Téba, one of the hereditary titles in her family. Her mother and she, by way of resting after their wanderings, often betook themselves to Biarritz, a maritime French village, near Bayonne. Many delightful days were spent there; Eugénie always retained an affection for the place, and when she became Empress made it her summer residence.

In the winter of 1847, Napoleon III.—then an adventurer and resident in London—danced, at one of Lord Combermere's balls, with a tall young lady of singular grace and loveliness, for the first time. She was "the Spanish beauty" of the fashionable society of the Metropolis. Her style of beauty, rather aristocratic English than Spanish, took the future Emperor's fancy.



He made inquiry, and learned that her mental gifts were as attractive as her beauty. He looked again, and her bright face and her fascinating smile made a permanent impression on his heart. The young lady was the Countess of Téba.

The four years which followed witnessed great changes. In 1851 Louis Napoleon was in Paris, President of the Republic of France. He had been elected to that office in December, 1848. The Countess de Téba and her mother paid a lengthened visit then to the capital, and appeared at many of the entertainments given at the Tuileries. The Countess, as usual, charmed everybody; and some, who kept their eyes wider open than their neighbours, by putting this and that together, came to the conclusion even then that the Prince President would unite the destiny of the fair Spaniard with his own. Mademoiselle de Téba, however, left Paris; and if there were any secrets between the future Emperor and herself, they prudently entrusted them to no one.

As everybody knows, Louis Napoleon was raised to the throne by universal suffrage in 1852. Intoxicated, for the moment, by the fulfilment of his dream of ambition, the Emperor forgot the Countess, and would think of marrying no other than a princess. He made overtures of matrimonial alliance, it is said, to several royal families of Europe. But these were rejected: his position on the French throne did not seem secure enough for prudent sovereigns to desire him for a son-in-law. The Emperor, with his usual philosophy, consoled himself, and thought of many excellent reasons why such an alliance would not be desirable. He speedily remembered the Countess.

On the 22nd of January, 1853, Louis Napoleon's council of Ministers assembled at the Tuileries, and heard from his own lips the announcement of his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess-dowager of Montijo. The Emperor made a remarkable speech. He explained how advantageous it was that his bride-elect was not a princess of a reigning family. He praised her for her moral qualities, her mental accomplishments, and her personal graces.

"She who has been the object of my preference," he said, "is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire; she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all desirable mental qualifications, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavour to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I have preferred," he added, "a woman whom I love and respect to one unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices—placing

independence, qualities of heart, and family happiness above dynastic prejudices and calculations of ambition."

A week later, that is to say, on the 29th of January, the civil marriage of the Emperor and his bride was celebrated at the Tuileries. The charming Empress-elect left the Elysée, at which she and her mother had been residing, and accompanied by the Countess-dowager, was conducted to the Tuileries, where she was received by a host of French functionaries. They led her to the *Salon de Famille*, where the Emperor awaited her. The happy pair then went in procession to the *Salle des Maréchaux*, where the members of the Imperial family and a brilliant crowd were assembled, and there the civil marriage rite was performed. It certainly was not an elaborate affair. The Minister of State turned first to the Emperor, and asked, in a set form of words, if he took in marriage her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Téba. The Emperor declared that he did. The Countess was then asked if she took in marriage the Emperor Napoleon III. She also replied in the affirmative. The following words from the Minister of State then concluded the ceremony: "In the name of the Emperor, of the Constitution, and of the Law, I declare that his Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the national will, and her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Countess de Téba, are united in marriage."

The registry of marriage was then signed, and a cantata was performed in the theatre; after which the newly-made Empress was conducted in state to the Elysée.

On the following day the ecclesiastical ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was a magnificent spectacle, the building having been fitted up with extraordinary splendour. Amongst the audience were the most noble and rich of the Empire. On the right of the altar sat the five cardinals; and near them the Marshals of France, in full costume, all holding their batons. When the Imperial pair arrived at the entrance, they were received by the Archbishop of Paris. The Emperor then conducted his bride to the altar, and amidst the profound silence of the vast and brilliant assemblage, the marriage ceremony was performed. When all was over, the wedding *cortège* returned to the Tuileries, and in the afternoon the Emperor and Empress left Paris for St. Cloud.

In the evening the capital of France was magnificently illuminated, and the Ministers gave a series of fêtes at their hotels. The event was also signalized by the Emperor by an act of clemency,—he published an amnesty which comprehended between 3000 and 4000 of the lowest class of political offenders.

One incident of the marriage is too interesting and too characteristic of the kindly disposition of the Empress to be omitted. Some days before the event the Municipal Council of Paris voted a sum of six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a wedding gift: it

was to be a necklace of diamonds. A deputation was sent to Eugénie to request her acceptance of this splendid present.

"Gentlemen," said she, "if you desire to make me happy, consecrate this sum to some profitable work for the benefit of the poor. I wish they should have your wedding gift, and I will thank you for it all the same."

The Municipal Council were not long of carrying out her generous desires. The sum voted for the present proved amply sufficient to found an institution in which three hundred poor girls found refuge, and were sheltered from want and misery.

After her marriage, the Empress took up her residence in the Tuileries. She passed a considerable part of each year, however, with the Emperor at the château of Saint Cloud. She also frequently went to Biarritz, as we mentioned a little ago, from which place she could easily make excursions into Spain. Like our own queen, she has a passionate love for country life and open air and exercise. Much of her time was necessarily engrossed by the routine of state etiquette, but she set an example which many with more leisure might well imitate; she was unwearied in works of charity. She took under her care workshops, hospitals, asylums, and prisons, and many knew her by the enviable title of "Guardian Angel of the Empire." That she was popular is undoubted. She was beautiful and she was good, and these are the most potent charms under heaven for empresses as well as for other people.

Amongst her philanthropic works we may mention the foundation of a large hospital for children, soon after her marriage, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, a poor quarter of Paris, whose hardworking population are exposed to incessant fatigue, sickness, and misery. The hospital was placed under the patronage of Saint Eugénie.

It need hardly be said that the Empress was of the Roman Catholic faith. She was a devoted supporter of the claims of the Holy See, and to her influence much of the policy of the Emperor towards Italy was, rightly or wrongly, attributed.

Resuming our narrative: the first remarkable incident in Eugénie's career after her marriage was her visit to England with the Emperor in 1855. Both were warmly received: they were entertained by Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace. The Lord Mayor of London also received them at a magnificent banquet in the Guildhall, the crowds on the occasion of their visit to the City being extraordinarily enthusiastic. This visit to our country produced a profound impression throughout Europe. It was, indeed, it has been remarked, a strange phenomenon that an Emperor of France, the heir and successor of Napoleon, and his consort, should be welcome and popular guests in England, honoured by the sovereign and cheered by the people. The Emperor and Empress thoroughly

enjoyed their brief sojourn on this side the channel, and the former was pleased to say that the only fault he had to find with the railway arrangements, was that "he was conveyed too quickly out of England."

In August of the following year the Queen and Prince Albert returned the Imperial visit. It is worth taking note of as an historical curiosity, that this was the first time that an English sovereign had seen the French capital for four centuries.

The 16th of March, 1856—we must retrace our steps for a few months—was signalized by the birth of an heir to the throne. The event was announced to the world by the firing of a salute of 101 guns, and the intelligence was received with great joy. The most distinguished members of French society flocked to the palace to offer their congratulations; so did the representatives of foreign powers. Paris, as in duty bound, was splendidly illuminated. The Municipal Council remembered it was a tradition that the City of Paris should offer the cradle at the birth of a prince. So they sent to the Tuileries a magnificent specimen of artistic elegance and good taste. Of course all were not delighted; it is impossible, you know, to please everybody.

It is not every day that one has a chance of proving whether one possesses genuine courage. In 1858, however, an opportunity occurred to the Empress of showing that she united a brave heart to her other virtues. On the 14th of January she and the Emperor left the Tuileries about eight o'clock in the evening to go to the Opera. Just as they arrived at the Opera House, three explosions were heard, which proceeded from hollow projectiles. A considerable number of people who were assembled at the door of the theatre, and some soldiers of the escort and of the Paris guard, were wounded, two of them mortally. Two of the footmen were also hurt, one of the horses of the Imperial carriage was killed, and the carriage was broken by the projectiles. The Emperor and Empress miraculously escaped.

The surrounding crowd entreated them to return to the Tuileries, and not to venture into the Opera House, for fear of some hidden danger.

"No," said the Empress, "let us enter; let us show that we are brave as the assassins."

And with a firm step, and a smile on her lips to reassure the spectators, she accompanied the Emperor into the Imperial box, where they were greeted with the most startling enthusiasm. Some, it is told, observed that the Empress's robe was torn, and marked with stains of blood.

The Emperor and Empress waited only during a part of the representation. On their return to the Tuileries, the Empress ran to the cradle of the Prince Imperial. She took the child in her arms, and, holding it up towards heaven, thanked God for his goodness in preserving them from this unexpected danger. Such was the end of the Orsini attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French.

During the absence of Louis Napoleon in the battle-fields of Italy in 1859, the Empress acted as Regent. In the following year she accompanied him on a triumphal progress which he made through the south of France, Nice, Savoy, and Algeria. The prolonged sojourn which the Emperor made at Vichy, in 1861, necessitated the appointment of the Empress again as Regent. The Council of Ministers continued to meet under her presidency, and she exhibited the utmost tact in the management of public affairs. For a third time she exercised the duties of Regent in 1865, the Emperor being away in Algeria from April to June of that year.

In October, 1865, the Empress paid a visit to the cholera hospitals of Paris, and her conduct on the occasion was much spoken about; both sick and well were unwearied in her praise. Still greater admiration was excited by an expedition which she made to Amiens in the following year. Cholera had invaded that city; many of the inhabitants had perished, and the hospitals were filled with the dying. The compassionate sympathy of the Empress was aroused, and she took a sudden resolution. She attended confession, set her affairs in order, received the holy communion in the chapel of the Tuileries, embraced her husband and her son, and set out for Amiens, accompanied by the Countess of Lourmel and several officers of the Court.

When she arrived at her destination, she went immediately, without taking a minute's rest, to the Hôtel-Dieu. There she paused by the bedside of each unfortunate patient, and spoke a few words of comfort, her courage never leaving her for an instant. Her visit, as was to be expected, had a most happy effect on the sick; many seemed literally restored to life. As she left the Hôtel-Dieu, the Prefect presented to her two poor children, whose father and mother had both died of cholera. "I adopt them," said the Empress; and she kept her word. She visited several other hospitals of Amiens, and, on returning to Paris, left a considerable sum to be distributed amongst such poor families as had been struck by the plague.

A little later in the year she made an official tour in Lorraine with the Prince Imperial, and was present at the fête at Nancy in commemoration of the union of the province with France.

A visit signalized by many demonstrations of friendship was paid by the Empress to Queen Victoria at Osborne, in July, 1867. In October following, she and the Prince Imperial narrowly escaped drowning at St. Jean de Luz.

The centenary of Napoleon I. occurred in 1869, and, at its celebration in Corsica, the Empress and the Prince Imperial were both present. That was in the month of August; in October, the Empress made a voyage to the East on board the steam yacht "L'Aigle." She visited Venice and Constantinople, and then proceeded to Port Said, where she witnessed the formal opening of the Suez Canal on the 17th of November, and received a well-

merited ovation. Her return to France took place about the end of November.

We come now to the close of Eugénie's career as Empress: she and the Emperor are to descend now, and by no means voluntarily, from the throne of France. When in July, 1870, war was declared between France and Germany, the Empress was appointed Regent during the absence of the Emperor. No one need be reminded of the fortunes of the campaign, and how disaster following disaster produced a revolution in Paris on the 4th of September. The Empress was at first unwilling to retire, but she saw at last that the situation of affairs was becoming serious, and that she must seek safety in flight. She was persuaded to escape by a back door of the Tuileries. As she hurried along, a *gamin* in the street, it is said, recognized her, and called out, "Voilà l'Impératrice;" in answer to which a cry was raised, "A la guillotine." But, on the whole, the crowd was good-humoured, and the Empress had no difficulty in reaching the house of an American dentist, Mr. Evans, by whom she was escorted to the port of Deauville, near Trouville. She made the journey in a plain carriage, and without luggage of any kind.

When she arrived at Deauville she sought for means to reach England. Fortunately, the "Gazelle" cutter lay in the harbour, and was to sail on the following day for the opposite coast, with Sir John and Lady Burgoyne. Lady Burgoyne had only arrived on board that evening, from Switzerland.

A few hours before the "Gazelle" weighed anchor, the Empress of the French presented herself, announced her rank and difficult position, and claimed Sir John Burgoyne's protection as an English gentleman. There had been no suspicion on his part of the Empress's presence, or intended presence, in the port. He did what we hope every Englishman would do in like circumstances: he willingly served her to the utmost of his power. He introduced Lady Burgoyne, and the Empress became her guest for the voyage across the Channel.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th of September, the "Gazelle" sailed leisurely out of the harbour. The weather was boisterous, and the voyage was made in the teeth of a fresh gale. Nothing was known by the seamen of their having such a distinguished passenger on board, but no doubt they made shrewd enough guesses amongst themselves as to the rank of the stranger.

The "Gazelle" at last dropped anchor in Ryde Roads. After landing at Ryde, the Empress crossed by steamer to Portsmouth, and proceeded to Hastings to join the Prince Imperial. The Emperor was at this time a prisoner of war at Wilhelmshöhe.

The part which the Empress had to play in the midst of these sudden reverses was an exceedingly difficult one, and she spent many an anxious moment in considering the possibilities of the future. But all she did was marked by that dignity which characterizes great

souls in adversity. There were many rumours, of course, as to her proceedings, and some gave her credit for intriguing in favour of the restoration of the Emperor to the throne. In contradiction to these reports, it was stated, towards the end of October, and apparently on good authority, that "since her arrival in England, the Empress Eugénie has not only remained a stranger to every intrigue, but has repelled with energy everything which looked like a Bonapartist conspiracy. It is not to be inferred that she has lost all hope of a restoration, nor is her present silence to be construed to the prejudice of the future; but with a political sagacity which misfortune has rendered more clear-sighted than ever, she has perceived that the moment for dynastic speculation is not yet arrived, and that too great haste would infallibly prove fatal to her plans."

On the 29th of October, 1870, the Empress arrived *incognito* at Wilhelmshöhe, and had an interview with the Emperor, their first meeting since the departure from St. Cloud on the 28th of July. The Empress returned to England on the 2nd of November. At the end of the month, Queen Victoria paid the illustrious exiles a visit: they had by this time taken up their abode at Camden Place, Chiselmhurst. A day or two afterwards, the Empress, accompanied by the Prince Imperial and suite, paid a return visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle, and remained to luncheon. The Empress was warmly received by her Majesty.

The Emperor of the French was set at liberty by the Germans in March, 1871, and on the 20th of the month landed at Dover. He was met by the Empress, whom he tenderly embraced. With her eyes filled with tears of joy she kissed him several times, and then put her hands on his arm; while the young Prince, who had taken hold of his father's hand, kissed him on both cheeks. An enormous crowd, wild with excitement, surrounded them.

In September, 1871, the Empress went to Spain to visit her mother, the Countess-dowager of Montijo. On her return, it seemed as if she, the Emperor, and her son, had resigned themselves very philosophically to a tranquil, private career in England. Their mode of life at Camden Place was thus described by the "Gaulois," in 1872:—

"The Emperor, always an early riser, makes his appearance about half-past nine in the gallery, where invited guests are presented to him. After breakfast, an hour is spent in general conversation. Then, if the weather permits, the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by their friends, stroll about the grounds or the neighbourhood. Then the Emperor devotes himself to work till seven o'clock. The evening is spent in reading or conversation, which is never prolonged after eleven o'clock. All frivolous amusements are strictly prohibited, while there is an utter absence of every pomp or luxury. The food and the service are all of a simple character, befitting the position of a private gentleman of moderate fortune."

But this pleasant mode of existence was not to last. During the last weeks of 1872 the Emperor became seriously ill, and all about him were filled with anxiety. On the morning of the 9th of January, 1873, he seemed considerably better, but not long after the Empress had paid him her usual morning visit, a change was apparent. The Empress was instantly summoned, and came to the Emperor's bedside, but he did not appear to recognize her—he was fast sinking.

The priest arrived a few moments afterwards, and administered the last sacrament to his Majesty. As the religious ceremony proceeded amidst the sobbing of those present, the Emperor gave some signs of returning consciousness. When it was over, the Empress approached his bedside and embraced him. The patient made signs that he wished to give his last kiss to his wife; after which he made a slight movement, heaved two sighs, and expired.

In this sudden bereavement the ex-Empress and her son received the hearty sympathy of the whole English people. It is an event with which we may well take leave of the subject of our sketch. We have followed her through a varied and interesting career, and seen a life as dignified in adversity as it was admirable in prosperity. The future may yet have great things in store for her: who knows? Fortune, which made her Empress, and unmade her, may one of these days raise her son to the throne of France, and permit the ashes of her husband, like those of the first Napoleon, to rest on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he loved.





## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LADIES having a taste for intellectual studies are receiving fresh inducements and encouragements. The late eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, has left £2000 to be invested by the Geological Society, the proceeds to be applied to the encouragement of geological research, and to be accompanied by a bronze medal struck in memory of the founder. It is expressly stipulated in the terms of the bequest, that the award is to be made irrespective of nationality or sex. Young ladies who are interested in geology—we know that many find a peculiar pleasure in studying the science—may now look forward to obtaining not only a medal, but a substantial pecuniary reward. We see that the London School of Medicine for Women is progressing favourably. At the first annual meeting, held recently, it was stated that there were already twenty female students; and that, during the winter session, the course of lectures and demonstrations were similar to those given in other schools of medicine. The prizes to those pupils who have been successful in class examinations will be given on the 3rd of May. The Madras Government is encouraging female students of medicine. They must attend the full course of prescribed studies, but some subjects may be studied separately from the male pupils; certificates of competency from the medical officers delivering the lectures being taken as satisfactory.

Dean Stanley has been inaugurated as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, and he delivered addresses which deserve attentive perusal. Especially admirable was his reference to Shakspeare as the pre-eminent man of literature, and the relation of the fruits of his supreme genius to true theology. Mental education, without Shakspeare, the Dean argued, would be scarcely worthy of being considered education at all. Another dignitary of the Church, Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, has had something to say respecting what is generally described as light literature. Good old Mrs. Chapone, or Mrs. Trimmer, and other trainers of the young female mind, on "backboard and turn-out-your-toes" principles, would have been horrified perhaps to hear (from a Bishop, too) that not only are novels not generally abominable, but that some even may be read with great advantage. Speaking of Scott, the Bishop of Manchester said, "He believed that one might read over the whole of Sir Walter Scott's novels with not merely the greatest possible refreshment to the mind, but even with advantage to one's moral nature, for we could not always be straying in the fields of science, or working out tremendous problems, but we wanted relaxation now and then."

The Postmaster-General has decided to employ a number of female clerks in the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office. Candidates may be of any age

between sixteen and thirty, and will be divided into two classes, the salaries being as follows:—Second class, £40, rising by £7 10s. yearly to £75; First class, £80, rising by £7 10s. yearly to £100; Principal Clerks, £110, rising by £10 yearly to £150. The young ladies applying to be nominated to these appointments must be prepared to pass examinations before the Civil Service Commissioners in handwriting and orthography, English grammar and composition, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), and geography. Any young lady desiring to be a governess would be expected to possess the amount of knowledge, and a great deal more; and as the teaching profession is overstocked, and attended with many disagreeable incidents, clever girls may look forward to more agreeable, lucrative, and independent occupation. In the Telegraph and Money Order departments of the Post Office, young ladies have proved themselves to be so capable that the authorities have, it seems, determined to give further opportunities of employment.

The following advertisement, which has appeared in one of the daily papers, appears to show that Mrs. Crawshay's suggestion as to "lady domestics" is attracting attention: "A domesticated young lady would be glad to meet with a comfortable home, in return for her services at household work, or care of children." No doubt this young lady, who does not appear to be disposed to yield her claim to the title, feels that she is better qualified for domestic work than for tuition; and there are thousands of young ladies in the same position, but who shrink from avowing it. The weak point about the advertiser is, that she asks no salary. If her services are worth having, they are worth being paid for. A no-salary arrangement is scarcely ever satisfactory; the employer feels diffident about insisting on the proper performance of duties, and disposed to undervalue services which are obtained so cheaply; and there is a tendency on the part of the domestic assistant to do as little as possible, and think that little quite enough.

Only ten years ago Venice was a part of the Austrian dominions, but in no other place were the Austrians so much disliked—the dislike, indeed, amounted to hatred; and the Emperor of Austria would almost as soon have ridden into a fiery furnace as shown himself on the canals or squares of Venice, unless surrounded by ten thousand bristling bayonets of defence. Now Venice is a part of Italy, and receives the Austrian Kaiser with a splendour of welcome seldom accorded to the most popular monarch by his own most enthusiastic subjects. King Victor Emmanuel and his sons received bare-headed their historic foe, and side by side the two monarchs, with smiles on their faces, stood for all to see, in the state gondolas which bore them through beautiful Venice. Ladies brilliantly

dressed crowded the balconies, and the municipal barges, glittering with gold and silver, accompanied the procession. Each barge had eight oarsmen; some dressed in costumes of blue, slashed with white; some in silver cloth, with blue sleeves. One barge was of lilac colour, another purple and orange, another green and red, and one entirely covered with silver. The procession was a mile in length, and our Peninsular and Oriental Company contributed a novel contrast to the general features of the show by sending an eight-oared boat, manned by Chinamen in white dresses. An eye-witness, describing the superb procession, says: "One proud prow after another flashed out, innumerable oars fell and rose in rhythm, and the whole width of the canal was filled with barges, superbly adorned, bearing clouds of bunting. It was more like some rich scenic display illumined by the splendour of artificial light." It is difficult to believe that this brilliant display was made in honour of the visit of a monarch who, a few years ago, was denounced as an alien tyrant, and against whom Venice rose in successful rebellion. But so it was; and it is pleasant to note that even political and national animosities are not ineradicable.

The month of May will witness a most charming addition to our places of public resort, the new Alexandra Palace, risen from the ashes of the older building on Muswell Hill. The programme is very promising, and, if we may estimate the success of the future from the brief experience afforded by the few weeks the ill-fated palace was open two years ago, the opening of the new building will be welcomed by many thousands. As at the Crystal Palace, ladies will be able to visit the Alexandra Palace unescorted; and for children, the beautiful grounds will afford a delightful place for recreation and exercise. Residents in the neighbourhood highly appreciate the season-tickets, which give access at all times.

By the way, is it not rather strange that theatrical managers have not hit upon the idea of season-tickets? At the Opera House, of course, the subscriptions for the season are the main support of the enterprise. The season is fixed for a certain number of nights; but the manager knows that, unless he publishes an attractive programme, and the public have faith that it will be carried out in all its essential features, subscribers would not come in. Would it not be worth the while of theatrical managers to imitate the plan pursued by the lessees of the Opera Houses and the managers of the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces? A programme announcing a succession of good pieces played by an attractive company, and a certainty that the theatre will remain open for a fixed term, might induce many playgoers to purchase season-tickets, issued, of course, at a much reduced rate. One advantage would accrue to the manager, even under the most unfavourable circumstances of the theatrical season, good houses might be depended on, and the shower of "paper" to fill up empty boxes might be dispensed with. Obviously, the system would not apply to these houses, when pieces run for a hundred, or even two hundred, nights. But

such successes are rare; we do not get a "Colleen Bawn," or an actor like Irving every year.

There have been numerous fashionable marriages during the month, distinguished not only by the high position of the bride and bridegroom, but by the beauty of the costumes worn by the ladies. We may mention especially the following:—Sir Alexander Beaumont C. Dixie, Bart., of Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire, and Lady Florence Caroline Douglas, youngest daughter of the late and sister of the present Marquis of Queensberry, St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square.

The marriage of Miss Emily Knox, youngest daughter of the late Hon. John Knox and Lady Mabella Knox, with Mr. Henry Fox, third son of the late Sir Chas. Fox, was solemnized at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.

The marriage of Miss Lucy Willson, daughter of the late Anthony Willson, M.P. for South Lincolnshire, with Beauchamp John Scott, late Scots Fusilier Guards, and son of Col. the Hon. H. C. G. Scott, took place at Ranceby Hall. Triumphal arches were erected all the way to the church, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated with hothouse flowers, and was crowded with spectators.

The marriage of Mr. Dorrien-Smith, late 10th Hussars, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, eldest son of Col. Smith-Dorrien, with Miss Edith Tower, daughter of Mr. and Lady Sophia Tower, was celebrated at Iver Church, Bucks. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Rochester.

The marriage of the Hon. Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, the Master of Herries, with the Hon. Angela Mary Charlotte Fitzalan-Howard, second daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, was celebrated at the Oratory, Brompton, when a distinguished gathering of noble personages and members of old Catholic families were present. Cardinal Manning performed the ceremony.

There has been a very brilliant soirée in Paris, on the occasion of the signature of the marriage contract of the Duc de Chalnes and the eldest daughter of one of the Princes of Galatzin. The bride is by no means rich, but the bridegroom's fortune is estimated at about £320,000; but the happy young lady is very beautiful, and connected with some of the oldest, most aristocratic, and wealthiest families of France. Her uncle, the Comte de la Roche Aymon, gave the soirée at his mansion in the Cours de la Reine, and about fifteen hundred persons, the *crème de la crème*, were present.

A bazaar and fancy fair on a very large scale has been held at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the fund being raised to complete the building at Pendlebury known as the Sick Children's Hospital. A fine art gallery, and a stall furnished by the proprietors of "Punch" with illustrated books worth £1000, were attractions in addition to the ordinary features of a fancy fair. It would not be easy to name an institution appealing more directly to our sympathies than a hospital for sick children.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

I GIVE place this month to another writer, who suggests a very interesting occupation for girls in the study of Heraldry, a science, the antiquity of which is sufficiently proved by the fact that the twelve tribes of the Jews had each its cognizance. The very terms belonging to it seem to carry us back many, many years, to the times of joust and tournament, when closed visors concealed the faces of the doughty knights, and the crest on the casque, the armorial bearings on the surcoat, were the only means of distinguishing their identity.

SYLVIA.

In furtherance of the idea of "Something to Do," suggested by SYLVIA's letter in the April part of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I should like to call the attention of some of my lady friends who want something to do, or who want some change of occupation beyond the ordinary routine of Illumination, Drawing, Painting, Etching, Fancy Needle-work, Lace-work, *et cetera*, *et cetera*; or those who want remunerative employment—to the art, or science, or practice of HERALDRY—a subject that may have escaped their attention, but which gives a wide scope of most attractive and interesting study, as well as involving delicate fine-art manipulation in its delineation; in every way befitting the dainty fingers of ladies.

Historically and archæologically, *Heraldry* is associated with all that is ancient, noble, grand, and patriotic in the rise and progress of nations. Pictorially, it is beautiful, curious, quaint, and artistic as the heraldic *charges* include all things, "animate and inanimate."

Let any lady examine the panels of the carriages, to be seen so abundantly in the streets of London during the season. The arms, in their kind, are often elaborate works of art, and it may be presumed that good "hands" at this kind of work must be persons above the average of art workers. There can be but little doubt, that Heraldic painting is well within the compass of a lady's employment—if not as a carriage painter—certainly there must be copies often required of *coats-of-arms* either in oil or water-colours, and if there really is now no want of this kind, it is within the reach of ladies to create that want by calling attention to their ability, through the ordinary channels.

By means of the booksellers, suitable hand-books to this art are easily obtained, which will give the leading features of it. All properly engraved *coats-of-arms* show the proper colours by the disposition of the lines; thus perpendicular lines represent *red*, horizontal ones *blue*, cross-hatched lines *black*, and so forth. A slight inspection of a good *Peerage* or *Baronetage* will explain this.

When a little knowledge of the leading features of this charming art is obtained, it will necessarily lead to a

deeper investigation of it—a study which will increase in interest at every step: thus additional pleasure will be obtained in the inspection of old glass and blazoning in churches, the crests, arms, monograms, and badges in old manor houses, and light will be thrown upon obscure passages in history, or what appears to be outrageously ridiculous in art. Heraldry accounts for the seeming absurdity of blue, red, and golden lions, and other monsters, when adopted as signs of inns or houses] of public entertainment, as having been originally the armorial bearings of ancient families.

Allusive, canting, or punning heraldry is a curious phase of it. In the examples of this kind, sometimes a charge on the shield bears reference to the name of the bearer, as in the family of Butler, who have covered *cups* in it; Hawker, *hawks*; Duckworth, *ducks*, etc. In *mottees*, a play upon words, allusive to a name or quality, is not infrequent; for example, the motto of Fortescue is "*Forte scutum salus ducum*." Neville, "*Ne vile velis*." Fairfax, "*Fare fac*," etc., etc.

Rebuses are also among the curiosities of heraldry. These are painted or sculptured devices combined to represent a name in an enigmatical form, as that of Prior Bokton of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield—a bolt or arrow through a tun; an ash-tree growing from a tun, for Ashton; a graft issuing from a tun, for Grafton; an owl carrying a label in its beak, inscribed *dom*, for Oldham, etc.

The origin of the use of crests and coats-of-arms must be attributed to the necessity for providing some marks or signs of distinction between commanders in war, or to distinguish feudal leaders and their followers from other commanders by a device on the dress or standard. The earliest notice of the kind is found in the Book of Genesis, chap. xlix., where the patriarch Jacob, from his bed of death, addressed his sons, giving to each a characteristic title. This was afterwards adopted as the standard of each tribe, as will be seen by referring to Num. ii. 1, 2. Profane history affords abundance of proof of the existence of heraldry in the way of a symbolical device or sign used by the heroes of antiquity on their shields and ensigns.

In England, the use of heraldry, properly so called, dates its commencement from the eleventh to the twelfth century, and of course the estimated value of the use of armorial bearings mainly depends upon its antiquity. Grants of arms by the Sovereign, as marks of honour for eminent services in arts or arms, will also bear a peculiar value; and without going into more detail, I would venture again to recommend this subject to the attention of the readers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, especially to those who possess a moderate skill in drawing and painting.

G. T.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FASHIONS have their rise, apogée, and decline the same as all sublunary powers—for Fashion is a power while it lasts. We see them appear, either discreetly or in the full éclat of vogue, then they reign supreme for a little while, and afterwards gradually wane and fade away again, perhaps not for ever, but certainly for some generation or two.

question of time. Our eyes, long accustomed to the fulness of looped-up skirts and tunics, must gradually be weaned from such, and become satisfied with looking once more upon scant skirts and plain basques. The change could not be effected all of a sudden, but is being slowly but surely brought about. The last transformation of the tunic will probably be



245.—PLAID MANTLE (BACK VIEW).

Thus we have seen the long drawn-out existence of the crinoline, and since then the rise and full success of *tournure*, puff, panier, *retroussis*, or whatever name you may prefer for the more than natural development of the back part of the female figure. This, though still existing, is now certainly on the wane. It may still last through one, two, or even three seasons, but is surely doomed to fall. It is a mere

the draped tablier, fastened at the back in long lapels or with a sash bow, and which we have already described at length.

The rasterre skirt with the tablier is such a very convenient modèle, that ladies very generally prefer it to all others for walking dresses, although Fashion is showing a marked tendency to favour the long skirt sweeping on the ground. The short costume, as it is



called is therefore still adopted for all unpretending walking dresses, either of fancy, woollen materials, such as beige and mohair, or of washing materials, such as percale, toile, and batiste.

The latter seem likely to be even more the fashion this summer than last. All the new and pretty striped or checked patterns of beige materials are also to be found in these. Of all washing materials the most in vogue are undoubtedly the thread batiste

shaded buff with violet or red streaks, and so on. Then the batiste à carreaux in check or plaid patterns, shaded and streaked in the same style, or with black streaks, or again with patterns in one colour over a white or pale buff ground. Samples of all these kinds of batiste may be had by the dozen at all our Magasins de Nouveautés.

A more elegant kind of batiste, called batiste-guipure is most novel and stylish for dresses or tunics.



246.—PLAID MANTLE (FRONT VIEW).

dresses, than which nothing can be of better and more durable wear, both as to colour and material.

There is, first, the self-coloured batiste in all new shades of grey, fawn, nut brown, bluish green, lavender, écreu, pale buff, rust, reseda, pale blue, steel, lilac, and flesh pink.

Next comes the striped batiste, in teintes fondues, shades melting into one another, streaked with fine lines of a more definite colour, such as shaded grey with bright blue streaks, shaded fawn with nut brown,

It is composed of open work stripes, of two alternate shades—white and rose colour, pale blue and buff, light brown and straw colour, mauve and white, etc.

Then again there is the checked batiste guipure, still prettier than the striped. The squares form a chess-board pattern, either all in open work, or alternately plain and open work, and also of alternate colour.

Either kinds of batiste-guipure are very elegant and effective for the tablier or Watteau tunic, to wear

over a skirt of plain batiste; or, better still, of foulard or taffetas to match. A toilet thus composed will be cooler and fresher to wear, as well as more stylish and fashionable than grenadine.

There are also brocaded and damassée batistes, all very new in style, and of all fashionable Watteau shades of colour.

But what will certainly prove a great boon to ladies in mourning, obliged to wear deep black through the summer, is the black batiste, unalterable in colour, and as pleasant to wear as it is durable and good. The plain batiste is to be had in different qualities, the finest being equal to gauze in texture. For robes du matin and petites toilettes, there are the black batistes with pretty little white patterns, spots, almonds, flowerets, fern leaves, tiny feathers, and so on. For more dressy toilets, nothing can be more elegant or tasteful for mourning than the black batiste guipure, either striped or checked. There is a variety in which the texture is open work throughout, and another in which the stripes or the squares of the pattern are alternately as fine as guipure, and as glossy as satin. The glossiness is caused by the texture of the material, which is finely ribbed. As for coloured batiste, an under-skirt of the plain batiste, foulard or taffetas, black of course in this case, will be required.

A tablier and cuirasse bodice of black batiste-guipure over a slip of black taffetas will compose an extremely pretty and lady-like toilet. It requires no trimming, but if a more elaborate style is preferred, tablier and cuirasse may be edged with a narrow plissé, or else with black thread guipure. In any case black guipure or lace will be a nice finish round the throat and wrists, and with a parure of cut jet, the toilet will be complete.

And now, to return to coloured dresses, we were shown at the Grand Magasin du Louvre, some very tasteful dresses of toile and batiste. These dresses are not exactly ready-made, but they are all ready to make; the trimmings are all made by machinery, and fit to be put on; the necessary quantity of material is given for skirt, bodice, etc., and a full-sized pattern and an engraving of the toilet is added, so that the dress can easily be made up at home. One of the dresses we saw was of pale blue zephyr—a light kind of batiste. There were two plissés about seven inches deep for the skirt. Plain tablier, with two wide loops and square lappets behind; and for the trimming a wide bias of a deeper blue, and a plissé. We should mention that all the plissés were finely striped of two shades of blue. The bias was put on all round tabliers and lappets, but the plissé round the tablier and at the bottom only of the square lappets. The bodice had a deep plain basque, round in front, pointed at the back. The trimming, a bias and narrow plissé, was carried up on each side in front, so as to simulate an open-jacket, and the middle part was buttoned like a waistcoat.

Coat sleeves, with wide parements of the darker blue batiste, edged round with a striped plissé.

Another was of grey batiste, trimmed with the same material, checked grey and blue. Skirt trimmed with one deep kilted flounce, edged about an inch from the bottom with a two-inch wide bias of the checked batiste. A similar bias was put on round the edge of the Watteau tunic. This tunic is cut Princess shape with the bodice, it is bridled across the front part, then caught up in loose folds at the back, forming a deep shawl point. There is a large square pocket of the checked material, edged round with a narrow plissé upon one side of the front of the tunic. The revers upon the coat sleeves are also checked and edged with a plissé, and so is the standing-up collar with deep-peaked revers upon the bodice. The same model looks well in flesh-coloured batiste, with check trimmings streaked with crimson.

Light fabrics, such as grenadine, or gauze, plain or striped, are made up into tunics, tabliers and cuirasse bodices, but invariably worn over a silk skirt, or rather a silk under-dress, with low bodice and sleeves. Even where there is a complete dress of the thin material, it must be worn over silk.

Beading is not so much in vogue as in the winter, but it has been replaced by pailleté, or spangled tissues. Tulle and blond spangled with straw is now more fashionable than beaded tulle for tabliers and tunics. And for summer balls and fêtes there are lovely gauze dresses, in cream colour, pale blue, pink, or mauve, slightly spangled with silver or gold threads. These gauze dresses are very elaborately trimmed; the train is covered with narrow-gathered flounces. In front there is a deep kilted flounce, above which is disposed a small tablier of bouillonnés and tiny plissés. The side pieces or robings dividing the train from the tablier are covered with bias folds of the material. The bodice is ornamented with a plastron of diminutive bouillonnés and plissés, and with bias folds to form bretelles.

We are glad to see the soft and brilliant taffetas silk, so much prettier and more effective than faille, come into fashion again this summer. Another improvement is in the colours which are no longer chosen of the fané style, but either very dark or light and bright. Silk requires much less trimming than lighter materials. A tablier of plissés, or bouillonnés, and the large Bulgarian pleat at the back will suffice. Bodice in the cuirasse style, very long waisted, and kept down by whalebones.

The new summer bonnets are once more profusely trimmed with flowers. Oval shapes are preferred for straw bonnets, the border sloped and a coronet of spring blossoms under it. Fine rice straws, both in black and white, are the most fashionable of all. With all the close shapes, wide lappets of white tulle are worn; white tulle voilettes are also very bien porté, they have a softening effect, and are very becoming to the complexion.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

## WALKING COSTUMES.

1. Dress of silk and cashmere in two shades of blue. Rasterre skirt of silk, with Bulgarian fold at the back, trimmed in front with a very closely pleated flounce, sixteen inches in depth, having five cordings at regular intervals. Cashmere polonaise, forming a very short tablier, which is trimmed with pleatings, and fastened under two long ends at the back, which are a continuation of the back of the bodice, made with a seam. These ends are also trimmed with pleatings, as also the loops above them. Turned down silk collar; cuffs to match, with pleatings round the outer edge. Batiste and lace lingerie. Italian straw hat, with low, flat crown, and narrow flat brim. Under the brim is a bouillonné of white tulle with butterfly bow of blue ribbon, and rosebuds. Blue ribbon round the

crown. Double bow with falling ends at the back. Small Alsatian bow in front, with a rose and foliage.

2. Silk and foulard costume. Ras-terre skirt in havana brown silk, trimmed with small gathered flounces, the upper one of which has a heading. Tablier in foulard striped lilac and havana, fastened back under a bias foulard bow with falling ends. Cuirasse corsage in lilac foulard. Double collar, turned down and turned up in foulard and silk to match the dress, with small bows of ribbon at the opening. Pleatings and bias on the sleeves. Open collar in muslin and quilled lace; cuffs to match. Italian straw hat, with turned-up brim. Coronet of pink poppies under it. Pink feathers on the top, and lilac ribbon bow at the back.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

## LADY'S FICHU.

This fichu is the same as that illustrated in our April number, Nos. 180 and 181, pages 212, 213. The pattern is in three pieces, back, front, and collar. The back and front are joined together on the shoulder, thus forming a very graceful epaulette. It crosses at the back, tying at the sides. The sash ends may be lengthened according to the height of the wearer. The trimming, as represented

in our illustration, consists of passementerie and jet fringe, but the fichu may be trimmed with lace, or close pleatings of the material, which may be either cashmere, French merino, Sicilienne cloth, black lace, or the same as the costume. If made in cashmere, the quantity of material required will be, in the wide width, one yard and a half.

## WATCHING AND WAITING.

WHEN will the new day break?  
 Long has the night held sway;  
 Yet for the dear one's sake  
 Still will I watch and pray.  
 Long have I waited now—  
 When will the end draw nigh?  
 Dark is my soul till thou,  
 Light of my life, art by.

Why dost thou linger yet  
 In that far sunny clime  
 That lures thee to forget  
 The heart that clings to thine?  
 Have the soft Southern airs  
 Lulled thee to listless dreams,  
 In which thine earthly cares  
 Come but in fitful gleams?

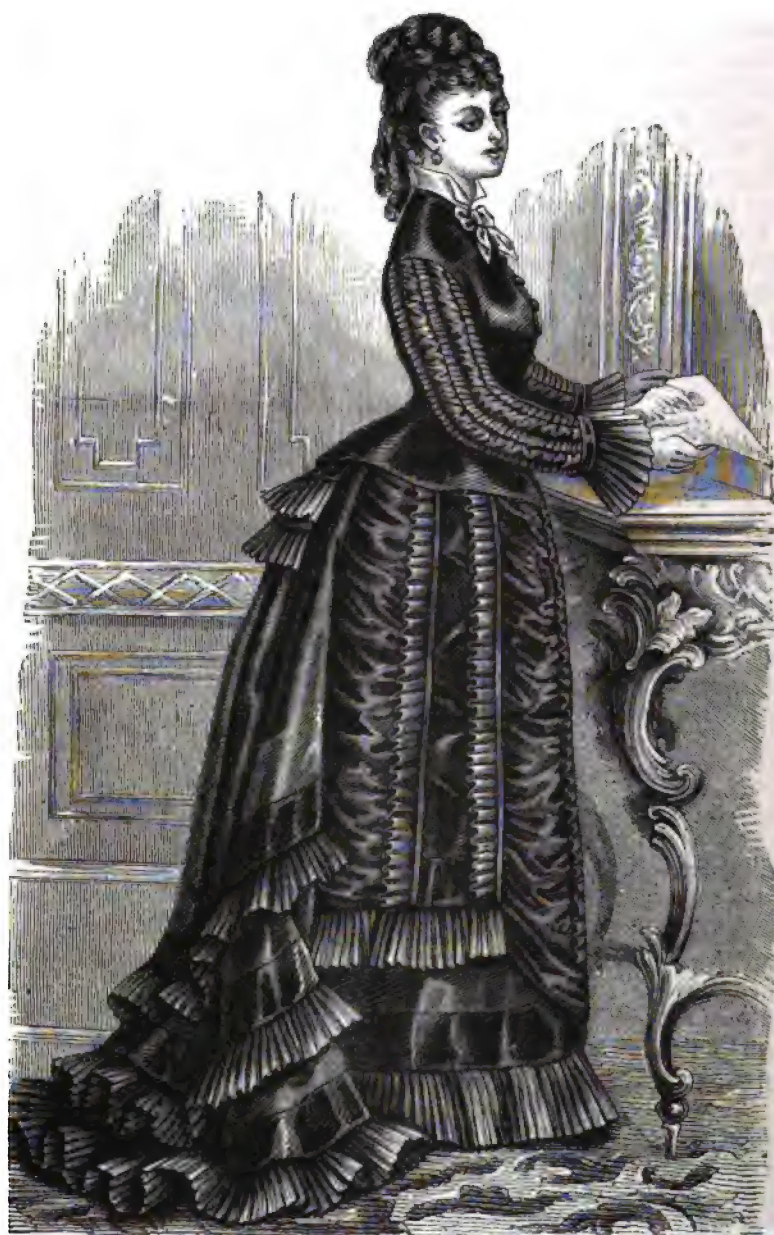
Is there no thought of me  
 Steals o'er thee in these hours  
 Of glowing phantasy  
 Amidst the jasmine bowers?

Has my life drifted now  
 From thine so far away  
 That mem'ries of thy vow  
 No longer with thee stay?

Or doth a dreamless sleep  
 Upon thine eyelids press  
 Now, even while I weep  
 Thy seeming faithlessness?  
 Do cooling breezes blow  
 From some palm-shadowed stream,  
 And crimson sunsets glow,  
 By thee unfelt, unseen?

Do flow'rets sweet and bright,  
 Unheeded, round thee wave,  
 And all the starry night  
 Shine down upon thy grave?  
 Then are my prayers too late!  
 The voiceless dead I mourn;  
 My weary heart must wait  
 Till the Eternal Dawn!

## Indoor Dress.



247.—VIOLET CASHMERE SKIRT.

247.—VIOLET CASHMERE SKIRT.

Skirt of violet cashmere, trimmed with puffings of the same material, very closely pleated flounces, and bands of violet grosgrain silk. The back breadths are very full and decidedly trained. Sleeveless jacket of violet velvet, puffed sleeves of cashmere, ending in a deep frill at the wrist, with a narrow band of violet grosgrain silk.



## Indoor Dress.



248.—TRAINED BEIGE SKIRT

248.—TRAINED BEIGE SKIRT.

Trained skirt of fawn coloured beige, the front breadths arranged in flounces, headed by puffings and narrow bands of beige. Jacket bodice with closely pleated frills; sleeves puffed to the shoulder with narrow bands of beige. In the front a bow of grosgrain ribbon.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

MY readers may be interested to hear that a contributor to the "Examiner" thinks we give undue prominence to the question of dress in the pages of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. The writer finds it "disheartening to perceive whole departments of the wide realm of literature entirely given up to useless and needless details in matters of fashion," and thinks the "system of asking and answering questions respecting dress in public most unsatisfactory." Now, dear readers, is it fair for somebody to enter our Work-room, and listen to our quiet little chatter over ways and means to "gar auld claitheas luik amaiast as weel as new," and then go home and write an article about us? We did not know there was a "chiel amang us takin' notes"! But the lady is very inconsistent, for in the beginning of her article she deplores the extravagance of dress in the present day, and in the end she condemns our Work-room, which is devoted entirely to the true spirit of economy, in teaching ladies how to make and alter their own clothes.

The writer in the "Examiner" also finds fault with our contributors for using French words in describing dress. She seems to be unaware that these terms originate in Paris, together with the fabrics and fashions to which they are affixed, and that they are as much technical terms as are the Italian words used in music, such as "allegro," "andante," "andantino," and so on.

But a lady who confesses, as this lady does, that her "ambition for umbrella cases is best satisfied by oilskin," can hardly be a judge of what is fitting and tasteful in dress. An oilskin case infers an alpaca umbrella, and an alpaca umbrella usually indicates in its female owner those more strong-minded attributes which soar far above considerations of looking as pretty and pleasant as nature will let us. Even for our umbrellas we like to have silk cases, when the weather permits us to carry these useful articles in their compact shape.

Nevertheless, the lady with the oilskin umbrella case wants to see us display "some æsthetic feeling." Let us be grateful for small mercies, and thank her for not having said "eclectic." We confess that our great desire is less to be æsthetic than to be useful. If we can combine both it will make us very happy, but as long as our subscribers apply to us for help in the little details of every-day life and every-day work, we are glad to give the best advice we can. If people get angry with us for not being æsthetic, we cannot help it. The lady says she "has no wish to suppress utterly the journals that help Englishwomen to be as well-dressed as the women of other nations." This is very kind of her. We may go on in our little groove, even though we are not æsthetic.

Somebody writes to Sylvia this month, and thanks her for her advice about a dress which was to be remodelled, and says that, owing to Sylvia's advice, her dress is a success, and she has been saved the expense of buying a new one. Sylvia is not ashamed to confess that the receipt of this little note gave her great pleasure, and that she would rather possess the consciousness of having helped somebody out of a difficulty than even of having been the author of the article in the "Examiner." Indeed, I should have been sorry to have written the line which contains the sneer at "English feminine lack of intelligence." I find no lack of intelligence among my countrywomen. Sometimes, no doubt, the questions asked are trivial, but it is often easy to see, from the childish, unformed character of the writing, that the querists are very young; and who does not love to help the "little ones?" I confess I do, and when I get a letter commencing, "Dear Sylvia," and asked confidently for advice on some point that is knotty to the applicant, but childish in the extreme to such as the writer in the "Examiner," I forget all about æsthetics in the desire to be of service to my young correspondent.

After this taking-up of the gauntlet thrown at our feet, I must pass on to our usual remarks on what is likely to prove useful to our subscribers during the coming season. I described some spring dresses and fabrics last month, but I may as well record my impressions of those I saw at BAKER & CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street, as my notes may be of use to our readers.

A large stock of ready-made costumes is kept at this establishment. There are very pretty lawn dresses, trimmed round the tablier with close pleatings and bias folds piped, in all colours. This trimming is repeated on the bodice and sleeves, and the skirt is also handsomely trimmed. The price is remarkably moderate, the whole dress being sold at 29s. 6d. An engraving of this costume will be sent on application.

Black and coloured silks are also kept ready made, trimmed with puffings or gatherings down the front, and simulated tablier at the sides. At the back, an arrangement of silk the whole length of the skirt gives the proper effect to the dress.

Alpaca costumes in brown and grey are also kept ready-made; fully trimmed with flounces down the back breadths, bows and close pleatings down the front. The beige costumes, in two shades of grey, are really ladylike, and the dresses at two guineas and a half in beige and checked mohair are very handsome at the price. This firm also sells tablier and cuirasse bodice made of Hamburg net, which is an imitation—and a very good imita-

tion—of the fashionable *broderie Anglaise* on *écru* lawn. The tablier and bodice are elegant in shape, and are trimmed with ball fringe of the same colour—*écru*. The jacket is sleeveless, and worn over a silk skirt; this would make a very handsome summer costume. The price is 39s. 6d.

The material for these is also sold here by the yard. The materials shown me for spring dresses are in great variety, and some of them are very pretty. Besides beiges, homespun, matelassés, and alpacas in every colour and shade, I was shown a new material which will make very pretty spring and summer dresses. It is called Damascus, and is in alternate strips of openwork and flowers on *écru* or white ground. Lawns, which make such fresh and cool morning dresses, are to be had in all qualities, and ladies who make their own dresses ought to make their first essay in summer styles in some such material as this, which is not difficult either to cut out or to work upon.

There is no doubt that it is much the cheaper way to make one's dresses oneself, if such a plan be at all feasible. In these days of paper models and sewing-machines, there ought to be little difficulty in the way of such a practice. The new sewing-machine just patented by the COMBINATION SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY, Albion Works, Lansdowne Road, London Fields, E., is simply the queen of sewing-machines. It is remarkably easy to

manage, works very smoothly, and does four different kinds of sewing. The stitch can be changed while the machine is in motion, by simply moving a small handle, and not only can the stitch be altered, but the colour of the sewing as well. It is a prettily finished sewing-machine, and is called the "Albion," but the Combination patent can be applied to any machine.

The ecclesiastical embroidery now so fashionable, necessitates the frequent use of filoselle, and it is very important to have this good, as if it be of inferior quality, it is inclined to tangle and fray. That manufactured by ADAMS and COMPANY, 5, New Street, Bishopsgate Street, E., is of superior make, and is also very cheap. This firm also sells embroidery and knitting silks. The *ecru* filoselle will be much used this season for embroidering on tussore. This is work not difficult to do, gets on very quickly, and repays the labour by the increased style it gives the dress.

To the usefully and industriously inclined, JUDSON'S DYES afford a field for the occupation of their energies. These simple dyes render it an easy task to renovate the faded colours of ribbons, feathers, and fringes, and what would at one time have been thrown away as useless, can now be used over and over again, particularly as the Dyes can be used for the purpose of simple renovation as well as dyeing.

SYLVIA.

## OUR COMRADES.

WE walked along a splendid street—  
We always walk, my love and I—  
And many a stately home we saw,  
Till he looked down with half a sigh,

And half a smile: "Grand folk live here."  
I laughed a gay defiance then,  
And said, "We're grander far than they!  
You're grander far than all the men,

And I am grand as any dame  
Who walks in velvet down the street,  
For strength and youth and love are mine!"—  
Ah, but his answering smile was sweet!

A brilliant carriage past us rolled,  
A grey-beard sat in it, alone.  
My love said lightly, "There he rides,  
A rich man." "Yes, and makes his moan;"

"For all his wealth that man would give  
If life were fresh and love were young.  
And he could walk, like us, and sing  
The song that yesterday we sung!"

My love ceased sighing. How we laughed,  
And tossed our darts of harmless fun,  
And praised the blueness of the sky,  
And praised the glory of the sun!

We drank a draught of fragrant wine,  
We breathed a pure, inspiring air.  
"And why, dear, did you marry me?"  
"Because you're good, and dear, and fair."

"And why, and why?" . . . Oh happy hour!  
Oh charming street, and park, and square,  
Where we beheld that brightest flower  
Which bloomed when Eve was young and fair!

Ah, many a sober face we met  
That looked and questioned, "Who are these—  
These plain young people, who forget  
The winter's cold, the naked trees?"

Our eyes were clear, and theirs were blind;  
They saw not our companions gay,  
For Love was smiling close behind,  
And Joy danced wildly all the way!

*The Atlantic Monthly.*





249.—MORNING CAP.



250.—MORNING CAP.



251.—CHILD'S PINAFORE.



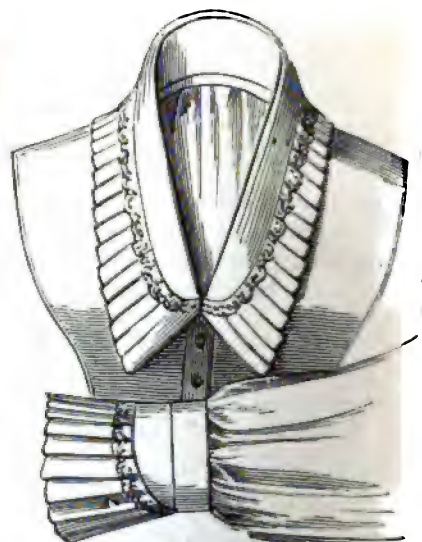
252.—CHILD'S PINAFORE.



253.—GREY FELT HAT.



254.—COLLAR AND CUFF.



255.—COLLAR AND CUFF.





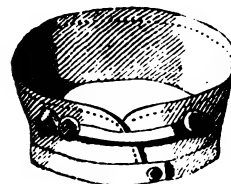
256.—MORNING CAP.



257.—MORNING CAP.



258.—CUFF IN LINEN.



259.—COLLAR AND CUFF  
IN LINEN.



260.—HAT IN GREEN FELT.



261.—COLLARETTE.



262.—FEATHER TRIMMING, WITH BIRD.



263.—SPRING HAT



264.—CROWN STRAW HAT.



265.—COLLARETTE.



267.—BLACK SILK DRESS



266.—COLLARETTE.



268.—GIRL'S NIGHT DRESS.



269.—GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT.



270.—COLLARETTE.



272.—GREY FOULARD DRESS.



271.—COLLARETTE.





272.—GRAY HAT.



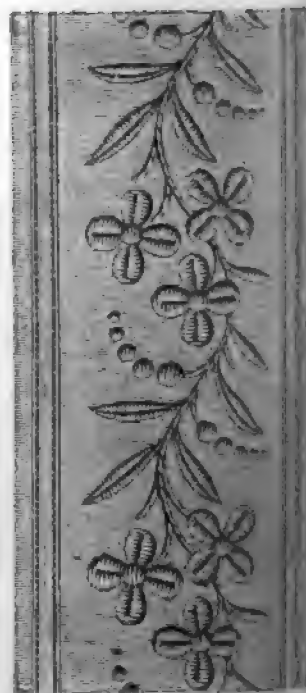
274.—GRAY STRAW HAT.



275.—CHATELAIN'S  
HOLDER.

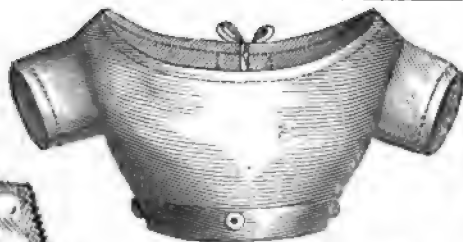


276.—ROBE DE CHAMBRE.



277.—NEEDLEWORK (SHEER).





283.—CHILD'S UNDER BODICE.



284.—KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS.



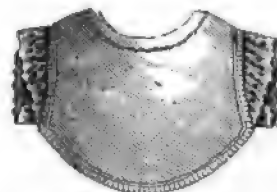
278.—CHILD'S CHEMISE.



286.—CHILD'S NIGHT DRESS.



281.—BABY'S BIB.



282.—BABY'S BIB.



279.—BOY'S SHIRT.



280.—BOY'S SHIRT.



285.—CHILD'S NIGHT DRESS.

Nos. 245 & 246. MANTLE OF BROWN AND WHITE PLAID with feather trimming and horn buttons.

Nos. 249 & 250. MORNING CAPS of nanook and lace, with ribbon bows.

No. 251. PINAFORE FOR CHILDREN OF ONE TO THREE YEARS OLD.

Apron of white batiste, and prettily trimmed with embroidery and insertion; on the skirt three narrow bands, stitching.

No. 252. PINAFORE FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF TWO TO FOUR YEARS OLD.

Apron of white batiste, with embroidered batiste trimming and feather stitching of white thread.

No. 253. GREY FELT HAT BOUND WITH GREY SILK.

Drapery of grey silk under the rim, with variegated foliage at one side, bird and undyed feathers.

No. 254. COLLAR AND CUFF IN LINEN with row of stitching.

No. 255. COLLAR AND CUFF OF PLEATED LINEN with narrow lace edging.

Nos. 256 & 257. MORNING CAP, CALLED MARMOTTE, IN WHITE MUSLIN.

No. 256. Wide crown, trianon brim, with Bruges lace all round; drapery, in surah plum-colour and pale blue, almost covers the crown, forming a sailor's knot, with falling ends.

No. 257. Same pattern as preceding, with a slight change in the arrangement of the trimming.

Nos. 258 & 259. COLLAR AND CUFF IN LINEN with bias band, buttons, and Valenciennes frills.

No. 260. HAT IN GREEN FELT with bandeau of green quilted silk under the brim; band of velvet round head-piece; bows of silk and feathers in two shades of green.

No. 261. COLLARETTE trimmed with bias bands and quilled Valenciennes.

No. 262. FEATHER TRIMMING, WITH BIRD.

No. 263. STRAW HAT, WITH POINTED HEAD-PIECE.

Brim raised en diademe, lined with gathered blue faille and trimmed with a band of grey feathers, tied at the back with a ribbon and falling ends. A wide Scotch ribbon in pale blue and pink, is draped flatly round the head-piece; garland of variegated roses at the back.

No. 264. BROWN STRAW HAT with garland of field-flowers under the brim, fastened at the back with a bow of havana-brown ribbon; the head-piece is surrounded by two ribbons, chestnut and havana-brown, which form a bow behind.

No. 265. COLLARETTE OF VELVET with pleating of tulle; lace at the opening, with small bird.

No. 266. FEATHER COLLARETTE, with velvet and pleating of lisse.

No. 267. BLACK SILK DRESS.

Our fair readers will thank us for calling their attention to this charming costume. The slightly trained skirt of black corded silk, has graduated flounces headed by bands

of pearl-grey grosgrain, and revers of the same material at the sides; the jacket-bodice is very long in front, and cut square over a similar arrangement of the tunic, with bands and knotted fringe of pale grey.

No. 268. LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTDRESS in longcloth, with shoulder piece and turned-down collar.

No. 269. WHITE LINEN SHIRT FOR GENTLEMAN.

Nos. 270 & 271. COLLARETTES of feather trimming with quilling of lisse.

No. 272. GREY FOULARD DRESS.

Dress of grey foulard, the skirt slightly trained and perfectly plain; jacket bodice with closely pleated frills of the same material. The effect of this simple and pretty toilette is brightened by narrow bands and bows of grosgrain silk, of a shade paler than the foulard.

No. 273.—STRAW HAT, WITH LONG AMAZON FEATHER.

No. 274. GREY STRAW HAT.

The brim, very wide, is bound with grey velvet put on quite flat; grey foulard surrounds the head-piece, as well as black velvet fastened at the back under a bow of the same; panache of black and white feathers, the stalk of which is under the end of the scarf and velvet, at the top of the head-piece and under a bow similar to the first.

No. 275. CHATELAINE HOLDER, OXYDISED SILVER.

This pretty design can be had in several shades of wrought metal, dull or bright. The device which conceals the hook is a wreath transfixd with two arrows tied together by a scroll of ribbon; from the wreath falls a looped chain and a carabineer's hook.

No. 276. PEARL-GREY CASHMERE ROBE-DE-CHAMBRE.

Princess shape, without other trimming than blue buttons, high collar and round cape; cuff on sleeves, and blue faille pleatings on all the edges; belt to match.

No. 277. INSERTION.

This insertion can be worked either in fine linen, nanook, or mull muslin, and is intended for fronts of shirts.

No. 278. CHEMISE OF FINE LONGCLOTH, with embroidery round the neck and arms, and down the front.

Nos. 279 & 280. TWO SHIRTS FOR BOYS. Collar, cuffs, and front plainly stitched.

Nos. 281 & 282. BABY'S BIBS.

White piqué, with braiding of white soutache and feather-stitching.

No. 283. LITTLE GIRL'S UNDER BODICE of fine long cloth.

No. 284. KNICKERBOCKERS FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF THREE YEARS OLD.

Nos. 285 & 286. NIGHTDRESSES FOR CHILDREN BETWEEN FIVE AND TEN YEARS OLD.

The trimming employed is very narrow edging, plain stitching, and small tucks.

Nos. 287 & 288. EDGING IN EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

Nos. 289, 290. LADY'S CUFFS.

In linen, stitching, and lace.

No. 291. MANTELET FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF SIX YEARS OLD.

Mantelet of blue vigogne, with rosette of the same material and dark blue woollen fringe.

No. 292. TRIMMING.

In embroidery, appliqué, or net.

No. 293. COLLAR IN PLEATED LACE, CAMBRIC, AND EMBROIDERY.

No. 294. COLLARETTE OF LINEN, with falling collar and ruche of Valenciennes. Sleeve of linen and Valenciennes lace.

No. 296. LADY'S KNITTED GLOVE.

Materials, fine black wool and steel knitting-needles. With the exception of the double gauntlet and the pattern on the back, this glove is worked entirely with plain knitting. It is begun from the wrist with 160 stitches, and knitted in the round as follows:—Alternately knit 2, purl 2. Repeat for 12 rounds. 13th round: knit 2 together, thus reducing the number of stitches to 80. 14th to 33rd round: plain knitting. For the upper part of the work, take fresh needles and wool, both being of the same size as those already used, and, leaving the work just knitted, cast on 160 stitches and knit 13 rounds like the first 13 rounds above described. Then consult the illustration, and place the two gauntlets in the manner there represented, knitting them together in plain knitting. When this is done, knit 6 more rounds, alternately knit 1, purl 3, this completes the gauntlet. For the hand of the glove knit 40 rounds plain, forming the 3 ribs on the back as follows:—after the first 9 stitches of the round, purl 3 and repeat twice at intervals of 10 knitted stitches. In the 4th round the gusset for the thumb is commenced; and it is enclosed by a ribbed line of purl stitch worked in every alternate round till the 40th. The increasing for the gusset begins in the 4th round by knitting out of the 48th and 50th stitches; knit 1, purl 1. This increase is repeated 3 times, with intervals of 2 rounds between, then 4 times with intervals of 3 rounds between, and again twice with 4 rounds between, so that the completed gusset is 23 stitches broad. After 2 more rounds have been knitted, take the 23 stitches of the gusset on separate needles, cast on 14 stitches on a fresh needle, and knit the thumb in the round on these 37 stitches. In the 4th, 7th, 10th, and 13th rounds 1 stitch must be decreased at the beginning and end of the 14th stitch last cast on. Then follow 24 rounds without increase or decrease, and narrow off the thumb by decreasing 1 stitch 5 times at regular intervals in the following round. Repeat this decreasing after 3 rounds, then after 2, and lastly after 1, after which the decreasing is continued in the same places until all the stitches are used up. The hand is then continued for 30 rounds, taking in the lower parts of the 14 stitches cast on for the thumb, and knitting 17 out of them. Then 6 times in every other row, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning and end of these 17 stitches. When the hand is completed, the little finger is commenced by taking the 10 first and 7 last stitches of the round on separate needles, casting on 6 stitches on a new needle and knitting 36 rounds on the 23 stitches. In the 3rd round decrease 1 at the beginning and end of the 6 stitches newly cast on, continue the decreasing as in the thumb. For the 4th finger, take up the underparts of the 6 stitches, 12 stitches from the back and 8 from the front of the hand on separate needles, the 9 extra stitches are cast on, and 46 rounds knitted on these 35 stitches. Decrease in the 2nd, 4th, and 6th rounds on each side of the newly cast-on stitches, and 2nd and 6th rounds on each side of the 6 stitches taken up from the little finger, point the finger as before directed. The middle finger is knitted in the same way, only that it should be a little wider and longer. Taking up the remaining stitches, knit 60 rounds for the forefinger, decreasing in the 2nd, 4th, and 6th rounds, and pointing as above described.

No. 297. TRIMMING IN CHAIN STITCH ON NET.

The chain stitch is worked on muslin, which is then cut away from the net.

No. 298. LAMP MAT, APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY.

This mat is made of fancy straw, with a puffing,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches broad, of blue satin round the edge. On this puffing are

laid flat pieces of white cloth, cut according to pattern (in illustration No. 295 we give the full size), the edges are vandyked, and the cloth embroidered with various coloured purse-silks in chain, knotted, and feather-stitch, the pattern is bordered with gold cord.

Nos. 299 & 300. LADY'S CUFFS IN EMBROIDERED CAMBRIC AND PLEATED LINEN.

Nos. 301 & 302. CORNERS IN EMBROIDERY.

These corners are worked in satin stitch, and are suitable for pocket handkerchiefs.

No. 303. ORNAMENTAL BASKET, SATIN STITCH.

Basket of black polished cane, with gilt studs. In front is an embroidery on black satin, worked with shaded brown silk and gold cantille in satin, overcast, and knotted stitch. On the lid are bows of brown taffetas ribbon.

No. 304. BLACK CHIP BONNET,

lined with quilling of pale blue ribbon, trimmed with loops of same. Gloire de Dijon rose under the brim.

No. 305. DESSERT SERVIETTES.

Serviettes of grey damask, fringed round the edge and embroidered with overcast stitch in corners. After tracing it on the damask, the outlines of the pears, apples, plums, blackberries, the leaves, veining, and tendrils are worked with overcast stitch in scarlet marking-cotton.

No. 306. ORNAMENTAL FOOTSTOOL, CRETONNE EMBROIDERY.

Circular cushion of black satin, slashed round in vandykes over a puffing of scarlet satin. In the centre of the cushion is an appliqué embroidery of cretonne. This pretty work leaves much to the taste of the embroidress; it is effected by cutting out flowers, leaves, and buds of cretonne, and sewing them on the satin ground, with overcast stitches of the same coloured silk. The veins, tendrils, and stems are worked with shaded green or brown silk in overcast stitch and point russe. The cushion is lined with oilcloth, and finished off with silk cord and rings for handles.

Nos. 307 & 308. HATS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

Hat of black chip, the brim lined with white silk closely pleated, and edged with a ruching of tulle. In front, bow of black velvet, with crimson and pale pink roses, leaves, and buds. Round the crown a twist of white ribbon arranged on the right side in bows and ends, which hang down at the back. A handsome black ostrich feather and jet agraffe complete the trimming.

Nos. 309 & 310. TRIMMING FOR BALL DRESSES.

A strip of white grenadine cut on the straight, edged with net and pleated in the manner shown in our illustration. The pleats are here arranged in threes, and the strip of grenadine has also a band of the same material.

No. 311. NANSOOK CRAVATTE.

This cravatte, which can be made either of nansook or batiste cut on the straight, is worked along each edge with button-hole stitch in scallops, and 16 rows of the same work ornament the ends; it is folded and arranged in a bow and ends according to the illustration.

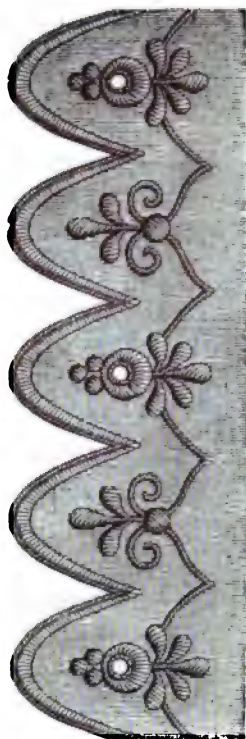
No. 312. GREY STRAW HAT.

Hat of grey straw, the brim lined with grey grosgrain; trimming, grey ribbon and shaded ostrich feathers.

Nos. 313 & 314. CORSET WITH BAND.

A new style of white corset made of twill, with a graduated band, and narrow embroidery round the edge.

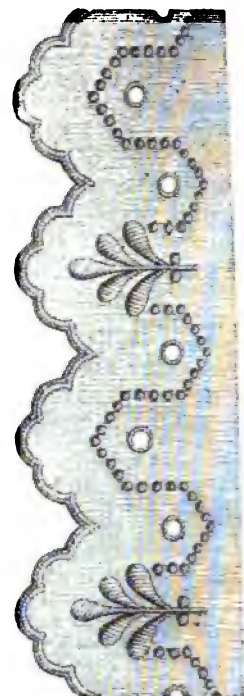




287.—EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.



291.—MANTELET FOR LITTLE GIRL.



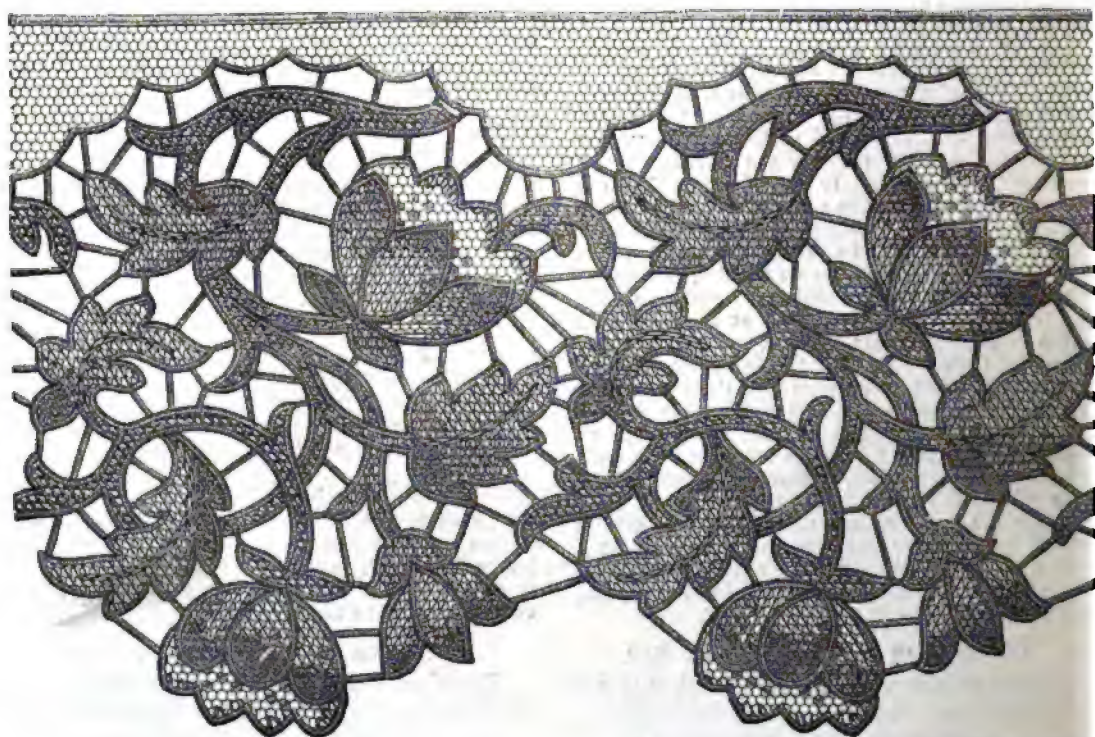
288.—EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.



289.—LADY'S CUFF.



290.—LADY'S CUFF.



292.—EMBROIDERY ON NET.





293.—COLLAR.



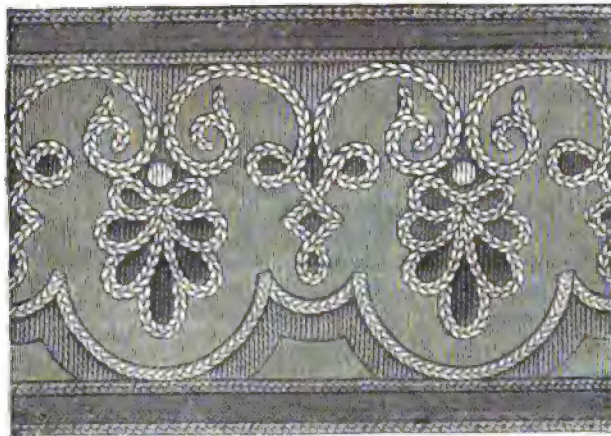
295.—DETAIL OF LAMP MAT.



294.—COLLAR.



296.—LADY'S GLOVE.



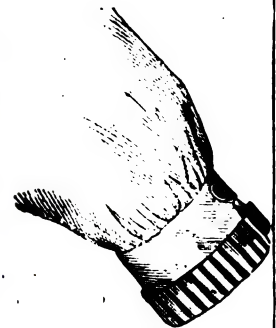
297.—TRIMMING IN CHAINSTITCH ON NET.



299.—CUFF.



298.—LAMP MAT.



300.—CUFF.

## LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.—V.

IN all questions of etiquette for women, dress plays a great part. I need not in this article go into details, which "Sylvia" deals with so effectively, but a few general observations on this point are within my province. Dr. Doran says "Man is the only animal born without being provided with a necessary costume; plants die that man may live, and animals are skinned that the lords of the creation may be covered;" and this is so true that the greatest philosopher is obliged to think about his shirts. Of course, I do not pretend to give here any hints upon fashion, for

"Our dress still varying,  
Nor to forms confined.  
Shifts like the sand, the sport  
Of every wind."

Each age has a toilette of its own, and each face and each physiognomy requires to be studied when dress is in question. The great art of dressing is to set off our good points, and to do it whilst adhering to fashion without being its slave. I must simply try to show the style and character of dress suitable for different occasions.

It cannot be denied that character has an influence on dress, and dress upon character; we cannot do better than reproduce a few lines of George Eliot's upon this subject. They occur in the opening chapter of "Middlemarch." The author says that the heroine, Miss Brooke, "had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrists were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters, and her profile, as well as her stature and bearing, seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which, by the side of provincial fashion, gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible or one of our elder poets, in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper." . . . Her sister Celia "wore scarcely more trimmings, and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements, for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it. . . . Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country-house, and attending a village church, hardly larger than a parlour, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter."

One of the great arts of dressing well is to know that what is appropriate to a morning *négligé* would be out of place in an afternoon, and would not do at all for the evening.

Except the very prettiest, all women require the charms of dress, and even those who are beautiful in a

nightcap ought to be doubly so in a ball dress. Perhaps the morning toilette is the one most neglected in England, and yet it is of the same importance as the rest. Every woman cannot afford an embroidered muslin dressing-gown lined with pink taffetas, but everyone can have a simple morning dress of irreproachable taste; all that is necessary is a good housewife's care and economy.

"Best rooms," company manners, and "company" dress, stamp their owners with vulgarity. The habit of being particular in dress only when you expect company, is a bad one, and an "ill habit has the force of an ill fate."

If you wish to appear a well-bred woman, never let anyone see you till you have made a complete toilette after rising from your bed; whether young or old, the bad consequences are the same. If you are young you lose your advantages, and you deprive yourself of your most powerful charms.

It is all very well for a woman to say, "I ought to please my husband by the qualities of my mind, and not by the charms of my appearance," but human nature was not made upon any such theoretical foundation. I remember once reading that some man said to Goethe that he was upon the point of falling in love with a beautiful girl, only he could not affirm that she had a very brilliant intelligence.

"Bah!" said Goethe, "as if love had anything in common with intelligence! In a girl we love everything except her mind. We love, in her, her beauty, her youth, her teasings, her abandon, her character, her defects, her caprices, and many things which it is impossible to express. But her mind? Not a bit of it. When it is brilliant we appreciate it, and on its account a girl may gain considerably in our eyes. I agree that her intelligence may keep us in her chains when we love her already, but of itself it cannot influence us nor inspire us with a passion."

If you are no longer young, any negligence of attire adds another injury to those of time. An old lady who respects herself, and who wishes still to keep the pleasures and affections suitable to her age, ought to be more careful in the details of her toilette than if she were only twenty, not to beautify herself, but to make herself more agreeable.

In this particular Englishwomen have much to learn from their French sisters. I have seen Frenchwomen of fifty who managed to make themselves more charming than many Englishwomen of thirty. Englishwomen are too much in the habit of thinking that, once married and mothers of a family, nothing more is expected of them, and they can be as untidy or dowdy as they please.

In a morning, Frenchwomen generally cover their hair with a cap, which, if not always elegant, is always exquisitely white; all that is white round the face suits the physiognomy and complexion, and makes it look younger.

Nothing is more vulgar than to wear untidy slippers or boots in the house; have your slippers made as large as you like if you are fond of your ease, but never wear untidy ones. Remember, and I cannot repeat it too often, that a woman's distinction is revealed in the slightest details, and a well-bred person will judge you in five minutes by them alone.

Frenchwomen excel, too, in the assortment and harmonising of colours. They never dream of decking themselves in all the colours of the rainbow; if they go to the rainbow at all it is to see how the delicate shades fade into one another, and to choose those that best suit the colour of their hair and complexion. Alas and alack! for most Englishwomen in these matters. How often do we see a drab face and a drab dress, or have our teeth set on edge by the proximity of colours that have no connection in nature. Again, they will put on all the contents of their jewel-box at once, and they often make themselves look like Juggernaut idols, they are so bedizened and bedecked!

But we must go on with our enumeration of the different styles of dress suitable for different occasions. The dress worn by a mother at her child's christening and her own churching should be handsomely plain and richly neat. A silk or velvet dress will always do; a muslin would be entirely out of place.

Costumes for calls, when you are obliged to pay them on foot, should be different to those donned if your carriage is at the door. Dr. Johnson once said that he was sure some lady was well dressed, because he could not remember what she had on; and the impression of a walking toilet should always be the same as that left by his visitor upon the worthy doctor. It may be light or dark, according to the season, but it must not be liable to attract attention.

Nothing is more ridiculous or much dirtier, to speak plainly, than a long dress in the street. A long dress is elegant and graceful in a room, it gives charming lines to the toilette, whereas a short dress often breaks off those lines too abruptly, but any woman who goes out in a long dress except in a carriage, seems to be aping the fine lady; and as Voltaire says, "all affectation is a vice."

Carriage dresses have much more licence than walking costumes. Light-coloured silks, elaborately trimmed and sweeping skirts, feathery bonnets and lace parasols, would look quite out of place out of a carriage. Light gloves are always worn for calls except in mourning.

Costumes for lawn parties, bazaars, flower-shows, and occasions of that sort, should be of fresh light materials and colours. Muslins are there in their place, and light bonnets and hats; still there is a great distinc-

tion to be noticed between these and ball toilettes. Elderly ladies should wear light silks and lace and dressy bonnets, but not hats.

It is a great mistake to go to a pic-nic in a dress that will spoil by contact with the ground, or that prevents its wearer having complete ease in all her movements. Nothing looks worse either for pic-nics, excursions, or seaside wear, than a thin, flimsy fabric, or a shabby silk; they are out of keeping with nature, which is always fresh and strong. The best dresses are of some strong washing material, or otherwise; the best are those that will look as well as the end as at the beginning of a day's wear.

Sailor blue, or other coloured serges or tweeds, are the best things for a trip by sea, as they do not spoil under the action of sea air and water.

A dinner dress should be made of silk, satin, velvet, or moiré, and trimmed with lace. Completely low bodies have gone out for dinner dresses, though they are usually open in front.

Young ladies wear a spray of flowers, others caps or lappets, with flowers and feathers. I need scarcely enlarge upon ball-room toilettes, tarlatane, tulle, or something as light for young people; silks for their chapérons. They are all low cut; the elders cover their shoulders with an opera cloak or a lace shawl, etc.

Dark women should never wear mauve, nor light ones yellow. The true colours for the brunette are cerise, orange, currant, and pink. Blondes have blue, lilac, green, black; but their greatest triumph is white muslin, especially Indian muslin: it forms admirable drapery, and gives another charm to a beautiful complexion.

*Precious stones suit few people.* I know I shall be thought eccentric for saying so, but it is artistically true. Diamonds, especially, never look well near the skin. Steele said of them, "They may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her." The only gems that help to set off nature are pearls, and even false ones if you are not rich enough to wear others.

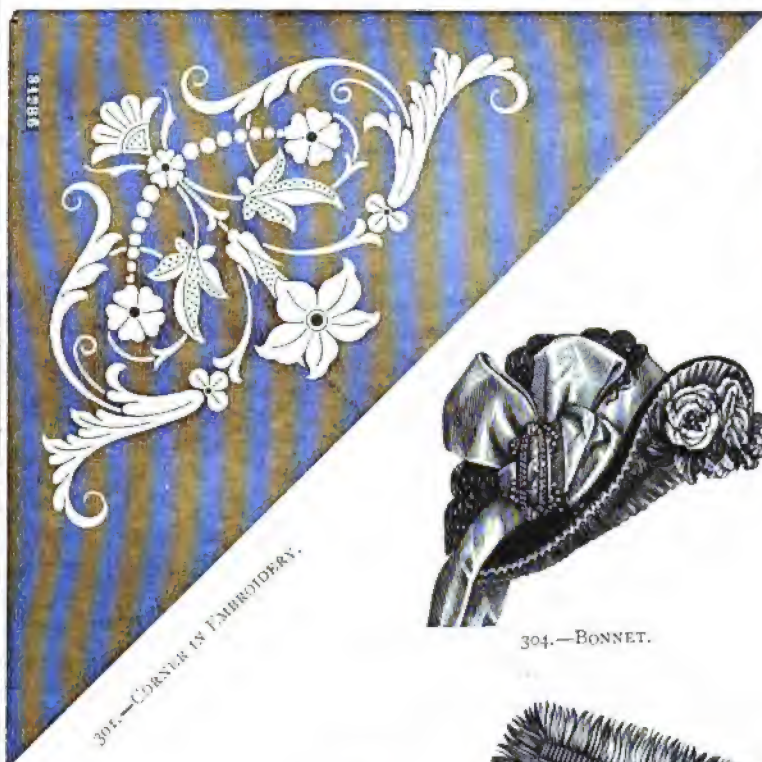
Unless you are sure of your success, never try to outshine another by the richness of your dress. Dispute the palm of elegant simplicity if you like. The greatest merit of a toilette is to seem natural, improvised, even when it has cost hours of study and preparation.

If you are rich there is nothing easier than to spend a good deal of money, and buy very expensive things; but it is not so easy to choose them as to wear them. The greatest merit of all is to be able to do without them, and yet to dress better than their possessors, and this is quite possible.

Brides are dressed entirely in white, unless they are widows, when some delicate silk is chosen. The dress is made of silk or satin, trimmed with lace, and a lace or tulle veil falls equally back and front.

Bridesmaids generally wear white, trimmed with colours, with white bonnets or veils; but bridesmaids'





303.—FANCY BASKET.



304.—BONNET.



305.—FOOTSTOOL.



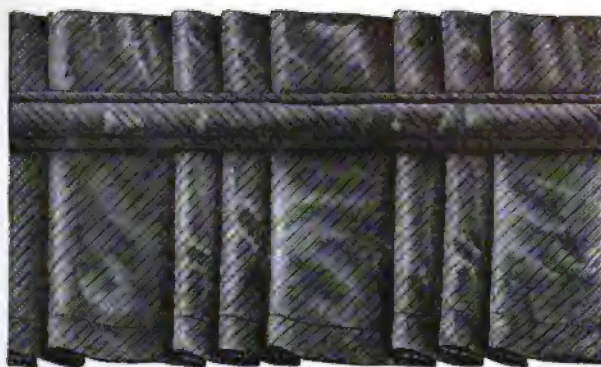
306.—FOOTSTOOL.



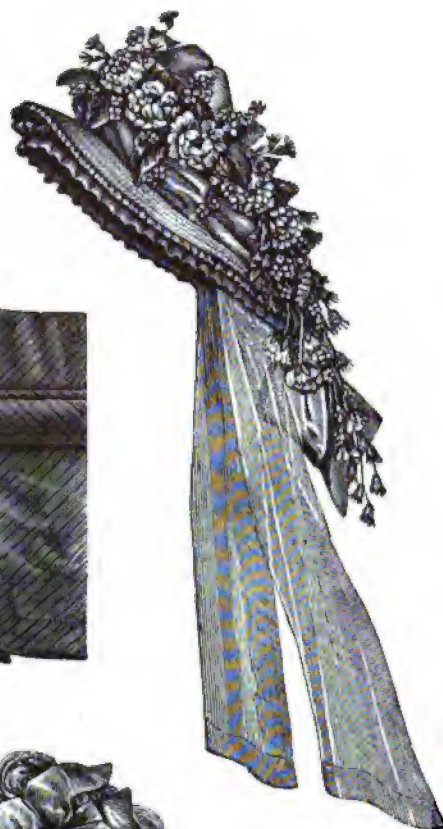




307.—BONNET.



309.—TRIMMING FOR BALL DRESSES.



308.—HAT.



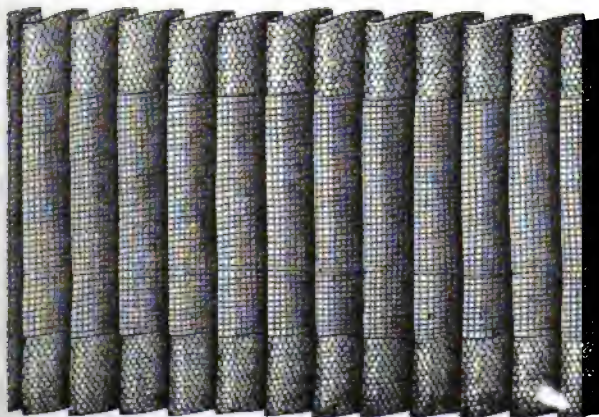
311.—CRAVAT.



312.—GREY STRAW HAT.



313.—CORSET (FRONT).



310.—TRIMMING FOR BALL DRESSES.



314.—CORSET (BACK).

veils only fall down the back, and do not cover the face. All the bridesmaids are dressed alike, and their bouquets are made of coloured flowers.

The older guests at a wedding should choose some rich material, trimmed with lace, and should wear a lace or other handsome shawl. Their bonnets should be trimmed with feathers and flowers.

If little boys are present at a wedding, they should be dressed in some fancy suit; black velvet, trimmed with gold buttons, is the best.

Mourning used to be worn much longer than it is now. A year is considered long enough for a father or mother, and six months for uncles, aunts, or cousins. It is now considered better taste to wear plain garments instead of the handsome heavy dresses in which our mothers and grandmothers mourned.

Widows wear their weeds, consisting of crape dress, large black silk cloak, crape bonnet and veil, and widow's cap for a year, and wear ordinary mourning after that as long as they like.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE chief events in matters musical that have happened since we last wrote, are the openings of the two Opera Houses. Mr. Gye had been first in the field with his prospectus, and he was also first with his performance, opening Covent Garden nearly a fortnight before Mr. Mapleson commenced his season at Drury Lane. The opera selected by Mr. Gye for his opening night, Tuesday, April 6, was Rossini's master-piece, "William Tell," which does not depend for its effect upon the voices of the star sopranos, who are so very shy of appearing upon an opening night. The prominent characters in "William Tell," as every one knows, are the tenor, baritone, and bass—Arnoldo, Tell, and Walter—and these had worthy representatives in Signor Marini, M. Maurel and Signor Bagagiolo. The female parts in "William Tell" are of secondary importance, but they were very fairly supported—Madame Scalchi, Mr. Gye's leading contralto, taking the part of Edwige, the wife of Tell; Mdlle. Cothiro being the boy Jemmy; and Mdlle. Bianchi, the young soprano who made such a favourable impression here last season, appearing as Mathilde. It was hardly to be expected that the young vocalist would be able to obliterate the recollection of the many famous singers who have supported this character, but she made a very decided success, singing the music well, and acting with intelligence. Signor de Sanctis, one of Mr. Gye's new tenors, made his first appearance on the following Saturday as the Duke in Verdi's "Il Ballo." He achieved only a moderate success, owing partly to the recollection of the superb way in which Mario had filled the part so many years, and partly to a want of charm and sweetness in his voice, which appears to have lost much of its original tone, and to the absence, on his part, of any special qualifications as an actor. The cast was not a particularly happy one in other respects, but Mdlle. Bianchi again asserted her claim to be placed among the most useful and versatile of the Covent Garden sopranos.

The following Saturday, April 10, was an especially interesting occasion, owing to the first appearance "on any stage," as the advertisements have it, of Mademoiselle

Zare Thalberg, a daughter of the famous pianist. The young vocalist, who is said to be only seventeen years of age, chose for her *debut* the character of Zerlina, in Mozart's immortal "Don Giovanni;" and public curiosity was raised to a high pitch, owing partly to the famous name she bears, and partly also to the favourable reports which had been current as to her powers. At her first appearance Mademoiselle Thalberg by her youth and beauty gained the suffrages of her audience, but she soon showed that these were not the only charms she possessed. She has a very sweet and pure soprano voice, and has been thoroughly well trained; and if she goes on as she has begun, a very brilliant future is in store for her. It is only to be hoped that the enthusiastic welcome she received at Covent Garden will not lead her to imagine that she has not much yet to learn, but will rather stimulate her to further exertions.

Mr. Mapleson's season, his best as he and all his supporters hope, in Drury Lane, commenced on Saturday, the 10th, with a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio." Pledged as Mr. Mapleson is to the support of classic opera, and having among his ranks such an exponent of it as Mademoiselle Titiens, there was a peculiar fitness that he should put Beethoven's immortal work in the forefront of his battle. The great German soprano was as grand as ever in the trying part of heroine, though her voice showed some traces of the indisposition from which she had recently been suffering. Mademoiselle Bauermeister made a decided advance in popular favour by her impersonation of Marcellina, and was well supported by Signor Rinaldini as Jacquino, but Signor Bignardi, the new tenor, was somewhat overweighted with the part of Florestano. The glorious "Leonora," No. 3 overture was given between the acts, and was repeated in answer to an unanimous call.

Italian opera, however, is not the only attraction that Mr. Mapleson has provided at Drury Lane. On the "off nights" the Italian tragedian, Salvini, appears in the character of Othello, in an Italian version of Shakespeare's grand tragedy. He made his first bow before an English

audience on the evening of April 1, and since then he has been the "talk of the town." His chief fame has been gained in his own country, and he has also played with great success in America, but here in England his name was known to comparatively few, even of those conversant with dramatic affairs, and doubtless a very large proportion of the audience were quite unprepared for the astonishing performance they were to witness. The first appearance of the actor produced a good impression on the audience, who could not but admire the noble, expressive face, the easy, dignified gestures, and the rich, mellow voice, capable of expressing every variety of emotion. In the scene before the Duke and Council of Venice, where the grand speech, commencing "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors" occurs, the actor forbore to make any great effort, delivering the speech in a simply dignified manner, and a total absence of declamation. This was certainly an innovation upon established custom, but the value of it was speedily made evident; as the dramatic interest of the play heightened, the actor put forth gradually the power he had held in reserve, and gradually led up to a climax which was only saved from being repulsive by its real grandeur as a piece of acting. It is easy to see that Signor Salvini has formed a very distinct idea of the Moor's nature, and has not shrunk from carrying out his conception to its logical and necessary issues. His Moor is a gallant warrior full of the tenderest affection, but with the old savage nature still strong within him, ready to flame out at a moment's provocation. The scenes with Iago in the third and fourth acts were perhaps the most artistic of all. For a long time the Moor listens with confident carelessness to his Ancient's crafty insinuations, but, by degrees, his suspicions are aroused; then they are confirmed by the confusion into which Desdemona is thrown; and as soon as this stage is reached, the man is transformed into a brute, incapable of listening to reason, and possessed entirely with a mad frenzy of revenge. The terrible realism of the final act we have already hinted, still, terrible as it is, it is unquestionably defensible, only we cannot help thinking that a mistake is made in delivering the grand speech, "Soft you, a word or two before you go," with so much action, we prefer to see that "calm repose in the face of death," as it has well been called, which shows that all the passion is spent, and that the man is human once more. We have only space to dwell thus briefly upon the details of a most remarkable performance, which all the town is flocking to see, including the actors of the leading London theatres, for whose convenience Signor Salvini kindly consented to give a special morning performance. We may add, that Signor Salvini is supported by a thoroughly good working company, none of whom, however, are individually of special merit.

The Desdemona of Madame Giaragnoti, and the Iago of Signor Carboni, are performances decidedly above the average, but the chief merit of the company lies in the way in which they act together and support each other.

To return to matters musical, we find that although we are rapidly getting on to the very height of the season, there is really very little of importance to record. The winter series of concerts are dying out, and those which flourish in summer are just springing into life. At the Crystal Palace the last of the series of winter concerts was given on the 17th, to be followed in due course by Mr. Manns' usual benefit concert. The present series has been more than usually attractive, and most of the concerts, especially the last few, were distinguished by some special feature of interest.

The Albert Hall season ended at Easter with the usual Passion week performances of Bach's *Passion Music* ("St. Matthew"), Handel's "*Messiah*," and a miscellaneous concert given on Easter Monday. We understand that the choir are now engaged upon rehearsals of Verdi's *Requiem*, of which at least three performances are to be given, but the dates are not yet announced.

Beyond the appearance of Signor Salvini at Drury Lane, there is but little to record in the dramatic world. A few new pieces have been produced, but none of any great importance. At the Gaiety, the adaptation of "*Rose Michel*," a play which had been wonderfully popular in Paris, was a decided failure.

At the Prince of Wales's, Mrs. Bancroft has withdrawn "*Sweethearts*" and "*Society*," and has produced Shakespeare's play of "*The Merchant of Venice*." In our next month's *Dramatic Notes* we shall be able to record how this clever little company, who have already given satisfactory proof that their powers are not confined to one branch of dramatic art, have succeeded with one of the most famous plays of the great national poet. At the Royalty, Messrs. D. C. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan have co-operated in the production of one of the richest pieces of absurdity that has been seen on the stage for a very long time. The piece is entitled "*Trial by Jury*," and is a burlesque of the most extravagant order upon a case of breach of promise of marriage. "*A Trial by Jury*, set to music," is in itself a sufficient incongruity, but when to this is added the comicality of the defendant singing the story of his troubles to a guitar accompaniment; a judge describing also, through the medium of song, the account of his rise to the bench, supported by an occasional choral refrain from the spectators; a plaintiff in full bridal attire, with her attendant bridesmaids, and the final solution of the difficulty in an engagement between the wronged lady and the learned occupant of the bench, it will be easily seen that the fun is about of as outrageous a character as it can well be.

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

**MRS. ELIZA M.**—See notice at the top of this page. You have abundant material for a plain dress. See illustrations and descriptions. Black silk may be trimmed with velvet, fringe, satin, jet, or passementerie.

**ELSIE** would feel greatly obliged to Sylvia if she would tell her how to alter a poplin dress (pattern enclosed). It is nearly as good as new, as it was only made last summer, but was cut so badly, it never fitted nicely. It is made now with a cross flounce nine inches deep, headed with two bias bands edged with satin a shade darker. The front breadth has six flounces three inches deep, an open polonaise trimmed with satin and fringe. Elsie forgot to mention the skirt is walking length. She is between eighteen and nineteen years of age, height 5 feet 7 inches. She hopes Sylvia will not think her letter too long, and that she will receive an answer in the next number. She has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for three years, and has not troubled the kind Editor or Sylvia before. She likes it very much. [You do not say what the fault was in the fit of your dress, whether too tight, too loose, etc. If you had done so, Sylvia would be better able to help you. Perhaps a sleeveless jacket of velvet a shade darker than your poplin would remedy the misfit. Also, as polonaises open in front are not now so fashionable as the tablier, would not the back of your polonaise cut the tablier, and the front make the ends to hang at the back? The trimming of your front breadth could then be placed over the deep flounce on the back breadth.]

**CHRYSANTHEMUM** would feel obliged if the Editor would give a paper pattern of the little girl's dress, 137 and 138, March number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and also wishes to know if it would look well made up in print or holland? [Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, supplies these patterns. I do not think the style is too elaborate for print or holland.] This is the first time Chrysanthemum has asked

a favour. She has taken the magazine for a considerable time, and is highly pleased with it.

**GERANIUM** would feel much obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following questions—I have a dress same as pattern enclosed, made with two narrow frills round the skirt, and two rows of dark blue velvet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide between them, a small panier trimmed round with one row of the velvet and black Maltese lace, jacket body trimmed to match the panier (the body is a little small). What could I do with it to make it suitable for a walking dress for the summer, and would it look old-fashioned? I am about twenty, 5 feet 5 inches, rather fair complexion, but with little colour, and dark brown hair. [The silk is unfashionable in colour, and it would look best worn with a tablier and sleeveless bodice of very dark blue material, beige, serge, cashmere—anything but silk. Trim the skirt with the panier, in addition to its own trimming, up the back. Trim the sleeves with the Maltese lace and bands of silk.] Will the long tablier with sash at the back be more worn than the round panier for the summer? [Yes.] I have taken the magazine some years, and like it very much. I hope I have written this properly. [You have.]

**EFFIE** wishes to know if Sylvia will kindly give a pattern of a sleeveless jacket. As they are so much worn now, she is sure it will be very useful to have a nice easy pattern suitable for braiding. [We will give one very soon. There is one given this month with braid design in THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.] Should the jacket be cut out and sent to be marked for braiding before it is made up? [Yes, or merely outlined instead of being cut out, as the edges fray.] Have I addressed this rightly? [Yes.]

**EMILY** would feel greatly obliged to Sylvia if she would give her a little advice with regard to altering and making up a silk dress (pattern enclosed). The dress is not much worn, but is old-fashioned. The length is 1 yard 8 inches, width 1 yard 35 inches; there is a small panier at the back, the depth of which is 19 inches. The skirt is gored, and quite plain. Emily is fair, about 5 feet in height, and has brown hair. Emily does not wish to go to very much expense, and as the dress is to be worn in the summer months, she thinks velvetene would be too heavy to go with it; so would Sylvia kindly recommend a more suitable material? [You have surely made a mistake as to the width. Your dress would look very pretty cut a little shorter, the lower part of the front breadth trimmed with the panier, and worn with tablier, and bodice of muslin with white ground, and pansies or other flowers of the same class of colour. You could wear plain white muslin with it, also grenadine, or some thin woollen material of the same colour, but a different shade, would also look very well.]

**PATTIE** would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly inform her how she can alter a grey Japanese silk (nearly new), which should have been walking length, but was made too short in front. It has no polonaise; the skirt is trimmed with the same, and a puff behind. Jacket bodice, also trimmed with same, and black velvet buttons. Pattie is seventeen years old, 5 feet 9 inches, hair rather light. [You must add to the length by putting additional material at the top of the front breadth. The basques of the bodice will hide the join.]

**DIANA** would feel obliged to Sylvia if she could advise her what to do with a white pique dress, trimmed with bands of pique piped with black cambric. It was a very expensive dress, but the first time it was washed, although every care was taken with it, the black ran into the white, and it looked shocking. I have had it washed several times since, but never could wear it, as the dye still comes out. Do you think it advisable to take the pipings out? It will be a tiresome job, as there are so many of them, and all put on with a very fine machine stitch. If you think it best to renew the black cambric, could you direct me where I could buy one that the dye could be warranted not to run? [There is nothing for it but to take the black all off and trim with coloured cambric. If it had been washed carefully the first time, the black would probably not have run.] I have a fine silver grey serge dress, made three years ago, that I should like to make fashionable, if you would kindly tell me how to alter it to the best advantage. It has a very full trained skirt, with a flounce ten inches deep round the bottom, and a band one inch wide, box-pleated, to head the flounce with; a plain bodice, with two points in front, and wide sleeves. I should like to trim it in the tablier style. I could not match the serge, I think, but I have about four yards of black velvet on the cross about four inches wide. I should like the skirt still long. [You can spare a breadth from the skirt to make new sleeves, which you can trim with cuffs made of the old sleeves. Trim the front en tablier with your black velvet, and wear with a black velvet sleeveless basque jacket.]

**DORAH** would like Sylvia's advice with regard to a very handsome black silk dress with long skirt and polonaise that could be worn with any other dress. I have been in mourning for twelve months for my little son twelve years old, and should like to use the dress. Could Sylvia advise with me how to put crape on it, as it is now trimmed with folds of black velvet, and below that lace, and by laying away would get old-fashioned. My age is forty. Also, would a black silk with lavender figure on it be suitable to wear the second year for a girl of fourteen, and if so, what would do for the shoulders with such a dress? And I should not like to take up more of your valuable magazine than I possibly can, but my daughter has a blue serge with black velvet trimmings. How could that be converted into a dress for mourning? Would it dye well, or could you suggest anything better for a useful school dress? I have taken your magazine in some time, and find it exceedingly useful, especially the Work-room, where there are families. This is my first query, and hope I have not trespassed too much. [It is unusual to wear crape so long, but perhaps you particularly wish it. If so, you could put the folds of crape wherever the folds of velvet are now, heading them with narrow jet beading, if you like. Bands of silk would be quite deep enough mourning at present, and in six months more you could wear the dress without alteration. Figured black silks are not very suitable for young girls, but the dress you describe would be deep enough mourning, and could be worn with a cashmere jacket or fichu, either braided or prettily trimmed. Serge eyes admirably. Nothing could be better for a useful school dress.]



A SUBSCRIBER would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia would kindly advise her what to do with a black silk dress she has. The skirt is long, with a train, and very good, as it has not been very much worn. The jacket body and tunic are not good, as they have been a great deal worn with other skirts. The body is quite worn done, the tunic not so bad, but it is very soft, and there are many small cuts behind where it is tucked up. A Subscriber has a new plain body, without trimming, which she got to wear with the skirt, and a lace polonaise over it, for dinner. Sleeves of body are cut at the elbow, with a frill. She wants to make a walking dress of it for summer, but does not know how to make it up or trim it. There is a silk fringe round the tunic, which is very good, and some of the same on the old body, which might be of use. A Subscriber is in mourning, but would not like it trimmed with crape. Would Sylvia kindly tell her what would be the way to make it nice for summer? [Cut the skirt to a walking length. Of what you cut off, make coat sleeves, which you can trim with your elbow sleeves. Turn the tunic the best side out. Trim it with your fringe, and bands of silk made from the remainder of what you cut off the skirt, and make it as nearly as possible in its former shape, so that the cuts will not show. If the tunic is worn up the front, lay a band of silk up each side of the front, and place buttons between.]

VIOLET writes—Sylvia must excuse my extreme stupidity in not having explained how my Japanese dress is made. I hope she will answer me in next number. The summer is near, and I should like to have it for that month. It is for a walking dress, and at present the skirt has two flounces scalloped, each about a finger and a half wide; it is rather short, and not gored. I am eighteen years old, 5 feet 3 inches, with fair hair. The basque of my dress is rather full behind, and open down the front. It is such a wretched fit, that I am afraid it will never make anything nice. I hope Sylvia will be able to understand my explanation. What could I do with eight yards of very handsome point lace a finger wide? Is it entirely gone out of fashion for walking dresses? Will jet continue fashionable during the summer? What way could I settle my hair? It is short, and I find it hard to settle a Catogan. [Your dress can be made to fit you by using some silk or velvet of a darker shade down the front of your basque bodice to simulate a vest or waistcoat. Lay the original material over this, and when you have got it to fit you, cut away all that is unnecessary. You will see in many of our back numbers illustrations of the sort of bodice I mean. Your sleeves will have to be slightly trimmed with the darker blue. You can add to the length of your skirt by a join under the basques. Your point lace will trim a dinner or fête dress very handsomely.]

ELLA would feel obliged for Sylvia's advice. I have a black silk jacket, half-fitting, bought three years ago, cost 14s. a yard, trimmed with passementerie and deep Maltese lace. It is 26 inches in front, 27 inches at back. It is slit up at each side, with two pleats to tuck it up. I think it looks old-fashioned. It is very good, being little worn. Could Sylvia kindly suggest some way of altering it to be more fashionable? It has wide sleeves. I am married, of medium height, and inclined to be stout. [Make it into a tight basque bodice. If your wide sleeves will not cut coat sleeves, put on deep false cuffs.]

EMMIE writes—Will Sylvia kindly inform me in the May number how to remake two silk dresses (patterns enclosed). Of the violet I have three plain widths, measuring 48 inches, ten gored round body, coat sleeves, and a yard and a quarter of new. [The ten gored breadths ought

to make the skirt wide enough. Of the three plain breadths make a tablier, and you will have enough over, with your new silk, to make a flounce round the skirt, and loops and ends at the back of the waist. Wear with a pretty belt.] The striped I intend turning. It has a trained skirt, plain, round body, coat sleeves, about half a yard of new, a small panier and fichu trimmed with frills of the same, bound each side with satin. I bought a yard and three-quarters of plain silk last summer, and perhaps I can still use it. [The plain silk will make you a sleeveless basque jacket to wear over your round body. Trim the three front breadths of the skirt with small flounces made from the fichu, panier, and trimmings. Wear the back breadths plain, with a sash of handsome brown ribbon.] I am 5 feet 2 inches in height, rather fair, with light brown hair.

M. C. has a black silk dress, made three years ago, with flounces 9 inches wide at the bottom of long skirt, eight widths in skirts, full panier, trimmed round with frills all pinked like the flounce. M. C. has been in mourning six months for a brother-in-law, and is now leaving off crape. How could she have the silk dress turned and altered to look modern and fresh? Will Sylvia kindly suggest in the May number, or if this is too late for May, please answer in the June magazine? 2. Will jackets be worn for middle-aged ladies? [I should trim the three front breadths with the frills of the panier, and make of the latter tunic ends to wear at the back of the waist. Sponged and turned, with this slight alteration, the dress should look quite fresh and fashionable, but you do not say how the body and sleeves are made. 2. Yes.]

ANNIE will be obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following questions in the May number—Would it be good taste to trim a black grenadine tunic with white lace, for out-of-door wear, over a black silk skirt? Annie thinks it would look more stylish than black lace, as black and white is so fashionable just now. [It would not be good taste.]

EDITH has had a very handsome black satin quilted skirt given to her by her husband, who is rather fond of dress in a woman. Will Sylvia kindly tell her what would look very handsome over it for summer wear? It is quilted three-quarters at the sides and back, quite to the waist in front. Could I wear it with that part at the back, as it is only slightly gored. I should prefer something black, as that always looks well. Please answer me in May. [With a little management as to the length, you could wear the front at the back. A black cashmere tablier or polonaise would look very handsome over it.] I beg to say I sent seven stamps to Heather Bell for fern roots last month, but I have not received the roots or the stamps. I found when I had posted my letter that it was November number I intended sending to Miss Clyde. Some one must have received the stamps. I am glad I did not send more.

HILDA has a dress like the enclosed piece or silk, several years old, but quite fresh, having been worn very little. It consists of six breadths 21 inches wide, 50 inches long. The body has been full and long. The back piece is 17 inches long, the fronts 20 inches. The sleeves seem to be quite hopeless affairs, being very short and wide. They measure from the top to the bottom at the back 19 inches, and the inside 10 inches. If Sylvia thinks it possible to make such a limited quantity of silk into a dress of respectable appearance, will she please say how it is to be done, and also whether the silk itself would look old-fashioned? A little expense not minded. Hilda is tall, rather stout, and old-looking for twenty-two. [I do not think this can be made into a

complete dress. It would make a tablier and bodice, or would look very well made into a skirt walking length, over which you could wear a tablier and bodice of plain blue. You would have enough silk for two or three flounces on the skirt. The silk will not look old-fashioned if made up in combination with plain blue silk.]

MYRTLE would feel greatly obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her at what age babies should leave off wearing hoods, and what should they then wear? [At three months. Little white hats.] I have a black silk dress. The polonaise is too much worn to do up, but the train is not at all worn. Would you tell me how to trim it so as to look nice. It is a plain long train. My height is 5 feet 5 inches, figure rather slight. I have also a black and white gauze shawl, could I make any use of that? [I should keep the trained skirt as it is, and wear over it a long tablier and ends made of the shawl.] This is the first time I have troubled you, although I have long been a subscriber, but seeing you so kindly help others with your advice, I thought you could also help me. Have I kept to the rules? [Yes.]

E. W. N. writes—Seeing how kindly you answer the numerous questions put to you in the magazine, I have ventured to ask you a few. I have a good black silk jacket, have only worn it a very few times, so it is nearly as good as new, and it is made with tight back and loose fronts. Could you suggest some way so that I could have it made to wear this summer either for indoors or out. [Make it into a tight basque jacket.] I want a dress for spring. What sort of one would you advise me to get, and how should it be made? [There is an immense choice of materials, homespun, beige, serge, cashmere, etc. See fashion articles and plates.] I have seen an advertisement in the magazine, Mrs. Judd's book for teaching dressmaking and fitting. Would it enable you to do a little without any lessons? [I have never seen the book, so cannot say.] I suppose when we ask any questions, we have to state appearance, etc. Height about 5 feet, complexion dark, brown hair, rather thin than stout. Also, when we write to you, have we to enclose a stamped directed envelope. Being the first time that I have ventured to write to you, I hardly know how to begin. [We do not require stamp or envelope, unless you expect replies from our correspondents to be forwarded by post.] Is this written in accordance with rules? Have I left enough space for answers? [Rather limited.] Also, would you kindly tell me the proper way, when you do not hear what a person says—is it proper to say, "What do you say?" or, "I beg your pardon?" I have heard some adopt the former, though I use the latter. [The latter generally is perhaps the better.] Also, will fichu be worn this summer? [Yes.]

NELLIE writes—Will black polonaises be worn over coloured skirts this spring, just for a morning? [No.] Can you infer from my letter that I am very deficient in grammar? Being very delicate, my education has been neglected. [I can infer that you are young enough to be able to make up for lost time.] Could you, or any of your correspondents, give me the words of a hymn beginning—

"How firm a foundation,  
Ye saints of the Lord?"

Have I written this in accordance with rules, being the first time that I have ventured to address you? [Yes.] Also, would you give me the proper address? I did not know scarcely where to send this to, not seeing the Editor's address in the magazine. [See notice at top of previous page.] What will the prevailing colours be for dresses this spring? [Neutral colours.]

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

E. D. B. writes: Can any one give me the address of a person who can tell character from handwriting? Address, E. D. B., Cotford, Sidmouth. (Prepaid answers will be forwarded.)

A MOTHER writes: I am so much delighted with your excellent "Work-room" that I beg you will accept my thanks for having published such a very useful and valuable periodical. I am sorry I did not know of it sooner; having but lately become acquainted with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I find it the most sensible and practical work of the kind I ever saw. I am a mother, having four dear children; and make up all their clothing at home. I have long been seeking for such a book as yours, and now I intend to take it in always. The little night-dress has been already put into use; and I hope there will be further useful patterns for the dear little ones. May I trouble you with just one question? Have you any agents in San Francisco, or Sacramento (California), as I expect to go there within the next four months, with my husband and family? [Any bookseller out there will supply it, without extra charge for postage, which we should have to make.] The reason why I ask is this, if you have not, I will send you a subscription before I leave, to have THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN forwarded to me; and I will introduce it to all I can, as I have been doing already. I think you are very obliging to your numerous readers to give them such very appropriate answers to their queries. I also thank you for your introduction to the new embroideries. I have sent to London for patterns. These intimations are valuable to us who live in a provincial town, and who do not often see the new trimmings, etc., until some time after they are in use.

ESMERALDA would feel greatly obliged to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, if he could inform her of the meaning of the word "Excelsior?" ["Excelsior" means "higher"] Are flannel and silk lightning non-conductors?

HULDAH wishes that instructions were printed with other directions in every month's issue, as to the Editor's address, and to the date in month when the communications for the "Drawing-room" and "Work-room?" must be sent for insertion in the next month. Huldah supposes she must address to the publishers, as she finds no instructions on the point. [Many thanks for your practical suggestions. You will see they have been carried out.] To Agnes Neville, Huldah has a small Pocket Dictionary, published in 1846, by W. Tegg and Co., 73, Cheapside, she does not know if that edition is still in print. But she thinks Agnes N. will have no difficulty in obtaining a small dictionary, as there are several published. The one H. refers to, is 2½ inches by 4, she has seen smaller ones. If Agnes N. mentions the size she requires to her bookseller, he will probably procure it. Emma C. requested the name of an institution where young girls are trained for service. Huldah thinks that there is one in connection with The National Society for Young Girls, of which J. B. Talbot is the secretary, office, 28, New Broad Street. There is also a Servant's Training Home, in connection with the Field Lane Institutions, Little Saffron Hill, Farringdon Road.

A SUBSCRIBER would be much obliged to Sylvia for information as to the disposal of fancy work? herself and sisters have much spare time; and wish to do some as an increase of pocket money, and for charity purposes. An answer in next month's number will much oblige. Address, Secretary, 27a, North Audley Street, W.

T. A. E. writes: As an old reader of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I have often thought it would be a great treat if you inserted a page or two of music monthly, inviting your subscribers to contribute their own composition for your selection and approval. If you agree to this I am willing to be amongst your earliest contributors. [We shall receive with pleasure any original musical compositions that our subscribers may wish to submit to us.]

HOPE writes: I want to ask your advice about a matter, which will, perhaps, be out of place in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, but which troubles me so much, that I must write to you. What must I do to prevent my eyelids from swelling? I have bathed them with both warm and cold water, etc., but it does not take the swelling down in the least; some days they are not quite so bad as others. What can be the reason? They did not used to be so, it is not because I have weak eyes, for they are very strong. If you, or any reader of the magazine, can suggest a remedy that would not injure the eyes, I should be for ever grateful, for you know it makes them look so terribly ugly and small, as well as feeling so funny. What is the best kind of soap to use for a blotchy, rough skin? [Oatmeal soap.] I trust my letter may be in time for your next number, as I shall be anxiously looking forward to your answers. [If this be the same "Hope" whose letter appeared in the February number, there is a letter waiting for her, which Sylvia could not forward, as Hope had sent no address.]

JE SUIS would feel much obliged if Sylvia would assist her in choosing a wedding-dress. She is about five feet, and fair. Would not a silk dress be too heavy-looking? Je Suis thought of a white Brussels net dress over a low silk slip, as the wedding will be in summer, but could she wear it afterwards as a dinner-dress? Would Sylvia be so kind as to help her, and say how it ought to be made? [Silk would not be at all too heavy, but Brussels net would be pretty, light, and unconventional, if rather unfashionable. See bride's toilette in our April number.] Je Suis has also a pale blue silk to be made up for a dinner-dress. What would be the most fashionable way? [See dress articles and fashion plates. Also see notice at beginning of "Our Work-room."] Are mob-caps fashionable for bridesmaids, or what? [Bonnets.] And do they require veils? [No.] If girls have a great quantity of hair and very long, would it be bad taste to wear part of it hanging down? [Not at a wedding. It would be bad taste in the street, but looks very pretty on an occasion like this, or in the evening.] Can young married ladies wear thin dresses for dinner, or is it imperative for them to wear heavier ones? [They can wear thin dresses.] What would Sylvia suggest for bridesmaids' dresses? Je Suis thought of white tarlatan, the one half with dark crimson sashes, and the other pale blue. Je Suis is very sorry to trouble Sylvia with so many questions, but she would be much obliged if they could be answered next month, as it would be too late afterwards. [Tarlatan is scarcely a suitable material for daylight. Fine Swiss muslin would be prettier. The sashes would look very well as you suggest.]

JENNY B. begs to acknowledge receipt of onyx ring from Sophy, for which she is greatly obliged.

PAULINE would be glad if the kind Editor would tell her who George Sand is, or is it a "nom de plume" taken by a lady. [George Sand is the assumed name of a French authoress,

Madame Dudevant.] She would also like to know how "Undine" is pronounced. ["Oondeen" is the nearest approach to the pronunciation in English syllables, but the "U" has the soft French sound as in *eu*.] And how long it would take a young girl to learn German and Italian. Pauline has been a subscriber for many years, and is very much pleased with it, thinks it worth a shilling compared with the "Young Ladies' Journal," which Pauline thinks very trashy. [It would depend greatly on the girl's capacity. Some learn as much of a language in three months as others do in a year. Much also would depend on the teacher. With a good teacher, a quick learner willing to devote two or three hours a day to a language, ought to become pretty well acquainted with it by the end of twelve months.]

M. W. will be much obliged if any reader of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN can tell her if there is any book published on exercises, with expanders for girls, such as are usually taught in dancing classes? If so, where can she procure it? M. W. does not know the form used in asking questions in the magazine, and hopes that the Editor will excuse her if she has made any mistake. [See Rule 2.]

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN would be glad to know what kind of dinner, tea, and breakfast service would be most suitable for her. Ought she to have silver or electro-plate? Her intended husband has £300 per annum, and she has a dowry of £1000. [A silver breakfast service is the more economical eventually, but people with £300 a year usually have electro-plate.] When boiled eggs or meat are eaten for breakfast, should a separate plate be given for the bread and butter? [Yes.] How should pickles be put on the table? [In a glass pickle jar, with glass stopper, and small silver pickle fork.] How should boiled eggs be put on the table? [On a pretty silver or electro-eggstand.] Would a tipsy cake be suitable to serve instead of pudding at dinner, when one dines about half past one or two? [Yes, if you do not make it too strong.] And could it be served on a little flat dish like a pudding? [No doubt it could be so served, but a glass dish is the correct thing.]

LOUISE MAY's compliments to the Editor, and would feel grateful if he will kindly answer her the following questions. Should the plates be placed between the carver and the dish with meat? [Yes.] And should the teacups or teapot be placed next the one that pours the tea? [The teapot to her right, the teacups ranged before her.] Of what size should round and square pincushions be? [The round are prettiest from 6 to 8 inches across. The square can measure 6 to 8 inches each way, but square pincushions are not so pretty as oblong.] And how deep? [Two to four inches.] Should a married lady wear a gold keeper and her engagement-ring, or only the latter? [The engagement-ring is often worn as a keeper over the wedding ring.] What could be done to prevent cakes cracking in the oven? [Regulate the heat so that they shall not rise too quickly. Why is it that the milk always curdles in macaroni puddings?]

MARY ANN will feel grateful if Sylvia will kindly answer the following questions. Should one put the number on underclothing when one has three dozen of everything. M. A. thinks it would look ridiculous to put 36 on her things. [It would. Number them in dozens, thus: 1 1, 1 2, 1 3, etc.; then mark the second dozen 2 1, 2 2, 2 3, etc.; and the third dozen, 3 1, 3 2, 3 3, etc.] Should counterpanes be hemmed? [It is sometimes neces-

sary.] Is fringe always put on knitted quilts? [Not always.] With what should pincushions be stuffed? [Bran.] When one has a room with only pieces of carpet here and there over it, should the carpet be bound with something? [Yes, with some bright coloured, strong braid.] If one orders underclothing from Mrs. Jay, is there any need to send the measure? [Yes.] Should the foldings be seen in table-cloths, or should they be ironed out? [They need not be ironed out, unless they have been very badly pressed, and the creases look rough and un-

E R. S. has great pleasure in sending the words of "The Scout," and begs to say to the Editor, that the cut-out paper (also the one on the large sheet) on one of the figures, either in the book or the sheet; she likes the magazine very much, and finds it very useful. She is encouraged by the above suggestion by the attention paid to the most trivial questions. [Sylvia had already made arrangements to effect this plan, and the same idea having occurred to her.]

### THE SCOUT.

Come! boor, your "little blue"  
I war not, friend, with you!  
'Twas for this can a bold Uhlan,  
His bridle drew.  
Merely a petrel I,  
Telling the storm is nigh.  
Clink we a glass, so may it pass,  
Your homestead by.

Lurking in brake by day,  
Reading by stars my way,  
Clattering fast through hamlet old,  
O'er lonely wild.  
Maidens pale at my glance,  
Peasants cower 'neath my lance,  
Miserly souls hold fast their gold,  
From Uhlan bold!  
Yet his the risk, not theirs,  
Thousands and more to one;  
Little for odds he cares,  
Better too many than none!  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Come! boor, etc.

Such a home I've left far away,  
Loved ones there for me are sighing.  
I can see the moon's placid ray,  
On roof and tree, and pale face lying.  
Ah! give thy hand good peasant to me,  
Hearts are hearts the weary world all over.  
Peace still dwells with thee and thine!  
So now prayeth the war-worm rover!  
Come! boor, etc.

To NELLIE. [You are quite right. All are welcome. The reason your questions were not answered last month, was not that your writing is bad, but that we get so many letters as to make it almost impossible to answer all immediately. Sylvia does her best to reply to all in turn. I hope your answers being late will not much inconvenience you. To those contained in your former letter, you will find answers elsewhere. 1. To improve your writing, get those copybooks of which every second line is done faintly in copperplate, for the learner to write over. For your grammar, get the grammar used in the National Schools and write exercises. Could you get a friend to correct them for you? Perhaps some of our correspondents will be so kind as to give you the words of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Directions for making the jacket bodice given in the April number, are given on page 215 of same number. The only difficulty is in arranging the fullness of the basques, and that will be easy if you remember that the basque of the side-piece falls over the basque at the back. Your suggestion about the illustration has been anticipated. See Rules 3 and 5 of Exchange Column. Judson's dyes are really good, but nothing with cotton and wool mixed will dye

well, as the cotton shrinks much more than the wool, and that makes the material cockle up. As your hair is both short and thin, you had better wear it in curls. Curl it close up to your head every night. I am very glad you like the magazine.] Nellie informs Ida Wales that the price of the "Bristol Tune Book" is, she thinks, 3s. 6d.

CERES will be glad if Sylvia will favour her with an explanation of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." What is considered the proper age to commence singing lessons for a girl? Also, will the Editor, or a correspondent, kindly suggest a good, small French literature. [I give you the explanation in the words of King Arthur himself. Addressing his knights, he says: "The holy vessel wherefrom, at the supper of our Lord, before His death He drank the wine with his disciples, hath been held ever since the holiest treasure of the world, and wheresoever it hath rested, peace and prosperity have rested with it on the land. But since the dolorous stroke which Balin gave King Pelles, none have seen it, for Heaven, wroth with that presumptuous blow, hath hid it none know where. Yet somewhere in the world it still may be, and perchance, it is left to us and to this noble order of the Table Round, to find and bring it home, and make of this, our realm, the happiest in the earth. Many great quests and perilous adventures have ye all taken and achieved, but this high quest he only shall attain who hath clean hands and a pure heart, and valour and hardihood beyond all other men." "Legends of King Arthur, by J. T. K." Eventually, Sir Galahad found the Sangreal, or Holy Grail, and when he died, about two years afterwards, "There came a hand from Heaven, and took the vessel and bare it out of sight, and since then, was never man so hardy as to say that he had seen the Sangreal."]

MAY-LILY encloses the words of the "Gipsy's Warning" in answer to "Blue Bell's" inquiry.

### GIPSY'S WARNING.

Do not trust him, gentle lady,  
Tho' his voice be low and sweet;  
Heed not him who kneels before you,  
Gently pleading at thy feet.  
Now thy life is in its morning,  
Cloud not this thy happy lot;  
Listen to the gipsy's warning,  
Gentle lady, trust him not.  
Listen to, etc.

Do not turn so coldly from me,  
I would only guard thy youth  
From his stern and withering power;  
I would only tell thee truth.  
I would shield thee from all danger;  
Save thee from the tempter's snare.  
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,  
I have warn'd thee, now, beware.  
Lady, shun, etc.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,  
Pure and bright, and, like thee, fair,  
But he wooed and wooed and won her,  
Filled her gentle heart with care.  
Then he heeded not her weeping,  
Nor cared he her life to save,  
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping  
In the cold and silent grave.  
Soon she perished, etc.

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it!  
Lady, I have prayed for this,  
For the hour when I might foil him,  
Rob him of expected bliss.  
Gentle lady, do not wonder  
At my words, so cold and wild;  
Lady, in that green grave yonder,  
Lies the gipsy's only child.  
Lady, in that, etc.

BROWNIE is so much obliged to Aiguille

for telling her how to make cork frames, she will certainly try and make some. She also wants to know if she could get the pattern of the fichu on pages 212 and 213 of the April number, from Madame Goubaud, and if that particular shape has a special name; she would also be much obliged if Sylvia could tell her how much stuff it would take. Could any friend suggest some thick sort of glove (not leather) for archery, as I can't shoot well in tips. [We give the pattern of the fichu with this number.]

ALPHA writes: I have been a subscriber to your much admired YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for many years, now I do not know what to do with them. I should be so much obliged if you could tell me how I can dispose of them; they are much too good for waste paper, being in very good condition, and so full of interesting anecdotes and fancy-work of all kinds.

MRS. R. would feel obliged if you could let her know in "Our Drawing-room" next month how the tablier tunics, with sash ends, are finished at the waist; are they sewn into a waistband, or attached to the bodice, or best worn with them, as she is going to make one from the cut-out paper pattern given some time ago. [They are sewn on a band which buttons or hooks at the back.]

ELVINA presents her best compliments to Sylvia, and she will be so grateful for a little advice about her dear boy, only six months old, his little right leg is slightly curved, commonly known as bow-legged. What can be done for it? In other respects he is such a beauty, and so interesting, so good-tempered. Would Sylvia mind giving her counsel in that most useful YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. [Sylvia sympathises deeply with Elvina, but could not venture to advise her on such an important matter, which is one that demands immediately a clever surgeon's opinion. Do not delay.]

NETTIE will be obliged if the Editor will reply to the following questions, or if he cannot, will some of his correspondents. What is a suitable dress for confirmation, for an unmarried lady of 29, who is rather younger-looking than her age? [White cashmere or white alpaca. White piqué might do. [Should a veil or cap be worn? [Either.] How should the hair be dressed for that occasion, may frizzettes be worn? [The hair may be done as usual.] Nettie's hair is very thin and short, so how could she do it at all with some additional hair and pads? [The catogan is still the most popular style of doing the hair. It is very easily arranged with false hair.]

MARY has been a subscriber to your valuable magazine for many years, and looks forward to its arrival every month. This is the first time Mary has ventured to write, and hopes the Editor will not think her imposing on his kindness. Mary asks if a young gentleman desired a kiss from a young lady, should she comply with his wishes at once, or not? [I should say not, unless the young lady and young gentleman were engaged to be married to each other.] What excuse could she make if in want of one? [No excuse would be necessary, since it is not usual for young ladies to kiss young gentlemen whenever they ask. If it were, they would always be asking.] And if she gave the kiss would she be thought fast? [Her lady friends would think so, and say so. Her gentlemen friends would think so, but perhaps not say so.] And if she refused, would she be thought rude? [No, for it is the gentleman who is rude to ask it.] Mary will be very thankful for the Editor's answers in your next number.

A YOUNG WELSH WOMAN would feel grateful if Sylvia would kindly answer the following questions. Will black silk polonaises be worn over coloured skirts this summer? [No.] Will plain or frilled skirts be most fashionable? [Both will be worn.] Could toilet mats and nightdress cases be braided with white, or would coloured braid be required? [They can

be braided in white.] Of what material should bread and cheese cloths be made? [A folded napkin is used.] A crochet thing or what would be more suitable for putting on toilet glasses when they are placed in windows? [They can be trimmed with white muslin over pink, or a pretty light chintz edged with lace and ribbon bows.] With what would it be best to trim a dress of the enclosed pattern, for a young lady of twenty? Could it be trimmed with the same material? [Yes.] And what kind of button would be best? [Black.] With what would it be best to trim a black straw hat for summer? I would like it to be all black, as it is to be worn with different coloured dresses. [Trim your hat with black silk or velvet.] When one gives a pair of slippers to a gentleman, should they be made up before being given? [The slippers need not be made up before being given.] "Carrie" will find that her excellent suggestion has been complied with.

BESSIE YATES presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would be greatly obliged if she could give a braided pattern of a gentleman's smoking cap in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. Bessie is so well pleased with the magazine, she shows it to all her friends, and has succeeded in getting three of them to take it in. [If we can manage this, we will, but we are asked for so many different patterns, that it is impossible to give all.]

OLIVE. [Several of our subscribers had asked for the pattern you object to. We are constantly asked for patterns for children's clothing, but no doubt you are right to a great extent. Charles Halle's Practical Pianoforte School is in five sections. Each section is divided into several parts, and the price of these parts is from 2s. to 2s. 6d. each.]

*Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged for at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.*

E. T. B. thanks her correspondents for orders; she still sends clean M.S. songs. Ildagonda, She Wandered Down, etc., from 6d.; long list of others; point-lace, butterflies, 6d.; tuckers, 1s. 6d.; lace begun or finished, and any article made at moderate charges; tatting, from 3d. Wanted, "Cassell's Magazine" for "Englishwoman's Domestic," posted 21st. Post Office, Teignmouth.

Y. Z. knits mats, 3s. a pair; makes handkerchief cases, painted, 3s. 6d.; has Berlin stripe for ottoman, 4s.; would be glad of orders. Address, Y. Z., Post Office, Charlton, Blandford, Dorset.

TWO YOUNG LADIES reduced by misfortune, who are clever in darning and mending, will be grateful for employment. Address with Editor.

DOROTHY FOX has babies' knitted gloves and boots in Berlin wool, at 1s. a pair, also boots in elder wool at 1s. 6d. I have also a large, handsome knitted quilt, price 16s. I will send a pattern and particulars to any one wishing it. If you will put this in, it will be greatly helping. Address, Dorothy Fox, Post Office, Swindon, Wilts.

The writer of the articles on Bee-keeping in "E. D. M." will have a few swarms of bees to part with during May and June in the order of application, price 10s. 6d., straw hive included. Address, Rev. H. P. D., Wood Bastwick Vicarage, Norwich.

C. S. S., an invalid lady, in reduced circumstances, will be most grateful to receive orders for work, both useful and fancy articles. A list of prices and kind of work done, will be sent on receipt of two postage stamps. Address, C. S. S., care of Mr. Walker, 22, Market Place, Leicester. No post cards.

MISS CLYDE, Northdown Lodge, Bideford,

sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, or 100 leaves, for 12 stamps.

M. A. U. has a new Howe B sewing machine to dispose of; cost £8, will take £5; will do any kind of work. Apply to 22, Stockwell Road, London, S.W. [See Rules.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

*To the Editor of*

THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

*Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.*

*(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)*

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.

3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.

4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.

5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN's Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.

6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.

7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.

8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.

P. L. P. writes: Will you kindly permit the insertion of this in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN's "Exchange" for May. I wrote last year, inclosing some words of songs, etc., that had been asked for, but no notice was taken of my letter, may I hope that this will not meet the same fate. I have several pieces of music to dispose of, all in good condition, being nearly new: Les Deux Anges, (Blumenthal), 1s. 6d.; Fantasia on Mosé in Egitto (Thalberg), 2s. 6d. (marked 7s.); Sonata (Beethoven), 2s.; L' Eglantine (T. W. Nauman), 1s.; Sonata (Beethoven) Op. 30, 1s. 6d. [See Rules for "Exchange."] My mother and myself like the magazine very much indeed, the cut-out patterns are so very good and useful; ditto Sylvia's letters. We wish the magazine much success. Address, P. L. P., Post Office, Framlingham, Suffolk.

C. H. B. has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1870, 71, 72, 73 complete, and in good order (except the numbers for Jan. and Feb. 71). Also the diagram sheets, with two exceptions. I should be glad to dispose of them at 4d. a number. I have also a pretty lace plastron (real Maltese) quite new, cost 7s. 6d., which I wish to exchange for something pretty and useful. Address, C. H. B., The Willows, Thorpe S. Andrew, Norwich.

A. M. G. has the following songs to part with: The Gipsy's Warning, 1s. 3d.; Shy Robin, 1s. 3d.; I Love to Hear thy Gentle Voice, 1s. Also some very handsome watch pockets, in silk velvet and beads, large size; 5s. per pair; or A. M. G. will exchange them for something useful.

B. W. has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1874, which she will dispose of at half-price. Address, B. W., 13, Dunsford Villas, Merton Road, Wandsworth.

MARIE has the following music; and songs to dispose of, in good condition, viz.: Musical Box (Leybach), new, 1s. 6d.; La Prière d'une Vierge (Badarzewska), 9d.; The Lurline

Waltzes (D'Albert), 1s.; Souvenir de Bal (Tralery), 1s. Songs, Milly's Faith (Claribel), 1s. 3d.; O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove (Sullivan), 1s.; Little Nell (Linley), 9d.; How shall I say Farewell (Mattachs), 6d.; Ring on, Sweet Angelus, in F (Gounod), new, 1s. 6d. Marie would either sell them, or take in exchange the following songs: Ring on, Sweet Angelus, in F (Gounod); Officer's Funeral (Hon. Mrs. Barton); Captive Greek Girl (Miss Pardoe); know Bridge, Pulaski's Banner, Excelsi-or-den (Lindsay); Strangers Yet, Half a Nation (Claribel); The Nightingale's Song, the soft Skipper and His Boy (Gabriel). long 11 Miss D., Post Office, Brendon, nan and Devon.

VIOLET would be pleased to exchange with it, of the following songs: Music of the Words; music of On the Wind, or the Thanks Call; Sleep, Gentle Sister, for the old in the song; We'd Better Bide a Wee. She has Les Cloches du Monastère, Nocturne Warblings at Eve, Morceau de Salon, Fr. Gouttes d'Eau, Caprice Etude, one of which she would like to exchange for Les Jets d'Eau. Please address J., Post Office, Enderby, Leicestershire. [See Rule 5.]

JENNIE has for exchange the following songs, with music accompaniment for the piano: The Grecian Bend; Dressed in a Dolly Varden; Her Love Won Mine; O Do not Ask Me, all quite new, which she would like to exchange for, I Won't be a Nun, and Janet's Choice; Good Bye, Sweetheart; It's Hard to Give the Hand. Jennie has also a large, handsome, black carved, scented necklace, with massive cross attached, it consists of three strings, which she would be glad to exchange for a smelling-bottle for the chateleine. Address, Miss Simms, Paris House, Fakenham, Norfolk. [See Rule 5.]

MISS S. LORAINÉ has a quantity of music remarkably cheap; send for list to Miss S. Loraine, 82, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney. [See Rule 5.]

JESSAMINE has the following pieces and songs to dispose of at a low rate, as they are slightly soiled: Pieces, Brooklet Whispers, 9d.; God Save the Queen, with variations, 6d.; Gaetana (Mazurka), 9d.; Ten Little Negro Boys, with variations, 9d.; If Wishes Were Horses, 9d.; Then and Now, 9d. I will send each of these post-free on receipt of stamps for the amount, or the whole for 4s. Would not object to any article of jewellery, but would prefer a fancy ring to anything else. Address, Miss Luff, Mrs. Mann's, Gisleham, Wangford. [See Rule 5.]

ALPHA has some harp music she wishes to dispose of, consisting of "The First Six Weeks Instruction," also preludes, exercises, airs, and variations, either for sale or exchange. Also the whole of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1874, so full of interest and fancy needlework patterns, and many numbers as far back as 1867, all in good condition; also a great number of soprano songs. Address, "Alpha," 25, Grosvenor, Bath. [See Rule 5.]

MARGUERITE wishes to obtain, in good condition, "The Gay worthys," by Mrs. Whitney, and "Prince of the House of David," by Rev. J. H. Ingraham, both in the Lily Series. Marguerite would give in exchange a very pretty aluminium locket, or chain with gold clasp. Address, Mrs. Wilmot, Fylton, near Bristol, Gloucestershire. [See Rule 5.]

M. M. has for exchange a child's new-fashioned iron crib and mattress, both nearly new; large enough for a child of four or five years, would exchange for black or brown quilted satin petticoat, or material for dress, or other offers. The crib and mattress are worth 25s., the crib being 18s. and mattress 12s. 6d. when bought. Address, Mrs. Mennick, 10, Lansdowne Street, Hove, Brighton, Sussex. [See Rule 5.]





THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
 The "Young Englishwoman"





JUNE, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### I.—OF YOUNG LADIES GENERALLY.

WE recognize the young lady as a very important member of the body social and politic, deserving of the utmost and most respectful attention; and we propose to devote a few papers to the consideration of her in her various aspects. There are, perhaps, some folks—old, sour, and cynical—who consider her as an insignificant person, who may some day develope into a wife, a superintendent of cookery and stocking-mending, and who, perhaps, a dozen or fifteen years previously, might have been an interesting child, but who is now in a transition state, with all her hopes fixed on the future, and engaged in the pursuit of husband hunting, with which object in view she gives a great deal of time to dressing, flirting, pianoforte playing, promenading, croquet, and Badminton playing, and making herself attractive and fascinating generally. That is the sour cynic's view of the case. He is most likely an old bachelor who missed his chance of getting an attractive and good wife, or, from some defects of his own, never had a chance. Or, perhaps he is the father of a large family who finds his girls hang on hand, and grudges all the money he has spent—wasted, he now thinks—in preparing them for the matrimonial market. As disappointed people generally do, he now turns round altogether, discourages and complains of what he formerly recommended, and indeed enforced; tells his daughters they are silly and frivolous, and that they had better improve their minds and learn to make puddings.

It is, we hope, needless to say that we have no sympathy with such dismal portraiture of young ladyism. We are not of the kind who prefer gloom to sunlight, who would plant a garden with cypresses and funeral yews, and exclude pretty flowers and bright foliage. It is not necessary to be a young man—to whom, of course, from the sympathy of youth and a cheerful spirit, still more from that universal tendency to admiration which has existed ever since the world began, and, no doubt, will exist until planetary attraction or some other potent cause makes an end of us altogether—it is not necessary, we say, to be young to admire, and admire very much indeed, the young ladies whom we meet every day in society. Life is not so divided into independent sections that we can pass from one stage to another in an entirely disconnected and independent manner. Our individuality remains, and memory is the connecting link which binds childhood, youth, maturity, and old age in the one being. Very often a grave, plodding business man, who buys and sells, who schemes and speculates, whose chief library is the ledgers in his safe, hears a childish laugh and sees the merry face of a little petticoated fairy, and, for a moment, there is a flash of light into his mind that tells him the child of the past still lives in the man whose exterior is so hard and precise. Fathers look at their young daughters, graceful, gay, loving, young voyagers on the ocean of life, not quite certain (not thinking much, indeed, about it) whither the currents will carry them, but with the frank



courage of youth, gathering flowers while they may, and very heartily and cheerfully enjoying the life they find ready to them; and fathers love their daughters the more, not only for what they are, but for what they suggest to the memories they awake. We have read absurd stories of the sounds of musical instruments being frozen up till genial warmth thawed the music and then came the trills and cadences of the tune. Old memories, loves, delicate gossamer-like threads of thought, are sometimes frozen up in the human heart, till a smile, an indefinable, indescribable play of the features, melts them into the music of memory, which seems to us to be a part of the eternal harmony in which we hope to share.

Why cannot we write about young ladies without being just a little sentimental? That is what practical people say. Chat to them, retail odds and ends of gossip; talk to them about fashions and fancies, dresses, garden-parties, flirtations, and pet dogs; the last beauty who has come out, or the last bride who has bidden farewell to girlhood. We will talk of these things in proper time and place. We have set our minds on writing a few sketches of the essay kind, of which young ladies will be the subject, and there will be many opportunities for light touches. But at present we prefer to consider them as the most attractive form of the youth of the busy world, the garlands which hang on the grey buttresses of the venerable social fabric, the flowers which brighten up the somewhat Gothic sombreness of our way of life.

It would be a very grave misapprehension of the qualities of human nature to suppose that girls do not think and feel a great deal more than they always wish to express. There are many highly sensitive and emotional natures concealed under the calm exterior which the observances of our social life enforce. Why do girls like to read poetry and novels, but because they have sympathetic natures? We do not, of course, refer to those utterly commonplace young people—there are dull, commonplace people of all ages—who skip all that more sensitive minds enjoy most, and turn to the end of the third volume, to see whether Lady Gertrude really marries Lord Algernon, and if the author has described her dress and mentioned the number of bridesmaids at the wedding; but to those who are capable of ideal enjoyment, who take pleasure in the development of character, of which they find in themselves the germ of the emotions of which they feel themselves capable. It is a good thing, a very good thing, to have glimpses of an ideal world, glimpses which, as Keats says, shall "make us less forlorn," and if the refined intellect finds in the book-

case the companionship of minds communion with which elevates and strengthens it, why should it be made a reproach that, at that time of life when imagination is most vivid and sympathies most active, fiction and poetry supply the means of recreation to young minds, of which readily awakened sympathies, quick perceptions, and generous enthusiasm are certainly not unlovely features.

Not only the young ladies themselves, but their surrounding associations, will form the subject of our proposed essays. We shall show what young ladies were thought of, how they were permitted to pass their time and amuse themselves, how they were educated and taken care of, in those to us picturesque, but really very unpleasant middle ages. We shall have something to say of the young ladies of a better time, the light, clever sisterhood, for instance, of well-read, witty, good girls, who made the gallants of that wonderful Elizabethan time not only write romances and poems about them, odes to their eyes and sonnets to their eyebrows, but made them respect them too, and so laid the foundation of that more equal social life which women now enjoy. There were the young ladies, cultivated, charming, wise, and witty, of whom Shakespeare was thinking when he drew Rosalind, Beatrice, Portia, and a dozen other true-hearted, clear-headed, womanly women. Then we shall have a few words to say about the young ladies of the "teacup times of hood and hoop," the town toasts, and modest rustic beauties, who smile on us through the pages of Addison's grave *badinage*, and Pope's half-quizzing, all-admiring, burlesque heroines, and live again to us as we read of courtly Kensington and the old-fashioned manor houses in more rural spots. The young ladies of fiction and the young ladies of fact will be side by side in our sketches. but we are free to confess, in advance, that we prefer the realities to the pictures, however cleverly painted. We shall pay due attention to the young lady who loves literature, and to her who is devoted to science, to the pleasure-seeking and the pleasure-going young lady, in society and at home; the young lady engaged, and the young lady—not married for she then passes out of the sphere of our present observation—but in the character of bridesmaid (we shall have much to say about the awful responsibilities attending such a position); and when we have laid down our pen, if the sketches we have made do not support our opening remark as to the value and importance of young ladies generally, the fault will be in ourselves, not in the subject, and due to our want of skill, not want of will.

THE EDITOR.





## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## V.—UNDER THE OAKS.

NOT many weeks after the preceding incidents, Bergan went out, early one afternoon, for a long, solitary ramble. It was not his wont to leave his office before dusk, but his head ached with study, and his heart with loneliness and discouragement; an intolerable weariness and irksomeness had taken possession of him; his book seemed meaningless, and his brain paralyzed; there was nothing for it but to turn from the world of thought that had suddenly grown so insufferably arid and dead, to the living, breathing world of nature. Forest, and field, and wave, if they could not give him intelligent sympathy, could at least furnish him gentle distraction.

And, oftentimes, there was a subtle harmony, almost amounting to sympathy, between his lonely moods, and the soft, rich, yet melancholy, Southern landscape,—for melancholy it always seemed to him, though that effect may have been partly owing to the grey medium of isolation and depression through which he viewed it. But, whatever its origin, this gentle mournfulness was the landscape's consummate charm,—at least, for any burdened human heart. It is possible that Eden wore a soft grace of pensive beauty after the fall, which Adam and Eve, wandering back thither, would have counted a dearer delight, in their then mood, than its old, unshadowed brightness.

On his way out, Bergan found Nix stretched at full length across the threshold. With the usual preference of his race for masculine over feminine society, the dog had early attached himself to the young man, as much as was consistent with a different ownership. He now rose, shook himself, wagged his tail, and looked wistfully in Bergan's face. Meeting with no rebuff, he made bold to follow him.

Leaving the town behind as quickly as possible, Bergan first struck into a long, lonely lane, shut in, on either side, by a thick border of multifarious foliage. Trees and shrubs, both deciduous and evergreen, not only mingled their boughs along its sides, but were tied together in an intricate polygamous knot by tangled vines. There was an endless diversity of form and colour,—every shape of leaf, and every hue and shade of green and brown, with occasional tints of red, purple, and orange, both pale and bright—and everywhere the grey fringe of the Spanish moss.

By and by, the lane terminated in the inevitable pine barren, which frames all Southern landscape pictures. It stretched away, in every direction, as far as the eye could reach,—a vast, dim solitude, with a thick, blue-green roof, upheld by innumerable slender columns, and a carpet of

fallen needles, on which the foot fell without a sound. A mysterious sigh pervaded it, even when no breeze was astir; its light was but a gentle gloom; and it had a soft, aromatic atmosphere of its own, as if it were another world. No fitter place could have been found for the indulgence of a youthful day dream, with enough of inherent light and colour to overcome the prevailing sombreness, or, at least, to set itself in stronger relief against so darksome a background. But to Bergan, the vast, dim monotony, with its suggestive correspondence to the circumstances of his own life, brought only added heartache. The chance openings into the sky were so few, and the sunshine never fell save flickeringly, at the farther extremity of some long vista! He soon began to yearn for outlook and aspiration, some spot affording at least a glimpse of the surrounding world, as well as a fair look at the open sky. Happily, he knew where to find it.

Long since, he had discovered for himself a convenient and attractive out-door haunt,—a kind of natural amphitheatre, on the edge of one of the numerous bays, or creeks, of the vicinity. Great, patriarchal live-oaks, with hoary beards of moss trailing even to the ground, had ranged themselves in a semi-circle, on a high bank, overlooking the water. Standing in attitudes of ponderous grace, each one scattered shade and quietude over fifty, sixty, or, it might be, a hundred, feet of sward. Through a broad opening, in the midst of the dignified circle, the cheerful sunshine fell unbrokenly; and on the water-side there was a fair stretch of blue waves, with a sea-green horizon-line afar; and over all, a wide half-dome of sky, with its changeable tracery of clouds, and its transparent concord of colour. It was hard to believe that the hand of man had not wrought with that of nature, to produce a spot so perfect. Many a sunset had Bergan enjoyed there; many a twilight had he mused away, under the rustling oak-boughs; many a time the rising moon had found him there, and surrounded him with weird enchantment.

All along, this spot had been the goal of his steps, though—by way of trying first what help and heart were to be found in exercise—he had chosen to reach it by a most circumlocutory route. So far as he knew, it was his own, by right of occupancy, as well as discovery; never had it showed a sign that it knew the pressure of any other human foot.

As he drew near, the sun was sending long, slanting beams of ruddy light athwart the amphitheatre, and dyeing the polished oak-leaves in rich tints of gold and orange. He quickened his steps, the sooner to reach the point

whence sunset-splendours were to be seen to the best advantage; and upon which he had taken occasion to construct a low rustic seat.

To his amazement, it was already occupied. A lady was quietly seated therein, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes (as he judged from her *pose*, for her back was toward him) fixed on the glowing sky.

He stopped short, uncertain whether to advance or retreat.

Nix—who had lingered behind, to make a feint of hunting a squirrel—settled the question for him. Coming upon the scene, he first sniffed the air, and then dashed at the intruder. Fearing lest his intentions might be unfriendly—or, at least, that the lady would be startled by his sudden appearance, Bergan sternly called after him—

“Nix! Nix! Here! Come back, you scamp!”

But Nix, if he heard, certainly did not heed. He was fawning upon the lady, in a way to indicate a previous acquaintance of considerable standing and intimacy. She, on her part, received his rude caresses quite as a matter of course, and cordially patted his rough head. Then she turned to Bergan.

“Nix does not mean to be disobedient,” said she, apologetically. “Only, he recognizes in me an older friend than Mr. Arling, and, perhaps,” she smiled, “a superseding authority.”

Bergan bowed. “He is fortunate,” said he; “that is, in finding a friend, old or new, where he did not look for one.”

He spoke with a slight bitterness of tone, in involuntary recognition of the fact that no such pleasant discovery was ever the reward of his own aimless rambles. At the same time, he looked curiously at the lady, seeking a clue to her identity. She had seemed to know him; yet he could not remember that he had ever met her before.

Apparently, she was young; certainly, she was small, and somewhat slender. Without being absolutely pretty, her face was exceedingly interesting, by reason of its mobility and vivacity of expression; albeit, its changes were not always to be easily understood, nor its language at once interpreted. Her eyes were of the darkest grey, with a clear and penetrative glance, that seemed to go straight to the depths of whatever object they sought. Her manner, though perfectly feminine, had an air of strength and energy, in marked contrast with the languid grace which is the more frequent product of Southern soil. She was very simply dressed; in some soft, grey material, the one beauty of which was its ability to fall in artistic folds about her figure; nevertheless, there was a certain pleasant peculiarity, a kind of sober picturesqueness, about her attire, that lifted it more surely out of the region of the common-place than any richness of texture, or newness of fashion, could have done. Moreover, it satisfied the eye with a sense of fitness; it was plainly the legitimate outgrowth of the wearer's character. Not

that it bid defiance to fashion, but it did not conform to it to the extent of a complete sacrifice of individuality.

Her only ornament was a cluster of bright scarlet leaves, that she had doubtless found on her way thither, and fastened on her breast; and which an opportune sun ray now touched into vivid splendour. This, too, suited her. It seemed the subtle outward expression of some correspondingly warm and rich characteristic within; glowing soft against the grey texture of an otherwise grave, earnest, almost severe character. It might be sparkling wit, or warm affections, or both, that were thus pleasantly symbolized.

She met Bergan's curious glance with a quiet smile, that seemed to understand its object, and enjoy, beforehand, its discomfiture. She even answered it with a brief scrutiny, that was scarcely less in earnest, though not at all puzzled—scarcely, even, inquiring.

At this moment, the sun suddenly disappeared. The two faces, that had been so clearly and ruddily lit up by his declining beams, were left pale and shadowed, looking at each other under the solemn old trees; through the branches of which the wind now began to whisper softly, as if moved to utter some sombre prediction, which yet it could not make quite plain.

“Do you believe in omens?” asked the young lady, with a kind of playful shiver.

“Not at all,” answered Bergan, looking a little surprised.

“It is as well that you do not. For I suspect that they are like certain modes of medical treatment: they require a large element of faith to make them efficacious. And, to say truth, neither do I believe in them; except in a poetical way. If I did, I should say that this sudden shadow augurs but badly for our future acquaintance, and influence upon each other.”

“If it means,” replied Bergan, “that we are to know sunshine and shade together, little more could be predicted, or desired, of any earthly acquaintance.”

“Perhaps not. Still, as I *do* believe in omens, as I said before, in a poetical way, I am glad to see that the sun is not really set, after all. He only sank into a deceptive line of cloud. There! he comes forth again, to give us another bright glance before his final leaving. And, in order to leave the omen in its present satisfactory state, I will anticipate his departure. Good evening.”

Slightly inclining her head, as she passed Bergan, she quickly disappeared under the low-hanging oak boughs.

Nix looked after her, for a moment; then he turned to Bergan, as if wondering why he did not go, too. Seeing no sign of departure, he was about to fling himself upon the ground, when a clear, sweet whistle suddenly sounded from the direction which the young lady had taken. Pricking up his ears, he instantly set off at a great pace; leaving Bergan with a vague sadness, as having been deserted by his last friend.

However, the feeling was but momentary. Very

quickly he turned to the consideration of the interesting question who his late interlocutor might be. Running over in his mind all the branches of the family of Bergan, in the neighbourhood (of which there were several, more or less direct), he soon decided that she did not harmonize with what he knew of any of them. Yet she had seemed to know him; and to think, and even to intimate, that they were likely to meet again, and possibly to exert a degree of influence upon each other's lives. And still, as he pondered and questioned, the oak trees kept whispering overhead, with all their multitudinous tongues, an apparently full, but unintelligible, explanation.

He bewildered himself with conjectures, until all the sunset tints had faded from the sky, and darkness was fast gathering under the oak boughs. Then he rose, and went his solitary way homeward.

Arrived at Mrs. Lyte's gate, it seemed to him that there was an unusual stir and liveliness about the house. Certainly, a broad beam of life was shining across the hall, from a door that he had never before seen open. Ere he could think what these things betokened, Cathie came running to meet him, with a great piece of news in her beaming face.

"Oh! Mr. Arling!" she exclaimed, in almost breathless delight, "Astra has come!"

The mystery was at an end. Indeed it could scarcely have been a mystery, but for two concurrent circumstances. In the first place, knowing Miss Lyte to be an artist—or at least, an art-student—and possessed of a sufficiently independent character and spirit, he had unconsciously sketched a portrait of her in his fancy, very different from the original; taller, larger, with more colour, and, certainly, less feminine. And, secondly, only the day before, he had heard Mrs. Lyte lamenting that her daughter would not be at home for another month.

A sudden turn of circumstances, however, had wrought an equally sudden change in Miss Lyte's plans; and, taking advantage of the opportune escort afforded by a business trip of a friend, she had journeyed southward with such celerity as to outstrip the letter of announcement that she had dispatched, a day before her departure from New York. Reaching home almost immediately after Bergan had gone out for his solitary stroll, she had spent the afternoon in a long, earnest, circumstantial talk with her mother; discussing her plans and prospects; throwing off, with careless fluency, vivid picture upon picture of her art life and work in the city; listening eagerly to interjectional items of home news; and cheering Mrs. Lyte's heart, through and through, with her bright spirits, her ready, yet healthful, sympathy, and the inspiring energy both of her manner and mind. With the very sight of her, more than half the widow's burden of sorrow and care had slipped unconsciously from her shoulders.

Finally, toward sunset, foreseeing an unusual amount of sky splendour, she had gone forth for a brief enjoyment of it to her old, favourite haunt,—the oak glade which

Bergan had also discovered and taken into favour. Meeting the young man there, she had instantly recognized him—by reason of Nix's suggestive companionship, and her mother's recent description—and had taken an innocent pleasure in subjecting him to a transient mystification.

"She gave us *such* a surprise," went on Cathie, joyously. "Mamma almost fainted, and I—guess what I did, Mr. Arling."

To please her, Bergan guessed what he supposed to be the most unlikely thing; and so, in consequence of the child's peculiar character, he guessed right.

"Doubtless you cried," said he.

"So I did," replied Cathie, opening her eyes wide, "though I can't see how you knew it. But I thought I was laughing all the time, till Astra asked me why I was so sorry to see her, and offered to go away again 'if the sight of her was so painful!' And *that* made me laugh in good earnest. And, oh, Mr. Arling, do come and see her little white boy! She has just been unpacking him, to show him to mamma."

"Willingly," replied Bergan, "if you are sure that she would like me to see him."

"I'll ask her," replied Cathie, darting through the open doorway at the left, whence came the broad beam of light aforementioned, and through which Bergan caught a glimpse of Mrs. Lyte's black-draped figure, seated at the farther corner of the room, in an attitude of pleased contemplation of some object not within his range of vision.

The next moment Miss Lyte herself appeared on the threshold, and, seeing by his face that his mystification was over, she frankly held out her hand to him.

"So you have found me out!" said she, laughing. "Was it wicked in me not to answer that look in your eyes, which said so plainly, 'Who on earth *can* she be?' Can you pardon my selfish enjoyment of your perplexity?"

"A perplexity that ends so pleasantly deserves thanks rather than pardon," returned Bergan.

And having answered Mrs. Lyte's cordial greeting, and congratulated her upon the event which had brought such unaccustomed radiance into her face, Bergan turned, with a pardonable curiosity—or it might more fitly be termed, an inevitable interest—to glance around the room in which he found himself. Never before had he happened to enter that middle ground between the airiest ideal and the earthliest real which is occupied by a sculptor's studio.

---

## VI.

### OF CLAY.

BERGAN'S first glance around the studio was necessarily a comprehensive one, dealing with general effect rather than minute detail. A large, though not a lofty, room; a bare

floor; walls crowded with designs and studies; four or five busts and statues standing around the sides, and the life-size figure of a child in the middle, of the room;—this was what that first glance revealed to him.

Cathie gave him no time for a second. "Look at the dear little boy, Mr. Arling; do look at him!" she exclaimed, joining her hands over her head, and executing a rapturous *pas seul* around the object of her delight. "See his cunning little whip, and his funny little feet; and isn't he a little white darling!"

Thus besought, Bergan turned his attention to the statue in the midst.

At first sight it seemed to represent merely a pretty and playful human child, with a toy whip in his hand, his head half turned over one shoulder, and an arch and roguish expression, as if bent on some errand of mischief. But, while Bergan continued to gaze, fascinated, the small physiognomy seemed to grow wily and malign, as well as arch; and an intelligence, far more swift and subtle than ever infant of mortal race was gifted withal, informed the tiny features. The light feet, too, were plainly moved by deliberate purpose of guile rather than childish impulse, and on their soles broad sinuate leaves were bound, either for protection or disguise.

Bergan looked at the figure long and earnestly, enjoying its delicate freshness and piquancy, but trying in vain to fathom its meaning.

"What will-o'-the-wisp is it?" he finally asked. "And what is he doing, with his soft cunning and smiling malice?"

"He is a god," replied Astra. "As to his errand, it is the laudable one of cattle-stealing."

"It seems to be a case of very early depravity," said Bergan, smiling, yet puzzled.

"Early enough to be termed 'original sin,'" returned Astra. "For

'The babe was born at the first peep of day \* \*  
And the same evening did he steal away  
Apollo's herds.'—

Did you ever read Homer's 'Hymn to Mercury'?"

"Never. Indeed, I am not quite sure that I ever heard of it," replied Bergan. "Is it usually counted among his works?"

"I think so; though it is fair to say that his authorship of it has been questioned. At any rate, Shelley has put it into very musical English verse; and there I found my subject. The circumstances of Mercury's birth being first narrated, the new-born immortal is described as 'a babe all other babes excelling,' and also a subtle schemer and thief. He first invents the lyre, and accompanies his own impromptu song of 'plastic verse' with it; then he is 'seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,' and betakes himself to the Pierian mountains, where Apollo's 'immortal oxen' are feeding. Separating fifty from the herd,

'He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,  
But, being ever mindful of his craft,—

that is to say, his inborn guile,—

'Backward and forward drove he them astray,  
So that the tracks, which seemed before, were aft:  
His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,  
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft  
Of tamarisk and tamarisk-like twig,'—

"I see," said Bergan, smiling. "The consummate little rogue!"

Astra went on:—

"And on his feet he bound these sandals light,  
The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray  
His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,  
He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight,—

driving the stolen cattle before him, of course. And this is the moment at which I have sought to represent him."

"And very perfectly you have succeeded," said Bergan, admiringly. "The arch cunning and malice of the face is simply wonderful. Indeed, it seems to me that the statue lacks but one thing."

"And what is that," said Astra, quickly; at the same time flashing a swift, searching glance at her work, as if she would fain have anticipated the criticism.

"It does not tell how the story ended."

"Oh!" said Astra, looking both relieved and amused. "I am glad that you did not keep me waiting so long as Michael Angelo did poor Domenico."

"How long was that, pray?"

"You shall hear. Domenico Ghirlandaio, a celebrated Florentine painter, having completed a picture of St. Francis, upon which he had exhausted his utmost skill, and which seemed to him to be perfect, sent for a young artist of great promise, Buonarrotti by name (who had also been his pupil), and asked for his opinion of the work. The young man contemplated it for some moments, said gravely, 'It needs but one thing,' and departed. The master remained, to study the picture anew, to pore over it hour after hour, and day after day, and rack his brain with the question what it needed. Years after, when Buonarrotti had become Michael Angelo, and filled the world with his fame, Domenico sent for him to come to his death-chamber. 'What did the picture need,' he asked, faintly. 'Only speech,' replied Michael Angelo. The old master smiled,—and died."

"It is a touching story," said Bergan. "And it is almost an allegory, too. For 'only speech' is so often the great need of life! All our deepest feeling and best thoughts are inarticulate. But am I to be indulged with the rest of *this* story, also?" he added, turning again to the statue.

"I will give it you in brief," replied Astra, "by way of whetting your appetite for the richer savours of the poem itself. Having driven his stolen cattle to Alpheus, the infant god selected two fat heifers for sacrifice. And here, it seems to me, is one of the finest touches in the



—' his mind became aware

Nor must it be said that the spectator may be dazzled by the artist's enthusiasm into awarding the work higher praise than a cooler judgment would sanction. For just here lies the truth which is too often overlooked in criticism, both of literature and art. If the critic be not in sympathy with the worker, if he do not, in some measure, behold the work through his eyes, if he cannot discern what was attempted as well as what is attained, then his

eyes will be partially holden both from the beauties and the faults of the work. For nothing, in life or art, was meant to be looked at by itself. Everything is related to something else; each helps all. The moment wherein the spectator's mood and the artist's work make sweet harmony, is the moment of correct appreciation.

If Bergan did not understand what an illumination the presence of Miss Lyte threw over her work, he was fully conscious that her work shed a transfiguring light over her. The face under the whispering oak boughs was not the same as this in the studio. That had been simply bright and mobile, with a spice of *espièglerie*; this was all alight and astir with genius. Miss Lyte's very hand partook of the transformation. Bergan had happened to notice its symmetrical shape, as revealed by a careless gesture, at their first meeting; but he now decided that it was not so much its beauty which had attracted his attention, as a certain peculiarity of delicate energy and adroitness, which ought of itself to have suggested its artistic skill.

Bergan's eye fell next on the pedestal of the Mercury, improvised by turning up on end the packing-box in which it had arrived. The lid lay on the floor, in two pieces, and was surmounted by a sturdy-looking hammer and chisel. Bergan's glance went back to that slender hand, with an unconscious question in it, which Astra was quick to understand.

"Why not?" she said, with a smile. "Of course, I might have called in old Cato to open the box; but he would have done it so slowly and awkwardly that I should have suffered tortures in watching him; it was easier to do it myself. To be sure," she went on, taking up the hammer and chisel, "these are not quite so fit for a lady's hands as the lighter and slenderer implements that I use in modelling; but I like them well, nevertheless. It would go hard with me here, in this quiet country town, away from all aids and appliances of art, if I were not on very good terms with purely mechanical labour. I made the mould, from which that cast was taken, myself;" she pointed to the Mercury.

Bergan looked as if he scarcely understood.

"I suppose you are aware," pursued Astra, "that the word 'sculptor' is a misnomer now-a-days. The real sculpture—that is, the marble cutting—except a few finishing touches, is done by artisans skilled in that work. The plaster casts are made by regular casters, from moulds taken from clay models. These last only are the work of the artist throughout, shaped by his fingers, and informed by his thought. See, here is the raw material of my work!"

She pointed to a large triangular box in one corner of her closet, filled with fine, moist clay. She even leaned over it, and inhaled its earthy odour, with a kind of affection.

Bergan also looked into it so long, so silently, and with so meditative an aspect, that Miss Lyte finally inter-

rupted the flow of his thoughts with a question as to their character.

"I was thinking," replied he, "of the many differing shapes—lovely, grand, sorrowful, joyous, winning, repulsive, that might be lurking within your tub. And I was wondering which of them you would next call forth."

"Think, rather," said Astra, smiling, "of all the shapes that I have sent into it."

"You do not mean to say that you use the same clay over again?" exclaimed Bergan, in surprise.

"Certainly I do. It loses none of its adaptability by use. In that tub is the original clay of everything that you see in my studio—all the busts, statues, and reliefs, that I have ever done or tried to do—all my successes and all my failures; every one of them has gone into that tub, even as it came out of it."

"Creation and death!" exclaimed Bergan. "'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' It is a world in miniature!"

"And does it not also show that there is nothing new under the sun?" said Astra. "It is always the old material in new shapes, the old thought in new phraseology, the old human nature in new conditions, even the old particles of disintegrated human bodies in new organisms."

"And yet," remarked Bergan, musingly, "the spirit, the idea, that informed those bodies, and gave them identity, is not lost, as your Mercury shows plainly. The being that you have created lives, and glows with all his proper warmth and fire, even though his original substance has not only returned whence it came, but has helped to frame an entirely different being."

"The natural body and the spiritual body," returned Astra. "Not that the two processes are really analogous, I do not mean that; but one naturally suggests the other to the mind. And, seeing how I am thus able to accomplish a kind of resurrection, in a way that I understand, I do not find it difficult to believe that the Almighty can do it, in a way that I do not understand, and far more perfectly, retaining not only the indwelling spirit, but enough of the individual clay to justify Job's saying, 'In my flesh I shall see God.'"

The thought kept them both silent for a moment; then Bergan turned to see what else of interest was to be found in the studio.

The completed works were not many; Miss Lyte was still too young to have made a large accumulation of such things. There was a bust, with a very sweet and noble expression, wherein she had embodied her recollections of a fellow-student in art. There was a half-sleepy, half-ashamed boy-face, looking out from under the shadow of a drooping hat, representing "Little Boy Blue," of nursery fame. There was a winged cherub, with an exceedingly lovely, innocent face, a very incarnation of celestial joy and peace. In relief, there was a stout urchin, ankle-deep in water, laden with pond-lilies, and looking for more. Finally, there were innumerable studies,

sketches, and designs, with all the warmth and freshness of the original inspiration lingering about them, which interested Bergan scarcely less than the finished work, as admitting him still more freely into the *arcana* of the artist's mind and method.

He was especially interested to observe in how many directions the genius of Miss Lyte had tried its wing. There were studies, and even finished pictures, in oil and in crayon; there was an exquisitely cut cameo, fastened on a background of velvet; there were designs for stained glass windows; and in all there was a curious medley of subjects—scriptural, mythological, historical, domestic, and still-life. It was plain that she had been slowly feeling her way to some point where she could take her final stand, and see her life-work lying clear and fair before her. Had she found it? Looking at the Mercury, Bergan could almost believe that she had; but glancing again at her deep, wistful eyes, he doubted it. A little more time, a profounder and wider experience, would settle her genius, fix her aims, and make her capable of things far higher than aught that she had yet achieved.

Meanwhile, never, he thought, was anything quite so inspiriting as her conversation. As she went with him from statue to statue, and sketch to sketch, talking frankly of her difficulties and struggles, her failures and successes, her aims and aspirations,—now dropping a fertile suggestion, now pointing out a subtle analogy, now giving the key-note to some elevating strain of thought,—she seemed to radiate energy, and exhale inspiration. Listening to her, Bergan's depression and discouragement vanished like mists before the sunshine. When he went back to his studio, it was with new strength and courage and ambition. Somehow, life had ceased to look unsympathizing, and success remote.

## VII.

### HIDDEN RICHES.

UP to this time, the history of Astra Lyte may be compressed into a few sentences. She was the daughter of Dr. Harvey Lyte, who had been, for many years, the leading physician of Berganton. Her artistic talent having early manifested itself, her father had taken pleasure in fostering and developing it; first, by giving her the benefit of whatever rudimentary instruction the neighbourhood offered, and then, by affording her a year's enjoyment of the best art advantages to be procured in New York.

Little more than a year ago, however, the good doctor had been forced to succumb, in his own person, to the two powerful foes that he had spent his lifetime in battling for others,—namely, disease and death. His professional income necessarily dying with him, only a moderate provision remained for his family; enough to enable them to eat the bread of carefulness, but not sufficient to maintain

them in the degree of easy comfort and luxury to which they had long been accustomed. In due time changes and sacrifices became necessary; among which may be mentioned the letting of the vacant medical office to Doctor Remy, and the subsequent handing over of other dispensable rooms to the occupancy of Bergan Arling.

Before this last arrangement was effected, however, Astra had gone to New York, to see what could be done to make her art productive of something besides pleasure. That had been a very bright moment, amid the gloom and straitness following upon her father's death, wherein it had occurred to her that she possessed in brain and fingers, in her wonderful power of kneading together thought and matter into beautiful and significant shapes, the means of restoring to her mother the ease and independence which had been impaired by her father's death. Never had her art looked so divine as when it cast aside the soft drapery of personal gratifications and aims, and stood forth a young athlete, eager for strife, a sturdy son of toil, ready to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow.

Not that Astra expected to win success all at once, or quickly. There was a vast deal of practicality underlying her imaginativeness and enthusiasm,—the solid foundation which is needed to make genius available. She foresaw (no one more clearly) the difficulties, delays, and disappointments before her. But what of that? She was young; she was in good health; she had a courageous heart, an energetic temperament, and buoyant spirits; she could afford to work and wait. Her tastes were simple, her wants, outside the domain of art, few,—and, even there, deficiencies could be supplied, in a measure, by severe study and closer application. If the superior masters, the sojourn in Europe, to which she had looked forward, were denied her, she was not going to break her heart nor cloud her brow, about it. God, who had given her talent, would not leave her without due means of increase. Her duty was to work, to be brave, and to be cheerful; all else would come in good time.

This, then, was the sort of a person who had now come to dwell under the same roof with Bergan; and who straightway set to work in her studio, which was divided from his office only by the airy breadth of the main hall. Of course, he saw her frequently; her art afforded them broader, freer ground upon which to meet than is always open to man and woman. Not that the proprieties need have been scandalized had Miss Lyte's occupation been the embroidering of roses in worsted, instead of the modelling of figures in clay; for the door between studio and sitting-room stood always open, and Mrs. Lyte, from her work-table, frequently threw a passing remark into the conversation that came so freely to her ears; while Cathie continually flashed in and out like a fire-fly or a humming bird. But the worsted roses would scarcely have constituted a subject of mutual interest for the young man and woman, as did the clay figures; nor would the talks over them have run so naturally, and almost inevitably, upon the same elevated and impersonal plane of thought.

Setting the worker entirely aside, Bergan could not fail to be deeply interested in the work. He liked to understand its process, and watch its progress. It was wonderful to him to see the dull clay slowly taking the shape of the viewless, informing thought. He went back to his office, not only with a deeper comprehension of the respective functions of mind and matter, but with a wider view of their scope and influence. Words, he saw, were also a kind of plastic material, through which thought revealed itself to eye and ears. He began to study expression as well as meaning; he selected words, and constructed sentences, with greater care and conscientiousness; he saw that, since thought could only become visible through form, form was a matter of more moment, and involved a stricter duty than he had hitherto believed.

But if Bergan learned so much from the work, it must be acknowledged that he also learned something from the worker. She was so loyal to her art and her aims. She wrought with such cheerful diligence, such unwasting enthusiasm, and such thorough conscientiousness. Having done the best of which she was capable, she maintained such a steady front against the assaults of depression and discouragement, deploying their forces upon the wide space between her conception and her achievement. If she failed, she cheerfully declared that the failure had taught her more than any success could have done, and commenced anew; if she succeeded, she was soberly glad, as having gained an inch or two of the field,—over which, however, it might be long ere she could wave the banner of victory. The spectacle could not fail to have a healthful influence upon Bergan, inasmuch as Miss Lyte's patrons were not more numerous than his clients; he saw that she kept her face bright, and her spirit brave, under very real trials of limitation, delay, and disappointment. He always went to his own work with a stouter heart and steadier purpose, after watching hers for some moments; whether she merely retouched and revised the preceding day's labour, with minute, inexhaustible patience; or quietly gathered up the fragments of a model overtaken by sudden disaster; or moulded moist clay, with rapt face, eyes lit by a deep, inward fire, and fingers so swift and forceful as to suggest the guidance of some unseen power. In this last case, he did not disturb her by so much as a word. He only looked on in silence until her white heat of inspiration had kindled something like a kindred glow in his own mind; when he noiselessly stole out, to plunge into his own work with renewed ardour. We may well believe that, just at the moment when Bergan's lonely life and dim prospects were beginning to tell upon his spirits and energies, it was not without providential design that an object so inspiring and heartening as Astra Lyte in her studio, was placed before his eyes.

Nor was the benefit wholly on one side. Astra found real help and cheer in Bergan's intelligent interest and hearty appreciation. Moreover, he was quick to see whenever mechanical contrivance or manly strength could

come to her aid; and he knew how to furnish both, in fit and delicate measure. His perceptions were scarcely less nice than her own; he knew just when to extend the helping hand, and when to withdraw it; neither hesitation nor officiousness marred his aid.

But Bergan was not the only visitor at the studio. Doctor Remy's straight-featured, intellectual face was often to be seen there, with its chill and satirical expression half-obliterated by a look of kindly interest. And his aid was not less ready than Bergan's, and, perhaps, more valuable. Hints and criticisms, suggested by his profound anatomical and physiological knowledge, often came just in time to prevent a blunder or clinch a success.

So time rolled on, for another month or two, doing much for the growth of acquaintance, and even a degree of intimacy, between the artist, the lawyer, and the physician, thus thrown together under one roof, but very little for the pecuniary advantage of the two former. Astra had received a commission for a small portrait-medallion; Bergan had been employed to draw up a few law papers. The two often exchanged good-humoured jests upon the manifest ability of the world to get on without their help. But it was a much more serious matter for the young man than the maiden. Astra had understood that, Art being a luxury, it must first create the demand which it meant to supply; but Bergan knew well that law was neither unknown nor unsought, in Berganton. Courts were held, and lawyers gathered there; it was strange that so little of the work came to his hands. Meanwhile, the funds with which he had been supplied, on leaving home, were rapidly melting away; and he was unwilling to apply for more, both because he desired to be self-dependent, and disliked to admit failure.

He was sitting in his office, one afternoon, dividing his thoughts between his books and the unpromising state of his affairs, when there came a cautious knock at the door.

"Come in!" he called out, wondering if his long-expected client were about to present himself.

First, appeared a black hand and a nondescript hat; next, a woolly head and a wide, delighted grin; finally, a loose, slouching form, in a shapeless suit of plantation grey. No client was this. It was only his would-be property, Brick.

Perhaps Bergan's disappointment showed itself in his countenance, for the negro hastily began to explain the reason of his coming.

"Gramma Rue, *she* sent me, massa. She don't feel right smart, dese yere times, an' she say she tink her days drawin' to her close, an' she's mighty anxious to see you, massa, 'fore she done gone. So she tole me to ax you, could n' you come to yer ole room in de Hall some ob dese yere ebenings, jes' so's to gib her a chance to talk wid you. Ole massa need n' know nothin' 'bout it; he's allers safe 'nough in de cottage dem times. An' she hopes you'l



hab de kin'ness to come, 'case she's got suthin' bery partic'lar to say to you."

Bergan hesitated. He could not visit the old Hall without reviving painful recollections; besides, it did not suit his natural straightforwardness to go thither in a half-clandestine way. Yet how could he refuse the urgent request of Maumer Rue, weighted not only with the probability of coming death, but with the consideration of her long, faithful, life service of his mother's family? And, after all, there was no great harm in a visit to the deserted Hall, to gratify an old, infirm, attached dependant. He certainly need do no skulking; if he chanced to come upon his uncle, he could fairly and frankly face both him and the situation.

Accordingly, he directed his evening stroll toward Bergan Hall. It was an obscure night of late March. A grey veil of cloud covered the wide expanse of sky from horizon to zenith, through which only the faintest light struggled, to guide his steps up the ruined avenue. He could not but be reminded of his first forlorn coming upon the desolate scene, even though he was obliged to confess that, in some respects, matters were mending. Though the Hall stood silent and ruinous as before under the sighing oaks, it was not wholly dark. An arch of light shone above the doorway, and a second gleam came invitingly from the window of the room that he had once called his own. The door, too, yielded readily to his pressure. At this rate of improvement, a few years might easily transform the shadow-haunted old ruin into a cheery, heart-warm home.

It was only a passing thought, and did not slacken in the least the light, quick step with which he ran up to his old room. Rue had done her best to give it a look of home and welcome. A fire blazed on the hearth, and reddened the walls; his favourite arm-chair was drawn before it; near by stood a round table, with two tall candles, a few scattered books, and a tray of refreshments. It all looked strangely familiar: there was the secretary at which he had written his letters home; there was the book that he had been reading, with his mark between the leaves; there was the flute, so few of whose long-prisoned harmonies he had been able to set free. Was it really five months since he saw them last?

Rue was not in the room when he entered it; it did not suit her notion of their respective positions to assume any quality of hostess. But she almost immediately appeared, and greeted him with tearful affection and respect. Bergan looked at her narrowly, and was pained to see that her tall form had lost much of its old erect stateliness, and that she leaned heavily on her cane as she walked. Still there was no sign of immediate loosing of the silver life-cord; on the whole, he thought that she bore her heavy burden of years wonderfully well, and the thought came naturally to his lips.

"It may seem so," replied the old woman, with a slow shake of her head, "but I feel a greater change than you can see, Master Bergan. Till now, I never knew anything

about the chill or the heaviness of age; it has come upon me all at once. I do not think, any more than you do, that the end itself is close at hand; but the beginning of the end is certainly here. Let it come as soon as the Lord wills; He knows I'm ready. Only it is borne in upon me that there's something more for me to do for the family before I leave their service, though I cannot rightly see what. Sometimes I am almost sure that it's just to see that you are put into your rightful place as the master of Bergan Hall. If that is all that I am waiting for, I wish it might be done quickly. Couldn't you make up your mind to come back here now, if Master Harry would ask you kindly? I know I can get him to do it."

"Indeed I could not, Maumer," answered Bergan, quietly, but very firmly. "I am not yet in a position to treat with my uncle, on equal terms; and I am less than ever inclined to be dependent upon him, or any one. Let me beg you to give yourself no further care or thought in the matter."

Rue sighed deeply. There was something in the young man's tone that forestalled either argument or entreaty.

"Pardon an old woman's curiosity," she said, at length, "but are you very much nearer to independence than when you left here?"

"I cannot say that I am."

"Do you have much to do in the way of your profession?"

"I could easily do more."

There was a slight dryness in Bergan's intonation that did not escape the blind woman's quick ear.

"Come with me, please; I have something to show you," said she, turning toward the door. "You had better bring a light, too; you will need it, though I do not."

She led the way to a large room on the other side of the hall—the bed-chamber (and death-chamber, too) of the mansion's departed owners. It was lined from floor to ceiling, with carved and panelled wainscoting. Rue went straightway to one side, not far from the mantel, ran her fingers carefully over the dark, uneven surface, and finally pressed hard on a projecting point.

"Now, Master Bergan," said she, pointing to a great, carved acorn, "take hold of that, and push this way."

Bergan obeyed, and a considerable portion of the wainscoting slid easily to one side, disclosing a small room or closet, so artfully contrived between wall and chimney that its existence could never have been suspected. It was lighted and ventilated by a window, and furnished with an arm-chair, and a massive, old-fashioned secretary. Rue opened one of the compartments of the latter, and revealed several small canvas bags, which, it was easy to see, contained gold and silver coin.

Bergan was naturally a good deal surprised at sight of the hidden horde. It seemed scarcely credible that any man in his senses should care to lay up such idle store of the precious metals, which might otherwise be profitably employed in an easy process of self-augmentation. Still,

he knew enough of his uncle's surly and suspicious character, and of his distrust of banks (which he had once heard him characterize as "ready sinks for fools' money"), to leave only room for a passing wonder.

"I have brought you here, Master Bergan," said Rue, solemnly, "because this secret rightly belongs to you, as the future master of the Hall. It is the duty of each owner to make it known to his heir, on his death-bed, or earlier. The place was contrived by Sir Harry, because there was something like it in the English Bergan Hall, which served for a hiding place for men and women in troublous times; and he provided for the keeping and handing down of the secret, in the same way as it had been done there. It was only to be known to the owner and the heir."

"Then how came you to know it?" asked Bergan.

"I will tell you. When the third Harry Bergan was at the point of death, his heir was in Europe. The person whom he most trusted in the world was his body-servant, Cato. He gave the secret to him, to be kept till the heir's return. Cato was my great-great-grandfather. He thought the same thing might happen again, and the secret be lost; so, on his death-bed, he told it to his son, and the son told it to his son, and so on, till my father, who had no son, told it to me. So, you see, the secret has run down in the black blood alongside of the white blood, and been kept just as sacredly. But the white blood has never known it till now, when I tell it to you, because I have no child living, and Brick is still too young to be trusted with such a matter."

"What a strange circumstance!" said Bergan, deeply interested. "Has the place ever been used except as a store-room for valuables?"

"Only once, to my knowledge. During the Revolution, Colonel Bergan was hidden here some days, when a party of British were quartered on the premises—some of the same party that Sergeant Jasper afterwards captured."

She paused for a moment, while Bergan silently looked round the narrow walls; and then she resumed.

"You see what use Master Harry makes of the place. And perhaps you know him well enough to understand that he will never tell any one where he keeps his money, until his breath is almost out of his body. That is why I brought you here. I cannot expect to outlive him; and if he should die suddenly, or with the secret only half-way off his tongue, it would die with him."

"Perhaps you have done well," said Bergan, after a

moment of thought. "Certainly, I shall regard it only as a trust for the future owner of the Hall, whoever he may be."

"He will be none other than yourself," returned Rue, decidedly. "I only wish I were as certain of the time as I am of the fact. And now," she continued, pointing to the bags of coin, "take as much of that as you need. Master Harry will never miss it; I don't think he ever counts it over, he is so sure that it is safe here. And it will all be your own some day."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Bergan, angrily, starting back. "Do you take me for a thief?"

"Of course not, Master Bergan, of course not," answered Rue, earnestly and deprecatingly, laying her hand on his arm. "It is only because I *know* that it will be yours in time; and as Master Harry does not need it nor use it, why shouldn't you have the good of it now, when you need it more than you ever may again? If it suits you better, take it as a loan, and pay it back when you are able."

"No, no," said Bergan, turning hurriedly away, "it is impossible. You mean kindly, I know, Maumer Rue, but you do not seem to understand the facts. I have no more right to it than any stranger; I could not touch it, to save me from starving. Come, let us go! I have seen enough."

"I believe you are right," said Rue, after a pause, "and I am a foolish old woman. I could not bear to think that my dear Miss Eleanor's son was pinching himself in the least, when there was so much idle gold in the old house; but I see you are right, sir, and I beg your pardon."

It was not without a sense of relief that Bergan soon after closed the door of the old Hall behind him, and stepped out into the cool, fresh night air. Not that he had suffered any real trial of temptation—his principles were too true and firm for that; but there had been something in the whole sombre scene—the deserted, death-scented chamber, the concealed closet, the hoarded gold—that had left him with a sense of oppression, which kept hold of him all the way home.

It was late when he reached his office. To his surprise, it was not empty. A gentleman was sitting by the table, with a pile of papers before him, and a weary, discontented face, as if his waiting had outlasted his patience.

Bergan's heart gave a great leap. He divined that his long-looked-for client was before him!



## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THERE are few Englishwomen better known than the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and certainly there is no one more distinguished for good deeds. Hers has been a life devoted to the amelioration of the lot of her fellow-creatures. With every inducement which wealth could offer to live only for herself and her own gratification, she has spent her time and used her fortune for the benefit of others. Many in this land of ours, no doubt, have as benevolent intentions, and, so far as their means will allow, are as charitable, but the Baroness is a conspicuous example of philanthropy, and as such we give her a place here in our gallery. A conspicuous example, indeed! it is not every day that we come across a generous heart in company with so much money. Not long ago a friend of ours calculated that her wealth if told in sovereigns would weigh thirteen tons, and fill a hundred and seven flour-sacks.

Lady Burdett-Coutts is the daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, and grand-daughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts, the well-known banker. There is something picturesque about the career both of her father and grandfather: they were men of original character, and our story would not be complete if we did not glance first at the one and then at the other.

Mr. Thomas Coutts, the grandfather, came originally from Edinburgh, became a banker in the Strand, where the house of Coutts and Co. still exists, and by dint of industry and business capacity, amassed a large fortune. But none of these facts are worth enlarging upon just now. It is of more consequence to tell that he was twice married, and that his first wife was a domestic ser-

vant, named Elizabeth Starkey, the daughter of a small Lancashire farmer. No one who knows anything of the world will suppose that this union was passed over by the banker's no doubt disappointed relations and friends without uncomplimentary remarks. Mr. Coutts, however, was quite indifferent as to what people said, and his marriage with Elizabeth Starkey proved a source of great happiness to him. She was a decidedly superior person, and her

three daughters, though children of a servant, all married noblemen; one the Marquis of Bute, another the Earl of Guildford, and the third Sir Francis Burdett, afterwards one of the most popular of English politicians.

Sir Francis Burdett having now come upon the scene, we shall condense into a paragraph all that is remarkable about his history. He was born in 1770. In 1793 he married Sophia, the youngest daughter of Mr. Coutts, and received with her a large fortune. His wedding took place after his return from a continental tour, in which he had become strongly imbued with the revolutionary principles then dominant in France and other countries. He entered Parliament, and, by his conduct there, soon acquired unbounded

popularity with the mob. In 1807 he fought a duel, in which he was wounded, and soon after was returned to Parliament as member for Westminster, and Westminster he continued to represent, idolized by the London populace, for nearly thirty years. One of the most interesting incidents in his career is his quarrel with the House of Commons, when he resisted the Speaker's warrant for his arrest, and barricaded his house. The people supported him, and, in a street fight between them and the



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

military, some lives were lost. After two days the serjeant-at-arms, aided by the soldiers and police, effected an entrance, and carried Sir Francis off to the Tower. He regained his liberty on the prorogation of Parliament. In 1835 he capriciously changed his politics, and joined the Conservative party. Even when professing democracy he was a thorough aristocrat in personal feeling. In appearance he was handsome and commanding; no one ever answered better to the description of a high-bred English gentleman of the old school. Such was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' father. He died in 1844.

Angela Georgina Burdett—afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—was born on the 25th of April, 1814. She was Sir Francis and Lady Burdett's youngest daughter.

It is necessary that we return now to Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker. His first wife died, and in his old age, to the consternation of his family and expectant friends, he gave his hand to an actress, Miss Harriet Mellon. If his first marriage had given rise to criticism, the second occasioned an explosion of mingled sarcasm, wit, and malice. All sorts of tales were told: among other absurdities it was rumoured that "Mrs. Coutts was forced to maintain two stout men well armed, who slept in an adjoining room to protect her from the enmity of Mr. Coutts's family."

This ridicule, however, remarks Mr. Frederick Martin, in his "Stories of Banks and Bankers," had no other effect than that of strengthening the confidence of the husband in the wife. This confidence was displayed in a remarkable manner in the will made by Mr. Coutts before his death. By this will he left the whole of his fortune, amounting to above £900,000 to his widow, for her sole use and benefit, and at her absolute disposal, without the deduction of a single legacy to any other person." Many were surprised at this singular disposition of his property, but in the matter of wills one should be surprised at nothing.

Mr. Thomas Coutts died in 1822, at the age of eighty-seven. Angela Georgina Burdett, the subject of this memoir, was at that time, eight years of age, and she had been Mr. Coutts's pet grandchild. It seemed hard that she should have been left nothing: she was too young to think anything about it herself, but grown-up friends made remarks, as they always will do in such cases. But let us wait and see how things turned out.

Mrs. Coutts married a second time, and her second husband was no other than the Duke of St. Albans. Under her marriage settlement she wisely reserved to herself the whole control of the immense fortune left to her by her first husband.

In 1837 the Duchess of St. Albans died. And what happened? Why, just this: it was found that she had left a will bequeathing her vast property to her first husband's favourite grandchild, Angela Georgina Burdett.

Miss Burdett now became the principal partner in the well-known banking-house of Coutts and Co. in the

Strand, and such she still remains, the business being conducted for her by trustees. One of her first acts after inheriting her grandfather's property, was to assume by Royal license the additional surname of Coutts. She thus became Miss Burdett-Coutts, and by that name was first heard of by an admiring public.

Possessed of great wealth, magnified by report to a fabulous sum, Miss Burdett-Coutts was now a subject of speculation. What would she do with it? Suitors innumerable, we are told, turned up; hands were laid on hearts; sighs were breathed into the air; vows were uttered; Holly Lodge, Highgate—Miss Coutts's residence—was besieged by lovers. Standing—metaphorically speaking, of course—in front of her hundred and seven flour sacks stuffed full of sovereigns, she mercilessly refused them all. It showed her good sense, so long as her money was the great attraction. And what praise is to be deemed sufficient when we find that she resolved to devote her life, her energies, her property, to furthering works of charity, benevolence, and philanthropy.

It is impossible for us to notice all her good deeds: the reader would speedily be bewildered by the, perhaps, mere enumeration of them. We may be permitted to dwell principally on the most important—her exertions on behalf of the squalid region of Bethnal Green. Bethnal Green used to be the resort of the worst classes, and the frequent scene of disgraceful riots. On the side nearest Shoreditch, there existed a seat of foulness and disease, moral and physical, called Nova Scotia Gardens. Here, amidst pestilential drains and heaps of refuse, stood some of the most miserable hovels ever seen, their inhabitants being amongst the most wicked and depraved of the people of London. It was at one time the haunt of the burkers, May, Bishop, and Williams, who procured bodies for dissection by secret assassination, and were convicted of the murder of a friendless Italian boy in 1831, after which Nova Scotia Gardens was called in the neighbourhood "Burker's Hole." Such a black spot in a great city has seldom been known. When the rector of an adjacent parish sent his curate once to preach in the old church of Bethnal Green, soon after some serious disturbances there, he told him he might take for his text either, "The fear of the Lord is not in this place; they will slay me for my neighbour's wife," or, "Take heed, lest ye be devoured one of another."

By the benevolence of Miss Burdett-Coutts, aided by other energetic philanthropists, all this was soon changed. Nova Scotia Gardens—the dread of the police and the sorrow of the well-disposed—was bought by her, and she at once commenced a series of labours, with a view to improve the district and elevate the inhabitants. She pulled down all the old buildings, and on their site erected the model dwellings called Columbia Square, consisting of separate tenements let at low weekly rentals to upwards of three hundred families. Several years later, on the site of the "dust heap," she built a handsome market with which her name will ever be associated. It was



originally projected by her in consequence of hearing that the public authorities had determined to stop the market-traffic in the streets, which would have been, as all will allow, a serious hardship to the poor.

On the 28th of April, 1869, the formal opening of the market took place. We are now brought face to face with our heroine—for heroine she is—surrounded by the people whom she has laboured to serve. An immense assemblage filled, not only the market, but the streets around it. As soon as Miss Burdett-Coutts had taken her seat in the centre of the quadrangle several addresses were presented to her. She was then waited upon by a deputation of young girls who presented her with an exquisite bouquet of feather flowers. A speech was afterwards made by the Archbishop of Canterbury who, in brief and simple language, dwelt on the benefits which she had conferred upon the neighbourhood, not only by this munificent gift, but by the establishment of model lodging-houses, and by all the efforts she had made, and still was making, year after year, to better the condition of the poor of Bethnal Green. A procession was then formed and passed round the building, and everywhere where a glimpse of Miss Burdett-Coutts could be seen, she was cheered till the quadrangle echoed again. The ceremony concluded by her formally declaring the market open, amid the enthusiasm of the people. At night the whole of the building was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, and with the most exquisite effect.

The market is a splendid monument of princely munificence, and one of the handsomest architectural structures in north-eastern London. It occupies two acres of ground, and has for its chief feature a noble Gothic hall, fifty feet high. The exterior is richly decorated.

Two years after the opening of the market, that is to say, in May, 1871, Miss Burdett-Coutts was surprised by the Prime Minister with the offer from Her Majesty of a peerage. It was just at the time, so fresh still in our recollection, when depraved and misguided women were going about Paris, flinging glass balls full of petroleum through the gratings of cellars, with the diabolical intention of setting fire to the city. Miss Burdett-Coutts hesitated about accepting the honour, for she is unambitious and of a retiring disposition. Ultimately, however, she did accept, and her creation is thus given in Debrett's Peerage, "Baroness Burdett-Coutts of Highgate and Brookfield, in the county of Middlesex, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom."

The Baroness took a modest view of her newly acquired dignity. A few days after she had ceased to be plain Miss Burdett-Coutts, three congratulatory addresses were presented to her at Holly Lodge. In reply she said, "She could not sufficiently express her sense of the kind way in which Mr. Gladstone had conveyed to her Her Majesty's wishes; nor, while gratefully acknowledging Her Majesty's favour, could she altogether regard the conferring of the dignity as a personal compliment to herself. She rather considered it as a mark of the royal

favour to a class, of which she happily, in her person, was the representative. By one of her names she was connected with the ancient gentry of the country, and her father was content with and sought nothing beyond his ancestral honours. By the other she was allied with the important and influential interests which, in a great commercial country, must always have weight. To this union in her person, to these advantages, rather than any personal merit, she attributed the favour shown her by the Queen, the fountain of all honour in this country."

The public, however, thought differently. Few elevations to the ranks of the aristocracy ever gave greater satisfaction. It was felt that Miss Burdett-Coutts in her own person was deserving of all the honour that could be bestowed upon her. She had the esteem and admiration of every section of the community. To give an example of the feeling entertained towards her let us go back to the time of the great Reform procession of 1868. That procession occupied nearly three hours in passing Miss Coutts's well-known corner house in Piccadilly, No. 1, Stratton Street. Miss Coutts, seated at an open window with one or two friends, was recognized from the thronged street. "Though," says Mr. Julian Young, in his journal, "she stood more out of sight than any of us, in an instant a shout was raised. For upwards of two hours and a half the air rang with reiterated huzzas, huzzas unanimous and heartfelt, as if expressing a national sentiment."

We proceed now to tell that on the 3rd of November, 1871, Lady Burdett-Coutts formally handed over Columbia Market as a gift to the Corporation of the City of London. A portion of the market had been curtained in for the occasion and decorated with a few banners and exotic plants. On either side were ranged the children of St. Thomas' School, which adjoins the market, and beyond these were the Columbia Shoeblack Brigade and the members of the Baroness' Sewing School. Most of the leading members of the Corporation took part in the proceedings. A written address from Lady Burdett-Coutts to the Lord Mayor and Corporation was read by the Earl of Harrowby. It expressed her gratification at being able, by this act, to link her name with that of the Corporation of London. "From the time," said her ladyship, "when the fond partiality of one long since gone to rest placed me, as my grandfather's representative, in the house which bears his name, I have ever received kindness and support from members of that body."

We regret to add that up to the present time Columbia Market has entirely failed, so far as doing any trade is concerned. It was to have been devoted almost entirely to the sale of fish, but salesmen shun its stalls, and the cathedral-like building and marble slabs have a forlorn, deserted aspect. Out of a host of good enterprises, some are sure to miscarry, but it is a pity that this, the most conspicuous of all the Baroness's undertakings, should have been thus unsuccessful. However, it is not yet too late in the day; something may turn up for Co-

lumbia Market, and ere long we may see it the centre of bustling traffic, and a source of real benefit to the surrounding district.

An honour, perhaps more distinguished even than that of being made a baroness, awaited Lady Burdett-Coutts. On the 18th of July, 1872, the freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her. "Hers," said the Chamberlain, in his address on the occasion, "is the first female name ever recorded in the lists of those whom the citizens have so delighted to honour." The Lord Mayor presided, and the aldermen and members of the Court of Common Council, mustered in large numbers, wearing their distinctive robes. The Baroness received the freedom of the City in a handsome golden casket from the hands of the Lord Mayor. She accepted the casket, bowing her acknowledgments, and then repeated the quaint oath of citizenship and signed the customary declaration.

We have now looked at the more prominent public events of the Baroness's life; let us return to speak of her philanthropic labours. "In no direction," says one writer, "are her sympathies so fully expressed as in favour of the poor and unfortunate of her own sex." The course taught at the national schools, and sanctioned by the Privy Council, include many literary accomplishments which a young woman of humble grade may not require on leaving school; but the more familiar arts essential to her after-career are overlooked. The Baroness's exertions have done much to remedy this defect.

Towards the close of 1871, she issued an address on the subject of industrial education. The question which she addressed herself more particularly to answer was—How are we best to prepare the daughters of poor parents for the duties that they may be eventually called upon to fill as the wives of poor and labouring husbands? Lady Burdett-Coutts would not only have them taught needlework, but is anxious that there should be for them the further opportunity of the acquisition of those elementary principles and rudiments of household economies and administration which may prevent the "waste and discomfort arising from incompetent and slovenly management."

Many years ago, when Spitalfields became a mass of destitution, Lady Burdett-Coutts began a sewing-school there for adult women, who were not only taught, but fed and provided with work. Government contracts were undertaken, and executed with remarkable success. Nurses were sent out daily from this unpretending charity amongst the sick, and wine and other comforts were distributed with a bountiful hand to all who really stood in need of them. Outfits were also given to poor servants, and winter clothing to deserving women.

In the cause of emigration the Baroness is deeply interested. When there was great distress in one of the Scottish islands, she advanced a large sum for the benefit of the starving families there, to enable them to seek to better their fortunes under the skies of Australia. At another time the people of Cape Clear, Shirkin, close to Skibbereen, in Ireland, had sunk into the most distress-

ing poverty. Lady Burdett-Coutts aided some to emigrate, and those who remained at home she supplied with a store of food and clothing, and—best aid of all—with a vessel to help them in fishing, their chief means of livelihood. Many years ago she established in a western suburb of London, a private Home for Young Women who had fallen into evil courses and desired to reform.

In his endeavours to improve the condition of the Dyaks of Sarawak, the chivalrous Sir James Brooke derived material assistance from Lady Burdett-Coutts, and a model farm was lately, if it is not still in existence, entirely supported by her, in which such important lessons in agriculture were taught to the natives that the production of the country was greatly improved.

Lady Burdett-Coutts, both in purse and principles, is a consistently liberal Churchwoman, and no one needs to be told that she has granted princely sums to the Establishment in all parts of the world. Besides subscribing towards the building of new churches and schools in various poor districts throughout the country, she has, at her sole cost, erected the handsome church of St. Stephen's, Westminster, with its three schools and parsonage; and also the Church of St. Stephen's, at Carlisle. She has also endowed, at an outlay of not far short of £50,000, three colonial bishoprics—those of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia—and founded an establishment in South Australia for the benefit of the aborigines. The funds for Sir Henry James's Topographical Survey of Jerusalem were supplied by her, and she offered to restore the aqueducts of Solomon, which of old supplied that city with water, but the scheme was abandoned, government failing to keep its promise to countenance and aid the work.

Of art, the Baroness is a liberal and discriminate patroness. In many arts she is herself highly accomplished. That she believes in the dominion of the beautiful, any one may see from Columbia Market, to which the odd objection has been made that it is much too handsome for a place of the kind.

It would be unpardonable to pass by the drinking fountains with which she has enriched the metropolis. One about sixty feet high, in the midst of Victoria-park, was erected at a cost of £5,000; another stands near Columbia Market, and a third is at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's-park.

Her hospitality deserves mention as well as her charity. In July, 1867, she gave at her seat, Holly Lodge, Highgate, one of the largest dinner parties on record. Upwards of 2,000 Belgian volunteers were invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some 500 royal and distinguished guests. This immense company was entertained with as much comfort and social enjoyment as if it had been a small social gathering.

Besides being a benefactor to human kind, she is a fast friend to dumb animals. At the close of 1870 we find her on the platform at a public meeting at Islington,

presenting rewards and certificates of merit to drovers who had distinguished themselves by their humane treatment of cattle entrusted to their care. The Baroness made a short speech as spokeswoman of the Ladies' Humane Education Committee, expressing her kindly sentiments towards the "poor beasties." Not long since she called the attention of the Edinburgh people to the "miserable skeletons" of horses in the tramway cars there, which toil and sweat up the steep inclines of that picturesque city. And only the other day she put in a plea for humming-birds, protesting against the wholesale destruction of these beautiful creatures for the sake of decorating ladies' hats and bonnets.

Here we shall take leave of our Baroness, who, by the right use of her immense wealth, has proved such a blessing to England. We cannot do better than conclude with the words employed by the Lord Mayor at the transference of Columbia Market to the Corporation of London:—"She has answered to the responsibility that

devolved on her, not by the purchase of large estates and by living apart in baronial splendour, as she might well have done, but by residing mainly in the metropolis. She has used her wealth and employed her extensive influence in benefiting her less fortunate fellow-creatures. She has built and endowed many churches. Three colonial bishoprics have been established at her sole cost in three of our most important colonies. Emigration, when less in fashion than it now is, was promoted in all directions by her. She encouraged schools for girls with the view of bringing up future mothers of the working classes in habits of domestic industry, and in the knowledge of those common things which make home happy. These and the like objects have been her aim, and to this she has devoted her princely income, not for the mere luxury of giving, but accompanying it by painstaking care and practical judgment to see, as far as possible, that the gifts are well bestowed and the object in view accomplished."

## JESSAMINE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

THERE was no prettier spot in the Dundee valley than Willow Creek, a somewhat wide and in some places deep stream, just where it was spanned by a rustic bridge at the bottom of the Parsonage meadows. The fringe of willows on the farther bank, and the alder and birch thicket studding that nearest the house, were reflected in the clear, brown mirror to the tiniest leaf and bud. Beneath and between these there were stretches of turf which were evergreen, beds of wild balsam that flowered all summer, ferns in variety in profusion, from the tree-ferns upborne by their wiry black stems to a height of four or five feet to the delicate maiden-hair, hiding in the lee of straws and stones; and on the day we are describing—the fifth of September—these alternated with borders of hoary mountain sage, blue-eyed asters, tossing plumes of golden-rod, yet taller purple brush, stiff and gorgeous, and patches of bright yellow dodder running riotously into the water, and entangling the commoner arrow-leaf and sedge in its meshes.

Through the gorge worn by the creek in the mountains one had a view of the upper valley, and the chain of hills that grew bluer and lower as the eye pursued their southerly course. Below the bridge was the church, benignant warder of the fertile plain, which spread around, loaded with corn, ripe for cutting, and already stacked for the garner, and white here and there, as from untimely snows, with blossoming buckwheat. The whistle of the quail in the stubble, the rattling roll of empty farm waggons over the stone bridge below the mill on their way to the field, the duller thunder of

heavily laden trains creaking and swaying from side to side behind the straining oxen, and the drowsy undertone of the mill-wheel, mingled with the nearer warble of birds in the trees and the gentle wash of the waves under the willows. It was bright, benignant weather; a day that reminded one of healthy, active, happy middle-age, for there was a whisper of Autumn in the air,—the mellowness of autumnal light over plain and water and hill.

There was nothing in landscape, air, or sunlight that should have reminded Jessie Kirke of the miserable February afternoon when she stood on the Hamilton bridge, staring down at the black ice below, and fought her first battle of life. But that other scene and the strife of that hour were very present to her, as she halted on the foot-bridge and leaned over the rail to gaze at the slow, smooth current of the creek. The narrow crossing had been designed and partly built by Mr. Kirke himself. The floor was of oak plank, the railing was composed of cedar branches with the bark left on, arranged in fantastic figures, and surmounted by a slender pole of the same wood. Many stopped to examine and admire it in passing over, and it made a picturesque feature in the view. It was familiar in every joint to Jessie, having formed a part of her favourite walk for ten years; but she chose to linger there on this morning, to hang over the parapet, pick bits of bark from the side and fling them into the creek, as an idle child might launch and watch a miniature fleet.

It was a face many removes from childhood's thought-

lessness and childish glee that looked back at her from the glassy surface. A face, wild-eyed and haggard, with bent brows betokening suffering and conflict; a mouth telling, in piteous and patient lines, of defeat.

She had returned from Hamilton in April, looking jaded and ill, said the Dundeeians, who shook sagacious heads over her winter's dissipation. Her father and Eunice attributed her loss of bloom and liveliness to too close application to her studies, and cited her improvement in music, French, and German in proof of their theory. She did not relax her diligence when she was settled at home. Eunice, whose name was a synonym for industry, did not surpass her in strict attention to all departments of feminine work. In the kitchen and the garden, at the needle, the piano, writing-desk, and her books, she toiled from sunrise until bedtime, with energy Eunice silently likened to greediness for occupation of mind and body, while Mr. Kirke hardly recognized his darling in the decorous, thrifty housewife and busy student. Intonations, phraseology, and deportment—all were altered. She was an elegant woman in appearance and conversation, but the fond parent missed the tricky sprite who had wrought mischief and mirth in his home; missed her teasing and her follies, her exactions and her caresses. Not that she was cold or sullen. She told long and entertaining stories of her Hamilton life; gave faithful descriptions of the people and things she had seen while away from them; listened with apparent interest to neighbourhood news and family plans; talked of art, literature, and philosophy to him by the hour; was attentive to his every possible want, and offered regularly the morning and evening kiss she had been accustomed to bestow from her infancy. But, having already one daughter who was an exemplar to her sex, he recollected the bewitching naughtiness of the old-time Jessie, and wished fervently that he had met Mrs. Baxter's invitation by a peremptory negative, and kept his gem as it was. To his taste, it had lost—not gained—in the cutting and polishing.

Eunice was discreet when he intimated something of the kind to her.

"She is certainly more quiet and studious," she replied; "but she says she is very well, and she has much to make her thoughtful in Roy's absence. The long separation must of itself oppress her spirits continually. And, father, our Jessie has gained new views of life and duty within the last year. She can never be a child again. Her nature, mind, and affections must broaden and deepen with time. We would not have it otherwise, strange as the change is to us now. I fear, though, that she works too hard, while I honour her determination to prepare herself thoroughly for her future position. She will be a wife of whom Roy may justly be proud."

Again, when Mr. Kirke feared that Jessie was often depressed to despondency, although she strove bravely to conceal it, the elder sister "hoped all would be well again when Roy came back."

"He can reason or soothe her out of morbid fancies better and sooner than either you or I. His influence over her is wonderful and always beneficial."

"I wish he were home again then!" sighed the parent.

He did not guess how heartily Eunice echoed the desire. She might be partially successful in quelling his anxieties, but the beryl eyes saw that, so far from all being right with her young sister, something was lamentably wrong. Jessie's very manner of speaking of Roy and her marriage was totally dissimilar to her former frank or bashful confession. If she had lived with him as his wife a dozen years, she could not have mentioned his name more composedly, or talked of housekeeping and other practicalities in a more matter-of-fact strain. This was exceedingly sensible; but it was not, on that account, the more like Jessie. The transformation from an enthusiastic madcap, who did and felt nothing by halves—let it be loving, laughing, sorrowing, or working—into the dignified partner of Eunice's everyday cares and duties, equable in temper, reliable in judgment, and judicious in action, ought, perhaps, to have elicited commendation from one who was herself a model in all these respects; but, instead of gratification, she felt only bewilderment and alarm at the completeness of the change. It had been her habit to think and say, when her sister's crudities or extravagances were more marked than her quieter taste approved, that the discipline of life, as life went on, would rectify these; that they were but the redundant growth of a noble stock. A little pruning, a few sharp experiences, and hypercritical indeed would be the judgment that should find room for blame. She was displeased with herself in recollecting this, now that the discipline had wrought upon the free, wild spirit; the redundancies had fallen under the pruning-knife.

Something of this external change must have manifested itself in Jessie's letters, for Roy had twice written privately to Eunice, questioning her closely about her sister's health and spirits.

"Her letters are as regular as ever, and no less beautiful than punctual," he said. "But they contain so few particulars of her daily life and feelings, while they treat freely of other subjects, that I have fancied there is something pertaining to her individual experience she desires to hide from me, lest the knowledge of it should pain me. My noble, generous girl! She would bear any distress or inconvenience rather than afflict me by revealing the extent of her suffering or perplexity. I intrust my sometimes wayward, always sweet, graceful, and clinging Jessamine to you, our sister! Tend and guard it tenderly for me."

Eunice answered hopefully and with such re-assurance as she could truthfully impart, and wished more ardently than ever that he would return and assume the charge of his treasure—the charge and the cure.

They had had a quiet summer, the most stirring event being a visit from Mrs. Baxter and Orrin Wyllys, who



acted as her escort. They were domesticated for a week at the Parsonage, and Jessie's monopoly of her cousin's society had left Orrin almost entirely at her father's and sister's care. Nobody made verbal objection to this division of hospitable duties. Mr. Wyllys held long talks with his host—scientific, theological, literary, and political—during post-prandial smokes, besides driving and walking with him in his professional rounds at such seasons as Eunice was too busy to attend to her guests. When she was at liberty to devote herself to social duties, there were hours of music and reading; long rambles among the hills—Mrs. Baxter and Jessie far in advance—for the latter always outstripped her sister in pedestrian expeditions; moonlight promenades and conferences on the piazza that left Jessie all the time she desired for conversation with her late *chaperone*. It was generally agreed at parting that the week had passed swiftly and delightfully; farewells were linked with hopes of a repetition of the pleasure, and the household relapsed into its ordinary aspect and ways. If there were any perceptible difference in those composing it, it was that Jessie worked harder and was paler than before the interruption, while Eunice grew younger and prettier every day.

"I have tried very hard!" Jessie said aloud, still hanging over the water, but clasping her hands in a sort of despair. "And I am very tired!"

Then two heavy tears rolled from her eyes and broke up the reflection of the sad face below into little dancing circles.

An hour ago, as she stood in the garden grafting a rose-bush, a neighbour rode up to the fence to say, "Good-day," and inquire after the health of the clergyman's family.

"You'll have company pretty soon, I'm thinking," he said, knowingly. "I suppose that's no news to you, though?"

"We expect no one," said Jessie, carelessly.

"It will be a pleasant surprise to you, then. I saw Mr. Wyllys at the hotel as I came by."

Jessie's knife swerved slightly as she made the incision in the bark, but her voice was firm.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes! I talked with him. He got up late last night, he said. Come now, Miss Jessie; I am an old friend, which of you is he after?"

"Neither that I know of. Certainly not me!" replied she, imperturbably.

She finished her task carefully, when the inquisitor had passed; carried twine and scissors into the house, gave Patsey an order as she glanced into the kitchen, and, unobserved by the servant, left the dwelling and went down through the garden into the meadow.

Her father and Eunice were away from home for the day—probably for the night also, and she had her reasons for preferring the solitude of the woods, or a retreat among the crags of Old Windbeam, to a prolonged interview with Orrin Wyllys.

Did I say, "preferred"? Does not the opium-eater, in his lucid intervals, prefer thirst and languor and pain to the drug for which his diseased appetite cries out as the dying for breath, and the fever-scorched for water? Prefer it with mind and conscience, if not with flesh and will? Jessie Kirke's will lived yet, and it had borne her beyond the reach of temptation and kept her there. But it did not hinder her from picturing Orrin pacing the portico, or sitting in the parlour, awaiting her while she hid herself and her wretchedness among the willows. She had but to go back by the way she had come, and hours of blissful companionship would be hers; full draughts of enjoyment such as those which had intoxicated the unwary girl who, last winter, had believed that she might drink and be blameless. His eyes would kindle into the magic gleam that enervated resolution and let loose a flood of vague, delicious fancies upon her brain; his voice melt into the modulations that enchained the ear like pathetic music. Under the spell of his consummate address she would believe, for the moment, or the hour, or the day he spent with her, all that he said or looked, although dimly conscious the while, that she would despise herself as a weak, guilty fool for the temporary faith, through weeks and months afterward.

As she did now! She was wrung by self-contempt for nursing these imaginations, yet dallied with them—sipped shudderingly, yet with avidity, of their dangerous sweetness.

"I have tried very hard!" she moaned again.

Tried to hold fast to her trust in her betrothed after the cruel shock it had sustained from Hester Sanford's story, for she still believed that it was firm and absolute up to that hour; ignored persistently the fact that other influences had previously been at work sapping her confidence in the attachment of one who, his nearest of kin reluctantly admitted, was a man of granite, virtuously severe to the frailties of others, because he was himself prudent, sage, and incorruptible by such bribes as most men found potent—love, and the hope and opportunity of making the beloved one happy. Not one word of this had Wyllys ever uttered. He always spoke of Roy with seriousness and respect, confessing voluntarily, time and again, his own moral and intellectual inferiority to his cousin, and scrupulously keeping her betrothment before Jessie's mind. Whatever might have been her lapses from loyalty, she could not deny that in this oft-repeated acknowledgment of her paramount obligation to her affianced husband, Orrin had been honourable to punctiliousness. She had not yet come to see that he had also been ingenious in pressing invisible shackles into her soul; in reminding her perpetually that she was no longer a free agent. The girl had chafed under the process, without knowing that she did so, and why? Her brotherly friend, who had seen a blooded horse, although docile by nature and well broken in, fret and grow restive under an over-tight check-rein, may have known, better than she, what he was about.

She was still uncertain how much or how little truth there was in the heiress' tale. She had contrived to see her but seldom after the scene in the billiard-room, and in this she was ably seconded by Miss Sanford when the news of "that Miss Kirke's" engagement to Professor Fordham was circulated in Hamilton circles. Jessie did not try to analyze the impulse that bade her announce the relation she bore to Roy at the very time when her doubts of him were at their height. Perhaps she felt the need of a safeguard for herself; or her conscience may have rebuked her that she had not defended him—right or wrong—when attacked; or the suspicion of his unworthiness stimulated her to a strained generosity, a resolve to leave undone no part of the duty she owed, while she was under contract to him. It had been long since her latest mention of the matter to Wyllys. He had replied to her queries by an injunction to continued confidence in Roy's integrity, which was construed by her into a charitable evasion. He promised again and solemnly to push his investigations as occasion might offer, but she believed that he was afraid to keep his word. He would preserve intact his own love and esteem for the cousin he professed to revere, and blindly declined to undertake the examination of a record he more than feared contained entries that would lower his opinion of his hero, and damage the latter's character irretrievably with herself.

Given this lever of unappeased distrust in, and latent resentment towards him, to whom her allegiance was due, and a less adroit *diplomat* than Orrin Wyllys might have so weakened the defences of her love and constancy as to make her question whether surrender were not unavoidable—even desirable. She was "tired," poor child! dismayed that her labour in "deep mid-ocean" was so tedious and severe, longing for rest in whatever port her worn heart might make.

"I shall be tamed by the time you come home," she had said, 'twixt tears and smiles, to Roy at their parting. "Quite tame and old!"

"And I am!" she thought, the jest recurring to her now. "Only life has also grown tame, and the world old and grey!"

She had swung her hat upon her arm, and pushing back her hair with the palms that supported her forehead, that the wind from the water might cool her beating temples, she rested her listless weight upon the frail railing. The woven twigs, once supple, were dry and rotten under the bark, and swayed outward with a sharp crack—a warning that came too late to save her. She caught, in falling, at the shattered panels left standing, and dragged only a handful of broken sticks with her into the creek. Coming to the surface after the plunge, she threw her grasping, struggling hands widely abroad, succeeded in seizing one of the upright supports of the bridge, and clung to it. Her head and shoulders were out of water. She was not actually drowning. In the strength imparted by this consciousness, she drew a long breath, and called for help.

A faint echo came back from the hills. The rest of the shout was lost in the spreading meadows, or overpowered by the commingled sounds that were the voice of the early autumn day.

She heard them more distinctly than when she had stood upon the bridge; the beat of the mill-wheel, the rattle and rumble of the farm waggons, even the tread of the teams upon the oaken flooring; the now distant whistle of the quail, and, close beside her, the lapping of the creek among the sedges.

She weighed her chances of speedy release from her unpleasant and dangerous situation before she raised another outcry. The stream was the feeder of the mill-pond, and was made deeper and more sluggish by the dam, less than half a mile farther down. She remembered to have heard that the depth just under the bridge was about ten feet. It might as well be a hundred if she were to relinquish her hold. She could do nothing but cling and wait until her calls should bring rescue, or some chance passenger spy her. This was an unfrequented by-way, and it might be many hours before assistance came to her in the latter form. As to the other, the Parsonage was the nearest dwelling. The mill was no farther off, but the united shriek of twenty drowning women could not be heard above the clatter of the machinery. Patsey was alone in the kitchen, her whole soul in her semi-weekly baking, and deaf to all out-door noises excepting those from the poultry-yard. There was no one else in the house, unless Orrin had arrived. Jessie believed that she tasted the bitterness of death, as she imagined him, expectant of her coming, yet thoughtless of evil as the reason of her delay, taking a few restless turns upon the portico; then, wandering into the parlour, and standing, as he often did, for several minutes together, gazing at the picture of the girl at the wishing-well; opening the piano and running over some remembered air, or improvising dreamy, wistful strains, with absent thoughts, and eyes fixed upon vacancy.

And she was here, nearing the gates that were to shut down between them for ever.

She called again—a shrill scream that scared the birds from their perches on the willow and birch boughs, and awoke a wailing echo among the mountains. Then all was quiet, save for the mill, the fainter roll of heavy wheels, and, louder than either, the lap! lap! lap! of the waves upon the grassy bank. How deadly cold the water was! And she became sensible now of an increasing weight drawing her downward—the strain of her saturated garments upon the arms wound about the rough pole which stood between her and death. There was a current also to be resisted, placid as the mirror had seemed from above, and her sinews were aching already. Her whole body would be numb presently, her clutch be relaxed by cold and the prostration of the nervous and muscular system.

She had decried life as tame and the world as unlovely. She found them, in this fearfully honest hour, too dear

and beautiful to leave thus suddenly. She recollected, even in this season of peril and dread, the oft-repeated story that one in the act of drowning recalls, in a flash of memory, every event of his past existence, however remote and minute; reasoned within herself that this must be an old wives' fable, since she, on the brink of eternity, had but one overmastering idea—how to avert impending dissolution. Her father, Eunice, Roy, and Orrin, were all in her mind by turns, but there was no quickening of affection now that she might be leaving them to return no more. They were, in comparison with the terrible fact of her present danger, but misty and far-off abstractions—faded portraits in her mental gallery, hardly deserving a glance. She dwelt, in agony, upon the circumstances that the stream was becoming like ice to her limbs, and the pain in her arms intense, while her soaked clothing and the current were sucking her downward. When the last remnant of her strength should fail, would she be drowned by the cruel waters where she had fallen in, or borne, conscious, and writhing in the throes of suffocation, over the dam, to be mangled by the rocks below the fall?

The horror of the last fancy drew from her another shriek. The echo taunted her by its feeble mimicry; the dull boom of the mill-wheel, the teamster's shout to his oxen, had the same meaning, and the lapping of the water was that of a fierce destroyer, hungering for his prey.

Meanwhile, the visitor at the Parsonage had been through the round Jessie had sketched for him in her tortured imagination; had paced the porch until he was weary of the solitary turns; surveyed the portrait to his heart's content, regretting, in his æsthetic mind, that the original had toned down to the level of commonplace refinement, and had played a pensive "thought" on the piano.

This performance brought in Patsey.

"Dick Van Brunt was by the gate just now, Mr. Wyllys, and he said as how he seen Miss Jessie going down toward the crick, nigh upon an hour ago. You mought see something of her if you was to walk that way."

"Thank you, Patsey. Perhaps I will if she do not come in soon. And perhaps I 'mought' make a fool of myself, clambering over those confounded mountain-paths for half a day, and not get a glimpse of her?" he muttered, when the handmaiden had withdrawn.

He stepped through the oriel window into the garden, humming, *sotto voce*, "My heart's in the Hielands, my heart is not here;" made the tour of the enclosure, noting how Eunice's rose labyrinth had grown, and that the rarer plants he had sent her in the spring were recompensing her for the care she had bestowed upon them; brushed both hands over a bed of bergamot until the air reeked with perfume, and plucked a sprig of rosemary from the spot where he had stood to overhear the sisters' criticisms of himself sixteen months before, smiling queerly as he did so.

"I will send the fair Una a root of 'Cæsar's Bay,' with the stipulation that she shall set it just here," he said, inwardly, the smile brightening at the apt conceit. "It shall be to me a floral monument—a Cupid's Ebenezer."

He gathered, furthermore, several bunches of choice roses, rifling them of their freshest odour by ruthless handling, and strewing them to the right and left as he went from the garden into the meadow. The day was fine, and not warm enough to make walking a grievous task, and he might find Jessie at or near the bridge. He whistled "Casta Diva" as he strolled over the short, thick grass, elastic to the foot as carpets of the deepest pile—whistled melodiously, and, one would have said, for want of thought, in remarking his roving eyes and tranquil physiognomy. He looked, as he felt, on excellent terms with himself and the rest of the world; like a man who had eaten to satisfaction, but not to repletion, of the sunny side of the peach tendered by Fortune, and who was suitably grateful to the person to whom he considered that he owed his success in life—to wit, Orrin Wyllys.

What a companion portrait to set over against this serene visage and lounging figure in the pleasant meadow paths was that, which, with distorted limbs and countenance eager to frenzy, hung midway over the stream he was approaching! Jessie had heard the whistle, and known it for his; caught from afar his measured tread upon the sward, and, feeling herself grow weak and voiceless in the rush of reviving hope, had painfully gathered her remaining forces to abide his coming. She could see him through rifts in the low-branching birches, counted every step with trembling impatience until he was within a stone's throw.

Then she signalled him in a husky, dissonant voice that shocked herself, fainting though she was with suspense, intent only upon watching his movements, which meant to her deliverance, sure and swift.

"Orrin! make haste! I am perishing!"

A glimpse of the broken railing told him all.

Tearing off his coat as he ran, he leaped into the creek, swam out to her, and bade her loosen her hold and remain perfectly quiet.

"Don't seize me! I will save you! Trust me!" he said, in authority she did not dream of resisting.

In a minute more he had dragged her through the water and laid her upon the warm turf, where the sun fell in brightness that meant comfort to her now as emphatically as the wavering glitter upon the stream had signified derision of her sufferings when she was very nigh to death.

In all their intercourse, Orrin had never spoken words that came so directly from what had once been a heart, as those that stirred the languid pulses and brought back the fleeting senses of the forlorn creature who lay gasping within his arms—livid, sodden, almost lifeless.

"Darling Jessie! precious child! Thank Heaven, I was in time!"

The blue lips were touched by a smile; here eyes unclosed upon his with a look of worshipful love and gratitude that appealed to meaner elements of his character than those that had prompted his first outburst. He was himself again as his gaze kindled into responsive softness and fire.

"My love!" he murmured, bending to kiss her. "May I not call you so for one blessed instant? My only love, and mine alone!"

## CHAPTER XV.

MR. KIRKE and Eunice were still absent when Orrin paid his second call at the Parsonage that day. He had conducted Jessie home in the forenoon—a drenched and shivering figure, at which Patsey screeched with terror; stayed long enough to learn from the girl that the preventives he had ordered against cold were administered, and that her young mistress was put comfortably to bed, after which he betook himself to the hotel to make the requisite changes in his own apparel.

"Miss Jessie hopes you'll stay here, sir," remarked Patsey. "She says you'll find dry things in Mr. Kirke's room. I've just laid 'em out all ready."

"I am much obliged to Miss Jessie and to you, my good girl; but I shall run no risk in going down to the village. Say to Miss Jessie that she will hear from or see me again before night."

Three hours later a messenger brought a note, inquiring how Jessie was, and if she would be quite able to see him in the evening.

"For I must return to Hamilton to-morrow," he added. Jessie wrote one line in reply:—

"I am up and well. Come whenever you please.

"Gratefully,

"J. K."

His pleasure was to delay the visit until twilight. Perhaps he had a difficult programme to arrange; perhaps he wanted to give Jessie time to recover strength and composure, or he may have thought that delay would enhance the value of his society. On the legal principle he had enunciated when Roy's prior engagement was under discussion, we ought to accept his own explanation of his tardiness.

"I could not come earlier," he said very gravely, in reply to Jessie's faltered gratitude and fears that he had suffered from the morning's adventure. "You needed rest and quiet, and I have been unhinged all day—mentally, I mean. Don't thank me again! You don't know how like mockery phrases of acknowledgment from you to me sound. Sit down. You are still weak and nervous. You are trembling all over."

If she was, it was not from cold or debility. He placed her in an arm-chair, brought a shawl from the hall,

and folded it about her; turned away abruptly, and walked the room in a silence she had neither words nor courage to break. The piano stood open as he had left it in the morning. He stopped before it on his tenth round, seated himself, and began a prelude. Then he sang the ballad she had crooned in the amber sunset, so many, many months ago! while he listened without, and tore the hearts out of Eunice's roses.

He gave the first verse with tenderness that was exquisite; rendered the musing ecstasy of the dream with beauty and expression that thrilled the auditor with delicious pain. This deepened into agony under the passionate melancholy of the last stanza:—

"Soon, o'er the bright waves howled forth the gale,  
Fiercely the lightning flashed on our sail;  
Yet while our frail barque drove o'er the sea,  
Thine eyes like loadstars beamed, Love, on me.  
Oh, heart, awaken! wrecked on lone shore!  
Thou art forsaken! Dream, heart, no more!"

He came back to where she sat—all bowed together and quivering in every limb—and knelt before her.

"Jessie, I have dreamed, and I am awake. I am here to-night, to ask you to forgive, not only the rash, presumptuous words I spoke this morning, but the feeling that gave them birth. I have loved you from the moment of our first meeting. You and heaven are my witnesses how I have striven with my unwarrantable passion; how, persuaded that the indulgence of this would be a rank offence against honour and friendship, I resisted by feigned coldness your innocent wiles to win the good-will of Roy's relative. I deluded myself, for a time, with the belief that I could control the proofs of my affection within the bounds of brotherly regard. You best know how, when your faith in the truth of your accepted lover was shaken, I became his champion; how conscientiously and laboriously I have pleaded his cause with you; tried to be faithful to the trust he had reposed in me; how, when I had nearly betrayed myself in an unguarded moment, I endeavoured to dissipate any suspicions that my imprudence might have awakened in your mind. Again and again I have avoided you for days and months together; punished myself for my involuntary transgression against my friend by denying myself the sight of that which was dearer and more to be desired in my esteem than all the world and heaven itself; have shut myself into outer darkness from the light of your eyes and the sound of your voice. The fruit of the toils, the anguish, the precautions of more than a year, was destroyed to-day by one outburst of ungovernable emotion. I shall dream no more, dear! I solemnly vow this on my knees, while I beg you to say that you do not despise me!"

The bowed head was upon his shoulder now, and she was weeping. He put his arm about her, and held her close, while he prayed her to be comforted.

"I have cost you many painful thoughts, and not a few tears since the day when you told me the story of old



David Dundee, over there in the window," he said, sadly. "It would have been better—much better for you had you never seen or heard of me. These tears are all for me, I know. But, indeed, darling, I am not worthy of one of them. They make me feel yet more keenly what a villain I must seem to you."

"Don't say that!" she burst forth. "If you are unworthy in your own sight, what must I think of my conduct? You were under no vow; had professed to love no other, had entered into no compact in the name of God, to be constant to one—one only—while life endured; a compact you called as sacred and binding as marriage. I loathe myself when I think of my fickleness and falsehood. I do not deserve to receive the love of any true man. There is, at times, a bitter tonic in the idea that I may be better worth Roy Fordham's acceptance than I would be of another's who had never deceived the trust of the woman who loved him."

She sat upright, and laughed, in saying it. "We—he and I—could not upbraid one another on the score of inconstancy."

"I will not have you depreciate yourself. You have been true to the letter of your vow. There are some feelings that defy control. Listen to me, dearest," sitting down by her. "This is a world of mismatched plans—of blighted hopes and fruitless regrets. But the wise do not defy Fate. They look, instead, for the sparkle of some gem amid the ashes of desolation. Let us be brave since we cannot be hopeful. I can never forget you—never cease to think of you as the dearest and noblest of women. The memory will be more to me than any possession in the gift of Fortune. No change of external circumstances can make us less to one another than we are now, while to the world we can never be more. Nothing is further from my wishes or designs than to weaken your regard for the strength of a compact so solemn as that which binds you to your betrothed. He is a good man, and he will cherish you kindly and faithfully. It may be a hard saying, but we are dealing in no mock reserves now, love; and however weakly my heart may shrink from pronouncing the doom of my happiness, I ought not to disguise from myself or you the truth, that, as he has done nothing since your betrothal to forfeit your esteem, you should fulfil your promise whenever he shall claim it."

"Which he may never do!" Jessie interrupted the forced calmness of the argument. "I heard a terrible story a month ago—one that has driven sleep from my eyes for whole nights since. Did you ever hear that my mother was insane for many years before she died?"

It was too dark to see her features, but Orrin felt the strong shudder that ran over her; saw the gesture that seemed to tear the dreadful secret from her breast.

She went on wildly. "That the loving words and caresses, the recollection of which has fed my heart from my babyhood, the tales and songs and sketches that were my choicest pleasures then, were the vagaries of an un-

settled mind; that she knew nothing aright after I, miserable little wretch! was born! Not even her own and only child! That, through all these years I have been worshipping a beautiful myth! I never had a mother! Oh! that I had died while I still believed in her!"

The cry of the last sentence was of hopeless bereavement, and the specious actor beside her sat appalled at the might of a woe beyond his conception.

She resumed before he could reply.

"I ought never to marry! Accursed from the beginning, I should finish my shadowed life alone. You talk of the gifts of Fortune. The best she can offer me now are quiet and obscurity. I have written all this to Mr. Fordham. He knows, by this time, that I am a less desirable partner for his fastidious and untainted self than was the poor girl whose only crime was that her sister had died of consumption,—that a deadlier malady is my birthright!"

"You have written this to Roy!" exclaimed Orrin, in stern earnest. "Without consultation with your sister or father?"

"Why should I consult them? Having deceived me for twenty years or more, they would not be likely to tell me the truth now. The story came indirectly to me, from the daughter of my mother's nurse, who lived here herself as a servant when I was born. Afterward I saw and talked with the woman myself. Nothing but the whole truth would satisfy me. Her account was clear and circumstantial. There is no mistake."

"The woman is a lying gossip—a malicious or weak-minded slanderer. You have acted hastily and most unwisely!" Orrin said, in seriousness that commanded her attention. "This tale is not a new one to me. Your sister informed me that there was such a figment in circulation before you went to Mrs. Baxter."

He rehearsed Eunice's description of her step-mother's invalidism, softening such portions of it as might, he feared, tend to feed the daughter's unhealthy fancies.

"Your father and your family physician will tell you that her disease was physical. Her low, nervous state and hysterical symptoms were concomitants to this, as were her indisposition to see strangers, and inability to go abroad. It is your duty to write this explanation to Roy. He had your father's version of the case, when he asked his sanction to his addresses to yourself. You must tell him that this was the correct one."

"To what purpose would all this be?" He had never heard her speak sullenly until now. "Better that he should part from me on this pretext than upon the ground which my farther confession would furnish."

She said the concluding words so indistinctly that Orrin did not catch their purport, or his rejoinder would have been different and less prompt.

"For the sake of your mother's memory!" he urged, gently. "The mother who, you are again persuaded, both knew and loved you."

She was still for a moment.

"You are right," she said then. "It would be base to screen my faithlessness at the expense of her reputation. I am cowardly—but indeed, indeed, it is not an easy task to undeceive him. He trusts me implicitly! If you had read his letters! And I do still value his esteem. I believed in him so long, you know. But I will tell him all! It is just that I should be spared no humiliation!"

To Wyllys this was sheer raving, yet it sounded dangerous.

"What do you mean?" he queried, in an altered tone.

Instead of replying, she hid her face in her hands—(how well he remembered the old action!)—and moaned.

He touched her shoulder, less in caress than admonition, as he asked, "Tell him what? Why do you speak of humiliation?"

"Because he still believes in *me*, I tell you! He will scorn me when I confess that my heart has changed—that I can never love him again, as I fancied I did once!" she whispered, as if ashamed to say it aloud. "He will cast me off—free me at once and for ever."

The temptation was powerful, and the Thug yielded to it, without a struggle.

"And if he should, darling? What then?" he said tightening his arm about her waist.

"*You* should not ask me!" in a yet lower whisper.

Had the dusk allowed, she might have seen a smile of triumph upon his face; an involuntary uprearing of the head as from the binding of the bay of victory about his brows. In affections and in spirit she lay at his feet—her love confessed, her destiny in his power. Did he wish, for one insane instant, that his acting were reality, that, with clean heart and hands, he could fold her in his embrace, and call her by the name which is the seal and glory of loving womanhood? make her his honoured and beloved Wife?

We are all human, and there may have gaped in that one wild second, an hitherto unsuspected joint in his harness of unscrupulous egotism. If this were so, he conquered the weakness before he again spoke.

"Jessie, this is sheer madness! My beautiful angel! why have you made me love you only that both our hearts should be broken at last? Do you know what you are doing? Do not injure yourself fatally in the estimation of all your friends by cancelling this engagement. Your father has talked much to me of the comfort it is to him. He loves and honours Fordham; is happy in his old age in the anticipation of giving you into his keeping. This will be a crushing blow to his pride and affection. And Fordham! you do not comprehend what a terrible thing his anger is. I, who have seen him aroused, warn you not to make him your life-long enemy. These calm, slow natures are vindictive beyond the possibility of your conception."

"Yet you would have me trust myself and my happiness in his keeping? When I have said that I do not love him! Have you read *my* nature to so little purpose as to think that fear will drive, where affection does not lead me?"

Her spirit was rising. He knew the signs of her mood, and that the sharpest of the struggle between her will and his was to come. He made ready his last shaft.

"Leave things as they are! If I plead earnestly, it is because there is so much at stake. For me, as for you! Do not tempt me to perjury and dishonour. Help me to keep my integrity by holding fast to your own! Believe me, who have seen more of life and human inconsistency than your virgin fancy ever pictured, when I say that crossed loves are the rule, love-marriages the exception in this crooked, shadowed world. By and by, you—both of us—will learn quietness of soul, if not content, and nobody surmise the secret of the locked heart-chambers which are consecrated to one another."

"Perjury! dishonour!" repeated Jessie, bewildered. "By what oath are *you* bound? I do not understand!"

"You have heard no report, then, of the business which brought me to Dundee? Has not Mrs. Baxter or Miss Provost written to you of my engagement?"

"Engagement!" still wonderingly.

"I am engaged to be married, Jessie!" mournfully firm.

"To whom?"

He just caught the gasp, for her throat and tongue were too dry for perfect articulation.

"To Hester Sanford."

Without another word, she got up and groped her way to the mantel.

Orrin followed.

"What is it?" he asked, tenderly.

"I want the matches! Ah, here they are!"

She struck one, the blue flame showing a ghastly face above it, lighted the lamp, and motioned Orrin to a seat opposite her own, at the centre-table.

"Now!" she said, interlacing her fingers upon the table, and leaning over them in an attitude of attention. "Go on with what you were saying."

If she had expected him to show embarrassment, she was foiled. He put his hand upon hers before he began, and although she drew it back, he felt that it was clay-cold, and judged rightly that his real composure would outlast her counterfeit.

"What could I do?" he said, beseechingly. "You were lost to me as surely as though you were already married or dead. If I am to blame for obeying the reckless impulse to double-bar the door separating us—to divide myself from you by a gulf so wide that expectancy, desire, and hope would perish in attempting to cross it, you are scarcely the one to upbraid me for the deed. More marriages are contracted in desperation than from mutual love. I said: 'If I am ever cured, it will

be by this means.' Miss Sanford was not unpropitious to my advances. I will not insult your common-sense by pretending that her evident partiality flattered or attracted me—much less that I ever felt one throb of tenderness for her. Since I could never love another woman, what difference did it make who bore my name and kept my house? It were better—so I reasoned—to marry one whose supreme self-love would prevent her from divining my indifference and its cause, who was shallow-hearted, insensitive, and obtuse of wit, than one who, gauging my feeling by her own, would expect a devotion I could not feign—

"But I cannot talk of Miss Sanford and my new bonds, here, and now! I thought myself armed at every point for self-justification when I came to you. One ray from your eyes showed me my error."

"Perjury! dishonour!" reiterated Jessie, without moving the eyes that were fast filling with disdain. "It is from these that I am to save you? You perjured yourself when you told that girl that you loved her—and tell it to her you did, or she would not have accepted your hand. Other men have sought her in marriage, and she would be exacting as to the form of your proposal. You dishonoured yourself and the name of wedded love in every vow you made her. From this sin, at least, I am free. When I promised to marry Roy Fordham, I thought I understood my own feelings. And my heart *was* his! If I could forget the mad, wicked dream that divides me from that season of purity and gladness, I would peril my soul to do it! You speak of the sanctity of my engagement; of the integrity that bids you to hold fast to yours. We will pass over the first. It *was* a sacred thing, and a precious one, before the serpent left his loathsome trail upon it. But where was your integrity when you talked to me of love, just now? when you deliberately prefaced the announcement of your betrothal by the declaration that the memory of me must always be more to you than any earthly possession? Was this loyal? Was it honourable, or even honest? I believe that I have loved you, Orrin Wylls! I believe, moreover, that you have tried to win my love—for what end the Maker of us both alone knows. If I have been weak, you have been wicked. I see it all now—step by step! fall after fall! And to crown the injury you have done me with insult, you adjure me to save you from temptation to perjury by heaping lie upon lie, in continuing to assert by actions, if not by direct protestation, that I love a man to whom I am indifferent. You have sold yourself for Hester Sanford's millions. You would have me sell myself, soul and body, for expediency and convenience—and to avert Roy Fordham's lasting enmity. That is the case, stripped of sentimental verbiage."

"Jessie!"

"I have no affection for him, or for any one else! No faith! no hope!" she pursued, towering above him like a lost but menacing spirit. "You saved my life this

morning. You make of that benefit a wrong to-night, by robbing life of all that it held of sweetness and comfort; by showing me what a coarse bit of gilded clay I—poor fool! have worshipped. I wish you had let me drown!"

"Jessie! are you mad?"

He had arisen with her, and would have drawn nearer to her side, but she waved him off. There was a terrible beauty in her wrath that fascinated him, in spite of her cutting words.

"I was a happy, trustful child when you crossed my path. I am a hard, bitter, suspicious woman—and the change is your work. You have humbled me for ever in my own eyes, by letting me into the dark secrets of my instability and idiotic credulity. I care not what others think of me. I shall write to Mr. Fordham before I sleep, and release him; if he still considers himself bound to me, shall tell him plainly that my love is dead—and my heart!"

"You will judge me more mercifully, and yourself more justly, one day, Jessie. Your self-reproaches pain me more than do your vituperations against myself. Nothing you can say in your present mood can alter my feelings for you. You have had much to try you to-day, my poor child. When you are cooler, you will retract—mentally, at least—the charges you have brought against one whose heart is now, and always will be, your own. You know me better than you think. I can wait for time and your sober reason to right me. Implacable as I know Fordham to be, under his impassive demeanour he will be more lenient to what he will esteem my breach of trust—the wrong I have done him—when once he has heard my defence, than you are at this moment."

"You suppose, then, that I am going to lodge a complaint against you?" she said, contemptuously. "I shall not mention your name. I should be ashamed to own who was the cause of my folly. You have nothing to dread from your cousin's anger."

And although his last remark was a "feeler," designed to elicit such an assurance, this speech stung him more sharply than had the volley of invectives that preceded it.

Mr. Kirke and Eunice did not return until midnight. Jessie had the evening to herself, and the letter to Roy was sent to the post-office before she went to bed.

It was short and decisive to unkindness:

"When I wrote to you last week," was the unceremonious commencement, "I said that I would await your reply before sending another letter. I believed that the information contained in the former would be the means of terminating our engagement. I have learned since that the story was a malicious or idle exaggeration. My mother died, as she had lived, a sane woman. But this matters little so far as our relation to one another is concerned. Another and an insuperable obstacle to our union exists in the change of my feelings towards your—"

self. If I ever loved you—I think sometimes I never did—I love you no longer. Months of doubt and suffering have brought me to the determination to confess this without reserve. I offer no extenuation of my fickleness. I ought to have remained constant, but I have not. May you choose more happily and wisely in the future!

“I write this without conference with my father or sister, in the knowledge, also, that my change of purpose and prospects will be a sorrow and a surprise to both. But I cannot hesitate or draw back. I need hardly say that I have entered into pledges with no one else. No

one desires that I should, or seeks to win my affections. It rests with you to give me the release I ask of your generosity and humanity, or to hold me to the letter of my bond. If, having learned the extent of the change that has come over me since I gave it, you insist upon the fulfilment of my promise, I shall submit to your decision.

“Foreseeing what your action will be, it only remains for me to add that your gifts and letters await your order.

“JESSAMINE KIRKE.”

### TOPICS FOR TALK.

**M**OURNING customs do not appear to offer a very inviting subject for a casual conversation; but they deserve to be considered practically. We entirely repudiate the notions on the subject entertained by some of those persons who are perpetually trying to persuade us that all the world excepting themselves are entirely wrong about everything, and that they are imperatively called upon to utter words of wisdom whether others listen or not. We believe that it is consonant with common sense and right feeling that a peculiar costume—and that fittingly of a sombre style—should be adopted as an announcement to the world that we have suffered the loss of some one near and dear to us. Such a costume is not only congenial with the natural feelings of sorrow which induces a distaste for the gayer aspect of things around us; but it spares much pain which might be inflicted unintentionally by the remarks or inquiries of others unacquainted with our cause of grief. Obviously we fall into an error if we mistake the adoption of a mourning habit, consistent with the usages of society, for the real emotion which sensitive natures feel, and think we have done all that the deceased could have desired as proof of our affection if our mourning costume is quite the mode. Crape on the cap cannot express the widow's sorrow; but they are a sign to the outer world not to intrude on her sacred grief. But there may easily be an excess in a practice which is in itself laudable; and, as there is now a tendency towards economy and a diminished ostentation in funerals, so there is an effort being made to introduce some modifications into the practice of wearing mourning. A Mourning Reform Association has been started; the object being, as the lady secretary expresses it, to “check such conventional ‘shams’ as going into black on the death of comparatively distant connections, or relatives personally unknown, or the ruinous and utterly unnecessary outlay required to put a whole household of servants into mourning.” There appears certainly

to be room for some improvement in this direction, and a committee of ladies has been appointed to consider how the object of the Association can best be advanced.

But mourning is a slight affair in this country compared to the ceremonial of mourning in China on the occasion of the Emperor's death. White is the mourning colour, and as the dress is not taken off for the period of a hundred days, it must be rather doubtful at last what was the original hue of the mourning garment. When the Emperor died, a few months since, the demand for white Astrakan cloth was so great that the price of the article doubled in a few days. Another mode in which the Celestials are required to express their sorrow for the national loss, is rather peculiar. Foreigners in Peking were astonished at the number of marriages which took place directly it was known the Emperor was dead. The streets resounded with the noise which generally accompanies wedding processions. It seems that, after the official proclamation of the Emperor's death, no weddings are allowed for three years; so there was a general rush of young couples to get married before the proclamation appeared.

The Cambridge Local Examinations have resulted favourably for the young ladies. The examiners report that the dictation papers of the girls were better than those of the boys; and in parsing—that peculiarly troublesome educational operation—the senior girls had the advantage. One school sent in seventy-four girls for examination, only three of whom failed, and thirty-one obtained half at least of full marks. It is pleasant to see that the young ladies can take such a creditable position, and the fact ought to encourage both teachers and pupils.

In connection with the preceding remark, and referring also to what has already been said in this magazine respecting employment for ladies, we may notice that there exists a great difficulty in obtaining certificated schoolmistresses. A clergyman tells us, through the



press, that he recently advertised for a schoolmistress, offering terms which would realize at least eighty pounds a year, and did not receive a single application. There can be no doubt if he had advertised for a governess in a private family, the applications might have been counted by the score. Yet a schoolmistress should be, and is considered a lady, is very much more her own mistress, and occupies a much more defined and independent position than a governess. An intelligent young lady, who has received a good elementary education, would have little difficulty in passing the examination necessary to obtain a certificate; and it would be a pity to allow any false notions as to "position" to stand in the way of obtaining a really eligible appointment. The National Society recently advertised for a hundred and fifty certificated schoolmistresses, offering good salaries.

The Alexandra Palace, the Royal Academy, and the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours are now added to the amusements enjoyable by Londoners. The Alexandra Palace is very beautiful and attractive in the interior, and well adapted for musical performances. The day concerts and entertainments promise to be very attractive. The exterior of the building is not so striking as that of the edifice destroyed by fire two years ago, and the gardens require time to develop. But the situation is so admirable, the landscape beauties so attractive, and the preparation for out-door amusements so good, that Muswell Hill will probably be a great place of pilgrimage during the coming summer.

Mr. Disraeli must have been in a depressed state of mind when, at the Royal Academy dinner, he said English artists were compelled to trust to their imagination, or visit foreign countries, if they wished to paint beautiful pictures. "He is not blessed with the inspiration of atmosphere. Nature puts on for him her soberest and most congenial garb. He has no purple skies to teach him colour, nor graceful forms and picturesque gestures to feed his idea of beauty, and to stimulate his invention. The London fog invades his studio." Mr. Disraeli was speaking on the 1st of May, when a determined down-pour of rain had made London particularly "unlovely" and uncomfortable. But we do enjoy clear atmospheres and beautiful skies; English folks, ladies especially, do have graceful forms, and painters and poets, too, have found inspiration in English lanes, rivers, forests, and sea-beaten rocky coasts. The very pictures around him, which owe their merit to their faithfulness to nature, should have taught him better. But our clever Premier likes to give utterance to out-of-the-way ideas.

There have been some interesting marriages in the fashionable world this month. Sir Douglas Stewart married Miss Hester Fraser, daughter of John Fraser, Esq., of Portman Square, and Benicien, Inverness-shire. The ceremony, which was attended by a large circle of friends, took place at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, on the 4th of May. On the same day a very brilliant com-

pany assembled at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to witness the nuptials of the grand-daughter of the Duke of Somerset, Miss Margaret Graham, daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, to Mr. Alexander Aeneas Mackintosh, of Mackintosh. There were eleven bridesmaids, and the costumes of the guests were very beautiful. The wedding favours were all tied with the Mackintosh tartan ribbon. The newly-wedded pair left town for Bulstrode, the Buckinghamshire seat of the Duke of Somerset. There was another very grand marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when Miss Charlotte Eleanor Georgina Dennistoun, eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, of Prince's Gate, was united to her cousin, Mr. John Dennistoun, of Cromwell Road, son of the late member for Glasgow. The marriage was by special license, and did not take place until after twelve o'clock. She was accompanied by twelve bridesmaids, some of them children. The service was choral, and the church was crowded.

The City presentation of a superb piece of plate to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh has been made. It consists of a silver centre-piece and candelabra, and cost two thousand guineas. A maritime character has been given to the design, and very appropriately, Alfred the Great, who originated the British navy, and whose name is borne by the Duke of Edinburgh, and Peter the Great, who originated the navy of the native country of the Duchess, are commemorated. We like, when we can, to increase the historical information of our readers, and as we do not remember that in any of the books of "Questions," and other manuals used in boarding-schools, Alfred the Great is credited with originating the British navy, or, in fact, doing much beyond burning cakes and disguising as a minstrel, we will add to that comprehensive information, that he designed ships of unusual length and speed, and defeated the Danes on the waves which hitherto they had claimed to rule. In 875, exactly a thousand years ago, Alfred's ships defeated a fleet of Danish rovers, and that was the first naval victory gained by Englishmen. So "the flag" has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." In this age of commemoration, it is strange none of our naval enthusiasts have thought of commemorating the fact.

After the presentation, the Duke of Edinburgh presided at the annual meeting of the National Life-boat Institution, which ladies should feel a great interest in supporting. The terrible calamities near our coasts, which have received a heartrending increase during the last week or two, must appeal to our sympathies, and strengthen our interest in the exertions of an institute which endeavours, and so successfully, to afford invaluable aid in the case of shipwreck. In the months of December, January, and February last, 295 lives were saved by the life-boats from ships wrecked or in distress on our shores. Such a fact is a potent argument for doing our best to increase the efficacy of the institution.

## THE BALTIMORE BONAPARTES.

THE story of the Baltimore Bonapartes is one of the saddest but most interesting chapters in the romance of modern history. It is now more than seventy years since Jerome—the youngest and weakest of Napoleon's brothers—arrived in New York in command of a French frigate. Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of Egypt and Italy, the first Consul of France, was then filling the world with the *éclat* of his genius, and Jerome was received with distinction in the "first circles" of New York.

Early in the autumn of 1803, young Bonaparte visited Baltimore. Parties, dinners and receptions were given in his honour. He was the lion of the day. The leading citizens of Baltimore contended for the privilege of entertaining the distinguished young stranger.

At the elegant and hospitable home of Samuel Chase, one of the Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence, Captain Bonaparte was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Patterson. This lady, though not yet eighteen, was one of the reigning belles of Baltimore. To the exquisite beauty of her person were added a sprightly wit, fascinating manners, and many brilliant accomplishments. An immediate and ardent attachment sprang up between the handsome and dashing young Frenchman and the beautiful Baltimore girl, an attachment which increased, day after day, as they were constantly thrown together either at home or in society. In spite of the warnings of friends, in spite of the remonstrances of her father, Miss Patterson determined to marry, declaring that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." Finding her so firm and determined in the matter, Mr. Patterson at last gave a reluctant consent to the marriage.

The marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson took place on Christmas Eve, 1803. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, afterward Archbishop and Primate of the American Catholic Church. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander J. Dallas, and the wedding was witnessed by the Mayor and other prominent citizens of Baltimore. Mr. William Patterson, the father of the bride, was one of the merchant princes of Baltimore, ranking in the mercantile world with John Jacob Astor, of New York, and Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. During the American Revolution he had freely given large sums of money to support the war for independence, and had enjoyed the intimate friendship of Washington, La Fayette, and other eminent leaders.

Shortly after their marriage, Jerome and his wife made an extended tour in the Northern and Eastern States. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Albany, and other cities which they visited, they were received with

the distinction due to the brother of the First Consul of France.

But trouble was not long in coming. Even during this bridal tour, alarming news arrived from France. Napoleon was furious when he heard of Jerome's marriage; he immediately directed that his allowance should be stopped and that he should return to France by the first frigate; otherwise he would be regarded as a deserter. At the same time, Jerome was forbidden to bring his wife to France, and all the captains of French vessels were prohibited from receiving on board "the young person to whom he had attached himself," it being the intention of the First Consul that she should not, on any pretext whatever, be permitted to enter France, and if she succeeded in so doing, she was to be sent back to the United States without delay.

Jerome was frightened. He hesitated, at first, to return, fearing to meet Napoleon in his anger. He delayed his departure from America week after week and month after month, vainly hoping that time would soften the heart of the tyrant, and reconcile him to his marriage. At last, on the morning of the 11th of March, 1805, Jerome and his wife embarked at Baltimore for Europe, and on the 2nd of April arrived at Lisbon. Here they had at once a proof of Napoleon's despotic power. A French guard was placed around their vessel, and Madame Jerome was not allowed to land. An ambassador from Napoleon waited upon her, and asked what he could do for *Miss Patterson*. To whom she replied:

"Tell your master that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the Imperial family."

Soon after arriving at Lisbon, Jerome hastened to Paris, hoping, by a personal interview, to win Napoleon over to a recognition of the marriage. On his way through Spain he met Junot, who had just been appointed Minister to Portugal. Junot endeavoured to dissuade him from resisting the wishes of Napoleon. Jerome declared that he would never abandon his beautiful young wife.

When Jerome reached Paris, he requested an interview with Napoleon, which was refused. He was told to address the Emperor by letter, which he did, and received an answer that put an end to all his hope concerning his wife. This was the substance of Napoleon's reply:—

"Your marriage is null, both in a religious and legal point of view. *I will never acknowledge it.* Write to Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to give things another turn. On condition of her going to America, I will allow her a

pension during her life of sixty thousand francs per year, provided she does not take the name of my family, to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence."

When Napoleon declared that Jerome's marriage was "null, both in a religious and legal point of view," he was expressing his own wishes rather than stating the facts. At the time of Jerome's marriage to Miss Patterson, Napoleon was only the First Consul of France, and could have no control over the members of his family. Jerome's mother and eldest brother, Joseph, were the only persons whose consent was necessary, and they concurred in approving the marriage. The marriage had been celebrated according to the prescribed rites of the Catholic Church, of which Jerome professed to be a member, and the ceremony had been performed by the highest dignitary of that Church in America.

When Jerome was at length admitted to the presence of his brother, Napoleon thus addressed him:—

"So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. *As to your love affair with your little girl, I do not regard it.*"

In the meantime, what had become of the "beautiful young wife," left by her husband a stranger in a foreign land, surrounded by open enemies and false friends? Toward the end of April, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, finding that she would not be allowed to land at Lisbon, or any port from which Napoleon had power to exclude her, sailed for Amsterdam. Here she arrived on the 1st of May. Napoleon, who was now the absolute master of the Continent of Europe, in anticipation of her arrival in Holland, had ordered Schimmelpenninck, the Grand Pensionary of the Batavian Republic, to prevent "Madame Jerome Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name," from landing in any port of that country. In compliance with this despotic command, when the ship "Erin," with Madame Bonaparte, arrived in the Texel Roads, she was ordered off immediately, and all persons were forbidden to hold any communication with the ship under a severe penalty. The "Erin" remained in the Texel eight days, during which time she was strictly guarded, being placed between a sixty-four gun ship and a frigate.

Excluded from the ports of Continental Europe, and fearing that an attempt would be made upon her life if she stayed in Texel, Madame Bonaparte sailed for England. Her first and only child was born at Camberwell, London, on the 7th of July, 1805, and named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Two months after this event the young mother and her child embarked for the United States, and arrived in Baltimore after a prosperous voyage of four weeks.

The weak and fickle Jerome soon forgot his "dear little wife," as he once was fond of calling her. After leaving her at Lisbon in April, 1805, Jerome addressed

her frequent and tender letters, declaring repeatedly that his "dear little wife was the sole object of all his love, for whom he would be willing to give up his life."

His often repeated determination "never to abandon his beautiful young wife" melted away before the frowns and brilliant promises of Napoleon. In a few months after separating from her at Lisbon he consented to a divorce. As a reward for his pusillanimity Jerome was created a Prince of the Empire and raised to the rank of Admiral in the French navy. On the 22nd August, 1807, he was married to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, with all the pomp and ceremony with which Napoleon knew so well how to dazzle the French people. At the end of these festivities Jerome and his wife left France to take possession of the new kingdom of Westphalia, which was formed out of the territories of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and given to Jerome for his weak compliance with the measures of Napoleon. To the honour of Pope Pius VII. it should be stated that he firmly resisted Napoleon's attempts to get him to declare null and void the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. The marriage was annulled by Napoleon's Council of State, but the Pope always refused to sanction the divorce, and in the eyes of the Catholic Church, of which Napoleon proudly called himself the eldest son, the only legitimate descendants of Jerome Bonaparte, are the Baltimore Bonapartes.

Upon several occasions, the Baltimore Bonapartes endeavoured to have their legitimacy established by the French courts. Through the powerful influence of King Jerome and his son, Prince Napoleon, these attempts always failed. Jerome died at the close of 1859. Early in 1861, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte and her son, Jerome Napoleon, made a final appeal to the *Cour Impériale de Paris*. M. Berryer, the eminent French Advocate, argued their case with distinguished ability. He cited an array of interesting and irresistible facts, proving beyond question the legality of the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. A copy of the marriage contract was produced, signed by the contracting parties, and William Patterson, the father of the bride, and witnessed by Bishop Carroll, M. Sotin, the Vice-Consul of France, at Baltimore, and Alexander Le Camus, afterward le Comte de Furstenstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Westphalia, during the reign of Jerome in that kingdom. The certificate of the marriage, duly authenticated by the late Very Reverend Henry B. Coskery, Rector of the Baltimore Cathedral, was also produced at the trial.

Numerous letters were read from ex-King Jerome to Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore, in which the latter was addressed respectively, "*Mon cher enfant*" and "*Mon cher fils*." Other members of the Bonaparte family wrote him most affectionate letters, acknowledging the existing relationship. But in spite of the eloquence of Berryer and justice of the cause, the appeal was denied.

Madame Bonaparte has always enjoyed society, which her wit, beauty, and brilliant conversation have fitted her to adorn. When she returned to Baltimore after her romantic visit to Europe a new interest was thrown around the former belle and beauty. A glamour of romance, and poetry, and suffering, was about her. Those who had envied her as the bride of Jerome Bonaparte could well afford to sympathize with her as the deserted young wife. Her brave and determined spirit sustained her in the midst of trials which would have crushed an ordinary woman. When Jerome, whom she had once adored as the embodiment of chivalrous gallantry, abandoned her, whom he had sworn before God and man to love, honour, and cherish until death, her love and admiration changed to absolute contempt.

After the downfall of Napoleon, Madame Bonaparte visited Europe, and remained there seven years. Her fascinating manners, extraordinary beauty, and romantic history, made her admired and celebrated all over the Continent. She spent several years in Florence, and was the ornament of the Court of Tuscany, which was at that time one of the most brilliant in Europe. In these splendid scenes, Madame Bonaparte was always the gayest of the gay. She went to a ball every night. Her regular habit was to spend the early part of the evening in music and reading. At nine, her maid came to dress her for the ball. Precisely at ten, she drove to the *soirée*, and invariably left at midnight. In society, her sarcastic wit was as much feared as her beauty was admired.

It was while residing at Florence, in 1822, that Madame Bonaparte saw Jerome for the first and last time after their separation at Lisbon, in 1805. They met in the gallery of the Pitti Palace. On seeing her, Jerome started, and whispered to the Princess of Würtemberg, his second wife: "That is my former wife." He immediately quitted the gallery, and the next morning left Florence. No words passed between them.

Madame Bonaparte spent the winter of 1823 in Vienna. Here, her social success was almost as brilliant as at Florence.

Young Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore accompanied his mother to Europe, and was placed at school in Geneva. After remaining there several years, he joined his mother in Italy in 1821, where most of the Bonaparte family were then residing. He was received with affectionate kindness by his grandmother, the venerable Madame Mère, his uncles Lucien and Louis, his aunt Julia, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and aunt Pauline, Princess Borghese, and all his numerous cousins. So delighted were they all with the bright and handsome young Baltimore Bonaparte, that they were anxious to make a match between him and his young cousin, Charlotte, daughter of Joseph. In the event of the marriage taking place, the Princess Borghese promised to leave the young couple three hundred thousand francs. Nothing came of this project. The two cousins continued devotedly attached to each other and frequently

corresponded. Young Jerome visited her beautiful home at Point Breeze, New Jersey, where her father lived from 1816 to 1839. In the spring of 1823, Jerome returned to America, and in the next autumn, entered Harvard University, where he remained three years. In 1826, he again visited Italy, and renewed his intimate personal relations with his family there. His half-brother, Prince Jerome, and half-sister, Princess Mathilde, became tenderly attached to him. It was during this visit to Europe that Jerome's acquaintance with Louis Napoleon began; this soon ripened into a most cordial intimacy.

Not long after his return to America (namely, in November, 1829), Jerome, then about twenty-four years old, was married to Miss Susan May Williams, a native of Baltimore, but descended of a prominent family of Massachusetts. Letters of congratulation came from the different members of the Bonaparte family, including Madame Mère, Joseph, Louis, Jerome, and his cousin Charlotte. On the 5th of November, 1830, a son was born to Mr. Bonaparte, and named Jerome Napoleon. After spending one year at Harvard, young Jerome entered West Point, July 1st, 1848, where he distinguished himself, both in the class-room and in all martial exercises, graduating high in his class in 1852. Perhaps a more dashing, more noble-looking young officer than Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte never left West Point; tall, graceful, handsome, with dark eyes, and regular features, he was every inch a soldier.

When Louis Napoleon came to America in 1837, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte invited him to visit him at his country-seat near Baltimore. On the 1st of January, 1853, Jerome addressed a letter to Napoleon III., congratulating him upon the occasion of his ascending the Imperial throne of France, to which the Emperor responded, expressing the great pleasure which the letter of his cousin had afforded him, and concluding with an invitation to visit France.

Mr. Bonaparte and his son visited Paris in June, 1854, and immediately upon their arrival were invited to dine at Saint Cloud by the Emperor. When they entered the Palace, Mr. Bonaparte received from the hands of the Emperor a paper containing the deliberate opinion of the Minister of Justice, the President of the Senate, and the President of the Council of State, upon the subject of the marriage of Prince Jerome with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, to the effect that Jerome Bonaparte ought to be considered a legitimate child of France. Prince Jerome opposed the recognition of his son's legitimacy, said he would not consent to his remaining in France, and so wrote to the Emperor. Napoleon III. replied that the laws of France recognized the son of Miss Patterson as legitimate, and on the 30th of August, 1854, a decree was inserted in the "*Bulletin des Lois*," declaring that *M. Jérôme Bonaparte est réintégré dans la qualité de Français*.

Another decree, dated September 5th, 1854, conferred upon young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the



rank of Lieutenant in the French army. He had previously resigned his commission in the United States army. The young officer proceeded at once to the Crimea, where he distinguished himself upon several occasions. At the end of the war his commanding officer wrote a letter of congratulation to his father, saying that he ought to be proud of such a son. For his gallant conduct in the Crimea, Lieutenant Bonaparte received a Victoria Medal from the Queen of England, the Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan of Turkey, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour from his Imperial cousin, Napoleon III. For his heroic services in the Italian campaign of 1859, Victor Emmanuel decorated him with the Order of Military Valour.

In the summer of 1870 Jerome Bonaparte died in Baltimore, leaving his large fortune to his wife and two sons.

Madame Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to Europe sixteen times, and contemplates another trip this summer. This old lady has more vivacity and certainly more intelligence than many of the leading women of fashion of the present day. She expresses her opinion upon all subjects with great freedom, and sometimes with bitterness. She has little or no confidence in men; and a very poor opinion of women: the young ladies of the

present day, she says, all have *homo mania*. All sentiment she thinks a weakness. She professes that her ambition has always been—not the throne, but near the throne. Mr. Patterson, her father, died in 1836, at an advanced age, in possession of a large fortune. In his will, which is one of the most remarkable documents that has ever been deposited in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, he says: "The conduct of my daughter, Betsey, has, through life, been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together; her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money"—in this, he means the marriage of his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte. The old gentleman left her, out of his great wealth, only three or four small houses and the wines in his cellar—worth in all about ten thousand dollars.

Madame Bonaparte is very rich: she has made her money by successful speculations and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a boarding-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvellous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the brightness of former days.

### DESPAIR NOT.

WE were not made to pass in sorrow  
Our brief existence here away;  
For grief's a cloud that on the morrow  
Gives promise of a brighter day.

Bright flowers decay; gay foliage fades  
Beneath November's chilly sign;  
But robed in gayer tints, the Spring  
Beholds the blushing flowers again.

So when some grief has blighted hopes  
Of happiness too dearly cherished,  
Too oft we deem that every joy  
Has with departed idols perished.

However deep the wound we feel—  
However great our cause of sadness—  
Time rolls the clouds of grief away,  
And brings again our wonted gladness.

### NEW BOOKS.

*True-Hearted: a Book for Girls.* By Cross Temple. (Hatchards, Piccadilly.)

Although this story ends with a wedding, and has its share of romance, no mother who objects to novels need fear to put it in her daughter's hands. The motive of the authoress in writing it seems to have been to show the evils of pride and selfishness as illustrated in the character of Hester Wallingham, who eventually becomes a very fine character through religious influence. The title probably refers to Hester's fidelity to her cousin, but the authoress seems to have been too tender-hearted to expose the lovers to many trials. Jeanie Durrant is the most pleasing character in the book, and would be altogether charming if such a psalm were not sung over her because she performs a simple act of charity. Readers of *True-Hearted* will be disappointed, not to be told whether she eventually married the young baronet who is so fond of her. The book is written in a

style of great earnestness, and we can recommend it as being what it calls itself—a book for girls.

*The Lady's Knitting Book.* Second Series. By E. M. C., author of *The Lady's Crochet Book*. (Hatchards, Piccadilly.)

This useful little book contains forty-six patterns of useful and ornamental work, among them a sleeveless jacket, a stocking, an opera-cloak, and a Shetland veil. The instructions are printed in good type and on good paper, and are both clear and precise.

*The Lady's Crochet Book.* (Hatchards.)

This is another very useful book, and contains instructions for many different kinds of antimacassars, besides bedroom slippers, and the numberless small articles that are constantly being crocheted for babies' wear.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.



333.—BLACK CASHMERE TUNIC AND JACKET (FRONT).

**T**H**E**RE is nothing strikingly new to note this month in the faon of costumes. The tablier reigns supreme, and whether real or simulated forms a part of every toilet. The cuirasse shape is equally



exclusive both for morning and evening dress, and modifications in either skirt or corsage are for the sonal taste, and the cachet of a good couturière is indispensable to give grace and distinction to modern



334.—BLACK CASHMERE TUNIC AND JACKET (BACK).

most part trifling, although in the arrangement and dresses. The tablier requires to be draped and fastened at the back with a peculiar chic, and it would be vain retroussis of the tablier a great deal depends on per-

to attempt to give an idea of the various combinations of loopings up imagined even while the dress is being tried on; none of these arrangements are any of them exactly alike. In general, however, the tablier is stretched plain, and fixed by bows of different style, some forming the large double loops called "coques," placed one above the other en cascade, others daintily-chiffoned *écharpes*, etc. As trimmings, plissés are more and more in vogue, fine regular plissés stitched down three or four times across the top; then there are ruches and coulissés, closely gathered bouillonnés and narrow bias; besides which, fringe is generally added to all these trimmings, made up of the dress material, or of some other fabric to correspond: the mixture of self-coloured with plaided, striped or figured tissues. The latter, however, though tolerated by Fashion, is by no means so much in favour as the others. In making up a complete costume of self-coloured material, the fancy material—striped or plaided—may be used for the trimmings and all accessories,—such as revers, collar, parements, flounces, bias and ruches, and should always be cut on the cross. When plain and fancy materials are used in about equal quantities, the plain is very generally used for the skirt and the fancy for the tablier and cuirasse. This rule, however, does not always hold good. At the races in the Bois de Boulogne, some very elegant costumes appeared, composed of faille skirts in a large plaid pattern, and a tunic of fine cashmere or beige material, plain grey or *écru*. For little girls, also, the skirt is often made of plaid material. Thus, skirt of blue and white plaid mohair, and corsage to match. Long basque, in the shape of a tablier, put on at the back. The basque of plain blue mohair, with sash bow of white and blue material. Sleeves of the plain mohair.

Beige and mohair are favourite materials for summer costumes for the country, or for morning wear. The two following are of an elegant simplicity:

The first is of two shades of sepia mohair, skirt trimmed with one fine plissé of dark mohair and one of a lighter shade above it; next, three bias folds, and again a fine light coloured plissé and three bias folds. The tunic, of plain light sepia mohair, is simply trimmed with five rows of soutache of the shape of the darker shade, and draped at the sides in four large hollow pleats, so as to form a tablier in front; at the back it falls in two long pointed lappets, tucked up in the upper part. Cuirasse bodice, with long basque and open in front, with fine mohair plissé, forming collarette and jabot, and plissé as cuffs to the sleeves. All this is of the lighter shade, trimmed with dark sepia soutache and buttons. This pretty costume would look equally well in two shades of grey or mauve.

The second is of beige material; the skirt trimmed with two gathered flounces, which are deepened at the back so as to form the train. Each flounce is edged with a band of black velvet, short tablier and shawl points at the back; also trimmed with a band of black velvet. The *retroussis* is very prettily fastened up with black velvet lappets. The bodice is trimmed so as to simulate a gilet,

with two bands of black velvet and a double fluting of the beige material edged with narrow black velvet. Light beige sleeves, with parements composed of alternate velvet and beige bias.

A more dressy toilette is of lilac taffetas. The skirt is put on in close gathers behind, plain and gored in front. It is trimmed round the bottom with a fine deep plissé, stitched down twice, headed by two bouillonnés—the upper one with a plissé heading. A wide *écharpe* of brocaded ribbon of a deeper shade of lilac is thrown round the skirt and tied on the left side, but very much at the back, in a loose bow with drooping loops, the upper part of the skirt being very slightly puffed at the top. Cuirasse bodice with rather short basque, rounded at the back, peaked in front; long bows of narrower brocaded ribbon upon the back of the bodice—one at the waist and one at the neck. Similar bows upon the parements of the coat sleeves.

A *croizette* of blue silk is made thus: The front part is trimmed with a series of small coulissé bouillonnés, divided by narrow flutings. The sides have a trimming of gathered flounces, headed with bouillonnés put on slantways; on either side of this trimming, dividing it from the front and back parts, there is a bouillonné put on perpendicularly, with very narrow frilling on either side. The train at the back is plain, except for five small flounces at the bottom. The bodice is very long waisted; a bouillonné similar to those of the skirt, but in reduced proportions, is put on either side in front, while the middle part forms a sort of plain gilet open, with white lace, frilling. A deep fluting is put on round the basque behind. The sleeves are gathered into narrow coulissés all the way down, and finished with a fluting.

A very elegant dress for the evening is of pearl grey taffetas. All the fulness of the dress is thrown to the back, the front part forming a long square tablier gathered in under five tiny coulissé bouillonnés on each side, and finished with a drapery lined with pale rose-coloured silk from which flows at the back a train of point lace over a still deeper train of grey silk, which sweeps the ground without any further trimming. The corners of the square tablier are fastened at the back by bows of mixed pearl grey and rose-coloured faille ribbon; it is edged round the bottom by a double ruche of rose-coloured faille and a deep flounce of point lace, which falls over a plissé of pearl grey faille, terminating the skirt in front. The low plain cuirasse bodice is laced behind. It is trimmed with a round berthe of point lace, with ruche and bows of rose-coloured faille. Coiffure of large coques and curls, with wreath of roses.

Another evening dress, for a young lady, is of much simpler style: Under slip of pale blue taffetas; the blue skirt trimmed round the bottom with three box-pleated flounces. An upper-skirt of blue tulle is trimmed diagonally with white tulle ruches and borders of white blond. A wide *écharpe* of blue faille is pleated at the waist, and falls in two long lappets, forming the train behind. Low



cuirasse bodice laced behind, trimmed round the top with two tiny white tulle ruches and a white blonde border. Cluster of Gloire de Dijon roses upon the bosom and in the hair.

The variety in Chapeaux is greater than ever. We select a few tasteful models suitable for this month.

First, an Orphée bonnet of white straw, with very wide border, lined with black velvet; and underneath, resting upon the hair, a wreath of large white *Marguerites*, with buds and foliage. Echarpe of crème brocaded ribbon round the crown tied in a large bow, from which droops a spray of the same blossoms.

A black chip bonnet with raised border, very high in front, trimmed with an écharpe of cardinal-red brocaded ribbon, a bunch of cream-white heather blossoms and long blackcock's feather drooping at the back. Under the border a light wreath of heather blossoms over a bandeau of black velvet, finished in long loops and lappets behind.

A bonnet of grey fancy straw of the Mignon shape, oval crown and deep flat border, placed very much at the back of the head. Round the crown wreath of ivy leaves and its small black berries, mixed in front with a tuft of long grasses and crimson poppies.

A black straw bonnet, with border raised in front and lowered at the back. This border is lined with dark blue faille, and a full wreath of lilies of the valley is placed inside. This wreath is lengthened on one side into a

long spray, trailing over the hair. On the other side it is finished by a large bow of dark blue faille. The upper part of the bonnet is trimmed with bows of the same colour.

A Deshoulière bonnet in the Shepherdess style is of white chip, with torsade of pale rose-coloured surah, brocaded foulard round the crown, forming an aigrette of large coques on one side, and drooping into a Catogan of long loops behind, with cluster of pearl-like heather blossoms. Round the torsade of rose-coloured foulard, wreath of white heather. Inside, bouillonné of white tulle and three small sprays of heather.

And a travelling hat of black straw, with high crown and brim, slightly turned up at the sides, and edged with beaded braid. Round the crown, wide band of black silk braid covered with small loops of black jet beads. At the side, large aigrette bow of black ribbon, put on with a bird's head.

The new Sunshades of the season are of light-coloured silk, with a spray of flowers embroidered on one side, in natural tints. The bouquet should be matched to the trimming of the bonnet. The handle is thick, the flat round knob at the top is of old Saxe porcelain, rococo jewellery, or tortoise-shell starred with gold.

For the country, the sunshade is of raw silk lined with light green, blue, or pink, and with a bow of ribbon to match the lining on the top. The handle is of Chinese bamboo.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### WALKING DRESSES.

1. Skirt of black taffetas, made just to touch the ground, and encircled by four gathered flounces, with tunic buttoned in front, and drawn up behind under a coquillé. Over this a tablier of lilac foulard, cut in a point (on which is placed a bow) in front, and trimmed with a gathered flounce. It is arranged in a number of pleats at the back, with a large bow. The bodice is of foulard, open in front, with a double turned-back collar, and neck-tie of white surah tied in a loose knot. The fronts, ornamented with buttons to match, form a waistcoat under the basques, which are rounded at the sides and short at the back, and simply bound with a crossway band of the same. The sleeves have double cuffs, also bound with crossway bands, and are finished with a strap and button. The chemisette and under-sleeves are either in rich lace or embroidery. Straw bonnet, with turned-up brim, lined with lilac surah, with wreath of flowers in front. The crown ornamented with a scarf of

surah tied in a bow behind, and white feathers at the top.

2. Costume in beige Cashmere and Madras. Skirt of the Cashmere made just to touch the ground, and trimmed with a flounce 16 inches deep, edged with a broad crossway band of the Madras. Tunic of the Cashmere edged with a broad crossway band of the Madras, caught up and fastened at the back with a bow of ribbon to match. The bodice is of Madras, with square cut basques that end abruptly at the sides; it is open in front, with a broad scarf of beige finished by a bow. The sleeves have cuffs of the Cashmere fastened over little quilled flounces of the same by buttons to match. Lingerie of embroidered muslin. Bonnet of Italian straw, with band of Madras and bouquet of corn flowers under the brim; the crown trimmed with a scarf of the Madras with long falling end, and wreath of the corn flowers carried all round.

### DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

Cut-out paper pattern of basque bodice in two colours, with fashionable pleat down the back. This model consists of seven pieces, viz., front, half of back, side piece, top of sleeve, under portion of ditto; and the coloured

trimmings, namely, cuff and half of coloured pleat down the back, which must be folded in four pleats, quite narrow at the waist, where the pattern is notched, wider at the neck, and forming box-pleat on the basque.



335.—COSTUME OF SELF-COLOURED AND STRIPED TOILE-DE-LAINE.

Skirt of pale grey toile-de-laine, with deep closely pleated flounce. At the back a broad double box pleat is arranged as a train, the centre fold being striped black and grey toile. Above the flounce are three vandyked pieces of toile, edged with bands of grey grosgrain silk and deep fringe; three bows of silk define the outlines of these vandykes down the centre of the front. Jacket bodice of striped toile, with bands of grey silk. At the wrist, fine folds of silk form a simple and pretty cuff. Pearl buttons.





336.- COSTUME OF GROSGRAIN AND CASHMERE.

Trained skirt of black grosgrain silk with two crossway flounces, each of which is headed by a close pleating of grosgrain. Below the flounce a similar pleating graduated in width is introduced. Tunic and jacket bodice of black cashmere, richly trimmed with beaded passementerie and black guipure lace. The tunic is long in front and sits close to the figure; at the back it is arranged in folds with an echarpe of grosgrain. At the wrists, closely pleated, cuffs of grosgrain, with band and bow. Revers of silk at the neck. Ruffle and sleeve of pleated crepe lisse.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

YOUNG Englishwomen may now produce their airiest and fairest of textures. The bright sunshine and warm air forbid anything warmer than muslin, grenadine, or some equally cool material. The present style of dress, it was feared, would not look well in thin materials, but the contrary is the case. The tablier looks very well in muslin, and should be trimmed with a frill of the same material. A muslin dress is greatly improved by bows of ribbon down the front and on the sleeves. These little et ceteras sometimes make all the difference between a tasteful and an insipid costume. French muslins are sometimes of a neutral ground, with flowers in very delicate tints, and these require ribbon of a bright shade to relieve their monotony. Sometimes black velvet is a great relief to a pale background. It requires some taste and an eye for colour to make these slight additions, and one must be careful in selecting them not to mar where one wishes to mend.

A point where many girls fail in taste is in choosing the colour of gloves. Certainly, one seldom sees now the dreadful blue, green, and violet gloves that were once but too fashionable, but even among the browns, yellows, and greys left from which to choose, it is quite possible to make a very wrong selection. A good rule, especially for summer wear, is to have the gloves match the colour of the dress exactly, if the colour be pale brown or grey. If light gloves are to be worn, it is more difficult to give general advice.

The COPENHAGEN GLOVE, manufactured by JANNINGS and Co., 16, Fenchurch Street, is made in all the pretty natural shades, pale fawns, greys, and browns, and wear extremely well. The price is very moderate, those with one button being sold at 2s. a pair, and those with two buttons at 2s. 6d. The stockings made by Messrs. Jannings are also very good, being made doubly strong in those places where there is most wear. I may mention for the benefit of country readers, that orders must be accompanied by post-office orders.

Young ladies who are industriously inclined, might make themselves very handsome dresses by embroidering patterns of flowers and leaves on tussore silk in the imperial knitting silk manufactured by Messrs. ADAMS and Co., 5, New Street, Bishopsgate Street. The undyed silk is made in two different sizes, and, as well as the other colours, knits very well. This silk in made in one hundred and forty different shades. The tussore is specially recommendable because, being entirely free from dye, it never changes colour in the least degree. The prices are reasonable, and the colours very beautiful.

I am constantly getting inquiries about sapoline, the magic soap, so I may as well give here all the informa-

tion I can about it. It is a purely white soap, and, though sold at the same price as ordinary soap, is yet much cheaper, because both time and labour are economized in using it. It is the only kind of soap that ought to be used for washing lace and other delicate fabrics, and will indeed be found generally useful in the household, from washing the blankets to washing the baby. Sapoline is manufactured by C. T. TYLER, Woking Station, Surrey.

Dr. Hassall's FOOD FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS is deservedly making a reputation. It is manufactured by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co., Leeds, and its distinguishing qualities are, being easily digestible, containing great nutrition, and being absolutely pure. The mode of preparation is very simple, and the food is pleasant to the taste, without any addition of flavouring.

Apropos of children, I saw in Regent Street the other day a very pretty little summer out-door garment for a little girl, composed simply of a crêpe-de-chine scarf, trimmed all round with fringe. The scarf was in a point at the back, just deep enough to reach to the waist. It then crossed in front, and one end made another point at the back, while both ends tied at the side, one falling rather longer than the other.

This idea might be utilized for children of a larger growth. Crêpe-de-chine is an ideal material, and when trimmed with fringe is particularly becoming. It drapes very gracefully, and would make most elegant fichus for wearing in the warm weather.

A very simple and pretty fichu can be made by cutting the pattern in black Brussels net and then covering it with lace, beaded or otherwise.

The bonnets worn this season are as pretty and becoming as it is possible for bonnets to be. The wreaths of flowers worn under the turned-up brims are so beautifully made and look so natural as to rival in freshness many of the youthful faces under them. Many of the bonnets, certainly, are overloaded with flowers, but discriminating taste will readily discern what is unsuitable, and reject such as are unduly ornamented.

As to hats, they are of every possible variety, both in shape and size. The wide-brimmed Gainsborough hat increases in favour, and is worn slightly on one side of the head. When lined with a pretty wreath of flowers, the effect of this hat is very coquettish and becoming. I have seen one trimmed with pale blue and with a wreath of half-blown daisies that had the prettiest imaginable effect—but it is sometimes puzzling to know how much of the effect to attribute to a hat and how much to the pretty face beneath it.

SYLVIA.



## SOMETHING TO DO.

## WOOD ENGRAVING.

MANY girls with a talent for drawing have expensive masters to cultivate it, spend hours over it every week, and succeed so far as to have a reputation among their friends as artists. But when the day comes, as it sometimes does, when "Something to Do" is the cry not only of *ennui*, but of necessity, the poor girl finds that her art has no commercial value. She shows her drawings or paintings to a picture-dealer. A glance is enough for him. "I could get enough of that sort of thing gratis, to stock my shop," he says, looking at the groups of flowers, copied heads, and conventional landscapes.

Now, for every fifty girls who learn drawing with pleasure and delight, is there one who, for pleasure, takes up the art of wood engraving? I doubt it. And yet it has its fascinations, and can be made remunerative if necessary. The work is very clean, great neatness and accuracy are required (and these are essentially feminine characteristics), and the tools used are adapted to a woman's use. A knowledge of drawing is not necessary to wood engraving, but it is most desirable, as it enables the engraver to enter into the spirit of the artist's idea, and to render it the more faithfully. The following hints may prove useful to those who would like to make a beginning at an occupation that is at once remunerative and interesting.

It will be understood that the process of wood engraving consists in cutting away from the surface of the wood all those portions not occupied by the lines of the drawing. Boxwood is the best wood for engraving upon, and the best preparation for drawing upon it is a very thin wash of China white, mixed with water and a little common glue-powder, laid on with a flat brush. It must be remembered that the drawing will appear reversed when the impression is taken off, so that it must be drawn in outline on tracing paper, which is laid reverse-wise on the wood, with a piece of prepared red paper between, the red side being next the wood. The lines are then traced with a sharp point, which produces them in red on the block. Having removed the paper, go over these lines with a very hard pencil, and fill in according to taste.

The drawing being completed, the engraving begins, and for this the tools requisite are a flat leather bag, filled with sand, to rest the block upon, gravers, tint-tools, scoopers, chisels, which may all be bought in handles ready for use, a green shade for wearing over the eyes, a round glass bottle filled with coloured water, placed so as to catch the light and refract it upon the portion of the engraving in hand; a burnisher, for taking proofs; a small grindstone, for taking down the rough edge of the tools; and a Turkey stone, for finishing the point and fitting the tool for use.

These are all the necessary tools for beginners, and their cost is trifling. Later on, as the learner progresses and begins to undertake complicated drawings, an eye-glass will be necessary. These are made with a stand, which obviates the necessity for holding the glass in the eye, and leaves the hands free.

Before proceeding to cut any of the lines on your block, you must carefully cover up every portion of the drawing but that on which you are about to set to work. Smooth blue paper or clean glazed paper may be used for this purpose. The breath would otherwise damage the drawing by diminishing the sharpness that is so necessary to be preserved. The paper also keeps the drawing from the pressure of the hand. Rub the edges of the wood with beeswax, strain the paper tightly over the drawing, and fasten it down on the beeswax. Cut a hole where you wish to commence.

There is this difference with engraving from almost all other occupations. It is easier to work at night than by daylight. With gaslight and the globe mentioned above, it is much easier to concentrate the light on the work.

I quote from Thomas Gilks' "Art of Wood Engraving" the following description of the proper mode of sitting at the table and holding the graver, and I would at the same time recommend learners to purchase this valuable handbook.

"'Who sets out wrong,' he says 'is more than half undone.' It is therefore most important at the commencement of engraving to sit comfortably and straight at the table, and to hold the graver correctly. The block should be so placed on the table and on the sand-bag that the pupil sits quite straight in front, and without having to stoop (if this is not at the outset insisted on, the seed of chest disease is immediately sown); the block is then held, but not too tightly, with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, while with the right hand the graver is held, the ball of the handle resting in the palm. The graver is then pressed forward with the thumb and forefinger, the thumb resting against the side of the block (if a small one), or on the surface of a large block, and thus acting as a lever to the fingers in the graver's motion onwards, allowing it to move forward or backward with a very slight degree of pressure, and in the case of a tendency to slip being ever ready to check the graver's progress."

With this quotation I conclude these few hints on wood engraving, which, necessarily, in so short a space, are very bare and incomplete; but if they induce even a few among our readers to enter upon a more profitable amusement than drawing in water-colours, or making impossible flowers in Berlin wool, I shall be very glad.

SYLVIA.



337.—GREY TAFFETAS DRESS.



338.—JACKET EODICE OF FAWN-COLOURED GROSGRAIN.





339.—FICHU COLLAR OF CREPE DE CHINE.

341.—FICHU OF CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE (BACK).  
The model of this fichu is given on our Pattern Sheet.

340.—MORNING CAP.



343.—TOURNURE.



345.—DRESS CAP.



342.—FICHU OF CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE (FRONT).



344.—DRESS CAP.









347.—GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED SMOKING CAP.



349.—SHOE.

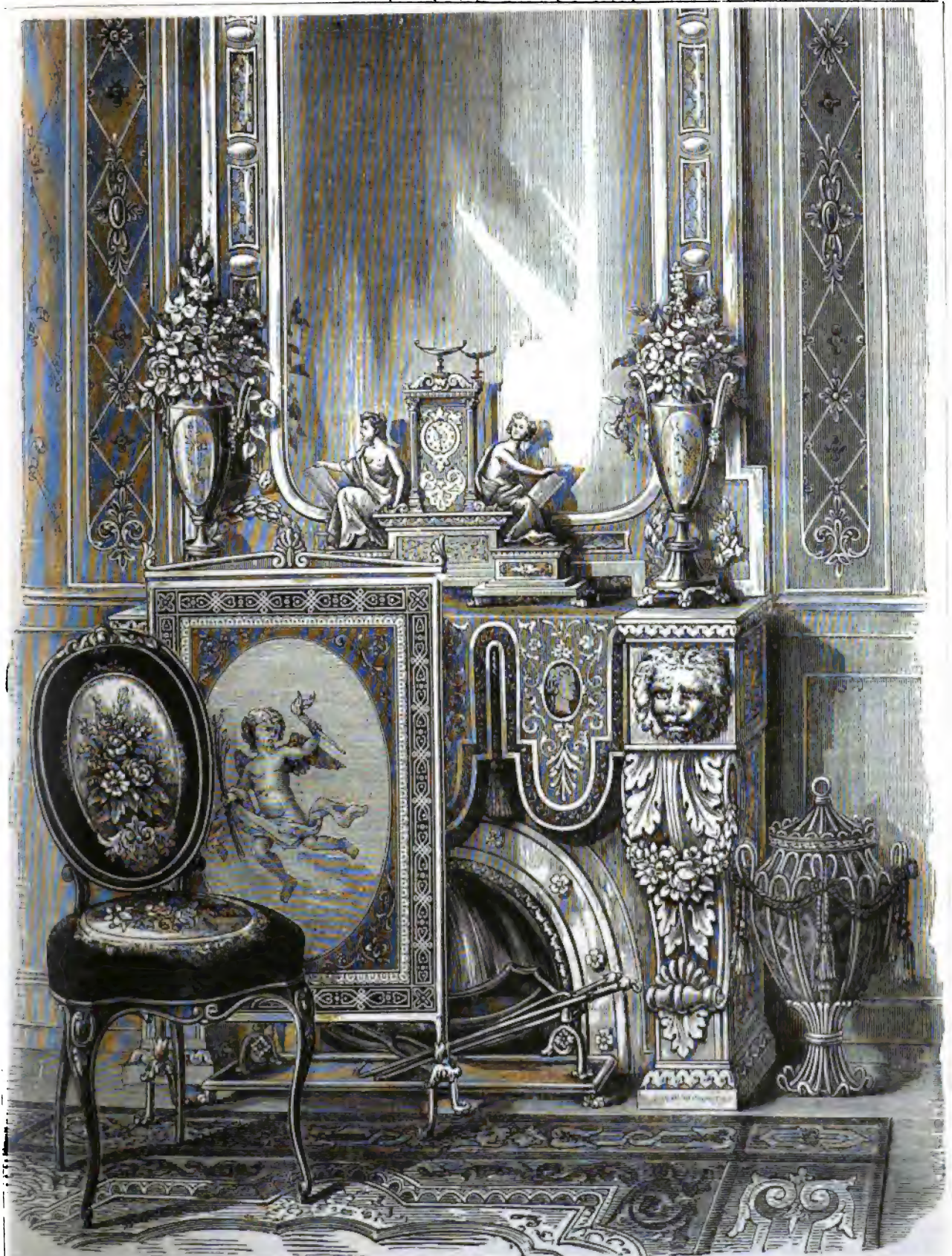


348.—GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED SMOKING CAP.



350.—LAWN COLLAR.





351.—LAMBREQUIN FOR MARBLE MANTELPIECE.

### Nos. 333 & 334. TUNIC AND JACKET OF BLACK CASHMERE.

This charming design will, we are convinced, become a favourite with our readers. The jacket is tight-fitting and richly trimmed with guipure and appliqué of cashmere. It has also a beaded border and deep fringe. At the wrists bows of black grosgrain silk. The tunic en tablier is trimmed to correspond, and is finished off at the back with bows and ends of black grosgrain.

### No. 337. DRESS OF GREY TAFFETAS.

Plain trained skirt and jacket bodice; the tabs at the back are piped with black grosgrain silk, and arranged below bows and ends similarly trimmed. The fronts and sleeves of the jacket are edged with pleated frills and trimmed with bows of grosgrain silk. The neck opens en revers of black silk.

### No. 338. JACKET BODICE OF FAWN-COLOURED GROSGRAIN SILK, WITH REVERS OF A DARKER SHADE.

In front bow of light and dark grosgrain. Plain sleeves, prettily trimmed with alternate strips of light and dark silk, vandyked at the edges, and held in place by a twist of silk.

### No. 339. FICHU COLLAR OF CREPE DE CHINE.

Fichu of pale blue crepe de chine with ruchings of blue grosgrain ribbon, and fall of white point de Malines.

### No. 340. MORNING CAP.

Cap of white mull muslin and Valenciennes lace; bows, loops, and ends of pale lilac grosgrain ribbon.

### Nos. 341 & 342. FICHU OF CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE.

This fichu is composed of a doubled fold of pale blue crepe trimmed with broad Valenciennes lace. Round the opening for the neck a closely-pleated ruching of white crepe lisse, pink rose, and silver slide.

### No. 343. TOURNURE.

This tournure will be found very effective in giving a graceful sit to the dress. It is made of black and white striped woollen material, and has a skirt buttoned to it, in the manner shown in the illustration. The skirt is trimmed with a puffing and two flounces of the same material.

### No. 344. DRESS CAP OF LACE, BLONDE, AND FLOWERS.

Cap of rose-coloured blonde, arranged in bows. One white camellia and a bunch of white violets are placed in front.

### No. 345. DRESS CAP OF BLONDE RIBBON AND FLOWERS.

Cap trimmed with blonde lace and violets. An écharpe of lace at the back, on which is a bow of lilac grosgrain ribbon. At the left side is placed a butterfly of lace and black beads.

### No. 346. LINGERIE, BONNETS, BIBS, ETC.

1. Baby's hood (front view), made of fine bayon or white coutil, with bound turned-up brim edged with a very narrow embroidery and quilling of tulle and Valenciennes, finished with a butterfly bow of white ribbon underneath. Strings either of white ribbon or as the same material as the hood, edged with narrow embroidery.

2. Chip bonnet spangled with jet. Rather high flat crown with band of black velvet going round, and bouquet of strawberry flowers and foliage, with an ostrich feather in its natural colour at the side. Brim turned up in front with wreath of flowers underneath; strings of spangled tulle.

3. Back view of baby's hood (No. 1), showing wide round crown, and deep curtain edged with fringe, with bow of ribbon at the top. Another similar bow in front of the crown.

4. Baby's Cap. The rim is composed of two rows of English embroidery, one standing up and the other falling over the head, divided by a band of white ribbon, with bows in front, and ends of embroidered nansook falling at the back of the crown.

5. Shows back view of the same cap. Full crown trimmed with three straps of embroidery at the top, and finished with a curtain of the same, and ribbon strings.

6. Baby's bib, trimmed with narrow English embroidery.

7. Jacket for a little girl of about five or six years of age, made of white coutil, the edges trimmed with embroidery. It is tight fitting at the back, with basques divided up to the waist, has square pockets at the sides, and cuffs with buttons upon the sleeves.

8. Baby's bib made of white coutil, and edged with narrow embroidery and waved braid.

9. Turned down linen collar, and trimmed with English embroidery, suitable for boy of about 4 years of age.

### Nos. 347 & 348. GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED SMOKING-CAP.

Cap of brown cloth, the crown and revers embroidered with two shades of brown purse-silk, in satin and chain stitch. We give the full-sized pattern of the design for the crown in illustration 348. The cap is slightly wadded, and lined with black silk. Bow and ends at the back of black grosgrain ribbon.

### No. 349. KNITTED OVERSHOE.

This pretty, warm-looking slipper is knitted with scarlet wool and steel needles, partly to and fro, and partly in the round. The shoe is knitted so as to appear knitted on the right side of the work; and the border is knitted in a ribbed pattern. Begin at the heel with 39 stitches, and knit to and fro 33 rows; that is, 17 knitted and 16 purled, always slipping the first stitch. For the seam in the centre, the centre stitch of the knitted rows must be purled, and for the side seams 2 stitches must be purled together at the distance of 2 stitches from the centre. The narrowing for the heel is commenced in the next row, after knitting off 14 stitches. Take up the 11 centre stitches on a fresh needle, and knit to and fro along them. At the end of the purled rows, the 2 next side stitches must be purled together as follows: slip 1, purl 1, pass the slipped stitch over. At the end of the knitted row, 2 stitches must be knitted together in the same way. When all the side stitches have been used, the marginal stitches on each side the heel are taken up on separate needles, and 46 rows are knitted to and fro along all the stitches, continuing the same as usual; and decreasing 1 stitch in the 4th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, and 18th of these rows at the distance of 2 stitches from the edge. After the 46th row, cast on 22 more stitches and knit along the sock part and along the stitches just cast on, 52 rounds. Then follow 15 rounds without increase or decrease; then a round in which 1 stitch is decreased after every 8 stitches; 7 more rounds without decrease, and then another decreasing round as before, except that there are only 7 stitches between each decreased stitch. Keep on diminishing by 1 the number of rounds between each decreasing round; and of stitches between each decrease until the shoe is ended by decreasing in every round to the end. Then take up the marginal stitches, and knit in the round 6 rounds in a ribbed pattern, knit 2, purl 2. Cast off loosely.



## No. 350. LAWN COLLARETTE.

Collarette of fine lawn, with narrow lace insertion and embroidered edges.

## No. 351. LAMBREQUIN FOR MARBLE MANTEPIECE.

This beautiful design has been studied with a view to harmonize with a mantelpiece of black and grey marble. The ground of the lambrequin is of brown cloth, with a central appliqué of black velvet. The antique, cameo-like profile is effected with an appliqué of grey velvet, which is painted on the wrong side with strong starch, and then pressed down and gummed on to white silk paper. When it is quite dry, draw the pattern on the velvet with a fine pencil and black Indian ink; cut it out carefully, and gum it to the black ground. The outlines of the centre piece and the rest of the figures which are appliqués of brown silk, are traced with gold cord, or overcast stitches of red purse-silk. The embroidery on the figures is worked in satin and overcast stitches and point russe, with silks of the same colour. The flowers are embroidered with pink silk, and the arabesques with fawn-coloured; the stamens being worked in knotted stitch with yellow silk. The appliqué round the edge consists of brown taffetas and brown cloth, edged with gold cord. The raised spots of brown cloth are sewn on with gold cord in point russe. The cloth appliqué is edged on each side with écriu-coloured soutache, which is finished off with light and dark brown silk cord.

## No. 352. CHEST PROTECTOR IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.

Materials: White single Berlin wool and steel needles; scarlet wool. The jacket is knitted plain, and edged with 2 rows of crochet. Cast on 96 stitches of white wool, and knit plain 149 rows. In the 85th row begin the opening for the front, by dividing the knitting in equal parts and knitting each separately. At the beginning of the 150th row cast off 11 stitches on the left side of the opening, and knit for the shoulder to the 236th row. For the neck, knit 2 or 3 stitches together in the beginning of the 184th, 186th, and 190th rows, and increase 1 in the 224th, 228th, 230th, 232nd, 234th, and 236th rows. In the next row cast on 20 new stitches, and continue along the other shoulder, which has been knitted in the same way, to the 396th row, which completes the back. Cast off, and edge the neck and front with 2 rows of double crochet in red and white wool.

## No. 353. KNITTED UNDER-STAYS.

Steel needles and white single Berlin wool. Pattern: Alternately knit 2, purl 2, cast on 30 stitches, and begin from the upper edge. Knit in the above given pattern, casting on 4 new stitches at the end of every row. In the 23rd row and 24th row cast on 28 new stitches, so that the whole work has 87 rows. Decrease 2 in the centre of the 29th row; and in the 35th knit together 2 of the 4 centre stitches. Increase by 2 above the same place in the 41st and 47th rows, and in the 53th. In this latter row the 2 stitches are made at a distance of 23 ribs from the centre on each side to form the gusset, which is continued to the end of the work, by increasing 1 stitch on each side of the previous increase. At the end of the 35th, 36th, 40th, 41st, 50th, 51st, 55th, and 56th rows, decrease 1 stitch. At the end of the 85th, 86th, 90th, 91st, 100th, 101st, 105th, and 106th rows, increase 1 stitch. After the 118th row knit on for 36 rows, casting off 30 stitches at the beginning of the 119th and 120th rows, and 4 stitches at the beginning of every following row. In the centre of the 128th and each following 6th row, decrease by 2 so as to form a pointed rib. Cast off and strengthen the side edges with buttonhole or overcast stitch.

## Nos. 354 &amp; 355. WASTE-PAPER BASKET WITH LAMBREQUIN.

The frame which supports the basket is made of gilt reeds, and in each upright stem is hung a gilt ring according

to Illustration. The basket itself has a lid, and is made of black lacquered wickerwork; it is ornamented with lambrequins, of which No. 355 is a full-sized pattern. The ground is of grey cloth, with an appliqué embroidered in satin and overcast stitch. The leaves of the poppies are cut in red cloth, and worked partly in overcast and partly in button-hole stitch, with red silks of various shades. The ears of corn are worked in chain, and the corn-flowers in satin stitch—the former with yellow filoselle and purse-silk, and the latter with blue silk. The large leaves are in appliqué of dark green cloth, worked in overcast-stitch with green silk. Light blue for the forget-me-nots, and yellow silk for the stamens, worked in knotted stitch; the veinings, stems, and leaves are worked in satin and overcast stitch, with green and brown purse-silks. Round the edge of the lambrequin is a border of grey taffetas, worked with grey silk in button-hole stitch, and ornamented with gold cord.

## Nos. 356 &amp; 357. JACKET FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. VICTORIA CROCHET.

Materials: White and black single Berlin wool, white silk buttons. When the pattern has been cut out and the fronts and back sewn together, begin from the lower edge, on a chain of 80 stitches to crochet the back and fronts separately. The Victoria or Tunisian crochet is worked in the ordinary way, and the increasing and decreasing is effected by means of inserted rows. For each inserted row on the right side of the work, the requisite number of stitches must be taken up from the last pattern row, and crocheted off. On the left side take up all the stitches of the previous pattern row, but only cast off those wanted for the inserted row, leaving the rest unnoticed. Then take up 1 stitch out of the cast-off stitches, and cast off the whole number for the next pattern row. When the decreasing takes place in the middle of the work, crochet 2 or 3 stitches together as required, and increase by taking up the horizontal part between 2 stitches. When the halves of the jacket have been crocheted separately up to the place marked \* on the back, join them together, letting the left half wrap over a little in the centre of the back. To do this, take up only 1 stitch out of the 4 stitches before the end of the 1st pattern row in the right half, and the 4 stitches at the beginning of the 1st pattern row of the left half, leaving the other three stitches on each half unnoticed. The armholes, back and front pieces, are then crocheted separately to the neck, and the shoulder-pieces crocheted together on the wrong side. The sleeves are begun from the wrist in two halves. The collar is then crocheted, beginning from the lower edge, and joined to the neck by a row of double crochet. The pocket-flaps are begun from the upper edge, by taking up the vertical part of the stitches along the line marked for the pocket. The border of black wool begins with 1 double (rather loosely worked) in every stitch. 2nd row (with white wool), 1 double in the upper horizontal part of every stitch; 3rd row (black wool), 1 double crochet, \* 1 chain, wind the wool round the needle, and draw it through the back vertical part of the double stitch; then 1 double in the next stitch, drawing up both loops on the needle together. Repeat from \*. This border is continued round the neck, sleeves, and pocket-flaps. Trim with the buttons according to the Illustration. The intervals between the double stitches in the 1st row of the border will serve for button holes.

## No. 358. LADIES' UNDER-JACKET IN KNITTING.

This pattern is knitted with steel needles and fine pink wool in the round as far as the armholes. Begin at the lower edge with 168 stitches; the wool should be doubled in this row for the sake of durability. Knit 28 rounds, knit 2, purl 2. From the next round the jacket is knitted plain, forming a seam in the centre and on each side. The centre seam is formed by purling 2 stitches in every 3rd and 4th row; the side seams by purling 1 stitch at the same distance. After the 130th round, each side is knitted separately, the left side



352.—CHEST PROTECTOR.



354.—WASTE-PAPER BASKET.



353.—KNITTED UNDER-STAYS.



355.—DETAIL OF LAMBREQUIN

FOR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.





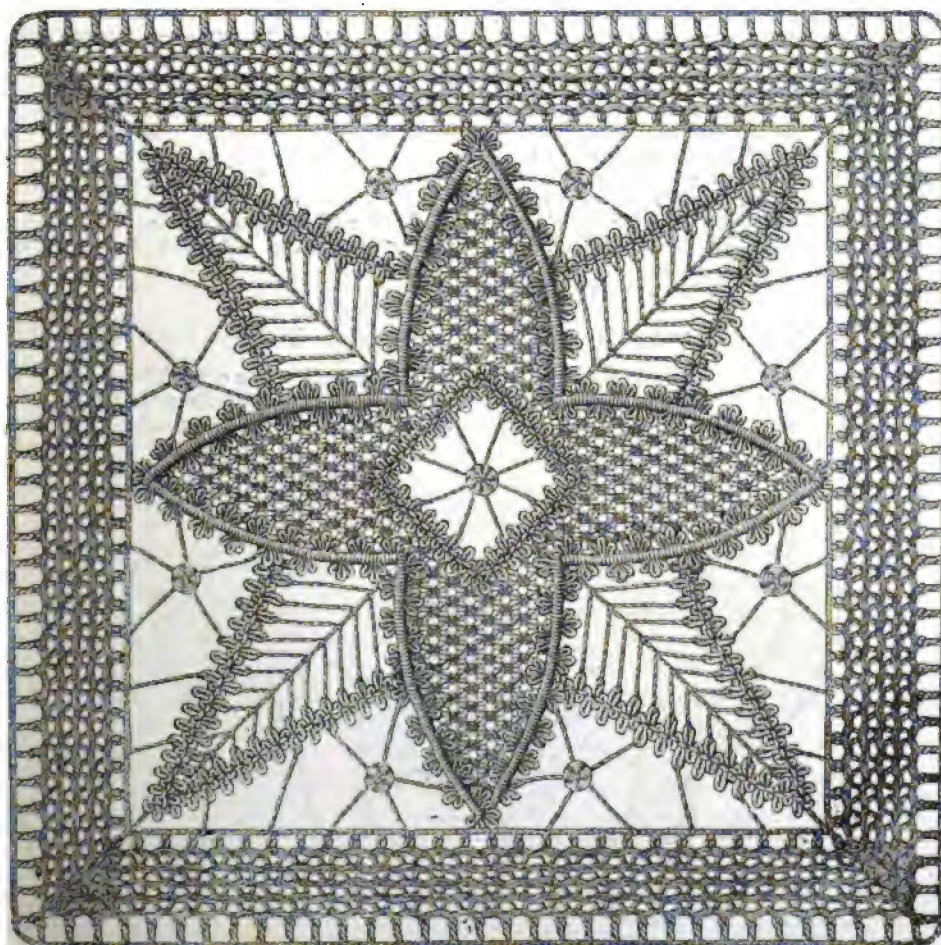
356.—LITTLE GIRL'S JACKET (FRONT).



358.—LADY'S KNITTED UNDER-JACKET.



357.—LITTLE GIRL'S JACKET (BACK).



359.—SQUARES FOR ANTIMACASSARS.

being purled, the right knitted. To shape the back, increase 1 stitch at the distance of 1 stitch from the side seam, beginning in the 36th round, and repeating this increase 11 times at intervals of 7 rounds. In the front, the increasing for the breast gussets begins in the 115th round, by taking up one stitch out of the 27th and 30th, and 84th and 87th stitches, reckoning from the seam on the right side. Then knit 7 rows, and repeat the increase 4 times in the same direction. After the 130th round, the 7 stitches on each side the seam which will form the armhole are left unnoticed, and 14 more rows are knitted (147 to 161). Then leaving unnoticed the centre stitches of the front, knit 4 for the shoulder to the 203rd row. Along the 64 stitches of the back, knit 40 rows, increasing 1 at each end of every 4th row at a distance of 3 stitches from the end. Then join the back and fronts together on the shoulders.

Take up all the stitches and knit round the neck in the round, 2 rounds purl, then cotton forward; knit 3, knit 2 together, then a round plain; 2 purled rounds follow, and the stitches are cast off. For the sleeves, take up the stitches of the armhole (86) and knit in the round, continuing the side seam of the jacket in the sleeve. Decrease 1 on each side the seam, 5 rounds plain, 15 rounds alternately knit 2, purl 2. Cast off. A narrow ribbon is threaded through the holes of the neck.

#### No. 359. SQUARE FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.

Mignardise, Crochet, Russian Braid, and Lace Stitch. Arrange the braid in a square measuring 5 inches in diameter. Along the inner side crochet as follows: \* 26 times alternately 1 double in the next loop, 3 chain; then join to the 1st loop of the next margin, crochet 3 chain, and repeat 3 times from \*; close with 1 slipstitch. Outside the braid crochet 31 times alternately 1 treble, 3 chain; then 1 treble in the next loop; 3 chain; 1 treble where the last treble was crocheted; 3 chain; repeat from \* 3 times, and close with a slipstitch. Then fasten the square on to Brussels net placed over the tracing-paper, and go over the outlines with braid and mignardise. Work the wheels, the Venetian bars, and lace stitches with fine thread, as shown in annexed Illustration.

#### Nos. 360 & 361. MANTELET OF BLACK CASHMERE. FRONT AND BACK.

Prettily trimmed with insertion of black net, passementerie, soutache, and guipure lace.

#### No. 362. GYMNASTIC COSTUME FOR GIRLS OF 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.

Trousers, petticoat, and blouse of striped Oxford cloth, trimmed with white washing-braid.

#### Nos. 363 & 364. SLEEVELESS JACKET. (BACK AND FRONT.)

Confectionné of black lace intended to be worn over high silk dresses.

#### No. 365. LACE FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

Net transfer, with beads and spangles. The pattern is worked with black silk in satin, buttonhole, and overcast stitch. The leaves and flowers are filled up according to Illustration, with fine black silk, and the lace ornamented with spangles and black beads.

#### No. 366. TULLE CAP.

Cap for an elderly lady; it is of white mull muslin, with lace insertion and lace edging, and is trimmed with scarlet and white ribbon.

#### No. 367. CAP OF WHITE BLONDE,

with white Mechlin lace. Bows and ends of pale blue grosgrain ribbon, and white roses.

#### No. 368. DRESS CAP.

Lace and grosgrain cap of white lace with ends of blue grosgrain ribbon. At the side is a bow of the same colour.

#### No. 369. BORDER FOR VEIL.

Crepe appliqué on net. The design is of crepe appliqué placed on black Brussels net, and embroidered with overcast, buttonhole, and lace stitches, and with black beads.





## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE London musical season is now at its height, native and foreign singers and instrumentalists are at their busiest, and we might easily fill many columns by a mere enumeration of the concerts and other musical performances which have followed one another in rapid succession since we last wrote. But it is our object in these pages not to give our readers a mere enumeration of the musical events which have occurred during the month, but rather to pick out for especial notice such as from any reason may seem worthy of particular mention. Of these the production of Herr Wagner's "*Lohengrin*" at Covent Garden claims an unquestionable priority. Seldom has any performance excited so much interest. It is not so long ago since the production of an opera by Herr Wagner—who, mainly of his own aggressive combativeness, had made himself such a host of enemies, that, in Paris, his "*Tannhauser*" was performed in dumb show—upon the stage of an English Opera House, would have been looked upon as about the most unlikely event to happen. But, whatever may be the faults of the English musical public, they are certainly not illiberal or exclusive; an early work of the eccentric *maestro*, "*The Flying Dutchman*," was received with marked favour during Mr. Wood's enterprising season at Drury Lane. The efforts of the Wagner society and of individual admirers of the so-called "music of the future," familiarized us with more characteristic specimens of his work, and it had now become a necessity to admit his "*Lohengrin*" to the recognized repertoire of the English Opera Houses. It had already appeared in the prospectuses issued both by Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye; but the promise so often repeated was not fulfilled till the 8th of May, when Mr. Gye had the credit of being the first to place before his patrons the long-talked-of opera. The house was crammed from floor to ceiling, and the utmost interest prevailed, especially in the upper portions of the house, where the composer's countrymen were largely and enthusiastically predominant. The libretto of the opera, for which, as well as the music, Herr Wagner is responsible, is simple and intelligible, and is grounded upon a poetical German legend of the delivery of the heiress of Brabant (*Elsa*) from the false accusations of her rivals (*Frederic* and his wife *Otruda*) by the knight of the White Swan (*Lohengrin*). He consents to be her champion on condition that she will not ask his name or origin, but she is bewitched by *Otruda*, who is a sorceress, and asks the fatal question. *Lohengrin* is compelled to avow that he is a Knight of the Holy Grail, to which he is compelled to return, which he does, but not before he has liberated *Elsa's* brother, *Gottfried*, of whose murder she had been accused, but who had been changed

by the witch *Otruda* into a swan. The beauty and simplicity of the story are obvious, and the musical setting is in many parts singularly tasteful and appropriate, but it is difficult to imagine that an English audience will, for some time to come, be completely satisfied with a work from which anything in the shape of aria or cavatina is, by the very fundamental rules by which Herr Wagner works, rigorously excluded, or will accept the brilliant effects of orchestra in combination, and some occasional passages of singular beauty, as a compensation for what they have been wont to expect. For ourselves, we do not believe that very much importance is to be attached to the enthusiastic applause which greeted the first performance of "*Lohengrin*." The greater portion of the applause came too obviously from a certain section of the audience, and as far as we are able to judge, the prestige of Mozart, and Beethoven, and Rossini, and Meyerbeer, is not likely to suffer from any opera that Herr Wagner has written, or may write in the future. The performance was only tolerably satisfactory. Madame Albani's *Elsa* was by far the most meritorious feature of the whole: she sang the music charmingly, and as far as acting and appearance went, was a most perfect realization of the ideal of the heroine. Signor Nicolini was a fairly good *Lohengrin*, but the unfortunate vibrato in which he always indulges is enough to spoil the effect of any performance. M. Mauret's *Frederic*, and Mdlle. d'Angeri's *Otruda*, were thoroughly up to the mark, and, as specimens of acting occasionally much above the average. Herr Seidemann, one of Mr. Gye's new bassi, was overweighted in every respect with the part of the king; and Signor Capponi, though sufficiently sonorous for any amount of heraldic proclamations, showed an unfortunate tendency at times to sing out of tune. The chorus was a little distressing at times, but the orchestra, all things considered, was wonderfully good. We may notice also that the *mise en scène* was simply superb: such a gorgeous pageant has seldom, if ever, been seen upon any stage. "*Lohengrin*" was repeated on the following Monday, and on the next evening Madame Patti made her *ventrée* in "*Dinorah*." The queen of the lyric drama has come back to us in better voice, if possible, than ever. Her lower notes are fuller and richer, while the upper register has lost none of its incomparable sweetness. The famous "Shadow Song" had to be repeated as a matter of course, and there was the usual flight of bouquets. We shall hope, in our next month's summary, to give some notice of the favourite prima donna's appearance as *Caterina* in the "Crown Diamonds," and as *Juliet* in M. Gounod's version of Shakespeare's incomparable romance.

At Drury Lane there has been little occurring that



360.—MANTELET (FRONT).



361.—MANTELET (BACK).

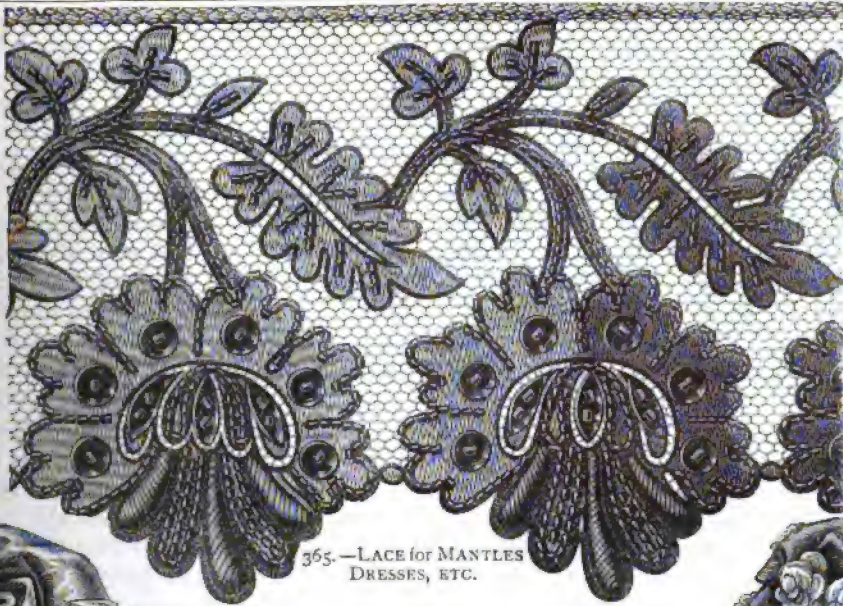
362.—GYMNASTIC COSTUME  
FOR GIRLS.

363.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (BACK).



364.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (FRONT).





365.—LACE for MANTLES  
DRESSES, ETC.



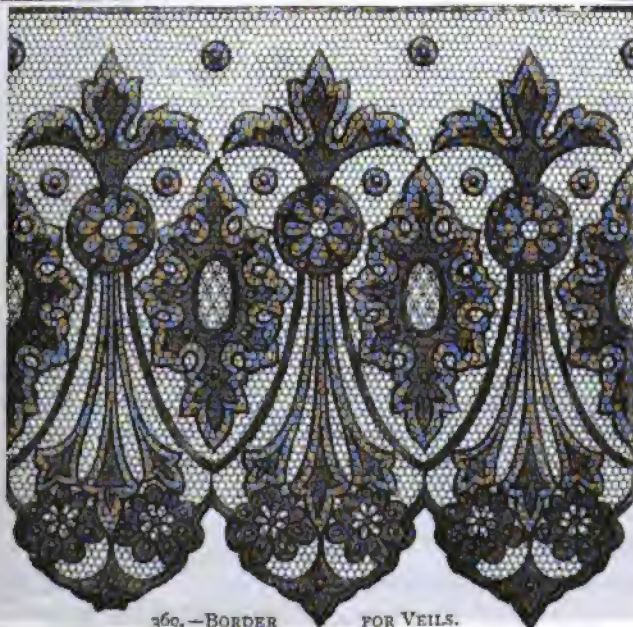
366.—TULLE CAP.



368.—DRESS CAP OF LACE  
AND GROSGRAIN.



367.—WHITE BLONDE CAP.



369.—BORDER  
FOR VEILS.

demands more than the briefest notice. Madame Nilsson has returned, and has been singing with all her wonted success in Balfe's "Talismano." The music of "Il Trovatore," in which she has also appeared, is by no means so well suited to her powers. Mdlle. Titiens has been singing the part of Valentina in the "Huguenots," as finely as ever, sharing with Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who is an incomparable Urbano, the honours of the evening. Signor Fancelli makes an admirable Raoul, but the rest of the principals were hardly up to the mark. The performance of "Lohengrin" by Mr. Mapleson's company, in which Madame Nilsson is to appear as Elsa, Mdlle. Titiens as Ortruda, Herr Behrens as the King, and Signor Galassi as Frederic, may be expected shortly, and is looked forward to with great interest.

At the fourth Philharmonic Concert given on May 10, the chief event of interest was the appearance of Signor Breitner, a pianoforte player. He is a pupil of Rubinstein, and has evidently modelled his style closely upon that of his master, indulging in most terrific forte displays that make one tremble for the instrument. He chose for the display of his powers Lizst's concerto in E flat, and obtained a most complimentary reception. Beethoven's Choral Symphony occupied the second part of the programme, and, all things considered, was very fairly performed. Another pianiste of very eminent ability made her first appearance before a London audience at the New Philharmonic Concert of May 8. This was Mrs. Beesley, a pupil of Herr von Bulow, possessing wonderful facility of execution, and playing with remarkable feeling and expression. She was most warmly welcomed, and may be expected to take her place among the foremost pianistes of the day.

The chief interest of the British Orchestral Society's concert of May 5th, consisted in the fact that three of the instrumental pieces were from the pens of living English composers, given for the first time in London. These were a descriptive overture to "The Tempest," by Mr. J. L. Hatton, displaying very little power or originality in design or execution, though by no means destitute of beauty; a tasteful and carefully written nocturno, by Mr. Marshall; and Mr. Wingham's second symphony, which has not been heard in its entirety previously in London, but has been given at one of the Crystal Palace concerts. This last work carried off the chief honours of the evening, the composer being called upon the platform and enthusiastically; applauded but it is to be hoped that the young composer will not take the compliment paid to him too literally, or forget to credit a certain amount of it to a natural patriotic feeling. We cannot help fancying that the audience were more delighted with the fact that Mr. Wingham had succeeded in writing a symphony than with the style in which he had done it, for it did not need much discrimination to see that the work was one of ordinary ability, showing undoubted evidences of knowledge and care, but wanting as a whole in originality and freshness.

The Albert Hall Choral Society have given no performance since Easter, when their regular season came to a close, until the 15th of May, when Signor Verdi's "Requiem," written in honour of Manzoni, was given for the first time in England. On the Wednesday previous to the performance a grand rehearsal was given, to which a large number of musicians, professional and amateur, and the representatives of the press, were invited, and which, with the exception of the fact that the admission was solely by invitation, was to all intents and purposes a first performance. Signor Verdi conducted in person, and was most warmly welcomed, and the solos were sung by Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann, and Signors Masini and Medini, the quartett who have been singing the music with such great success in Paris. They are all of them exceptionally good, and their *ensemble* singing is simply perfect. Madame Waldmann has the grandest contralto voice we have ever heard. The gem of the work is the "Agnus Dei," a duet for the two female voices with chorus; but the whole setting promises to be as popular as Rossini's famous "Stabat Mater," which it very much resembles in general treatment.

In theatrical matters, there has not been much stirring beyond Signor Salvini's appearance in a new character, that of *Il Gladiatori*, which has been so long promised; but the play is in many respects a fine one, and it exhibits the great actor's power in a very different line from the *Othello*, but it is for many reasons not likely to be so generally attractive to the English public. The new play, however, has not altogether ousted the *Othello*, which is still played at intervals. Much interest is aroused by the fact that there are several other Shakespearian characters in Signor Salvini's repertoire, among which are especially mentioned his *King Lear*, and, as a matter of course, *Hamlet*. It is to be hoped that we shall have an opportunity of witnessing both of these assumptions.

Mr. Hollingshead's "legitimate" season at the Gaiety has come to an end, and the theatre is now given over to a French opera company, who seem likely to win great favour. The last Shakespearian play which Mr. Hollingshead has given was "Much Ado," with Mr. Vezin in the part of Benedick, and Miss Ada Cavendish as Beatrice; Mr. Righton was Dogberry; Mr. J. G. Taylor, Verges; Miss Furtado, Hero. With such a cast a great success might fairly have been expected, but somehow or other the play failed to make its mark, spite of the admirable acting—for the most part above the average—of the artists we have mentioned. Altogether, the winter season at the Gaiety has been a very interesting one; it is some time since we have had an opportunity of seeing so many good plays—all of them well, some splendidly, cast—within so short a space of time.

Mr. Horace Wigan has opened the Holborn Theatre, under the title of the *Mirror*, with a good working company, of which he is himself about the most efficient



member. His *pièce de résistance* is the "Hidden Hand," an adaptation of a French play, "L'Aiente," originally given in this country some ten or eleven years ago. It is full of powerful situations, and affords ample scope for the display of dramatic ability. The part of the heroine, Lady Penarvon, originally played by Miss Terry, is now entrusted to Miss Rose Le Clercq, one of the most useful actresses upon the stage.

At the St. James's Theatre Mr. W. S. Gilbert has produced a new farcical comedy, "Tom Cobb," which is eminently worth seeing. It is one of the very best things Mr. Gilbert has done, and it is admirably acted, Miss Litton's portrait of the romantic heroine being particularly good.

With singular frankness, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft

announce that the production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre has "failed to attract." The usual practice is, when a piece fails to draw, to puff it outrageously until something else is ready. The clever and respected Bancrofts, by this commendable and artistic candour, will increase their claims on our consideration. "Money" is to be revived, and Mrs. Bancroft will assume the character of Lady Franklyn, hitherto considered an "elderly" part, and played, we believe, when the play was first produced at the Haymarket, some five-and-thirty years ago, by Mrs. Glover. Mrs. Bancroft (we must not forget her better-known name, Miss Marie Wilton) seems to see possibilities in the part, and we may expect a "creation."

At most of the other theatres the bills remain unaltered.

## WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MARION showed me her wedding gown  
And her veil of gossamer lace to-night,  
And the orange blooms that to-morrow morn  
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden light.  
But Philip came to the open door;  
Like the heart of a wild rose glowed her cheek,  
And they wandered off through the garden paths  
So blest that they did not care to speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;  
To know you are fair in someone's eyes;  
That upon someone your beauty dawns  
Every day as a new surprise.  
To know that whether you weep or smile,  
Whether your mood be grave or gay,  
Somebody thinks you all the while  
Sweeter than any flower of May!

I wonder what it would be to love;  
That, I think, would be sweeter far—  
To know that one out of all the world  
Was lord of your life, your king, your star!  
They talk of love's sweet tumult and pain;  
I am not sure that I understand,  
Though—a thrill ran down to my finger-tips,  
Once when—somebody—touched my hand.

I wonder what it would be to dream  
Of a child that might one day be your own,  
Of the hidden springs of your life a part,  
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone.  
Marion stooped one day to kiss  
A beggar's babe with a tender grace,  
While some sweet thought, like a prophecy,  
Looked from her pure Madonna face.

I wonder what it must be to think  
To-morrow will be your wedding day,  
And, in the radiant sunset glow,  
Down fragrant, flowery paths to stray,  
As Marion does this blessed night  
With Philip, lost in a blissful dream.  
Can she feel his heart through the silence beat?  
Does he see her eyes in the starlight gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on,  
But never an answer comes to me;  
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,  
Sealed away from my life must be.  
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!  
Of a beautiful city that lies afar;  
And there, sometime, I shall drop the mask,  
And be shapely and fair as others are!

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE of EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

Meg writes:—Will Sylvia kindly advise me how to alter or re-make a silk dress, the colour of lighter shade of pattern enclosed? It is a very long-trained skirt, untrimmed, with two whole widths at the back; plain bodice, coat sleeves with cuffs of darker shade; no tunic. I have about two dozen pine pattern tabs to match, if they will be of any service in trimming; also a sash  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards long, exactly like the pattern enclosed. I am wishful to make up the dress to be stylish and useful, and do not mind having it cut up, if by so doing it will make it pretty. I am 5 feet high, pale complexion, light brown hair, and slender figure. Your assistance on this subject will be deemed a great favour by me, as I am obliged to be economical, and make all my own clothing. Have I complied with the rules, and addressed properly? [You have. The dress will be unbecoming with your fair hair and pale complexion, but you must wear becoming ribbons with it. If your silk be of as excellent a texture as the piece you send to guide me as to the colour, you will need no trimming. You must take the skirt off the band, and put it on again quite plain (to fit closely to the figure), except for about four inches at the back. Into these four inches of the band, pleat all the fulness, leaving the two plain breadths as they were. Arrange the pleats as you will see the Bulgarian fold represented in our engravings. This will throw out the fulness well at the back. Your front breadths are, I presume, gored. At the join of the second and third breadth at each side, about three-eighths of a yard from the waist, sew elastic with a button on one side and a buttonhole on the other. When you put the dress on, button these pieces of elastic, and this will keep your dress back. Now as to length. If there is any to spare from the train, cut it off, and perhaps it will make basques for your plain bodice, which may be trimmed with the tabs you mention; or these tabs would perhaps relieve the plainness of the front of your dress by being placed at regular intervals in two rows down the front with buttons between (buttons of the shade of brown in your sash), or lay

them round your front widths to simulate a tablier, and sew them on with a bias fold of brown velvet or silk, leaving the tabs loose at the lower edge. Wear your handsome sash in loops and ends, one end rather longer than the other.]

A. W. would be greatly obliged to the Editor if he would tell her where she could get the Brussels net for curtains, as described on page 110 in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, as she supposes it is different to the net used for sleeves, etc. [Belgian Lace Company, 200, Regent Street.] And the price? [Varies according to quality.]

HELEN would be very pleased if Sylvia would advise her what to do with a burnouse, pattern enclosed. Would it be suitable for skirt, and have a darker shade for tablier and bodice? Helen is very tall, fair complexion, brown hair, thirty-five. Hopes Sylvia will be able to advise her in the June number; Helen wants it for a summer dress. [It must be a very large burnouse if it would make a skirt for you, especially as you are tall. It is, besides, almost too light for a serviceable skirt. It would make a very handsome tablier, sash ends, and sleeveless jacket; to wear over a brown skirt, or even a black one. If you write again, please write on only one side of the paper.]

SUSIE writes:—I enclose a piece of silk, like which I have a long and full skirt, quite plain. As checks will be worn this summer, would you kindly give me a few hints as to making it useful. You say black polonaises will not be worn over coloured skirts, etc., would a pretty grey Carmelite one do with the blue, or should the polonaise be of blue? I am twenty-seven, and married, but do not like showy things. I think, however, the skirt could be made to look very pretty with a little trouble. I have never troubled you before, but last month the Editor kindly inserted an exchange advertisement for me. He did not publish my address, unfortunately, and consequently I did not get any offers for my things. If the Editor received any letters about them, I should be happy to pay postage if he will send them on to me. The things were, lava set of brooch and ear-rings, Algerian silk shawl, grenadine skirt. I enclose a stamp for a reply, if you would kindly enquire for me whether the Editor received any letters about them or not.—Address, 14, Thorneycroft Road, Smithdown Road, Liverpool. [You sent your address, but only the name Susie; I did not understand that you wished it published. Any letters would, of course, have been forwarded to you, but none have come. A grey Carmelite polonaise would not look well over your bright blue silk dress. Nothing but blue could be worn with it if you keep it as a skirt. Your polonaise would have to be of a darker blue—cashmere, llama, serge, etc. In my opinion, it would be better to make your blue checked silk skirt into a tablier-tunic, such as the pattern given with the November number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. There would be enough in the skirt to make a sleeveless basque bodice as well. You could wear the silk over a black or a blue skirt with sleeves to match the skirt. If you prefer to make it into a skirt, see directions given to Meg.]

OLIVE would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia would kindly advise her in the June number with regard to patterns enclosed. Of the plain silk she has gored skirt untrimmed, small panier, bodice, and open sleeves; of the striped, plain

skirt, not gored, bodice, and sleeves. Olive thought if they would make up together, the skirt and sleeves might be made up of the plain colour, with tablier and sleeveless jacket of the striped. If Sylvia approves of this, will she kindly suggest style of trimming? [The two shades combine excellently, and ought to make a very handsome dress. You will have abundance of the striped silk (as your skirt is not gored) to make closely pleated frills to trim your plain skirt and sleeves. These frills must be cut the way of the selvedge. Trim the striped tablier and jacket with close pleatings of the plain. The panier will give you enough for this. The pleatings on tablier and jacket ought to be from two to three inches wide; those on the skirt from four to six. The frills are pleated very closely, stitched half-an-inch from the top, and again half-way down.]

FORDYCE will be obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her if she can wear a tablier tunic of black Windsor cloth over a print or pique skirt for summer wear. [This is not now fashionable. The tablier ought to be of the pique, and the skirt of black Windsor cloth.] Can tablier tunics be worn over skirts different from themselves? [It depends on the material.] Are they to be worn this season? [Yes.] Could Sylvia help me in making up a plain black silk, which will be quite good when turned and sponged. It has a full, plain, very long skirt. I want it for street wear, or plain dinner dress. The body is plain, with wide sleeves, trimmed with Yak lace. I would not mind getting a few yards more silk, but how am I to make it? Would tablier or long sort of sash be best? I am 5 feet 4 inches, auburn hair, and a good deal of colour. Could I get a fichu something like the model 87 in page 101 in the February number. White over black suits me very well; jacket bodices do not suit me, they make my waist so untidy. [Your silk would do better as a long dinner dress, to be worn under a net, muslin, or grenadine tablier, than as a street dress, because it would be so difficult to match the silk. Nothing is so difficult to match as black, in any material. Your sleeves would also be suitable for evening, but not for morning. If you would prefer it for street wear, do not try to make a whole costume of it. These only look well in really handsome silk, not after sponging. Make it into a skirt which you can trim with what comes off the length, and you will also have enough to make coat sleeves. Over this you can wear several different tabliers and sleeveless jackets. Nothing is more useful than a black silk skirt, walking length or otherwise. Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will send you a pattern of the fichu you mention, on receipt of nine stamps; trimmed, eighteen stamps.] In wearing a net body over a silk one, should the low silk one be trimmed? [Not necessarily.]

MISS P. (Stroud), who wrote to us on the subject of Dressmaking, is requested to send her full address, as our letter in reply has been returned.

KATYDID wishes to have something for outdoor summer wear that would be fashionable both this summer and the next. Would Sylvia advise a fichu or a sleeveless jacket? [It is difficult to say what will be fashionable next summer. Either of the garments you mention will be suitable for this summer.] She has also a black

alpaca dress skirt, with flounce 7 inches deep, headed with a reversed pleating. What would be the best way to alter it, having been worn for two years? [Please give further particulars, as to how it is now made, and how you wish it altered.]

TRALIA would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly advise her how to make up two dresses. The one is of a thin drab material, with a blue satin stripe; it has a short skirt with a flounce round the bottom, and a panier that is long behind and short in the front. The other is a white alpaca, that is made in the same way as the blue and drab. She also wishes to know how out-door velvet jackets are made for elderly and for young ladies. [Make the long back part of your paniers into tabliers, and the short front parts into bows and ends. For young ladies, velvet jackets are tight or half-tight; for elderly ladies, half-tight or loose.]

MARY ISA is much obliged to Sylvia for the information about her dress; she was enabled to make it up very neatly. She would also like to know how to make up a black silk that is all frayed round the bottom of the skirt and round the pocket; also, the waist does not fit well. The skirt is gored and full width, the waist quite plain, wide old-fashioned sleeves; not very large panier, open in front. She would like it made into a walking dress, and does not want to be at any great expense with it as regards trimming; at present it is trimmed with Yak lace and satin piping. Also what she could wear on her shoulders in the summer season. She has a demi-fitting black silk jacket, but does not like it, as she is tall and stout, and fancies it does not become her. Any suggestion from Sylvia will oblige her very much. [Together with your demi-fitting black silk jacket, your dress ought to do. Turn up the frayed part round the bottom of the skirt, and to make up the length, join on some black material to the top. Mend your pocket; the panier will cover it. Make your jacket tight-fitting, with basque, and trim its sleeves with the sleeves of your body. They must be lined, as must the jacket. Will the back of your panier make a tablier? If so, you could get bows and ends from the front, and from what you get off your jacket.]

LIZZIE would be obliged if Sylvia would kindly inform her what colour and what material would best suit her for a wedding dress—one that would be useful afterwards. She has black hair, rather dark complexion, without colour, is 5 feet 5 inches in height, and has rather a slight figure; age 22. She also wishes to know what would be suitable for a bridesmaid with light hair and fair complexion, with colour. Also the best way to make them. [As Lizzie asks "what colour," Sylvia presumes she does not wish to wear white. Light grey is the next prettiest colour. Japanese silk would be pretty, or grey cashmere. If Lizzie wants quite an inexpensive wedding dress, as I fancy she does, a grey homespun or batiste would be the best. These would be useful afterwards. If the dress need not be so inexpensive, a light silk is always useful—pale blue, or pale mauve. It is difficult to advise when I have no idea of the pecuniary circumstances of my correspondent. Blue would suit your bridesmaid. A bride's dress was given in our March number.]

SWEET BRIAR would be greatly obliged if Sylvia would give her a little advice. Sweet Briar has a silk velvet jacket bodice, and it is too small for her across the chest; she is unable to let the turnings out down the front, or the seams, as the velvet is rather worn. What could she do to enlarge it? [Let the turnings out, line them, and cover with bias band of black silk or passementerie.]

BESSIE writes:—Will Sylvia tell me where I can procure the black net now used for tablier and cuirass, embroidered with silk braid and cashmere. I intend making one if you will kindly answer me, as I do not know where to get the net, nor what it is called. I have plenty of braid and cashmere, and I know how to do the embroidery. I am encouraged to apply to you, as I see you answer the questions so readily and kindly. [Send to Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W.]

MARGARET would feel much obliged if Sylvia would advise her how to alter a black cashmere cape, which is now old-fashioned, although little worn, being made like a jacket without sleeves, and short lapels on the shoulders, divided up the back with a bow. It is trimmed with Yak lace, satin, and gimp. Would the dolman pattern lately given be suitable, or will jackets be more fashionable? The upper capes would cut the large dolman sleeves. [By all means make it into a dolman, which is a very graceful garment, and will be very fashionable.] What would be the lowest price of Izod's patent corsets? [About 12s.] What would be suitable to make a skirt and bodice to wear under a transparent black grenadine polonaise, which is open up the front and also at the neck and sleeves. It is for a slight mourning indoor dress, and must be made with a high body and long sleeves, as Margaret is rather tall and thin, with dark hair. How would Sylvia advise the skirt to be made? [The skirt must be either of black grenadine or silk, and should be trimmed with bands or flounces unless worn trained, when it may be perfectly plain, if preferred.]

JENNIE would be much obliged for Sylvia's advice. She has a white alpaca dress, with two frills put over each other, and a heading about two inches and a-half, bound both edges; there is no tunic, but a jacket body trimmed with the quilting. Could she have a light green underskirt, and the white made into a tunic? Or will Sylvia kindly tell her what she could get to make a nice summer dress, and what bonnet would look well with it? She is 5 feet 4 inches, medium fair, rather light brown hair, and full figure, and nearly nineteen years old. [Your white alpaca ought to make a handsome tablier and tunic ends, which, with the jacket body, you could wear over a black skirt. A coloured skirt would be very unfashionable, and far from pretty. The skirt could be made of velveteen, silk, or black woollen material, such as satin cloth. You could wear a bonnet of any colour with this.]

E. L. begs to differ from Eliza, Twickenham, in the way of making an oblong-shaped antimacassar in netting. E. L. thinks she will find the correct way to be thus: Begin with one stitch, increase at the end of each row, until you have the width required, then increase and decrease alternately at the end of each row (increasing on one side of the work and decreasing on the other) until you have the length required, then decrease at the end of each row until finished.

ARABELLA NONSENSE would like to ask Sylvia something, if she would be so kind as to answer her. She has a mauve French merino dress, rather faded, but not worn out. The under-skirt is quite plain, and the top one is made plain too, with the exception of a little fullness behind, I mean looped up. The body was the same pattern as you gave us in March number, 1874; the only trimming was some ribbon of the same colour. It looked very nice when new, but it can be turned. If you can give her a few useful instructions as to making it up again she would consider it a great favour. Now, with your permission, I'll give a short de-

scription of her figure. She is about 5 feet 5 inches in height, good figure, but rather long and plain face, with brown hair, no eyelashes at all. Hardly a very interesting description, is it? But now, fearing I've taken too much of your valuable space, I'll only ask one more favour. Could a young lady of sixteen, nearly seventeen, that is Arabella's age, wear a bonnet? and what shape do you think would suit her. [If you would like to go to a little expense, you might make your turned dress very pretty by buying enough violet French merino to make a sleeveless jacket and to trim the tablier—the skirt also, if you wish. You do not say what shape your upper skirt is, but the tunics that were fashionable last year will sometimes make a tablier by being turned with the back to the front. Try yours this way, and trim with a band of violet merino all round, with ends of same at back. Sleeves of the mauve. Mauve and violet hat or bonnet. The turned-back brim would be more suitable than any other shape at your age. You ought to have had your YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN long before you wrote; it was out very early, on account of Easter.]

PHOEBE ANNIE would be much obliged to Sylvia if she would tell her what would be the price of a pair of plain netted curtains, three yards long and one and a quarter wide, with a fancy edging all round. [About 12s.] Phoebe Annie would like to know what Sylvia would advise her to do with a blue French merino dress. She has a plain trained skirt, about four yards and a half wide, and a jacket bodice. Having nothing of the same colour, she is puzzled how to alter it, as she does not wish to buy more merino. [I should advise you to make the skirt into a handsome tablier, with bows and ends, to wear over a black or dark blue velveteen skirt.]

LENORE presents compliments to Sylvia, and begs her valuable assistance in a difficulty under which she labours. Lenore has a black merino tablier and bodice, braided and beaded, which was originally intended to wear over a black silk trained skirt. But, as trained skirts are inconvenient in the street, and Lenore wishes to make a good deal of use of the tablier, she thinks of dyeing a dress she has, which is very much faded but not much worn, to wear with it. The dress is pale blue alpaca, with tunic buttoned up the front, sweeps the ground an inch or two, and is trimmed with three bars of the material. The difficulty is the colour which the dress ought to be dyed, and the style of making up. Lenore's summer bonnet is black, trimmed with very pale blue and cream-coloured flowers; and her hat is trimmed with very dark brown silk, and another pale shade of silk inclining to fawn; and she would like the skirt to match with both. Could Sylvia make a suggestion? Lenore has an old black silk tunic which might serve for edging frills, or anything of that sort. She is sorry to say she is rather extravagant, and apt to get into debt, in consequence of which paternal remonstrances are not infrequent, so she would not like to buy any new material for the skirt. Would Sylvia also suggest how she should make up the latter? Lenore is very small, wanting an inch or two of five feet, and does not care for much trimming on her skirts, especially in the way of frills. She has dark hair, eyes, and complexion. Lenore likes THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN very much, but she thinks if Mr. Thackeray had been alive he would not have failed to make some sarcastic remarks on the page which treats of fashionable marriages. [With a black tablier you can wear only a black skirt. The best style for short people is the kilt pleating from the waist. You will have plenty of material for this. Pullar and Sons, Perth, are very good dyers.]

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

LINA MASSE wishes me to write to you as she is not well, and tell you she is sorry she did not explain herself fully; but what she meant was, she has a very high forehead, and one of the young Englishwomen asked if it was not considered ugly in a woman with a high forehead, and their answer was, Yes. Now Lina has a very good face, at least I mean a pleasant one, and she was distressed when she saw the answer in March number, and if you can help her, do, please. I am not a subscriber, but may I please, ask one question. At what age is it considered proper for a young lady to wear a bonnet? I like your YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN very much. [Lina Masse need not be distressed because she has a high forehead. At present low foreheads are "fashionable," absurd as it seems to say so, but high foreheads may "come up again" before very long. Meanwhile, very many people prefer a high forehead in both men and women to a low one. The great beauty of a forehead consists in its breadth. The height matters little, comparatively speaking. With a high forehead you have the advantage of being able to wear your hair low, but those who have low foreheads can never wear it high. Do not wear your hair tightly dragged back. Wear it rather loose.]

LITTLE DARRIE.—Would you kindly tell me if the hair is kept in plaits, does it add to the growth of it? Can you inform me the cause of the upper part of the nose going so much in? I hope I am not troubling you too much, but this is the first time I have written. [Keeping the hair "plaited" is supposed to hinder the growth. I do not quite understand your second question. Do you mean noses in general, or any one particular nose?]

LITTLE WIFE wants to know the best recipe for sticking unmounted photos in albums? How best to cure a habit of biting finger nails? Being troubled with hair on the upper lip, whether it is better to shave or pull the hairs out in order to get rid of it? Is it likely to increase if left alone? Replies begged in next number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

FANNY would very much like to ask you a rather painful question, if you could favour her with an answer in May number she will think it very kind of you. Fanny has sent her address, but asks you not to publish it unless of great necessity. Knowing you are such a kind gentleman she hopes you'll try and answer her questions. For some long time she has been very ill, obliged to keep her bed. Fanny, who is nineteen, was courted by a young nobleman before her illness. I suppose he liked her only for her money and pretty looks, for when she got out the first time after her illness, she met Lord N. with a friend of hers, and she afterwards found out he had forsaken her for her friend. Poor Fanny, she has nearly broken her heart over it. Did it not seem dreadful? But poor dear Fanny, who is my sister, would like to know if she should try and win him again, or what should she do. She has begged me to give her advice, but I could only tell her to let him go, as he could not be worth anything to behave so; so I've written to you for dear Fanny. Perhaps you'll try and give us some advice. Hoping I have written according to rules, I'll end my note, but not without telling you how much we like your famous magazine, and hope you'll succeed more and more every year. We are on a visit to Ventnor now for a month, so don't delay the letter if you can help it. What a charming place it is to be sure. [Your advice was excellent, and we could not give better. In such cases women can do nothing, but they ought not to break their hearts, if they can

help it. The gentleman could not really have cared for Fanny, or he would have been very sorry that she should be ill, and very glad to see her again after so long a time. Let Fanny try to forget him, and as she gets stronger in health, it may not seem quite so impossible to do so as it perhaps does now when she is only a convalescent. There are many good and beautiful things in life worth living for, even after the most beautiful, love, has gone out of it. But we have hope for Fanny. She will not waste her young years lamenting for a man who cares "only for money and pretty looks," but will some day like much better some one else, who will care for her for herself.]

## BABY'S TEXT.

In the quiet of Sunday evening  
Subdued is the children's glee,  
And the mother has gathered them round her  
To say their texts at her knee.

The little one listens in silence,  
But now in a suppliant tone,  
She pleads, partly smiling, part earnest,  
"Let me have a text of my own!"

The mother bends over her treasure,  
And smooths her fair locks away,  
While she muses what words will be sweetest  
For those innocent lips to say.

For those rosy lips that have smiled at the  
flowers,  
In the sunshine of summers twain,  
And will welcome another with greeting as glad  
When June brings the roses again.

"The Lord is my Shepherd?" No words  
more meet  
For one of his lambs could there be;  
She shall speak then of Him who so lovingly  
blest,  
The little ones grouped at his knee.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;"  
"That text shall be called baby's own."  
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I do not want!"  
Lips the echoing soft baby-tone.

"I do not want!" Ah! how true those words  
Though she knows not the change she has  
made!  
Encircled by warmth, and affection, and care,  
Of what should she be afraid?

No future evil her mind can grasp,  
The present to her is all;  
With unconscious faith she rests upon Him  
Who watches the nestling's fall.

And the mother hushes her children's mirth  
As she kisses the innocent brow:  
"Oh! darling, long may those words be true,  
Though you know not their meaning now!"

"Long, long may it be, before earthly want  
Clouding over thy soul's bright day,  
Change the present truth of "I do not want,  
To a hope, for which to pray!"

ETHEL GIBBS.

LOUISE writes—There was an article in the journal of last December concerning a co-operative bank. I do not understand the meaning of it. Could you give me a different explanation, and more extensive. Is the bank established? [The explanation about the bank

would take up too much of our space. It is called the "General Expenditure Assurance Company." The idea is excellent, and deserves to succeed. A prospectus will be sent you if you will write to the secretary, at the offices, 8, Old Jewry, London, E.C.] I have read also in Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Every-Day Cookery" a few remarks for purchasing; there is spoken of a Civil Service Co-operative Association who sell tickets; will you kindly tell me if it is yet in existence, and where to apply for them? [The Civil Service Co-operative Stores are still in existence. Only members of the Civil Service can hold tickets. There are other co-operative stores on the same principle, of which any one can be a member. The principal one is in Queen Victoria Street. That is a sufficient address.] Where could patterns be obtained for making vestments for Catholic priests and churches? I have tried to renovate a black merino dress with Judson's dye. I followed the directions, but did not succeed. Must anything be added to the colour? When dry, the material had run, and was quite soft; I was obliged to send the dress to a dyer's. [Patterns for vestments for Catholic priests can be had of Frank Smith & Co., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.] I have seen by the letter of one of your correspondents that two coloured plates are given with each number. I only receive one, is it the stationer's fault? [Only one coloured plate is given with each number.]

K. E. writes—I have lately become a subscriber to your valuable magazine, and am delighted with the useful information it contains. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can inform me where I can procure a stay made very long and fitting over the hips as they used to be worn some years ago. I am unfortunately very stout, or rather my hips and bust are very large compared to the size of my waist, and I find it quite impossible to wear the short small stays usually sold. I have tried a good many makers, but, as yet, have been disappointed in procuring the kind of support I require. I like the French stays as they are so much lighter to wear, and as the fashion is so much in favour of slender figures, I fancy Parisienne ladies must be wearing different corsets to those which are sold in England. I have had stays made for me, but they are so thick and clumsy and when drawn in the waist force the bust out of its proper place, and distort the figure? [Order a corset of Izod & Co., 30, Milk Street, Cheapside, E.C.]

CACTUS will be very grateful if Sylvia will kindly inform her if tortoise-shell brooches, inlaid with gold, are still fashionable, and if they are likely to continue so? And from what price are they obtainable? [They are not fashionable now. Packer, Regent Street, has them from 8s. 6d.] In drinking from a wine glass, is it proper to hold it by the stem, or the cup? [A little of both.] Please explain what is meant by a "matrimony cake," is it used at Christmas, and is it cut for tea or supper? Cactus has her best under linen made of Horrock's longcloth; she would like some good embroidery that wears well, for trimming, and has heard that Madeira work tears in washing; does Sylvia think the Beau Ideal Embroidery sufficiently good? [Quite good enough; washes well.]

M. A. B. would be greatly obliged to the Editor or any of his readers if they would inform her how to produce skeleton leaves?

J. A. G., who has long been a subscriber to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and who has quite as long derived both profit and amusement from its pages, has great pleasure in com-



plimenting the Editor upon the result of his very successful efforts to support the undeniably refined and high class tone of his excellent periodical. J. A. G. has not before had occasion to trouble the Editor with questions, but would now be pleased to have replies to the following:—What is the correct pronunciation of the word Valenciennes? What is the price of a good set of sable furs? [From twenty guineas upwards.] For what are the small size of steel knives used since silver is used for dessert, and spoons and forks for puddings? [They are only used at breakfast.] How should Herefordshire be pronounced? ["Her," as in herring. It is a word of four syllables.]

LAURA.—You would be doing me a great favour if you would be so kind as to tell me at what book-store in England cheap editions of the following words could be procured, viz., "Life and Times of Montrose," by Mark Napier, and "Memoirs of Dundee," by the same author? I am especially anxious to obtain the latter work. I would not have troubled you thus had I not been aware of your invariable kindness and courtesy in answering other correspondents, which I hope will be extended to myself. If you are unable to afford the desired information, perhaps one of your correspondents will do so. I reside in Canada, and consequently have not access to book-stores in England. where, I think, these publications are more likely to be obtained; but if I had some idea of the price, and where they could be procured, I would send for them by a Canadian bookseller.

A. S. P.—Can any of our correspondents inform an old subscriber, whether a white sheepskin hearth-rug can be cleaned at home, by simple washing, or in a washing machine, and what precaution is necessary?

LOUISE MAY will feel very grateful if Sylvia will answer her the following questions:—Could one make nice pound and other cakes with half the usual quantity of butter and eggs if Borwick's baking powder is used? [Plum cakes made with these proportions would not be good.] How wide should the hems of table-napkins be? [As narrow as the hem of a pocket handkerchief.] And how should Liebig's extract of meat be used for making gravies, etc.; and would Sylvia give instructions how to set down servants' wages, as she is anxious to have her book right, that she need not be ashamed to see it? [Have you an ordinary account book, or one of Letts' Housekeeping books? If the former, you must put the date of each payment and the amount, add the amounts up at the end of each page, and carry it on to the next.] When one sends a letter with a servant to a tradesman, should one write "please send" me or give me? [Please send.]

YOUNG NELL is very anxious to know how to embroider her handkerchief. What book of instructions ought she to get, that will tell her exactly how to do it?

A COUNTRY GIRL asks: Will Sylvia kindly answer me a few questions, which I don't think you'll refuse if you can. They are these. What will remove the mark left from a boil? I had one a year ago on my face, but the scar still remains; will it always do so? [There is no way of removing the scar. In time it will gradually disappear. You must be very careful not to touch it roughly.] Will anything prevent the nose from being so often red, especially after meals, and when coming from a walk and then sitting by the fire? [There must be a fault in your digestion, or perhaps you lace tightly. Sometimes a red nose is constitutional. I do not know of any cure.] What will tighten the skin of my forehead? Instead of being nice and tight like other people's, it is so loose and flabby, quite as loose as the skin on my cheeks, and sometimes full of little pimples, can you tell me what will tighten it a little, if only a little, I don't mind so much about the pimples? Would any one kind of soap be better than another? I'm afraid you'll laugh at me, but you don't know how miser-

able as well as ugly all these things make me, so I know you will help me if you possibly can. I should be very much indebted to you or any of your numerous readers who could answer my questions. If there is anything to pay I will gladly forward you an amount in stamps. Do, please, let me know in the June number. I have been told to bathe the forehead frequently with cold water, but that only makes it rough, not tight? [Bathing your forehead with cold water will not help to tighten the skin. You must rub it vigorously with cold water and a rough towel twice a day. This will thicken the cuticle, and cause the outer skin to be tighter. For the pimples, I would recommend you to wash your whole body every morning in water with a little salt in it, and use oatmeal soap, or a little plain oatmeal in the water. I do not laugh at you in the least. You are quite right to wish to look your best. After you have tried this treatment for a little while, use a few drops of Rimmel's toilet vinegar in the water you wash your face in.]

AN OLD LADY has had great pleasure in transcribing this beautiful hymn for Nellie, who asks for it in "The Work-room" this month.

#### PRECIOUS PROMISES.

a Pet. i. 4.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said;

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
"As days may demand, so thy succour shall be."

"Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,  
The rivers of trouble shall not thee o'erflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not burn thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"Even down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

[Nellie's thanks are due to S. A., J. H., A. C. L., An Old Subscriber, and Daisy, who have all sent copies of the words of this hymn. Daisy wishes for the words of "Kathleen Maureenne."]

MAY's compliments to the Editor, and would he tell her the best place to get the cut beads now so much worn? [To what kind of cut beads do you refer?] Could you tell me a nice way of arranging my hair? I am seventeen, fair, my hair is soft, brown, and rather long. I have always worn it curled, as it suits me, so should be unwilling to lose all of them.

How is the curled Catogan managed? [Instead of the pendant plait the hair is worn in curls at the back, tied with a ribbon.] Also, could you give a nice crochet pattern for antimacassars next month? May is sorry to trouble you with so many questions, but living in the country she finds THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN very useful, and likes it very much? [We give crochet stars on our pattern sheets every month. Two or three different stars connected by very slight crochet, would make a very pretty antimacassar.]

CORALIE, who has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for some years, will feel greatly obliged to the Editor if he will kindly insert the following questions in the next number of the magazine:—1. Where can she obtain patterns for ornamental leather work? 2. Where can specimens of such work be seen? 3. What is used for staining the leather?

MAUD would be greatly obliged if the Editor, or any of his correspondents, would kindly tell her how to do her hair. Maud is in her nineteenth year, height four feet ten inches, hair rather fair, she wishes to do it herself, but cannot manage plaiting? [Try the following style, described by the Paris correspondent of the *Hornet*:—You begin by dividing the front and back hair by a parting reaching from ear to ear. You then take a little lock of the back hair at the top and another little lock at each side of the head, and you plait these three little locks of hair together, and then twist them into a knot in the centre of the back, allowing the rest of the hair to fall underneath this knot. You now place a plait of false hair over the back knot and plait this together with the natural hair of the person. Turn back this long plait and fasten it to top of centre knot. After this, you take the front hair and turn it back from the forehead. The two ends of the front hair are formed into a bow, which is placed over centre knot to hide it. A thick twist of hair is then placed over the front of the knot and encircles the head like a wreath. It is fastened together under the long back loop. A bow of velvet or ribbon may be attached to the loop at the back, and another bow be placed on the side of the head for evening wear.] Also to take black stains out of marble?

ANNA presents her compliments to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and would feel obliged if he could inform her where in London Sapoline (the magic soap), may be procured? [J. Webb, 163, City Road, E.C.]

I. A. M.—Will Sylvia kindly give I. A. M. a little advice about Judson's dyes? I like them very much, but I find the colours run. What must I do to prevent this? Also tell me what colours to wear. I am tall, full figure, with dark brown hair, dark grey eyes, and very pale generally. I was surprised to see last month that E. M. was to wear pale mauve as she is dark and pale. Pink is supposed to suit me, but I am not sure that it does? [Pale mauve when judiciously mingled with violet may suit a dark, clear complexion. For your colours, see Letter on Politeness and Etiquette in our May number.]

L. C. G.—Will you kindly inform me what is meant by the white soft soap in the recipe given by Stephanotis in the April number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN? [Will Stephanotis kindly explain.]

MARJORIE would be glad if Sylvia would kindly give her a little advice. Are washing hats considered nice summer wear for everyday for young children? [They are not now so fashionable as they used to be. Straw Dolly Vardens are worn.] How should Marjorie dress her little girl (two years) and boy (under twelve months) in mourning for their grand-mamma? [Children of that age need not be put into deep mourning. The baby can wear black ribbons with his white dresses, and the little girl can have black dresses and wear white pinafores over them.] May they be dressed alike? [If you wish to put the baby into

black.] How long should it be worn? [Six to nine months.] Which will be most fashionable for Marjorie's own wear; a dolman trimmed to match her best dress, or a silk jacket? [A dolman.]

ANNIE presents her compliments to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and will feel much indebted to him if he will kindly tell her who is the publisher of the "Classiques du Piano," and of Halle's "Pianoforte School," also the price of each? Both were mentioned in a former number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, in one of the chapters on "Girls."

A MAIDEN AUNT hopes the following suggestion for making cards a useful as well as a pleasant source of amusement in the family circle, may be considered worthy of insertion in the "Drawing-room" of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN's journal. A Maiden Aunt forms one of a happy family circle, "far from the madding crowd," whose chief recreation during the long winter evenings consists in a game of whist. Each game is played with the view of adding to the poor-box, to which the losing party contributes twopence, which, not only increases the interest of the game, but has during the present winter contributed by this means one guinea donation to each of several charities, among which were the Children's Hospital, the City Missionaries, the Paralyzed and Epileptic Hospital, etc., etc. Should any of your readers be influenced by this suggestion, to make cards not only the medium of pleasure, but also of charity, the Maiden Aunt may perhaps learn in a future number of your journal? [If A Maiden Aunt should favour us with another letter, will she kindly prepay it?]

ROSA M. asks: Seeing you so kindly reply to others, I venture to trouble you. Can you or any correspondent tell me from what the following lines are taken:—

That lofty thing the human mind,  
The palace and the throne,  
"Where awful reason sits as king,  
And breathes his judgment tone.  
Oh, who with fragile steps shall trace  
The borders of that haunted place,  
Nor in his weakness own,  
That mystery and marvel bind,  
That lofty thing, the human mind?"

If a short poem, would you kindly send the whole words?

SILLA will esteem it a favour if Sylvia can inform her what is the title of a song in which are the words, "I am lonely to-night, love, without thee," and who is the composer? [There is a song called "I am lonely to-night," but I do not know the composer.] Also if Lancer feathers will clean or dye? [They will neither clean nor dye.]

GERANIUM.—Seeing how kindly all are answered in the "Drawing-room," I have come for a little advice. I live in a remote part of the country, so have no opportunity of taking singing lessons. My voice is not very strong, but I have a good ear. Could I in any way improve myself? [Practise, especially scales and exercises. Do not sing long at one time. Go to concerts when you have the chance.] I also find that after singing very little I get a little hoarse. Is there anything which would remove the hoarseness? [Practice will strengthen your voice, and you will by degrees be able to sing longer without the hoarseness.] I would feel much obliged if you would also tell me if a song of C. Rossetti's, beginning "When I am dead, my dearest," has been set to music, if so, where could I procure it?

MINNIE wishes to know how the word castle should be pronounced, as eas-tel, or cas-sel? [The latter.] Is there anything that can be put into the water to prevent the dye washing out of magenta or rose-coloured wool? Do the fashions for baby's linen alter, or would those that have been worn fifteen years since,

do now, as I have little robes and under-clothing as good as new, I should like to give to a friend if they would be of any use? [They alter very slightly.] How, and when, should calling cards be used? When you make a call should you send one in to the mistress of the house, with the maid who opens the door? [No.] Or should you only leave it if none of the family are at home? [Only then.] If it is inconvenient to call on a newly-married friend, and you send your card by post instead, should she send hers in return? [Do not send visiting cards by post.] If she does send hers instead of calling personally, have you to infer she does not intend to call at all? [You cannot expect her to call on you till you have called on her.] What does it mean to turn down the corner of a calling card? [It is never done now. It meant that your call was for all the ladies in the house. Now two cards are left.] In removing plates at dinner, should the waiter at table take the plate from the right or left side of each person? [From the left side.] If you are staying at a friend's house and any one calls, is it necessary to shake hands when introduced, or is it sufficient only to bow, if you don't care to make further acquaintance? [It is sufficient to bow.] I have tried to comply with all rules, have I done so, and is this addressed right? [You have written on both sides of the paper, which is against rules. You addressed correctly.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.
3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.
4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.
5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.
6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.
7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.
8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.
9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words, "Lists sent on application."

A. L. P. has pieces of music to dispose of, in very good repair. Will not dispose of less than three at a time. She has also the twelve numbers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1874, which she will sell for 5s. (carriage not being paid). The numbers are scarcely soiled at all, and much below the original price. A. L. P. has also the numbers of the "Quiver" for 1873 & 1874, for which she will charge 2s. 6d. each year (carriage unpaid). Address, A. L. P., Curry Mallett Rectory, near Taunton. [See Rule 9.]

J. B. H. has many pieces and songs for

purchase. J. B. H. has also twenty numbers of the "Musical Bouquet," only two of them a little torn; she will sell the twenty for thirty-six stamps. Address, J. B. H., 59, Denmark Road, Northampton. [See Rule 9.]

C. M. P. has pianoforte pieces to dispose of at reduced prices. List sent on application. Address, C. M. P., The Rectory, Curry Mallett, Taunton, Somersetshire.

E. L. has all the numbers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN complete for 1872, 1873, and 1874, will sell for half price, or anything useful. Address, E. L., Post Office, Battle, Sussex.

MISS POPPLETON, Horsforth, Leeds, has several new songs for sale at reduced prices. Send for lists.

MRS. LUSH, of Crane Street, Salisbury, has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1873 and 1874 (unbound) in good condition, which she will sell at half price, together or separate.

A. H. wishes to obtain No. 50 of "Cassell's Illustrated Magazine," for cash or exchange. Address, A. H. Handsworth, Post Office, Vitter Road, Handsworth.

COUSIN MAGGIE wishes to obtain "The Percys," or "Alone," or "Ida May," all in the Lily Series. Cousin Maggie would give music in return. [List sent on application.] Address, M. A. P., The Post Office, Low Bentham, near Lancaster.

A. G. S. has two volumes of "The Young Ladies' Journal," 1872 and 1873, THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, 1873, and songs and pieces [list sent on application] to exchange for other music or anything useful to a lady. Address, A. G. S., 28, York Road Lambeth, London, S.E.

L. P. has several pieces and songs to dispose of very cheaply. Send for list to L. P., Post Office, Ely. [See Rule 5.]

MAUD II., having purchased a bottle of Madame Corinne's "Antiphebic Milk," for removing freckles (price 6s.), wishes to dispose of three-fourths of the contents of the bottle. Would take in exchange Moxon's 3s. 6d. edition of "Byron's Poetical Works," and a pretty wool mat, colour shades of green, for standing a flower vase on. Maud has also several new cut-out paper patterns of jacket bodies, fichus, etc., some from Madame Goubaud, which she would exchange for half price. Open to offers. Address, M. M., Post Office, Dugort, Achill Island, County Mayo, Ireland.

JENNIE has for exchange a handsome large fan-shaped aigrette for the hair, gold, with coloured stones and white pearls, quite new, cost 8s., which she would exchange for a pair of gilded bracelets, or anything useful in fancy jewellery. Open to offers. Address, Miss Simons, Paris House, Fakenham, Norfolk.

NOTICE.—After this month no advertisements will be inserted in the "Exchange Column" unless accompanied by the required number of stamps, as specified in Rule 5.

Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged for at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.

L. E. has a number of manuscript sermons for sale. Address with Editor.

J. B. H., 59, Denmark Road, Northampton, sends crochet patterns, seven stamps each, two for thirteen stamps.

MISS CLYDE, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devon, sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, 6 varieties, or 100 leaves, for 12 stamps. She sends a box containing 100 roots, 9 varieties, for 5s.

Correct delineation of character from handwriting. 12 Stamps. Young Englishwomen, please send to N. N. Address with Editor.

MAGGIE makes an unfailing hair lotion. A trial bottle sent on receipt of 20 stamps. Maggie, Post Office, Upper Norwood.





*Estimé 1150 1/2 francs imp. Paris*

*W. Goussard & Fils Ed. 12 Paris A. Charles*

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

MODELLED FOR

The "Young Englishwoman"







JULY, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### II.—OF YOUNG LADIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

NOT, if you please, of young ladies of middle age, or middle-aged young ladies, but of those whose lines were cast in the times when semi-barbarity was merging into something like civilization, when feudalism was developing, and there was a dawn of the recognition of the proper position of women. Young ladies, daughters of knights and nobles, though not so free as they are now, were no longer quite the mere goods and chattels they had hitherto been considered. They enjoyed a certain amount of liberty and amusement, and, in the matter of marriage, for instance, if, of two suitors equally eligible, from the father's point of view, the young lady happened to prefer one, she was generally permitted to exercise her choice. But it was a time when the right of a noble or wealthy man to his house and lands depended very much upon his power to take care of it; there was very little law but that of the strong arm and the number of knights and serfs a proprietor could bring into the field. Family alliances and friendships consequently depended very much upon the amount of military strength involved in the association. If the marriage of a daughter was not likely to strengthen the family, or if it would give offence to a powerful neighbour who desired to make the beautiful lady his own, the union was so arranged as to please the father, and poor Blanche or Alice might cry her eyes out or break her heart for the handsome, loving, but poor or unimportant swain, and might, if she pleased, go to a

nunnery (where there were, at the least, quite as many unhappy daughters as devotees), and pray in solitude for the happiness of the poor lover, who had no other resource but to go to the wars and get killed as soon as possible.

Not unfrequently, the young lady was virtually made the prize to which the victor at a tournament might aspire. It was not exactly stated that the Lady So-and-so would, by the express permission of her father and mother, be tilted for on a certain day; but the successful knight was generally a long way towards winning the young lady; and she, trained as she was to believe that skill and valour in the warlike encounter were the highest qualifications of manhood, was pretty well predisposed to regard him with especial favour. If a young man was born with restless, inquiring brains, or took kindly to a studious life, there was no chance of a wife; the church absorbed him, and celibacy was his fate. Of all the proud and dauntless warriors who figure in the showy annals of the half-dozen centuries of which the centre may be taken as the epoch of our Norman Conquest, very few indeed could write their names, or read a line of the missals which were supposed to embody their religious knowledge and faith. And if the lords were so ignorant, we may fairly suppose the ladies were equally unlearned, and that the beautiful dames and maidens had the faintest possible idea of literature and the arts.

What a home, from our stand-point of thought, must

the young lady of the Middle Ages have lived in. No refinement, no culture, no comfort, as we understand the word; very little cleanliness, or even decency. The knight of the Middle Ages was very strong, and, no doubt, very coarse; wonderfully courageous, so that when "cased in complete steel," mounted on a powerful horse, and armed with a spiked mace or huge battle-axe, he did tremendous execution among a crowd of wretched serfs and varlets, who had little armour or clothes, and only bill-hooks or homely weapons of that kind. When two knights met in the shock of arms, the heavier generally won by simply riding down the other, and more of those who were killed in battle died from suffocation, because their helmets were barred over their faces, than from actual wounds.

When the renowned warrior returned to his castle flushed with victory, elated, perhaps, because his generous king had given him the property of somebody else as a reward for serving him so well, there was great feasting and rejoicing, and the young ladies of the family were very gay and grand. They wore robes of rare tissues brought by Venetian merchants from the magnificent east; massive golden chains of rare workmanship, marvels of the skill of Arabic artists, hung from their necks, or twined among their yellow or jet-black locks. We fear that an inventory of other articles of the wardrobe would make modern young ladies stare aghast at the scarcity of what are now considered essentials.

The fair daughters of the house smiled bewitchingly at the knights who had done such doughty deeds abroad and at home, and were probably not unwilling to talk about them, perhaps slightly magnify their achievements, when a lady of noble lineage was the listener. Heiresses, as we may imagine, were much admired by the soldiers of fortune who followed the standards of victorious monarchs, for it was by no means an uncommon thing for the king to reward a useful adventurer by bestowing on him in matrimony the heiress to a large estate, the possession of which would make him a wealthy count or baron. It was rarely thought necessary to consult the lady's taste in this arrangement; if, indeed, she objected very much to the marriage, it was not always pressed, the great knight being content to take the estate and dispense with the lady, who was graciously permitted to take the vow of poverty in a convent, and tell her beads while her husband, that might have been, counted her gold.

The society of rough, illiterate warriors, the domicile in a castle destitute of every modern appliance of comfort, and resounding with the noise of martial exercises, the absence of refined means of recreation, were not highly calculated to develop what we consider the most attractive elements of the female character. But nature is very potent, and

we cannot doubt there were many sweet, modest maidens, many lively, quick-witted, spirited girls, among these young ladies of the Middle Ages. There were some, too, of masculine mould, who actually practised martial exercises, wore armour, and were no contemptible adversaries in an encounter. The Britomartes and Clorindas of the poets, the Amazonian but excellent wife of Count Robert of Paris, as depicted by Scott, had some foundation in fact. But such strong-armed beauties were exceptions, and we venture to say that the merry maidens generally found better occupation than donning warlike arms. There was abundance of out-of-door life. Cities were very small to what they are now, and the fields were green and the woodlands pleasant. Riding on horseback was, as now, one of the accomplishments of a young lady, and dancing was encouraged. At home the girls passed a great deal of their time with their mothers, for fathers were often away on warlike business or hunting excursions. Those were the times for the interminable tapestries wrought by fair fingers, of which the famous Bayeux Tapestry, representing the conquest of England by the Normans, and worked by the royal wife of the Conqueror and her ladies, is a specimen. Amusement was derived from wandering minstrels and jugglers, who sang ballads of love and adventure, and performed marvellous tricks with knives and balls. The ladies, too, sang, for fine voices and quick ears are the gifts of nature, but there was no instrumental music, and no reading, for the reason we have already hinted at, that reading was not a very common accomplishment. When the art was acquired, it was generally by the aid of some ecclesiastic, and was confined to a few books of devotional exercises.

Leechcraft, as medicine and surgery were then named, was practised by ladies, and there was often occasion enough for them to exhibit their skill in the healing art. Fighting and rough play gave surgery practice in the way of treating bruises and cuts; broken limbs had to take care of themselves. If only one-tenth of the complicated potions and lotions we read of as being in use a thousand years ago were known to and made by the young ladies, as no doubt they were, they must have had plenty of work to do, and of a very queer kind.

It does not seem to us that young ladies of the present time need envy very much the young ladies of the Middle Ages. In that respect, as in many others, the "good old times" will not bear a very close examination. That, in spite of all surroundings, many of them were very good, affectionate, and generous, we well know, and certainly some were "beautiful exceedingly." But they are less congenial with our modern ideas of what young ladies should be than some others with whom we hope to make acquaintance in future essays.

THE EDITOR.

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## VIII.—THE WIND CHANGES.

GOOD evening, Squire," said the stranger, in a deep voice,—a voice that would have been gruff, but for the melodizing influences of the soft southern climate. "My name is Corlew—John Corlew, of Williston. I came to see if you would consent to take charge of a case of mine, which is to be called to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Bergan, in much surprise. "That is very short notice."

"I know it. But it is of the greatest consequence to me that the case should be tried at this time, and not carried over to another term. It was in the hands of Squire Fielder, one of our Williston lawyers; but he was taken sick this afternoon,—fell down in court, some brain difficulty or other,—and is forbidden by the physicians to do a thing. So I inquired for a lawyer that hadn't got his hands full of business, and somebody mentioned you. I remembered your name; I happened to be North five years ago, and heard your Commencement speech, and knew what sort of a reputation you graduated with; so I quickly made up my mind that you were the man for my need. I've brought all the papers,—Squire Fielder's notes and all,—he couldn't well do less than give them to me, under the circumstances. I understand matters pretty well myself, and we've got the night before us. If you'll undertake to master the case by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I am willing to put it in your hands."

"I will do my best," said Bergan, after a brief consideration.

Mr. Corlew immediately began to open and sort his papers; Bergan brought writing materials, drew his chair to the opposite side of the table, and bent all the powers of his mind to the hard task before him. It was an action for ejectment, involving trial of title, and with the usual mixed and intricate character of such things; interwoven, too, with a pathetic story of misfortune. Bergan patiently examined and questioned; Mr. Corlew intelligently explained and answered. The investigation was scarce half concluded, when Bergan quietly pushed Mr. Fielder's notes aside.

"They do not help me," he explained, in answer to a glance from Mr. Corlew. "In my judgment, he has mistaken the point on which the case really hangs. At all events, I shall do better to manage it in my own way."

Midnight came and went on silent feet; the "wee, sma' hours," sacred to love rather than law, hastened, one after another, to join their numerous kin in the misty vale of the Heretofore; the stars went out like spent lamps; the dim night-silence began to stir with vague

premonitions of light and sound; finally, grey dawn looked solemnly in through the window. Then Bergan lifted his head, and pushed back the hair from his brow.

"Now leave me," he said to his companion, with unwonted sombreness. "The rest must be done by myself. I will meet you at the court-house in good time."

He made an almost imperceptible pause. Then looking Mr. Corlew full in the face, he said, in a tone half-assertive, half-questioning—

"You wish to succeed in this suit?"

Mr. Corlew's eyes fell under his penetrating gaze. "Of course I do," he answered, a little surlily. "What else am I here for?"

Bergan seemed to muse for a moment. "Well," said he, at length, in the tone of a man who recalls his thoughts from an episodal flight to the main subject, "I think you may reasonably expect success, if your witnesses testify as is here set down. The law is clearly in your favour."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Mr. Corlew, heartily. Yet he looked slightly annoyed, none the less; and his "Good morning," as he went out, was a little stiff.

Bergan leaned back in his chair, folded his arms, and knitted his brow. He looked like a man assailed by some miserable doubt or suspicion, which yet he is half-inclined to regard as illegitimate.

"It is a necessity of my profession," he muttered, at last; and, with a mighty effort, he tore himself free from the teasing phantom, and addressed himself anew to his work.

There is no need to burden these pages with the tedious formalities of a trial at law. Suffice it to say that Bergan conducted the case with an ease and ability that surprised his legal associates. They had looked for some nervousness, some hesitation, some solicitude, some awkwardness, in the manner of the young legal *débutant*; they could detect nothing of the sort. He made his opening speech with consummate clearness and composure; and he examined and cross-examined witnesses, quoted authorities, took exceptions, and made points, with a quiet ease, and even, at times, with a touch of listlessness, that argued excellent training and profound knowledge.

Perhaps his quietude of manner was the more perfect, that a slight cloud hung on his brow, all through the two days of the trial, though his observers were too little

acquainted with the wonted expression of his face to discover it. Not till he rose to make his final speech did the shadow lift. Then, indeed, the spectators noticed a change. He had spoken but a few sentences, when his eyes kindled, his brow cleared, his voice gathered fulness and melody, he forgot himself and his doubt in the glow of an irresistible inspiration, in the glad exercise of a natural gift of oratory so wondrous, so unexpected, and so potent, that court and spectators were alike taken by storm. Only in dim tradition had such a speech ever been heard in that court-room,—so fluent, so animated, so skilfully throwing an ideal grace around dry, bare legal facts, without dimming their outline or destroying their logical connection. People held their breath to listen, unwilling to lose one delicate shade of thought, one fit, luminous expression. Two or three times the judge was forced to suppress outbursts of applause, in which, nevertheless, his pleased and interested face concurred; and when Bergan took his seat, grey-headed lawyers stretched their hands across the table in hearty congratulation.

A verdict for his client was almost immediately rendered. Then he stepped out into the crowd, to be met on all sides by extended hands and enthusiastic compliments. People that had always studiously avoided him, now sought to catch his eye; gentlemen who had never vouchsafed him more than a stiff nod, now waited to give him a friendly hand-grasp and a few congratulatory words. One of the magnates of the neighbourhood publicly stamped him, as it were, with the seal of his high approbation, by engaging him for a few moments in conversation, and then parting from him with an intimation that he might expect an early invitation to dinner.

Turning away from the dog-day smile of this personage—late and sultry—Bergan encountered the meaning gaze of a pair of bleary eyes.

"Sudden change of weather," remarked Dick Causton, dryly. "'It never rains but it pours.' You are in a heavy shower, Mr. Arling."

And with unwonted consideration, Dick waited till Bergan had passed on, before he muttered, *In picciol tempo passa ogni gran pioggia*,—a heavy shower is soon over."

Dr. Remy came next. "I never sing in chorus," said he, shrugging his shoulders, and putting his hands behind him; "I shall keep my compliments for a day of dearth. But what a weathercock is public opinion!"

Yet the change was not altogether so sudden and radical as it appeared. Bergan's upright, independent course of conduct, so quietly persisted in, through all these months, despite every discouragement, had at last begun to tell upon the prejudices of the community. Mrs. Lyte's warm advocacy and indignant protest, in her small circle, had also had its weight. Probably both would have availed much earlier, but for the curiously infelicitous language in which Dr. Remy had all along chosen to couch his responses to such persons as had

approached him in relation to Bergan's character and habits.

"As talented a fellow as ever lived," he replied to one inquirer, "and as deep a one. Ah! he knows well what he's about!"

"Sober?" he answered another,—"certainly; as sober as an anchorite. I hope he will keep so."

"Mr. Arling is my neighbour and friend, as friendship goes," he said to another; "I neither make, nor listen to, derogatory remarks about him. If you want confirmation for your prejudice, go elsewhere. I am not in that line."

Intentionally or not, Dr. Remy's cool cynicism rather damaged than helped Bergan's cause.

Nevertheless, the steadfast testimony of his upright life remained, and could not be wholly ignored. The feeling was fast becoming general that the young man deserved somewhat better at the hands of the community than he had received. And the feeling would doubtless have manifested itself in good time, and with due caution, if Bergan's unexampled success in the court-room had not fairly dazzled out of sight the last lingering shadow of prejudice, and caused a popular reaction toward the other extreme of enthusiastic admiration and approval—a reaction all the stronger because spurred on by a lurking sense of past injustice.

Moreover, the little, sleepy town, whose intellectual brilliants were few, and not of the first water, naturally felt that it could not afford to ignore the fine talent which had so suddenly blazed out in its midst, and which might be regarded as, in some sense, of its own creation.

"He really belongs to us, you know," remarked one townsman proudly to another. "He comes of the Bergans of Bergan Hall, on the mother's side,—good old aristocratic stock. And he's an honour to it!"

And so, as had been said before, Bergan's exit from the court-room was a scene of triumph that might easily have turned an older head, and quickened the beating of a chiller heart.

But Bergan took it all quietly, gravely—almost indifferently. The cloud had settled back upon his brow, and never stirred for any compliment, or congratulation, or friendliness. Most persons attributed it to wounded pride, not yet healed. In the midst of the ovation, they believed that he kept a rankling remembrance of the coldness and neglect which had preceded it. One observer only, a little clearer eyed than the rest, said to him:—

"You look tired."

"And well he may!" responded Mr. Corlew, standing by with a face of unalloyed satisfaction. "He never saw the case until the evening before last, and he has not slept for two nights."

There was another, and a stronger, burst of admiration, mingled with wonder; but the complacent, satisfied tone of Mr. Corlew's voice only deepened the shadow on Bergan's brow. Quickly extricating himself from both



crowd and client, he walked swiftly home, meditating, as he went, upon the seeming churlishness of human existence, in that it never gives us what we want, or gives it only in such way and shape as to neutralize its sweetness.

What, then, was the drop of bitterness in his cup of triumph?

Not the paltry pride that had been attributed to him, nor yet the depressing reaction that comes after excitement, but an uneasy suspicion that he had helped to do an injustice. He had discovered—or seemed to discover—as the intricacies of the recent case had unfolded themselves before him, that law and justice stood on opposite sides of it. Of his client's legal right to the property in dispute, admitting his statements to be true, there seemed to be no question; but of his moral right to it, as well as of his own personal integrity, and that of his principal witness, Bergan had grave doubts. And these doubts had followed him, and planted a heavy footstep on his conscience, all the way down through the trial. For he was still young, his personal conscience tender, and his professional one undeveloped. His duty as a man, and his duty as a lawyer, had not yet distinctly separated themselves into opposing segments.

So, while the whole town was ringing with the fame of his successful legal *début*, he sat moodily in his office, a prey to troubled and half-regretful thought, until Sleep, so long defrauded of her rights, stole upon him in his chair, and held him fast prisoned in her soft embrace.

## IX.

### THE FIRST LINKS OF A CHAIN.

"I DON'T beg pardon for disturbing you," said Doctor Remy, giving the sleeper a vigorous shake. "You are in as fair a way to catch your death of cold, as your worst enemy could wish you to be."

Bergan slowly opened his eyes and stared vacantly around him. The doctor's words, though they had reached his ears, had not penetrated to his understanding. As yet, he was but half cognizant of his whereabouts, not at all of his circumstances.

"Come, up with you!" persisted the doctor, "and take a turn round the room, to get the chill out of your blood. Man alive! what were you thinking of, to go to sleep before that window, with such a damp wind blowing in?"

"I did not mean to," responded Bergan, drowsily. And his eyes closed again.

"Did not mean to!" repeated Doctor Remy, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "You might at least have vouchsafed me a newer excuse: that is worn threadbare. It has served the whole human race, from Eve over her apple, down to Cathie over her last broken doll. Nobody

'means' to do anything. Except me—I 'mean' to wake you up." And the doctor gave Bergan another uncompromising shake.

"It is so good to sleep!" remonstrated the young man, in the same drowsy tone.

"It is so good to have the rheumatism, or that cream of delights known hereabout as the broken-bone fever!" returned the doctor, with cool irony. "However," he added, indifferently, turning away, "*chacun à son goût*."

"You surely do not mean to leave him, in that way, Doctor," said a rebuking voice, beneath the window. Miss Lyte, fastening up a rose-bush, in the dusk outside, had heard the whole.

"Certainly not, if it pleases you to wish otherwise," replied the doctor, gallantly.

And returning to the charge, Doctor Remy did not remit his efforts until he had gotten the half-vexed young man upon his feet, and forced him to pace two or three times up and down the office. Thereupon Bergan was fain to avow that his limbs were stiff and sore, and he had no mind for further exercise.

"Just as I expected," said the doctor, calmly.

Without further words, he marched Bergan off to bed, and did not let him alone until, by dint of various outward and inward applications, he had restored natural warmth and circulation to his chilled, benumbed frame. In doing this, the young man was effectually roused; and memory and thought came back with consciousness.

"Doctor," said he, suddenly, "I almost envy you your profession."

"Why?"

"Because, as you told me at our first meeting, your duty is always plainly one thing—to save life."

"Humph! it seems to me that yours is equally plain to save your client."

"What! whether his cause be right or wrong?"

"I save life, whether it be good or evil—a thief's or a saint's."

Bergan was silent for a moment. He felt the sophistry, but could not, on the instant, detect wherein it lay. He allowed himself to be diverted from the main question by a side issue.

"You say that *you* 'save life,' said he, "but do you feel that it is really you? Are you never conscious of a power above you, without whose help your efforts would avail nothing?"

"Granted, for the sake of argument," replied Doctor Remy, composedly. "Then you may believe that it is not your efforts which gain a cause, but the 'power above,' of which you speak."

It is not often that a side issue leads so directly back to the main point as in this instance, thanks to Doctor Remy's mode of treating it. "I see," said Bergan, musingly, "the difference is in the intent. Of course, God does decide the event, or consequence—that is beyond us. He can frustrate our best efforts, or crown them with success, as He pleases. Our business, then,

is with motives, and aims, and means." (The last clauses came slowly, and in the natural, if not the logical order of thought.) "It is after we have made sure that those three are right," he went on, "that we are freed from responsibility, and can comfortably leave results to God."

"All very fine," returned Doctor Remy, coolly. "But it seems to me that our motives, means, and aims (that is to say, yours and mine) are the same. Motive, love of life; means, a profession; aim, money—which though in itself only a means, is the most convenient representative of all that it will buy; that is, all that supports life and enhances its enjoyments."

"I hope you are not serious," replied Bergan, gravely. "I should be sorry to think that any man—much less a man with your talent, culture, and opportunities for benefiting his fellows—could be satisfied with so poor an ambition as that."

Doctor Remy slightly raised his eyebrows. "My dear fellow," said he, "if you do not follow your profession for the sake of the money that you expect it to bring you, what *do you follow it for?*"

"Money is one object, of course," answered Bergan, "but I hope it is not the *only* one, nor even the chief one. When my mind takes a leap into the future, it is not so much fees that I think of, as wrongs to be redressed, and rights to be protected, and influence to be gained and exercised—yes, and fame and independence to be won."

"All very good things," returned Doctor Remy, smiling; "and all very dependent on those same fees, of which you think so little. Without money, you will not do much for right, nor against wrong; neither can you be independent, or famous, or influential. If I cared for anything of the kind, it would be for power—direct, absolute power, over men's acts and lives. But as that belongs only to kings and generals, I am content to do with——"

He hesitated.

"Well, what?" said Bergan.

"Wealth—when I get it," answered the doctor. "Wealth, and what it brings; ease, leisure, unlimited opportunity and means for the cultivation of the intellect."

"The intellect, then, is your final object, your ultimate good?" said Bergan.

"Yes; it is the one thing which distinguishes man from the brutes," replied the doctor.

"With the soul," rejoined Bergan.

"A word without an idea," returned the doctor; "unless, indeed, you mean to apply it to that life-principle, which belongs to plants and animals, as well as men."

Bergan looked amazed. "Do you really make no distinction," he asked, "between mind and soul?"

"None. To me, they are synonymous terms."

"Is it from the intellect, then," said Bergan, "that the moral sense comes?"

Doctor Remy's lips opened for a reply, but closed again in silence. And, knowing that he was never at a loss for a rejoinder, Bergan suspected that the words so suddenly cut off from utterance were of a franker character than his second thought approved. Before his less impromptu answer was ready, Bergan, following out some rapid, unexplained train of thought, asked:

"Doctor, did you ever feel remorse?"

"Never. That is a disease. I am in health."

"But, doctor," persisted Bergan, "should you call that a healthy body, which was incapable of feeling pain? Should you not rather say that it was paralyzed, or ossified?"

"Just as I should say that it was inflamed, if mere pressure caused it acute pain," answered Doctor Remy.

Bergan looked unconvinced.

"I do not mean that I never feel regret," explained the doctor. "I have often been angry with myself for having been guilty of a mistake."

"A mistake," repeated Bergan, doubtfully. "Do you mean a sin?"

"I will not be particular about terms," replied Doctor Remy, shrugging his shoulders. "But I prefer my own, as better expressing my ideas."

Bergan looked a little bewildered. The doctor again condescended to explain.

"Like you," said he, "I hold it to be every man's duty to make the most of his life—his talents, time, and health. If he so act as to hinder the development, or impair the value and efficiency, of any of these, does it make any practical difference whether we call it a sin or a mistake?"

"None," answered Bergan, with scorn that he could not repress; "except that it narrows everything—aim, responsibility, hope, faith, desire, and fulfilment—down to man's miserable self!"

"Well," said the doctor, coldly, "bring me the most signal example of heroism, disinterestedness, charity—what you like—that you can find; and I will point out to you a plain germ of selfishness at the bottom of it."

At this moment his office-boy, Scipio, thrust his woolly head in the door with the laconic intimation—

"Sent for, massa. Dreffal hurry."

"And in good time," laughed the doctor. "I was forgetting my professional duty to you, which was, to have left you long ago to the sleep which you so much need, and which you may now safely and profitably take. Good night."

For some moments Bergan lay thinking over the conversation. Never had Doctor Remy's low and limited notions of life been so nakedly presented to his abhorrent gaze. A certain distrust and dread awoke within him, accompanied by a chill creeping of the flesh, as at something not altogether human. It impressed him that there was a dark and sinister peculiarity about this man, with the rarely cultivated intellect and the inert affections—this man whom he had so long called his friend, and who, so far as he

knew, had not ill deserved the name; a peculiarity that could not fail to be pernicious to lives and characters too intimately connected with him.

Meanwhile, much to his surprise, as well as gratification, Doctor Remy was hastening toward Bergan Hall. Maumer Rue being suddenly seized with alarming symptoms, the Major's head man, Ben, had been despatched to Berganton, with instructions not to return without a physician. In his haste and anxiety, it had not occurred to the Major to make any exception, though he retained a sufficiently angry reminiscence of Doctor Remy's cool and satirical demeanour, on the occasion of his ill-fated visit of reconciliation to Bergan, to have prompted one, if he had bethought himself of it in time.

Ben, therefore, having sought two other representatives of the medical profession without success, finally presented himself at Doctor Remy's office. There the doctor found him, on quitting Bergan's room; and in very brief space of time the two were driving swiftly up the long avenue, through a moonlight that was scarcely less illuminative than sunshine, and far more beautifying, by reason of the soft charm with which it enhanced beauties while it concealed defects.

It was the first time that Doctor Remy had entered upon the territory of Bergan Hall. He was surprised both at its extent and its signs of opulence. As he passed the stately, deserted mansion, showing so fair in the moonlight, under its grand, sheltering oaks, and came in sight of the populous negro quarter, and the far stretch of cultivated fields beyond, his face was alive not only with interest, but with something deeper still: it might be calculation.

"A fair inheritance!" he said to himself. "Miss Astra will be a most eligible *parti*. I wonder if that will be made!"

The Major was standing in the door of his cottage as the buggy drove up with the doctor.

"So it's *you*, is it?" was his curt salutation. And his tone and look said plainly enough, "I wish it were anybody else!"

But Doctor Remy, though generally armed at all points against such looks and tones, now seemed to take no notice.

"Yes," said he, good-naturedly, "it is I. Harris and Gerrish were both out, and Ben had to take me or nobody. Allow me to assure you that he chose wisely, for, if the case be what I suspect, from his account, it does not admit of delay. It follows, therefore, that the sooner I am introduced to the patient, the better."

If the doctor had been studying his speech for the last half hour, it could not have been more skilfully constructed. The Major's irritation instantly gave way, partly melted by the doctor's good-humour, partly forgotten in a sudden rush of anxiety.

"Come on, then," said he, turning to lead the way to old Rue's cabin, which was but a little way from the cottage.

As they approached, painful gasps and groans were distinctly heard from within.

On the doorstep, Major Bergan paused.

"She is my old, faithful nurse," said he, feelingly. "Spare nothing—no skill, nor trouble, nor expense—no more than if she were the first lady of the county."

A kind of spasm crossed his rugged features, and throwing himself down on a bench beside the door, he left the doctor to enter alone.

## X.

### FEELING HIS WAY.

RUE was lying on her bed, propped up by pillows into a half-sitting posture. Her breath came raspingly and painfully, and she had the dingy pallor wherewith disease is wont to write itself on the African face.

"Is it death?" she asked, hoarsely, when the doctor had finished his examination. "Because, if it is, I should be glad to know in time to send for Master Bergan—I mean, Mr. Arling."

Doctor Remy looked down upon the blind woman with a grave, almost a frowning face, which she could not see.

"So you are attached to Mr. Arling," said he.

"Certainly, sir," replied Rue, simply. "He is Miss Eleanor's son, you know."

"Your case is not desperate this time," said he, "though I can see that it is painful. Your cold, being unwisely left to run its own course, has resulted in inflammation of the throat, and partially of the lungs. But it is not beyond present relief, nor permanent cure, I think. At least, we shall soon see."

There was no question of Doctor Remy's professional skill. In Berganton, his scientific superiority had early been recognized by the community, and tacitly conceded by his medical brethren. Yet he could hardly be said to be popular, even with his patients. There was no affection mingled with the respect accorded to his talent. It was intuitively felt, if not clearly understood and expressed, that, though he brought every resource of science to the sick-chamber, he brought nothing else. He was as cold and pitiless as his own steel probe or lance. And there are times when a deep, human sympathy on the part of the physician is as real a medicament to the sufferer as any set down in the pharmacopœia; in which fact many a genial quack finds his account. It had come, therefore, to be very much the Berganton habit to reserve Doctor Remy's skill for severe accidents, for consultations, for the awful conflict of life and death over wasted forms writhing with sharp pain, or locked in moveless stupor. But the thousand pettier ills of life, which asked for tender consideration almost as imperatively as for medicine, preferred to commit themselves to the fatherly kindness of good old Doctor Harris, or the warm-hearted enthusiasm of

the last medical arrival, Doctor Gerrish, whose scientific attainments had, as yet, to be taken for granted, but whose smile was a veritable cordial.

For some reason—probably as a step to Major Bergan's favour—he was putting forth all his skill. In one respect, he was always admirable; he never hesitated to put his professional hand to any business that might seem to belong more properly to the nurse. Rue's attendants were ignorant and awkward; if Doctor Remy had not helped to carry his orders into effect, progress would have been slow. As it was, the treatment was prompt and effective. In about an hour, the acute pains had ceased, respiration had become less difficult, and Rue having devoutly thanked the doctor, under God, for relief so speedy and so grateful, had turned on her side for a complete self-surrender to the delightful drowsiness that was stealing over her.

Coming out, Doctor Remy found Brick waiting for him, on the bench where he had left the Major.

"Is gramma goin' to get well?" he asked, anxiously.

"Certainly,—in a few days," returned the doctor. "Where is your master?"

The negro pointed to the Major's cottage. "Ole massa is thar," he answered. "He tole me, when you's t'rough, to ax you to come an' see him."

The doctor turned in the direction indicated, but was plainly in no hurry to reach the goal. He walked very leisurely, stopping now and then, to look round on the moonlit landscape. Not till he seemed to have settled some knotty point to his satisfaction, did he enter the cottage.

The Major was seated at the table, with his bottle and glass before him. He did not need to ask Doctor Remy how the case had gone; that had already been made known to him by the mouths of half-a-dozen eager messengers. He merely said, in a tone that was half a protest:—

"I never expected to be so much obliged to you, Doctor Remy. I should be sorry to lose my faithful old nurse. She is the last link between me and my early days. Is she out of danger?"

"For the present, yes. And in the morning, I will look in to see how she goes on; that is, if you wish."

"I shall take it as a favour," returned the Major, in a tone that was almost courteous. "Sit down, before you go, and take a drink."

Doctor Remy quietly took a chair, but shook his head at the proffered glass. "No, thank you," said he. "We physicians need to keep our heads clear and our nerves steady; and brandy does not conduce to either."

"It never hurt mine," answered Major Bergan, rather surlily, as if he suspected a covert insinuation in the doctor's words.

"Perhaps not," replied Doctor Remy, indifferently. And, glancing out of the open window, he added, "A fine place you have here."

"The finest in the county," replied the Major, with

frank pride. "That is, as far as soil and crops are concerned. The old Hall is out of repair, to be sure, but it can be restored to its former grandeur, whenever I see fit."

Doctor Remy gave his host a long, penetrating, comprehensive look. "I should advise you not to neglect the work too long," he observed, gravely, "if you have it much at heart."

Major Bergan set down the glass that was on its way to his lips, and looked wonderingly at his guest.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because a man of your age, with your habits, breaks down soon, when once he begins."

"My habits," growled the Major, drawing his eyebrows into a heavy frown, "what do you mean, you insolent scamp?"

"I mean," replied Doctor Remy, composedly, "habits at once active, careless, and self-indulgent; such as riding or walking in the heat of the day, spending hours in the rice fields, rising early and sitting up late, eating *ad libitum*, and drinking *ad infinitum*."

The summary was too truthful, and the tone too professional, for the Major to retain his unreasonable anger. He merely asked—"How do you know that I do these things?"

"By your looks."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Major Bergan, with a scornful curl of the lip.

Doctor Remy smiled, with the calm unconcern of a man who knows his ground. "Your looks tell me more than that," said he.

"If they tell you anything but that I am well—perfectly well—they lie," answered the Major, bluntly.

"I am glad to hear it," replied Doctor Remy. "Doubtless, then, you sleep sound and soft."

"No, I don't," grumbled the Major, with unsuspecting frankness, "I sleep like a man tossed in a blanket."

"And probably you have pleasant dreams."

"On the contrary—a perfect Bedlam of furies and horrors."

"And I suppose that you never have headaches, or dizziness, or vagueness and loss of sight."

"I have them all," growled the Major, with an oath, "every miserable item of them. I had an attack, about a fortnight ago, that actually laid me up in bed for a day! I wonder what it all means!"

Doctor Remy forbore to signalize his victory by so much as a triumphant look. "It means," he answered, quietly, "that you will be none the worse for a little medicine in the house, as a provision for future attacks of the sort."

And opening his pocket medicine-case, Doctor Remy selected three or four small phials, and began to measure, mix, and fold up powders, with a dexterity that it pleased the Major to witness. He noticed, too, that the doctor's brow was deeply knit as he prosecuted his task, and that he held one of the phials suspended, for a moment, over



the small square of paper, before discharging its contents. All this looked as if his case was getting due consideration, and the Major was proportionably gratified.

Doctor Remy ended by pushing a dozen or more of tiny folded papers across the table. "Take one, in water, every two hours," said he, "till the symptoms abate; that is, of course, when you have another attack. There are enough for several occasions; I know you do not like to send for a doctor, if it can be avoided. At the same time," he added, "take care to drop those careless habits that I mentioned."

The last sentence brought a cloud to Major Bergan's brow; but the doctor gave it time to dissipate while he packed his medicine case, and chatted pleasantly about its convenient arrangements. "And now," said he, rising, "what else can I do for you?"

"Nothing that I know of," replied the Major, "except it be to present your bill. What else *can* a doctor do?"

"Several things," answered Doctor Remy, lightly. "Make your will, for instance."

The Major laughed outright. "I should say that was a lawyer's business," said he.

"So it is. But do you not know that I once belonged to the bar?"

"I do remember hearing something of the sort, now that you remind me of it," rejoined the Major, drily. "I don't think any the better of you for it."

"Nor any the worse, I hope," returned Doctor Remy, placidly. "At all events, I always advise my patients to make their wills. There is nothing like a mind at rest about the future, to prolong life." He seemed to speak carelessly, yet he fastened a keen look on the Major's face, nevertheless.

The latter only smiled. "When I want my will made," said he, coolly, "I will employ you to do the job."

"He has made it already, as he said he would," thought Doctor Remy to himself. "And the chances are that he won't live to alter it."

"I shall be very much at your service," he answered, aloud. "And now, I must be getting townward; I have to see another patient this evening."

The Major followed him out, and stood for some moments watching the retreating buggy. Doctor Remy, looking back, saw him there in the moonlight, and a strange, furtive look came into his eyes.

"I have given 'Providence' a chance," said he to himself. "Let us see what it does with it."

Major Bergan, meanwhile, was muttering, "What did he mean, I wonder, by talking to me about my will? It is certainly no concern of his. Does he really think me near death?" And the Major shivered, as if there had been an uncomfortable chill in the thought.

"Uncle Harry," said a clear, sweet voice, close at his elbow. He started, and turned quickly round.

A slender, girlish shape, a graceful head, drooping like a lily on its stem—a fair, pure, bright face—this was

the vision that confronted him, and carried him back to his youth, and to the love of his youth; the untoward course of which had doubtless helped to make him the man that he was.

"Clariss—" he exclaimed, trembling, and feeling as if he were in a dream.

The vision smiled. "Do you not know me, uncle?" it asked, in its sweet tones; "I am Carice."

"Ah!" said the Major, slowly, and as if but half awake. He took his niece's hands, and gazed earnestly in her face. "You are like your mother, child, or like what she was at your age, much more than you are like the child that used to play around my knees—let me see, —six—eight—nine years ago. I missed her, Carice, when she stopped coming, I missed her."

"She missed you too, uncle," replied Carice. "She was very fond of you."

"Then why did she stop coming?" asked the Major, gloomily.

"Because, uncle," answered Carice, simply, "she grew old enough to know that it is a child's duty to obey, and not to question."

The Major's brow darkened; but he looked sad, too. "I never laid it up against *you*, Carice," he said, with a significant emphasis.

"Nor against anyone, I hope," replied Carice, coaxingly. "Oh, uncle, ought not this long feud to cease?"

Major Bergan shook his head. "There is no feud between you and me, child," said he. "But, as for your father," he went on, with a kindling eye and a roughening voice, "when *he*—"

Carice laid her hand upon his arm. "As you were just saying," said she, gently, "he is my father. And, dear uncle, a daughter's ear is easily hurt."

The Major stopped, and nearly choked himself with the sentence so suddenly arrested on his lips. "Then, what are you here for?" he finally blurted out, half-wonderingly, half-sternly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Carice, in a tone of sudden recollection, "I had nearly forgotten my errand, in the pleasure of seeing you."

The Major's face grew soft again. He put his hands on Carice's shoulders, turned her toward the full moonlight, and looked long and earnestly in her face. "How beautiful you have grown!" said he, with even more of wonder than admiration in his voice; "I am not sure but that you are still more beautiful than *she* was. But you don't look as if you belonged to this earth, child; and there's not a bit of the family look left in you. Are you certain that you are Carice Bergan, and not a changeling?"

"Quite sure, uncle," she answered, smiling. "Ask Rosa, there, if I am not." She pointed to her maid, who had accompanied her, and stood waiting near.

"Then, Miss Bergan," said the Major, making her a courtly bow, "what can your old uncle do for you?"

"Nothing, at present," she replied, "except to let me

keep my own old corner in his heart. I only came to see Maumer Rue, if I may. We heard she was dying. So I begged hard to be allowed to come and tell her that I had not forgotten how kind she used to be to me, and to see if I could do anything for her. I fancied it would please her to see me, if she is still able to recognize me. Is she?"

"Perfectly able," replied Major Bergan, "and will be, I hope, for years to come. She has been very ill, but she is much better. She is now asleep."

"Then I will not disturb her," returned Carice. "And yet, I am loath to go back without a glimpse of her. Could I not look in upon her for one moment? I will be sure not to make a sound."

Major Bergan led her to Rue's cabin, and waited on the threshold, while, with her finger on her lips, to guard against any outburst of astonishment from the negro woman in attendance, she stole softly to the bedside, and bent over the sleeping Rue. A wondrously lovely picture she made there—a picture of such unearthly grace, delicacy, and purity, that the Major's eyes filled with unconscious moisture as he gazed.

Suddenly Rue's lips parted, in a dream. "The Bergan star!" said she. "See! it rises!" And, after a moment, she added, decidedly, "He *shall* have Bergan Hall!"

Carice quickly stole out to her uncle. His face looked very gloomy, as he led her back toward the cottage.

"Carice," said he, suddenly, "have you seen your Western cousin?"

"Bergan Arling? Yes, certainly," she answered.

"How do you like him?"

"He seems very pleasant," she replied, evasively.

"Seems!" repeated her uncle, gruffly. "What is the matter with him?"

"I do not know, uncle. It is said that he is very dissipated."

The Major laughed ironically. "Nonsense! The most incorrigible milksop that ever I saw," said he. "That is why we quarrelled."

Carice looked at him doubtfully. "The very first thing that we heard of him," said she, "was that he had been mixed up in a low brawl at Gregg's tavern."

"All my fault, Carice," returned Major Bergan, shortly. "I took him there, and cheated him into swallowing a glass of raw brandy."

Carice's blue eyes looked a sorrowful astonishment.

"I did not mean to do him any harm," pursued the Major, answering their mute eloquence; "I only wanted to teach him to drink like a man and a Bergan. I loved the boy, Carice, like my own son, and would have kept him with me, if I could. But he forsook me for the law, the ungrateful dog!"

"Perhaps he had no choice," suggested Carice.

"No choice! Didn't he have the choice of Bergan Hall, and all that belongs to it? That was what was running in Maumer Rue's head, just now. But he pre-

ferred independence—and a tin sign in his window! He is a degenerate scion of the race, like your——" The Major suddenly recollected himself, and broke off with a dry cough.

Carice was looking down thoughtfully. An unexpected clue to Bergan's character, motives, and aims, had been put into her hands; and she was slowly trying to follow it out.

"Thank you, uncle, for telling me this," said she, at length. "I am afraid we have been doing Bergan an injustice."

"You certainly have, if you have thought him a drunkard," replied the Major. "But, nevertheless, he's no true Bergan, Carice; don't have anything to do with him."

"No more than is just and right," said Carice, quietly. "And now I must go; mamma will be getting anxious. Come a little way with me, uncle, as you used to do."

The Major walked by her side down to the creek, and watched her anxiously across the dilapidated bridge.

"Don't come that way again," he called to her, as she reached the other end. "It's unsafe."

"Mend it then, uncle," she called back to him. "For I like old paths—and old friends best."

The Major turned away with a smile. And all the way to the cottage he was saying to himself,

"Perhaps I *had* better make my will."

## XI.

### SLEEPLESS NIGHTS APPOINTED.

DOCTOR REMY possessed in perfection the power of rapid concentration of thought. Otherwise, he would have taken a divided mind to the bedside of his second patient, that night, after leaving Bergan Hall. As it was, he was glad when the stroke of midnight set him free, body and mind; the one to find its way mechanically to the hotel, through the silent moon-lighted streets of Berganton, the other to occupy itself in arranging and perfecting the details of a certain plan for his future advantage, which had suddenly shaped itself out before him, so distinctly, if roughly, that he had already taken an important step toward its accomplishment. It now remained to provide for the rest of the way.

Secure in the absence of all observation, the dark face kept on its way through the silent street, giving its features the fullest liberty of evil expression. Opposite the principal dry goods store of the street, it paused for a moment; its restless glance had caught sight of a faint gleam from one of the rear shutters, which was plainly not moonlight.

"They are up late," muttered the doctor, "or there is mischief afoot. Well! what is it to me? Have I not

enough else to think of?" And he kept on his rapid way.

But the incident seemed to have set free the faculty of speech. Words began to drop from his set lips; short, disconnected sentences, through which, nevertheless, there ran a distinct thread of suggestion.

"I have waited long enough,"—so ran one of these half-involuntary utterances,—“I have waited long enough for Fortune's willing favours; it is time to grapple with the exasperating jade, and wring them from her reluctant hands, by fair means or foul. For what else was I endowed with talent, daring, energy, and will, beyond most men? Not, certainly, to waste them all in earning a bare subsistence, or little more, as I am now doing.”

"Is it my fault," he went on, in broken, detached sentences,—“is it my fault that Fortune never shows herself to me, save at the farther end of some dark vista which the world calls crime?—Pshaw! what is a life, one worthless, drunken, half-worn-out life, in comparison with the ends that I have in view,—increase of knowledge, expansion and perfection of science, and through them—as a casual end, I do not pretend that it is a direct one, for me—the advancement of the human race. The plan seems feasible, as much so, at least, as anything can be, in this miserable, mocking world, where Fate seems to delight in balking the best talent and deranging the artfullest contrivance. Fate, Chance, or Providence, which? Three different terms for the same thing;—language would be more accurate, if there were less of it. At any rate, I have given Providence a chance. Let it take the responsibility of the result. If that will be not made! But to whom else should he give the place? He cannot abide either his brother or his nephew. And Miss Lyte comes next. Besides, there are ways of finding a will, at need. The essential point is, that no other be made.”

He was now nearing Mrs. Lyte's house, and the sight of it prompted his next sentence.

"Astra!—there, at least, the way is easy. Only, it must be secret; I doubt if the old Major would altogether relish me for his heir, despite to-night's increase of cordiality. As for Arling, it is said that history——"

Doctor Remy broke off suddenly. The subject of his soliloquy was calmly looking at him across Mrs. Lyte's gate.

"Pardon me for interrupting your conversation," said Bergan, with a smile which satisfied the doctor that he had not heard what he was saying. "One talks with one's self are sometimes very interesting."

"Why are you not in bed?" asked the doctor, with a sharpness that Bergan set down to professional anxiety.

"A man who goes to bed at six may well get up at twelve," he replied, lightly, "especially if sleep forsakes him. Have you been out until this time?"

"Yes," answered the doctor, debating within himself

whether he would speak of his visit to Bergan Hall, and quickly deciding in the negative, since there was little probability that Bergan would hear it from anybody else; inasmuch as the Hall led an independent, isolated life of its own, the events of which rarely made their way into the talk of the town. "It is nothing new for me to be late," he added, by way of finish to his monosyllable.

"I will walk down with you as far as the hotel," said Bergan, coming out, and closing the gate behind him. "Perhaps I may be able to pick up a few seeds of sleep on the way, which will sprout into another nap, when I return. What a night it is!"

"For lunatics—yes," said the doctor, dryly.

"Among which you would doubtless class your humble servant," returned Bergan, "if you could look into his mind, at this moment."

"Very likely," rejoined Doctor Remy, indifferently; but he gave his companion a quick, keen glance, nevertheless.

Bergan was looking straight before him.

"Doctor," said he, suddenly, "I believe you know the world well; what does it do to the man who goes counter to its traditions and prejudices,—whom, in short, it is pleased to look upon as a kind of modern Don Quixote?"

"Laughs at him first, hammers him next, flings him aside last," returned the doctor, sententiously.

"But if he does not mind being laughed at, bears the hammering without flinching when he must, hammers back again when he may, and will not be flung aside, what then?" pursued Bergan.

The doctor stopped short in his walk, and looked long and searchingly in the young man's face.

"Then," said he, slowly, as if the words were drawn out of him almost against his will,—“then it gives way to him, and honours its conqueror. But,” he added, “it is a long, exhausting contest. I do not advise you to try it.”

"Thank you," answered Bergan, quietly. "I am inclined to try it, nevertheless. But here we are at the hotel. Good night."

Doctor Remy stood on the steps of the hotel, looking moodily after him.

"What has he taken into his head now?" he asked himself.

He had not long to wait for an answer. In the morning the light which he had noticed in the rear of the dry-goods store, found its sufficient explanation in an empty safe and rifled shelves. A week afterward, a tall, ill-favoured man was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. Two days later, it was known that Bergan Arling had positively refused to undertake his defence. In due course of time, it leaked out, through the amazed prisoner himself that he had done so because he believed it to be no part of his professional duty to try to shield a criminal from just punishment.

## LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.

**A**MONGST the readers of *THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* are many young wives—some of them young mothers, or about to become so—to them this chapter is addressed. There is an etiquette of birth as there is of death; and to people who say that at both times etiquette should be forgotten, I answer that it is easier, under the influence of strong emotion, to do things according to established custom than not.

On the birth of a child, the doctor generally expects his fee before leaving the house. Friends and acquaintances either call as soon as they know of the happy event and leave their cards, or they send them by a servant with kind inquiries. No one expects to see the mother till she has acknowledged the kindness of her friends, and her reappearance in society, by sending her own card in return. Formerly, women received their visits while still in their room, which was decorated for the purpose. A peculiar drink was also prepared for the visitors, called caudle. Caudle-cups were of china, and had two handles; our ancestresses often passed them down as heirlooms.

The christening is usually fixed as soon as the mother is able to go out, when the child is about a month old; but when the child is sickly, and does not seem likely to live, it is christened at once in the mother's room. In olden times, it was always the custom for baptism to take place soon after birth, as we gather from the following extract from Mr. Pepys' Diary: "We went to Mrs Brown's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Slopman were godmothers; and there before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber. I did give the midwife ten shillings, and the nurse five shillings, and the maid two shillings; but inasmuch as I expected to give the name to the child, but did not, I forbore then to give my plate which I had in my pocket—namely, six spoons and a porringer of silver."

We see from the above extract that it was the fashion to have two godfathers and two godmothers for children; now, a girl has two godmothers and one godfather, and a boy two godfathers and one godmother.

It is not now considered absolutely necessary for god-parents to make christening presents, but they may if they like; and they generally do like. There is much variety in the choice of these presents, though they are generally plate. A useful present is a silver basin and spoon, from which the child may eat its bread and milk.

Sponsors are not consulted as to the name of the child, but it is considered a great compliment to give a sponsor's name to a child. When a child is christened, the clergyman, followed by the sponsors, the nurse, and the child, proceeds to the font; the father and mother,

and any other friend who has no direct part in the ceremony, take their places in pews near the font. During the first part of the service, the godmother holds the child, and places it on the clergyman's left arm when he is ready for it. When he says, "Name this child," it is for the chief godfather to answer. The nurse takes the child from the clergyman, for which purpose she stands at his right hand during the ceremony.

After the christening, the father goes into the vestry to have the child properly registered, and to give the fees. By law none can be claimed for a baptism, but they are always given. The clergyman receives a bank-note or one or two guineas, according to the position of the parents. In the Church of England the rite of churching generally takes place just before the baptism.

An entertainment, either luncheon or dinner, is generally given on the christening day, when baby in all the splendour of christening robes, is exhibited for general admiration, and the little one's health is drunk.

## WEDDING.

It is not considered "the thing" for the bride and bridegroom to see each other on this auspicious day before they meet at the altar.

The guests drive first to the church, and take their seats in the chancel. They do not form part of the group, it is no longer the fashion. The bridesmaids follow and take up their position at the church door to await the arrival of the bride. The bridegroom is meanwhile waiting at the altar. The bridesmaids form an avenue; the bride, on her father's arm, passes through, the bridesmaids close in two and two, and the procession moves up the aisle. The bride stands on the left side of the bridegroom, and the chief bridesmaid stands near her to take her bouquet and gloves, while the ring is put on.

At the breakfast the bride and her husband are seated side by side, either in the middle or at the top of the table. It is the bride's duty to cut the cake, which has, however, been cut before. She puts a knife into the incision, and a slice on to a plate. This is cut into small pieces and handed round.

The health of the bride and bridegroom and other toasts are drunk after the breakfast. When these are over, the bride retires to change her dress for a travelling costume, and the newly-married pair are soon whirled away.

The sending of cards to friends has been almost abandoned, and the words "no cards," inserted after the announcement of the wedding in the newspapers, is supposed to do duty for the cards. This comfortable fashion has one drawback, friends do not know when to call.



In town they obviate the difficulty by sending their cards first, and wait till they are returned before paying the call. In the country, a bride's first appearance in church is

the signal for visits. In the country wine and cake are offered on the occasion of a first call; in town they never are.

---

### OUR BIT OF GOSSIP.

---

IT is pretty well known that the skating-rink at Prince's Ground is one of the most exclusive spots in England; not even at pigeon-shooting Hurlingham is the *crème de la crème* of society more scrupulously guarded from adulteration. No lady is eligible as a member who has not been presented at Court, and, even when that qualification is possessed, the ordeal of choice by a committee of selection has to be passed; so that ladies who exercise themselves on wooden skates or imitation ice are very great ladies indeed, and none but other equally distinguished personages are permitted to witness them gracefully disporting themselves. Fashion has, no doubt, something to do with the great favour in which summer skating is held; but, as it seems, the amusement is attended with some danger, that may account partly for the fascination it exercises. Englishwomen, like Englishmen of the right breed, like a spice of danger in their sport, of course excepting those whose pleasure lies in murdering poor birds in a "tournament of doves." Ladies enjoy a ride across country, even if a few raspers are in the way; many are excellent swimmers, and some, we really suspect, would vastly enjoy a game of cricket, were it not for certain impediments in the way of costume. "Sphairistike," or lawn-tennis, now coming into mode, and at which ladies are learning to distinguish themselves, really demands muscular activity of an almost masculine order. What would back-board schoolmistresses of the old times, or the waist-torturing preceptresses of the present, say to the quick runs, smart pick-ups, and general lithesome activity displayed in playing lawn-tennis? But skating on the rinks is really a dangerous play. If there is no danger of drowning as on real ice in winter, there is considerable probability of some very unpleasant accidents. We see a few recorded. One lady broke her arm; another her nose, which, in some respects, was even worse. If, said a satirical philosopher, Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the destiny of the world would have been changed. Many a young lady's destiny might be changed if she broke her nose at a skating-rink. A well-shaped nose is a great beauty, although, of course, a nose of any other shape would smell as well. A young lady fell with such violence on her face that it was at first feared both nose and teeth were broken. Fortunately she escaped so great a dis-

figurement; but the mere probability of having a flattened nose and false teeth at twenty may well bid us pause. A broken wrist is another casualty recorded.

The Prince of Wales is taking an active part in endeavouring to establish a National School of Music, where the very best instruction in the delightful art may be obtained. It is not quite clear, from the letter he has forwarded to the Lord Mayor on the subject, whether the proposed institution is expected to supersede the Royal Academy for Music; but it will probably have a wider scope, and the teaching, if not better, will be more accessible. England is rapidly taking place as one of the greatest musical countries in the world, and by England we mean, of course, the United Kingdom. We doubt if any other nation possesses a richer store of national melodies than are afforded by Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and the musical instinct of the people is shown by the great development, within the last thirty years, of choral singing, remarkable for precision, mingled delicacy and vigour, and beauty and sonority of tone. If we cannot count so many solo vocalists and instrumentalists of the very highest excellence as Italy or Germany can, it is probably because the best artistic training has not been so accessible. We do not desire to make musical acquirements a national question; music is the universal language, before which nationalities ought to disappear; but we should like to be able to take our part well, by the full development of our capabilities, in the music of the world, and we gladly welcome every aid to so legitimate an end.

It is very gratifying to see that the girls held their own so well at the Cambridge local examinations. At the distribution of prizes to the students who distinguished themselves at the examination in December last, as made at the London University, Burlington House, on the 7th instant (we note, by the way, that it was rather too bad to keep the recipients waiting for six months), Sir R. Vernon Harcourt presided and announced that, out of 919 girls examined, only 14 were rejected. He jocularly alluded to some mistakes made. When the girls were asked to state the quantity of paper required to paper the walls of a room, they gave the measurement of the area of the floor instead of that of the walls. We rather suspect the question was put in a clumsy manner, so that the

girls were confused. At any rate, they were not so dull as the boys, who confounded discount with interest, exactly the opposite thing. We are led to suppose that the girls knew their interest better than the boys did.

On the writings of Shakespeare the examiners reported that the boys handled the subject clumsily, but it was said of the girls, which was characteristic of their sex, that they were fluent and ready, but, it was added, with some tendency to guessing. No doubt the feminine imagination and instinctive perception of character make Shakespeare more intelligible to them than to average boys. Early in life, girls commit poetry to memory more readily than boys can, and they almost invariably make better actors. As to the guessing, that was wrong, of course, but we must make some allowance for feminine vivacity of temperament.

We could suggest one or two quite new subjects respecting which girls might be examined. How many of these quick young ladies who answered geographical questions so correctly, could have given offhand the names of the rulers of the European States? Or, to take a subject in which young ladies may be supposed to feel an interest, "give the numbers and names of the marriageable princesses of Europe?" That is a matter of some importance; for there are marriageable princes looking out for wives—our own Duke of Connaught among them—and "none but royalty need apply." It is a fact that all the unmarried young ladies of royal blood in Europe, between the ages of seventeen and twenty, may be counted on one's fingers; and as religious questions and political questions interfere very much with choice in respect of royal marriages, a young prince contemplating marriage has a very narrow range for selection. We have our own English Princess, Beatrice, the last unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria; in Belgium, there is the Princess Louise, "sweet seventeen;" in Denmark, the Princess Thyra, sister of our Princess of Wales, in her twenty-second year. Austria has the Princess Marie Christina, daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand; the Princess Louisa of Sweden, is twenty-four years old; Princess Elizabeth, of Saxe-Weimar, twenty-one; Princess Pauline, of Waldeck, in her twentieth year; and her sister, Princess Marie, eighteen; Princess Ida, of Schaumburg-Lippe, twenty-three; and these really end the list—nine in all, of whom two are Roman Catholics.

Writing about the probability of weddings, we are naturally led to notice a very grand wedding which took place on the 1st of the month at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, when the Earl of Antrim led to the altar Miss Louisa Jane Grey, daughter of the late General Grey, private secretary to her Majesty. Such a brilliant company is rarely assembled, even at the most fashionable of weddings. The list of personal friends present in the church numbered at least two hundred, all notabilities of the aristocracy and fashionable world. There were eight bridesmaids, wearing pale blue muslin dresses trimmed

with blue silk. Considering the confidential position the late General Grey occupied in the royal household, it was rather noticeable that no member of the royal family was present, but amongst the wedding-gifts were a magnificent Indian shawl and a massive gold locket, set with pearls and turquoise, gifts from the Queen; a silver stand and smelling-bottles, from her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne); and from her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice a gold locket mounted with a diamond and ruby star.

But the most brilliant marriage of the month was in Paris, where Prince Amedée de Broglie, second son of the Duke de Broglie, led to the altar Mlle. Marie Say, second daughter of the late M. Constant Say. She brings a dowry of £8,000 a year. The Marshal-President, Madame MacMahon, and all the *clisé* were present.

By another easy mental transition, we pass from marriages to rings. If any of our young lady readers are not afraid of reading so generally ponderous a publication as the *British Quarterly Review*, we advise them to obtain the last number from Mudie's, and read a capital article on the jewels used on rings. "A posy on a ring" is one of the oldest forms of declaring attachments; and on that subject we will quote a few lines:—"In some cases, instead of words, the stones are made to tell the posy by means of acrostics. Thus, to obtain Love, the following arrangement is made—Lapis lazuli, Opal, Verde antique, E merald; and for 'love me,' Malachite and another Emerald are added. Names are sometimes represented on rings by the same means; and the Prince of Wales, on his marriage to the Princess Alexandra, gave her, as a keeper, one with the stones set so as to represent his familiar name of Bertie, as follows—Beryl, E merald, Ruby, Turquoise, I acinth, E merald. The French have precious stones for all the alphabet with the exception of f, k, q, y, and z, and they obtain the words *Souvenir* and *Amitié* by the following means—Saphir or sardoine, Onyx or opale, U raine, Vermeille, E meraude, N aturalite, I ris, R ubis or rose diamant. A méthiste or aigue-marine, Malachite, I ris, Turquoise or topaze, I ris, E meraude."

We hear of a case of suttee from India. A young widow, with the connivance of her relations, burned herself on the funeral pile with her husband's body, and so secretly was the now illegal act effected, that the local authorities had no knowledge of it until too late to interfere. In China the suicide of a widow is considered an act of sublime virtue, and has just received a terrible sanction from the example of the young widow of the late Emperor. She was only seventeen years old, and less than three years since she was married to the Emperor, who died at the beginning of this year. She actually starved herself to death; and, says a Chinese newspaper, in a strain of grave approval, "her early death is entirely in accordance with the national idea of what is most highly fitting for a wife so bereaved."

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## GEORGE SAND (MADAME DUDEVANT.)

THERE are some lives which fascinate us by their interest, but of whose course we cannot approve. This is one of them. The impulses of genius are, as we know from many examples, not always identical with moral strength; and we must not wish one an apology for the other. But at present we are less concerned with many a blot and many an eccentricity in the life of George Sand, than with the works with which she has enriched the world. It is better to spend our time in admiring great talents than in condemning the faults by which they are often accompanied—a maxim which we hope the reader will bear in mind in perusing the following biographical notice.

It is something to be of royal descent, and our heroine can claim as one of her ancestors on her father's side, Augustus II., King of Poland. Her father was the Marquis Maurice Dupin de Franceuil. He entered the army as a volunteer in 1793, rose to the rank of colonel in the time of the empire, and died by a fall from his horse in 1808, when his only daughter was a little girl of four years of age. Of her mother there is not much to say; there was no royal blood in her veins: she was a bird-seller's child, and with a history which we shall pass over.

Amantine-Lucile-Aurore Dupin—such was the original name of George Sand—was born in Paris on the 5th of July, 1804. There was no love lost between her aristocratic grandmother and the plebeian mother; but we find Maurice Dupin with his wife and children on a visit to the old lady, Madame Dupin, at her seat, the Château de Nohant, in the autumn of 1808. It was then that the

young officer went out one evening to dine with some friends, and on his way home was thrown from his horse and instantly expired.

Soon Aurore found herself installed permanently at Nohant as the *protégée* and heiress of her grandmother. The grandmother's ideas were those of the eighteenth century; her mind was imbued with paradoxical notions, and her whole religion was comprised in the philosophy of Rousseau. She was a woman of marvellous spirit, but much more brilliant than solid. In her ribbon-drawer she kept the hand of a skeleton, and it was generally believed that she was a lady of science and a deep student of osteology.

The theories of Madame Dupin, naturally enough, influenced the education of her grandchild. By the time Aurore was fifteen years old, she could ride and dance with ease and grace, and handle a gun or flourish a sword most dexterously. This was but one side of her training, however; the other was dreamy and intellectual. She early exhibited a tendency to escape from real life into the world of imagination. She invented endless stories, and about her eleventh year was busily occupied with the



GEORGE SAND.

composition of a grand romance. The hero, Corambé, half pagan, half Christian, was the ideal of her dreams, and she grew so infatuated with his imaginary virtues that she erected an altar to him in the grounds of the château. She read many a book of poetry, and studied history with intense pleasure as a subject on which she could exercise her active imagination. She took great delight in the beauty of rustic scenes; and, romping about in the fields and woods with the children of the

neighbouring peasants she insensibly formed those ideas of perfect quality which bore abundant fruit in after life.

It was a romantic childhood, but not altogether a happy one. Her grandmother and her mother both disputed the possession of her heart. The grandmother triumphed in the end; but no one can suppose that the child abandoned its allegiance to its only surviving parent without many sad thoughts and gloomy hours.

About 1817, Madame Dupin awoke to the conviction that the philosophy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau was out of date, and that Aurore should be prepared on other principles for entering the world. She sent her to the English convent in Paris, there to be taught the practices of the Church and the accomplishments of a lady of the nineteenth century. In the convent she remained for three years, and at the end of the time very nearly settled her vocation in life by taking the veil. "She did not incline towards devotion at once," says one writer; "according to her own account she was, during eighteen months, a perfect hoyden—the despair of her professors and of the mother-superior. But one evening, holding vigil in the chapel on the eve of a festival, she was seized with religious ecstasy. She had never read the Scriptures before; she now studied them with the ardour of a neophyte, and her zeal for asceticism and the life of a nun became so strong that it imperilled her health. A shrewd old Jesuit confessor dissuaded her from her hysteric purposes, and this holy man must have done long penance if he lived to watch the career of his penitent." When Aurore returned to a tranquil state of mind, she organized a little theatre in the convent, and diverted the community with her recollections of Molière.

Aurore returned to Nohant, and was just in time to close the eyes of her grandmother. By the death of Madame Dupin she came into possession of the Château Nohant. She now spent much of her leisure in riding about the country, followed by a little peasant, and abandoned to her own meditations. She took to reading Byron, Mably, Leibnitz, Shakspeare, and, lastly, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Religious practices were abandoned, and scepticism took possession of her soul. "In her young head of eighteen budded the fine idea that nothing is true, and that all is wrong; so that, disgusted at living amidst so much wickedness, she one day tried to commit suicide by spurring her horse down a ravine. Fortunately, the only victim of this escapade was the horse, who broke his back."

At this time, Aurore was thrown into close contact with her mother, and she experienced all the difficulties of her mother's wayward character. "She was occasionally," said Aurore, in after years, "frank and tender towards me; and whenever she shed a tear, or exercised a maternal care towards me, I began to love her and to hope; but this hope was always the road to despair; it was crushed on the morrow. Nevertheless, she loved me; or, at least, she loved in me the memory of my father

and of my infancy; but she also hated in me the memory of my grandmother."

An opportunity presented itself for escaping from the trials of her position. It was proposed that she should marry the son of M. le Baron Dudevant, a young man then twenty-seven years of age. According to French custom in such cases, there was nothing extraordinary in the fact that neither the bride nor the bridegroom pretended to any romantic sentiment in this marriage, which was dictated to them by their families. It was simply a marriage of convenience; and Aurore, at least, regarded the match with complacency, as an arrangement which would deliver her, as she imagined, from the miseries of her present life. The wedding took place in 1822.

The young Baron Dudevant was a retired military officer, who had become a gentleman farmer; he was an authority on the subject of rearing cattle, and a master before whom all trembled—servants, horses, and dogs. He was of all men the least likely to engage the affections of one such as our youthful Aurore. She brought him a fortune of half a million francs, and with it he made haste to extend his agricultural operations, never, apparently, recognizing the fact that his wife, with her natural vigour of mind and sensibility of character, was leading a most uncomfortable monotonous existence.

At first, Madame Dudevant endured her troubles with patience. Then two children—a son and daughter—consoled her with their smiles. But, at last, she fell into a serious illness, and by medical advice was ordered to the Pyrenees. Her husband, too much taken up with his ploughs and sheep, did not accompany her on this expedition. At Bordeaux she first mingled freely in the world, and learned from the homage and adoration of society how conspicuous a part she was qualified to play. When she returned to her own home, how dull and monotonous it seemed. She resolved, as a remedy against ennui and mortification, to devote herself thenceforth to the sedulous cultivation of poetry, arts, and science, and to surround herself with such friends as could sympathize with her pursuits.

Just at this time, a visitor arrived at the Château of Nohant. This visitor was Jules Sandeau, a young law student from Paris. It was impossible for him to belong under the same roof with Madame Dudevant without discovering her tastes and talent, which were in close affinity to his own. Sympathy was wanted to develop her genius, and Jules Sandeau was the first to inspire in her a longing for literary distinction.

The student returned to the capital, bearing in his heart a profound passion which he had not dared to avow. Feelings of doubt and suspicion now aggravated the harsh characteristics of the husband of Madame Dudevant; their mutual relationship became insupportable, and an agreement of separation was drawn up in 1831, by which the care and companionship of her children were still, in a measure, accorded to her.

Breathing more freely than she had done for nine long



years, Madame Dudevant bade farewell to the scenes of her earliest recollections, and hastened to Paris. She paid a brief visit to the convent of which she had formerly been an inmate, but it was now no place for her. Young, energetic, and ambitious, she felt that the great world must be the scene of her future labours. From the convent she removed to a little garret in the Quai Saint-Michel, *en face de la Morgue*. Here Jules Sandeau was not long in finding her.

It was necessary to live, and Madame Dudevant was absolutely without resources. Jules Sandeau could not assist her; he had a very modest allowance from his family, and had the utmost difficulty in keeping the wolf from his own door. The lady had a little skill in painting, and managed to get employment from a toy-vendor in ornamenting candlesticks, snuff-boxes, and cigar-cases. This was wearisome and ill-paid work. Jules Sandeau and she then determined to seek advice from Henri de Latouche, then editor of "*Figaro*." Latouche received them kindly.

"Why," said he to Sandeau, "do you not try journalism? It is less difficult than you imagine. Be one of our contributors."

"Alas!" replied Sandeau, "I am too lazy for journalism."

"But I shall assist you," said Madame Dudevant, smiling.

"Bravo!" exclaimed De Latouche. "Write, and bring me your articles as soon as possible."

From that day Madame Dudevant laid the pencil aside, and took up the pen. The two literary aspirants set to work in company, and thus began that curious literary partnership which so greatly mystified the Parisian press. The editor of the "*Figaro*" was pleased with their articles, and recommended them to try a romance.

Our two collaborateurs set to work, and at the end of six weeks had finished a book, of which the title was "*Rose et Blanche*." The manuscript they managed to dispose of for four hundred francs. Whose name was to go upon the title-page? "Not mine," said Madame Dudevant, "for fear of a scandal." "And not mine," said Jules Sandeau, "for fear of my relations, on whom I am dependent." It was agreed, then, that the name of Sandeau was to be cut in half to destroy its chance of recognition, and the title-page of the book was signed JULES SAND.

The young authors now believed their fortune made, and that four hundred francs was an inexhaustible sum. They led for a time a life of ease and gaiety, and it was at this period that Madame Dudevant first gave offence by donning male attire, which she assumed for greater independence of action. They need not, however, have been so elated with their good fortune; "*Rose et Blanche*" was in no way an extraordinary novel; it only occasionally rises above mediocrity, and gives no hint of the splendid abilities which Madame Dudevant afterwards displayed.

When the last of the four hundred francs was paid

away, Madame Dudevant was advised to obtain a *pension alimentaire* from her husband. She set out for Nohant, after having arranged with Jules Sandeau the plan of a new novel, to be called "*Indiana*." In her absence. Sandeau dreamed and did no work; but, on her return, Madame Dudevant surprised him with the complete manuscript. It sold for six hundred francs. On its title-page appeared, for the first time, the now familiar name of GEORGE SAND. At first, Madame Dudevant had desired that it should bear the name of Jules Sand, but this Sandeau would not agree to; he had had no hand, he said, in the new work, and deserved none of the glory of it. So it was agreed to retain the surname of Sand, and to choose a new Christian name; and George was selected, for the matter-of-fact reason that the day on which the matter was decided happened to be St. George's Day, the 23rd of April.

The success of "*Indiana*" was enormous. It was a romance in which a glowing heart, deeply wounded by the pressure of social relations, gives vent to its feelings. Hardly any book has ever excited more public curiosity. A clamour of enthusiasm and reprobation arose regarding it, and disputes were endless as to the sex of the author. Some talked of *his* genius, and others of *her* personal experience.

George Sand was now no longer poor. She removed into apartments worthy of herself, and to them were admitted a distinguished circle of literary men. She continued to dress in masculine attire, and it became her well. "She was to be met with," says a contemporary, "in the streets, in the promenades, and upon the boulevard, dressed in a little grey riding-coat, upon the collar of which hung curls of the most beautiful black hair in the world. She held a cane in her hand, and smoked a cigarette with the most perfect ease and grace."

Intoxicated by success, George Sand forgot the faithful companion of her days of ill-fortune. Sandeau, wounded at heart, set out for Italy, alone, on foot, and without money; and, though he afterwards rose to position as an author, and became a member of the Academy, we lose sight of him so far as our story is concerned.

The author of "*Indiana*" now sought to add new diamonds to her literary crown. The "*Revue de Paris*" and the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" were both eager to secure the publication of her works in their pages. "*Valentine*" appeared in the end of 1832. Six months after, "*Lelia*" was given to the world; it was written under the influence of profound dejection after the massacres of Varsovia, the "A B C" insurrection of Paris, and the ravages of cholera. In both "*Valentine*" and "*Lelia*," as well as in "*Indiana*," George Sand violently attacked the institution of marriage. A great commotion amongst the critics was the result, and one duel at least took place in consequence, but no blood was shed. The wounds of men of letters are made with the pen, not with the sword.

George Sand now made the acquaintance of Alfred de Musset, and conceived a great admiration for his poetry. She visited Italy with him, and Venice so harmonized with her tastes that she returned to it in 1834. She has given her impressions of it in several romances, particularly in the "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*," which appeared at intervals; "*Jacques*," published in 1834; "*André*" and "*Léone Léoni*," issued in 1835, and "*Simon*," written in 1836. In addition to those works, volume after volume were poured forth; hardly any author has ever exhibited such fertility of thought and such a wealth of imagination. "*La Marquise*," "*Lavinia*," "*Métella*," "*Mattea*," "*Mauprat*," "*La Dernière Aldini*," "*Les Maîtres-Mosaïstes*," "*Pauline*," and "*Un Hiver à Majorque*," were published between 1835 and 1837. Her style was found to possess an irresistible charm: it had two precious qualities—elegance and clearness. Her phrases were sometimes incorrect, but there was a charm even in their incorrectness. In all her works her socialistic tendencies were predominant. Her logic, certainly, was not convincing, but no one could deny the vigour and purity of her imagination. "This was always the case," it has been remarked, "with Madame Dudevant. Even those who disapprove of her exaggerated and one-sided ideas of life, must admire the perfect form, the captivating style, the plastic finish, and the great affluence of thought and sentiment displayed in all her productions."

In 1835, George Sand made the acquaintance of the advocate, Michel de Bourges; the great Republican orator; he preached Republicanism to her, and the unity of social and religious truth, but troubled her with the exaggeration of his ideas. The impression made by Lamennais, whom she also knew at this time, was much more profound.

The following year she commenced an action against her husband for ill-treatment, with a view to obtaining possession of her fortune and the guardianship of her two children. The noble agriculturist, who had all along exhibited the most sovereign contempt for the transcendent abilities of his wife, lost the case. George Sand clasped her children to her heart—her son Maurice being then twelve years old, and her daughter Solange nineteen—and soon the old manor of Nohant received her within its walls. Maurice and Solange never again left her. They accompanied her to Paris and on all her travels.

The success of these legal proceedings seems to have exercised a beneficial effect on the mind of Madame Dudevant. She appeared, all at once, to repudiate the desperate doctrines which she had sown in some of her former works. "*Consulo*," and several smaller romances now appeared, all being remarkable for the purity and simplicity of their construction. We can picture the authoress to ourselves at this time, standing robed in white, and with her children by her side, beneath the trees which had sheltered her earliest youth. She was scarcely recognizable as the George Sand who might formerly have been seen walking alone through the

streets of Paris, with a cane in her hand and a cigarette in her mouth.

The famous Polish musical composer, Frederic Chopin, was now admitted to her circle, and soon became her most intimate friend. It was an intimacy which lasted for eight years. It ended at last, as many other friendships do. Poor Chopin!

Madame Sand now occupied herself with the education of her two children, and spent her time sometimes in Paris, and sometimes at her estate in the country, or in journeys into Switzerland and Italy.

Until about 1837, the novels of George Sand had not exhibited in a marked degree the influence of any contemporary mind upon her own. Some had been pure works of art, and the rest had dealt with questions which her personal experience had suggested to her. But though she passes, it has been said, for the incarnation of pure feminine independence, George Sand has done much to vindicate the theory that woman is incomplete without man. Her mind, so high in its range, is pliable as wax, and no man of genius has ever applied his ideas to it without imprinting them deep. The influence of Lamennais appeared in the "*Lettres à Marcie*," published in 1837 in the "*Monde*," which Lamennais had founded. They breathed the spirit of Christian resignation, mixed up with a host of heterodox maxims.

The influence of M. Pierre Leroux is visible in "*Spiridion*," which is dedicated to him, and in "*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*," works in which there is a mixture of imagination and philosophy. "*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*," by the way, is an extraordinary piece of prose poetry. We find a lively sympathy for music displayed in "*Consulo*." This was, without doubt, the result of the influence of Chopin, united with the remembrances of Madame Viardot, who is personified in the heroine. The socialistic aspirations of Michel de Bourges appear in "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*," and in several other novels which followed it.

George Sand returned to the cultivation of higher art in "*Jeanne*," published in 1844. Of several exquisite works which succeeded, the best of all is "*La Mare au Diable*;" it is a small piece, but a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way; and, indeed, looked at from an æsthetic point of view, is with respect to plan and execution, the most complete production of her pen. Those of her longer romances which are generally allowed to be the finest, are "*Valentine*," "*André*," and, in particular parts, "*Consulo*."

A great political event, the Revolution of February, 1848, and the proclamation of the Republic, now came to agitate the life and thoughts of George Sand. She threw herself with ardour into the movement, and wasted some valuable time on one of the most barren subjects in the universe. An author, dealing with literature as an art, should keep clear of politics.

She fortunately soon abandoned the rôle of political and social reformer, and took up new ground. The field on which she entered was that of dramatic literature.

Her first piece, "*Cosina, ou la Haine dans l'Amour*," brought out in 1840, had not succeeded, and had been withdrawn. A second piece, "*Le Roi Attend*," had not much success either; but "*François le Champi*," put on the stage in 1849, and "*Claudia*" in 1851, were more fortunate, and were repeated several times with great applause. Then followed "*Les Vacances de Pandolphe*," "*Le Démon du Foyer*," "*Molière*," "*Le Pressoir*," and many others which we would mention were it not that a list of names is, above all things, uninteresting. The success of the "*Marquis of Villemer*" at the Odéon, in 1864, was one of the greatest triumphs of the author. It cannot be denied, however, that the dramatic compositions of George Sand have not been received with the same favour as her other writings. Her reflective talent is better adapted to the development of plots in books than to the rapid action of the stage.

Following many illustrious examples, George Sand, in 1854, published her memoirs in the "*Presse*," under the title of "*Histoire de ma Vie*." The public expected much scandal and many curious revelations, but they were disappointed. George Sand gave them a history of her philosophic development instead of scandal, and much psychology but few anecdotes. It was perhaps as well. In one part she affords us a view of the doctrines which have animated her life, and as these have been much misrepresented, we shall, in justice, quote the following passage: "My religion," she says, "has never varied at bottom; the forms of the past have vanished for me as well as for the age in which I live; but the eternal doctrines of believers, the good God, the immortality of the soul, and the hopes of another life, have resisted all examination, all discussion, and even intervals of desperate doubt."

Amongst the latest productions of our authoress, we may mention "*Mdlle. la Quintinie*," published in 1863, a philosophic and religious novel, intended as an answer to the mystic novel of M. Octave Feuillet, the "*Histoire de Sibylle*;" "*Monsieur Sylvestre*" (1866); "*Le Dernier Amour*" (1867); "*Cadio*" (1868); "*Pierre qui Roule*" (1869); and "*L'Autre*" (1870). Several of these works appear to unite to the maturity of mental talent all the life and freshness of youth.

"As an apostle of republicanism and an advocate of popular education," says a recent writer, "the influence of George Sand has been immense. Of late years she has produced in her books two invariable types—a strong-minded, highly-educated, and very lovable girl, and an equally strong-minded hero, generally a peasant, self-taught, but with all the instincts and manners of a gentleman, and ardently progressive. They are not types true to life, but the authoress's inference is that they might be made so if women were reared to be something better than dolls, and if government and clergy were not unanimous in wishing to keep the peasantry in ignorance. . . . After all, there is no reason why Frenchmen should not gradually improve themselves up to the level of George

Sand's ideal, for it is not an ideal out of reach, nor does it by any means imply the repudiation of all religious belief."

Madame Sand used, until recently, to reside almost always at Nohant. She has a large income, derived not only from her estate, but from her books. Accustomed in her later years to a somewhat extravagant course of life, her income is not always equal to her expenditure. This is not favourable to literary production. She has thus been tempted, like so many others, to write too much, and without sufficient study. "Obliged to gain money," she says, "I have often forced my imagination to produce, without troubling myself to inquire whether my reason went hand-in-hand with it."

A French writer gives us a glimpse of the interior of her dwelling. In it, he says, there reigns an almost vulgar simplicity, and the furniture bears witness rather to George Sand's reverence for what was her grandmother's than to her taste in the matter of ornament. At eleven o'clock the breakfast-bell rings. George Sand does not appear at first, and Maurice, her son, presides in her absence. She arrives about the middle of the repast, embraces her son, shakes hands with each guest, and goes to take her usual place. Her table is well and plentifully furnished. The lady of the house takes coffee morning and evening. Silent and grave herself, she delights much in listening to conversation. Stories and *bons-mots* find in her a smiling and sympathizing auditor, and sometimes she abandons herself to jesting when a subject is started worthy of her raillery.

Her habit at one time of going about attired in the raiment of the other sex gave rise to many odd incidents; and before letting the curtain fall on our heroine, we shall recount one of these. When passing through Marseilles once, she was invited by an old physician named Cauvières to dine with him. That he might the more suitably entertain his distinguished guest, George Sand, Cauvières borrowed a house of a friend named Falke. The literary lion went to this dinner in female attire. After the company had assembled, M. Falke arrived. He looked round, but recognized no George Sand. Having lent his house for this entertainment in honour of the great author, M. Falke during dinner could scarcely restrain his wrath against M. Cauvières for having tricked and disappointed him. At dessert, he grumbled aloud—

"Ah, bah! you promised to show me George Sand, but I don't see *him* here."

M. Cauvières, in much perplexity at this outburst, indicated the place where sat the author of "*Indiana*."

It was now M. Falke's turn to feel embarrassed. He rose from his seat, and bowing low, "Pardon, *madame*!" he cried. "In truth, I could never have recognized you, for I did not know before that a lady could be a man of letters."

## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE September nights were cool among the mountains, and as Mr. Kirke and his elder daughter drove home through the moonlight, between eleven and twelve o'clock, from the visit of mercy they had been paying on the other side of the ridge, there were white blankets of mist upon the meadows, and filling up the valleys along which their route lay.

The fire was out in the kitchen, and Patsey had been asleep for two hours and more, having made up her mind that her master would not return until the morrow. There was still a light in Jessie's chamber, and she came down, wide-awake and dressed, to admit the travellers. The servant man slept in a room over the stable, and, after calling to him two or three times without arousing him, the worthy clergyman took pity upon his weariness after his hard day's work, and groomed his horse himself. Eunice exclaimed at the dampness of his overcoat in helping him remove it, and Jessie—instructed in such appliances to health and comfort by her watery adventure, the telling of which she reserved for a more convenient season—prescribed a glass of brandy and water. Mr. Kirke needed nothing except a night's rest, he assured them both; pinched Jessie's cheek in kissing her "good-night," and rallied her upon her anti-temperance proclivities, then ascended to his chamber. He came down late to breakfast the next morning; owned that sleep had proved obdurate to his wooing; that he had had something very like an ague during the night, and that it was a violent headache which deprived him of appetite.

When he arose from table, Jessie coaxed him, almost in the old winsome way he could never resist, into the parlour; made him lie upon the sofa; tucked a shawl warmly about his shoulders, and sitting down of her own accord to the piano, played plaintive, soothing airs until he fell asleep.

This was the beginning of the spell of fever that, within twelve hours, laid him upon his bed, and which, ten days later, assumed a typhoid form.

His daughters were his nurses, by day and night. Offers of watchers poured in from the few gentle and the many simple who were his parishioners and neighbours; but the sisters courteously and gratefully declined them all. Their patient was all-deserving of the name, and needed no other care than they could give him. He slept much, and suffered little pain, and their light household tasks allowed one or the other to be constantly with him. Thus, to the kindly applicants; while to each other and their parent they said that love would not allow them to delegate a duty so dear and pious even to the true friends who sought to divide their labours. No man ever had more tender and gentle custodians. There was

no perceptible difference in the assiduity and skill of the two, but visitors were unanimous in the expression of the opinion that their anxious vigils told more visibly upon Jessie than upon her sister. She wasted almost as rapidly as the sick man, while her eyes were settled in their mournfulness, and she seemed to forget how to smile days before the physician expressed any doubt as to the sequel of her parent's illness.

He had been confined to his room three weeks, when, on the morning of the 27th of September, Jessie met the doctor on the stairs, as she was carrying in a basin of beef tea she had just made.

"Ah, doctor! I did not know you were here!" she said, more cheerfully than he had heard her speak for several days, unless when within her father's hearing. "Papa is more comfortable—is he not?"

"He is more quiet, certainly. Can I see you for a moment, my dear, when you have taken that in? I shall wait for you in the parlour."

He spoke very gravely, averting his eyes as he finished; and hope went suddenly and completely out of the daughter's heart.

She bore the basin carefully and steadily into the chamber, up to the bedside of the patient, and called his name clearly:

"Papa, dear, will you take a little of this for me?"

She watched him narrowly as he roused himself to respond.

"He sleeps all the time to-day," whispered Eunice.

There was a dull glow in his half-open eyes, and he put his hand to his head, confusedly, staring in his younger daughter's face, as she repeated her request.

"It is Jessie, papa! You have been dreaming, and are not yet awake. Here is your beef tea. May I give you a spoonful or two?"

"I thought you were your mother, child!" he said, smiling faintly but lovingly at her. "I was dreaming, as you say."

She fed him as she would an infant, but he would take only a few spoonfuls of the nourishment, turned his face away, and fell asleep again instantly.

The doctor's delicate and unenviable duty was half done for him before she joined him in the lower room.

"You consider my father worse?" was the address with which she opened the interview.

"I grieve to say that I do."

"Can nothing be done for him?"

He hesitated.

"I am answered!" she said, hastily. "Don't shelter yourself behind the hateful, worthless subterfuge about hope ceasing only with life. Tell me, instead, how long——"



The rest of the sentence was beyond her powers of utterance. But she did not succumb in aspect, after the wordless struggle died away in a quiver of the unmoistened lips. She was very white, but very still. The doctor congratulated himself upon the sagacity that had led him to choose this one of the twain as the recipient of his unwelcome intelligence. Jessie was his favourite, and he had always contended that hers was the stronger, as well as the more sprightly nature of the two. Since she was so collected—so well prepared for the sad probability—if not the fell certainty—he could be entirely frank.

"The symptoms are of general congestion," he said. "If this should advance rapidly, we cannot hope to have him with us more than twenty-four hours, at the utmost. I shall return, presently, with Dr. Trimble. But his verdict will, I think, coincide with mine. The indications are distinct. Your father will probably be unconscious much of the time, and suffer little, if at all. No one can doubt his fitness for the great change. I have known him for over thirty years, and I can testify that he has walked humbly and closely with his God. He has instructed you so carefully Jessie, my dear, that you do not require to be told where to look for consolation, for grace and strength, in this trying hour——"

A motion of prohibition that had in it none of the grace of entreaty, checked his formula.

"You will not be long absent?" asked a voice from between the rigid lips.

The circles under her eyes were blacker and broader each second.

"I shall be in again as soon as I can find Dr. Trimble. You had better take Miss Eunice into your confidence without delay. She might think it strange—might take it hard if anything were to happen, you know——"

"Yes! I know!"

That shut his mouth, and rid her of his presence.

The day was warm for the season—so sultry that the cirrus clouds swimming in the blue ether; looked soft to April tearfulness. How still it was, as Jessie stood in the open oriel-window, and let her eyes roam through garden and churchyard,—ever returning, without volition of hers, to the gap in the long lines of gravestones next her mother's tomb! Had nature swooned all over the broad earth? Was there nothing real left in creation save the fact of her great woe?

"My father is dying!" she said, aloud and distinctly.

And, again—"I suppose this is what people mean when they talk of not realizing a sorrow!"

As if aught but overwhelming appreciation of the might of a present calamity could crush the heart into deadness.

She was picking the faded leaves from the creepers, and crumbling them into dust, when Eunice came in. Jessie's protracted absence after the conference with the doctor had excited her apprehensions, and she stole down, while her father slept, to inquire into the cause. Im-

measurably relieved at sight of her sister's attitude and occupation, she smiled as she aroused her from her reverie.

"I could not think what had become of you, dear! What does Dr. Winters think of father?"

"Sit down, Eunice, and I will tell you!" said Jessie, dreamy pity in her eyes, but no change in her hard, hollow voice.

Eunice sank into the nearest chair, laying her hand quickly upon her heart.

"You cannot mean——"

"That he is dying? Yes!" interrupted the other; and in the same awful composure, she repeated the doctor's verdict, *verbatim*. "Now"—she concluded—"I will go back to him. You may come presently, when you have had time to think over the matter."

The beryl eyes were washed with many tears before they again met Jessie's across the sick-bed, but, after that, Eunice bore herself bravely. Hour after hour, they sat in the hushed upper chamber, facing their nearing desolation, without a plaint or an audible sigh. Below stairs, all was silent as the grave. Patsey, with an indefinable idea that the house should be set in order for the coming of the grim guest, had dusted the furniture, set back the chairs in straight rows against the walls in parlour and dining-room, and closed all the blinds on the lower floor; made her kitchen neat as Miss Eunice could have wished; then seated herself upon the upper step of the side porch, her arms wrapped in her clean apron. Jessie's orders were positive that no one besides the doctors should be admitted, and as the servant's look-out commanded the front gate, she intercepted the many callers who flocked to the Parsonage at the swift rumour of the pastor's extreme illness.

"We will keep him to ourselves while he stays with us!" the younger sister had answered the other's fear lest this proceeding should give offence to "the people." "He has belonged to them for thirty years. At the last, we may surely claim him!"

"But they love him dearly!" expostulated Eunice. "He is their spiritual father and guide."

"He is our *all*!" was the curt reply, and Eunice forbore to argue further.

In the midst of her grief, she was slightly afraid of Jessie. The wide eyes that were caverns of gloom; the tuneless accents that never shook or varied, cowed her into quiet and obedience.

There was little to be done. The sick man slept—if it were sleep—except when aroused to take medicine or food. At these periods, he recognized his children, and spoke coherently, although briefly. His kind heart and gentle breeding were with him to the end. His utterances were of thankfulness for the services they rendered, and love for those who bent over him, that not a word should be lost of that they felt, at each awakening, might be the last sentence they should ever hear from him.

He spoke once intelligibly and calmly of the nearing separation.

"I am going fast!" he said to Eunice, who was lifting his head upon her arm that she might adjust the pillow. "The Father is very good. The 'precious blood' avails—even for me—for me! I go empty-handed, but rich—for there is the 'unspeakable gift!'" Closing his eyes he murmured softly to himself.

Eunice bowed her ear, and held her breath to catch the words.

"The token was an arrow, with the point sharpened by love, let easily into the heart! God is good—very good!"

It had been the testimony of his whole life.

"Jessie, dear! my little girl! you are wearing yourself out for me!" he said, at another time. "I wish Roy were here! But His will be done! He knows my darling's needs—her temptations—her trials. Like as a Father pitieth his children, dear! And it is true! Recollect that I told you so, this—and when—and how!"

She was to recollect it in the Father's good time. Now the words meant little, after she had heard the dying parent's wish for Roy's return. She said something in her own heart that was like a thanksgiving that her father was spared the one pang which the coming of the man he would have her marry, would bring—that the sea rolled between them.

"We shall be cared for, papa!" she replied, quietly.

"I know! The promise is sure," and he slept again like a child at even-time upon the mother's breast.

"The 'great peace' is his!" said Eunice, in pious gratitude.

Jessie was mute.

So the afternoon went by, and the shortening twilight of autumn drew on apace. The shutters of the southern windows were unclosed to admit the air which evening had not made raw. The fleecy clouds were packed in a cumulose mass upon the horizon, and this began to rise in portentous majesty, as the sun set behind it. Dun, while day lasted, with ragged, brassy edges, it darkened and thickened as Jessie watched it from her seat at the bed-head, into a banner of blackness absorbing the light from the rest of the heavens, and blotting out the earth from her sight. The silence was breathless. Not an insect chirped or leaf rustled. Even the pine boughs were motionless. The mill wheel was still; the roar of the waterfall was the only sound abroad under the inky sky. The sisters could no longer see each other, but all the waning light in the room seemed centred upon the pallid face between them. The effect of the pale radiance and the brooding quiet about them was weird—unearthly. Eunice could bear it no longer.

"I will bring the night-lamp!" she said, rising.

She had hardly reached the foot of the staircase, when Jessie heard the garden-gate shut, and steps upon the gravel-walk leading to the kitchen; next, a stifled scream from Patsey, and a low, manly voice in rebuke or re-

assurance. Listening, as for her life, the deadly cold of hands and feet creeping up to her heart, she caught a faint exclamation from Eunice; then, the cautious tread of feet in the hall to the parlour-door, which was shut behind those who went in; after which all was quiet again.

For one moment; the darkness was Egyptian, and the night more freezing than winter. The watcher struggled to arise, to raise her hands to her madly throbbing head, but a dull paralysis was upon her limbs. It was not more than three minutes, but it seemed an hour, before will asserted its sway so far as to call back the blood in a tingling rush to the heart and extremities. Her trial was at hand. This—the *coup de grace* of the appointed torture—was not to be spared her, and she awaited it dumbly. But for the moveless face upon the pillow beside her, she must have rushed away to hide herself in thicket or cave—perhaps in the river-bed from which she had been rescued so lately. That she could not leave. Her father slept on, the pale, unearthly glimmering abiding still upon the broad brow and noble features. He was beyond the reach of earthly solicitude—the swimming and buffeting, the toil and anxiety, were for ever overpast; his feet already touched the solid ground. He was very far off from her—bruised, struggling, condemned to endure the consequences of her own and another's wrong-doing.

A weary season of sickness and dread elapsed ere Eunice entered with the lamp. She put it down upon a stand in a distant corner, came around to Jessie's side, and stooped to listen to her father's breathing before she spoke.

Her voice was husky and uneven, and there was the shine of fresh tears upon her cheeks.

"There is some one down stairs who wishes to see you, dear," she said, laying her hand upon her sister's, to support her in case she should be overcome by the great joy in store for her. "Some one you will be glad and thankful to meet again!"

"Is it Roy Fordham?" asked the hard voice, while Jessie did not start or stir.

Eunice saw that her prefatory measures were thrown away.

"It is! He sailed a fortnight earlier than he expected; arrived in America but yesterday. Dear sister! Our Heavenly Father has sent him to us in our sorest need. He is waiting, love!"

"Then let him come up. I shall not leave this room."

## CHAPTER XVII.

EVERY object in the dimly lighted chamber seemed, to Jessie's strained eyes, to stand out with painful distinctness, as her long-absent lover entered. Most clearly of all, she saw his familiar figure; noticed even the full beard and grey travelling suit, while he crossed the floor toward her. She arose, mechanically, and went forward a step to meet his fleet, noiseless, advance.

"My own one! my precious-darling!"

He had her in his arms before she could resist, if she had meant to do so. There were tears in his eyes and voice as he kissed her, and he held her closely, warmly, as a mother would a suffering child.

She undid his embrace with fingers strong and chill as steel.

"My father is very ill!" she faltered, and retreated to his pillow.

Disturbed by the movement and sound of his name, Mr. Kirke awoke. The recess in which his bed stood was in partial shadow, but his gaze rested at once upon Roy, and he tried to lift his head.

"Is that the doctor?"

Jessie replied:

"No, papa! It is Mr. Fordham."

Instead of welcoming him, the sick man looked heavenward, and his lips moved in prayer. Only the daughter who had crept nearest to him, interpreted the burden of his thanksgiving.

"Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

When he moved, it was in an effort to hold out his arms to the returned voyager.

"Roy! dear, dear son!"

Roy took the emaciated hands in his, with one answering word.

"Father!"

"Leave us for a little while, my children!" said the dying voice. "We have much to say to one another, and the time is short!"

He was obeyed; Eunice going to her room, to weep and pray in mingled gratitude and sorrow; Jessie flying down the stairs into the hall, thence out into the garden.

The sky was one expanse of cloud by this time. The wind moaned fitfully in the tree-tops; brought down showers of dry leaves into her face and upon her uncovered head. They whispered drearily to her as they hurtled by and crackled under her feet, and each thicket had its sigh of desolation. She heard and felt all—her soul in unison with the night and its voices of woe. She had fled from her father's presence, feeling like one accursed, forsaken by God and man. The return for which the dying saint's praise had gone up to heaven, was the event she had anticipated with shame and terror that made her long to bury herself in the wilderness or the grave, to escape the sight of him whom she had deceived. To him, her father was now bequeathing her—his dearest earthly treasure. Would Roy let him, indeed, depart in peace, or would his stern sense of truthfulness and honour impel him to a revelation of her perfidy? True, he had taken her in his arms and kissed her, but she had received this as his farewell, not his salutation; seen in it the resistless overflow of the old-time fondness at sight of her and her affliction. Better—a thousand times better—that he had not come until

the eyes that had lighted into gladness at the sight of him were sealed in death, than to plant thorns in the painless pillow of the death-bed by relating how she had betrayed the trust of her betrothed, and disappointed her father's hopes.

If she could have warned him! If she had had the presence of mind to make some sign of caution before she left them together!

Would Roy—"the man of granite"—have mercy? or must her father's last words to her be reproof and not blessing? regret and not thankfulness?

Up and down! up and down! she trod the long alley, looking at the faintly illuminated windows of that upper chamber; wringing her hands in her dry-eyed agony, longing yet fearing to hear the summons that should end her suspense.

It came at length! Roy's step upon the piazza, and his call, guarded that it should not reach the sick-room, but audible to her as would be the tramp of doom.

"Jessie? where are you?"

She went toward him without hesitation. Women have gone to the hall of sentence and to the block in the same way. He met her, guided by her rustling tread among the leaves.

"This should not be!" he said. "You will be ill next!"

He led her into the house, and to the parlour where there were lights.

She was not surprised that he did not let her pause until they reached the deep window—where she had not sat, for months, until that morning, after the doctor left her. She had not expected a violent outbreak of anger or recrimination; had felt that, even in becoming her accuser, he could not cease to be a gentleman.

Orrin had told her, more than once or thrice, that his kinsman was just to calm severity. He would grant her a chance of self-exculpation; would judge her out of her own mouth; make her rehearse to him the story of her falsehood upon the spot where she had plighted her vow of eternal constancy. And she would meet it all—say it all, save the name of her tempter—that she was pledged not to reveal—if he would but let her go back the sooner to her father—the father who was dying upstairs!

"Don't think me cruel, dear, or ungenerous," began Roy, when he had seated her, and himself at her side.

Had her wretchedness moved him to leniency?

He continued, "But this is no season for useless delays and mistaken reserve. Our dear father is passing away from us. I met the doctor on my way to you this evening. He thinks that he may leave us very—very soon. One moment, dearest, and you shall go to him" for she had started up. "He has made a dying request of us—of you and me—the fulfilment of which depends upon you. I say nothing of the eager happiness with which I have given my consent to the proposal—only of the comfort you can shed upon his last moments by marrying me in his sight within the next hour."

"No! no! *no!*" She slid from her seat to her knees, and hid her face, crouching to the floor in horror and humiliation. "I cannot! It would be a sin! a fearful sin!"

Roy would have raised her, but she shrank away from him.

"Anything but that! Ask me anything but *that!*" she repeated.

"It is not I who ask it, dear. Our father has decided what shall be the time and place of our marriage. It is not selfish—much less is it sinful in us to yield to his wish—his last earthly desire. It has been his prayer from the commencement of his illness that he might live to join our hands; give you into my keeping before you should close his eyes. Surely, knowing this, we may not fear to repeat in his hearing the vows we made long ago in this our betrothal nook."

The simple, sad sincerity of his appeal sounded like pitiless will in the ears of the distracted girl, but she could not gainsay his reasoning. The decision was then thrown upon her! Hers was the power to cast a ray of light upon the even-time of the life which had been to her a constant benefaction, or to cloud it with disappointment.

"It is not selfish in us to yield to his wish!"

The words stung like venomous sarcasm. Not selfish to accept the fate against which her nature—physical and spiritual—had lashed itself into revolt for weary months past! Not selfish to bind upon her neck the yoke of the scorned and unloving wife!

The last thought moved her to action. She dragged herself to her feet, still rejecting his aid, and, for the first time since their meeting, looked into his face.

"Did you get my last letter? that in which I asked you to release me from this engagement?"

"Yes."

He would have drawn nearer as he said it, but she kept him off—less by her gesture than with her eyes—so unlike the sweet wells at which he used to drink his fill of love!

"And knowing all, it is still your wish to marry me! Think well before you answer. This bond is for life, remember! and life is long! Oh, how long to the miserable!"

"This is my answer." Before she could avoid him, he had gathered her in his arms, had pressed the reluctant head to his bosom. "We have been wedded almost a year and a half already, my Jessie. I am claiming my wife, not my betrothed. Did you imagine that I could be frightened from my hope and my purpose by that morbid little note, written by a half-sick, over-sensitive woman? Recollect! you left the decision to me! If, instead of this, you had ordered me to stay away for ever, I should have come to you all the same; have taken you to the old resting-place and kissed away the gloomy fancies that had tempted you to banish me. I know your heart better than you do yourself—and it is *mine!* The

Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part you and me! Now, beloved, what shall I say to our father? The minutes are precious."

"It shall be as you and he desire. I will tell him this myself," replied Jessie, calming all at once into mournful composure Roy deemed altogether natural in the circumstances.

"One word more!" detaining her. "I met Dr. Baxter this evening at the station, on his way to pay you a visit, promised, he said, ever since last winter. Stopping at the hotel while the stage set down other passengers, we heard of your father's illness, and our dear old friend, with characteristic delicacy, would not present himself—a stranger—to your sister, in the circumstances. He remained at the hotel until I should bring further intelligence. Am I right in supposing that it is your wish, as well as mine, that he should perform the ceremony which is to make us one in name, as we have long been one in heart? If so, I will go for him without delay."

"Do what you like—whatever is best," she answered, hurriedly. "By all means, bring Dr. Baxter here! My father will like to see him."

"His arrival just now is providential," said Roy, walking upstairs at her side, his arm still supporting her. "There is light, even from the earthward side, upon this dark river, love!"

He beckoned Eunice from the sick-room as Jessie went in, exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with her relative to his plans, and ran down the steps lightly and swiftly. He had ordered Mr. Kirke's horse to be harnessed to his buggy before he sought Jessie, and Eunice heard him drive off in the direction of the village by the time she returned to her post.

The sisters awaited him and the clergyman where they had sat all day, the one at the right hand, the other at the left hand, of their father. Eunice ventured to suggest to her companion the expediency of making some change in her dress before the ceremony.

"I thought perhaps you would like to be married in white," she said, timidly. "I am almost sure Roy would prefer this."

"I have not time to dress. I have left *him* too long already," returned Jessie, pointing to her father.

She tried to keep her promise of apprising him of her acquiescence in his will, but was partly baffled by his increasing drowsiness. He spoke, it is true, when she told him that she had heard from Mr. Fordham of his request, and determined to grant it, but it was not clear that he quite understood her.

"Good child!" he said, with closed eyes. "God bless you both!"

Did "both" mean his daughters or the two who were to be wedded presently? She could not bring herself to ask.

Mr. Kirke lapsed into slumber or stupor, and the room was silent again save for his irregular breathing,



showing that his semi-insensibility varied in character from that of the day. Once, Jessie got up with the remark that it was time to renew the mustard-poultices that stimulated the curdling veins into action, and the pair did the office deftly and mutely. Eunice saw her sister, as she reseated herself, lay her cheek to the almost pulseless hand that rested on the coverlet, and close her eyes, while her lips were stirred by an inaudible sentence. The observer was thankful for this token of a more subdued and natural frame of mind than the suffering girl had yet exhibited. It was meet that she should seek the blessing of heaven upon the union she was about to form, and that thoughts of prayer should be linked with loving ones of her earthly parent. And Eunice, too, prayed in her gentle, pious heart for the happiness of the child she had reared as her own, and for that of the true, fond brother, whose arrival in this their darkest hour, was like a direct answer from on high to the petitions she had offered during their long days of watching and anxiety. With Roy to console and care for Jessie, the smitten household would be rich even in temporal comfort.

Was Jessie praying? She had proudly flung the charge of perjury at another, saying, "Of this sin, at least, I am innocent." What was the act to which she had given her consent—which the next hour would render irrevocable? It was when this question was forced upon her by some taunting demon, that she kissed the lifeless hand, and whispered the formula she had said aloud that morning at the open window, and repeated inly hundreds of times since.

"My father is dying!"

Since she could not lie down and die in his stead, she would sacrifice the poor hopes of peace that were spared to her from the wreck of her early dreams, to purchase for him what gratification she could still give him. Eunice might well eye her apprehensively, all that day and evening. Many with steadier brains and cooler blood than were hers have been consigned to insane asylums.

The wind was so loud, the roar of the pine outside the window so continuous, as to drown the sound of returning hoofs and wheels. They were ignorant of Roy's second arrival until he knocked at the chamber-door. Eunice said, "Come in!" and he whispered a few words to her before he approached Jessie.

"Are you quite ready?" he asked, softly.

She bowed her head in assent.

He disappeared for a moment, then came back with Dr. Baxter, Drs. Winters and Trimble. The physicians, with difficulty, aroused their patient so far as to swallow the stimulant they administered. Patsey brought in more lights, and retired, with the doctors, to the background—an interested spectator of the singular scene.

"Father!" it was Roy's voice, sonorous yet pleasant, that reached the senses and reason which were fast slipping away with life. "This is Dr. Baxter, of whom you

have often heard—Jessie's very dear friend—and whose wife is the cousin of Jessie's mother."

The double reference was talismanic. Mr. Kirke opened his eyes to their full width—all recognizing in them the glassy stare of dissolution—and tried to move his hand towards the person thus introduced.

"He is very welcome!"

Dr. Baxter pressed the cold hand between his.

"Brother in Christ! we should have met before. We shall meet again. In that safe world there are no crossed purposes or partings. There we shall know even as we are known—of one another and of the Master. You are very near the entrance upon that perfect life. I have been sent hither by our Lord to bid you, 'God speed!' on the short and easy journey, and to ask your blessing upon these, our children, who would walk after you, hand in hand. Is it still your wish that they should be married here beside you, before you go from their sight?"

"Yes; by all means!"

The emphasis was faint, yet perceptible, and he shut his clammy fingers feebly upon those Jessie slipped within them, as she obeyed Dr. Baxter's injunction to join her right hand with that of her betrothed. She felt their loose hold more plainly than she did the warm, strong grasp that signified loving protection, tenderest sympathy.

It was a strange, sad rite,—stranger and more melancholy than burials usually are. The bride's gaze never left the sunken face and closed eyes that rested among the pillows, and her assent to the interrogations put to her was so slight as to create a passing doubt in the mind of the catechist as to whether she had given any. The mountain storm burst overhead in thunder, wind, and rain, as the bridegroom spoke his reverent and steadfast response, and when the benediction was pronounced, Jessie stooped to kiss her father, apparently forgetful that Roy's was the paramount right to the token of affection.

"Dear papa! It is your little Jessie! I have done as you wished. Will you not bless me?"

The cry sounded in the ear deadened by the death-stupor as a faint and far-off call. Mr. Kirke's eyelids quivered without rising, and the muscles of the mouth were moved. Then, the grey calm settled down again upon his countenance.

"He must speak to me! I must be sure that he hears me—that he understands how I have obeyed him!" said Jessie, frantically. "He *must*!" to the physicians who advanced to the bedside with restoratives.

They were useless. The dying man was beyond the reach of human skill. The lips were parted, the throat did not contract. Dr. Winters shook his head despairingly and turned from his old friend and pastor, the untasted glass of brandy in his hand.

"He does not see nor hear me!" cried the daughter, throwing up her arms in a passion of despair. "I did it for him, and he will never know it."

She sank to her knees beside the bed and buried her

face in the coverings. Roy leaned over her, and whispered something the rest did not hear. He might as well have addressed her father with words of consolation. When he touched her to recall her attention, she shivered violently, but gave no other sign of consciousness of his presence.

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Fordham—heartily rejoiced and greatly relieved," said Dr. Winters, as Roy attended him down the stairs. "Your wife needs very delicate and judicious treatment just now. Her whole nervous system is unstrung. I saw it in her manner and eye this forenoon. When the unnatural strain is relaxed, she will break down completely, I am afraid."

Mr. Kirke died at midnight. He had noticed no one, and said nothing since his feeble rejoinder to Dr. Baxter's query whether the marriage should proceed, until half an hour before he breathed his last, those about him saw a change in the face that, in stillness and beauty, resembled a fine Greek mask. Jessie perceived it first; was quick to take advantage of the tinge of colour, the tremor of features.

"Papa!" she prayed, raising his head to a resting-place on her arm. "Can you hear me? If you can, kiss me."

The stiff lips moved under the pressure of hers, and a smile, ineffable in radiance and tenderness, remained when the kiss had been given.

"You do know me—do you not?" said his daughter, breathlessly. "Who is it that is speaking to you?"

All present heard the reply—

"*Giuevra!*"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "breaking down" predicted by Dr. Winters, took the form, not of hysterical emotion, as he had anticipated, but of physical languor and spiritual apathy, which were more alarming. Jessie moved, spoke, and thought, like one in a trance; acquiescing in every proposal made by her sister and Roy; obeying every request without demur or inquiry. If left to herself she asked nothing except to be allowed to sit or lie passive for hours together; her great eyes closed or blank; her countenance set in the gloomy weariness that had marked it from the moment her hand left her dead father's forehead—a look that said she had henceforward nothing to hope for or to fear.

Few husbands would have had tolerance with this excessive grief for the loss of a parent, however beloved, and worthy of filial attachment. One might search far and long without finding a man whose sympathy with the demonstration of this would incite him to warmer love and fonder care for her, who, for the time, overlooked his claim to supreme regard in her devotion to a memory.

"You could not mourn more bitterly for *me!*" I once heard a man say in impatient reproach, upon surprising his wife in tears within a week after she had committed an indulgent parent to the grave.

He was a good man, and an affectionate husband, but he could not endure the semblance of a divided allegiance.

Had Roy Fordham's love been of this sensitive and exclusive type, it would have been chafed threadbare before the honeymoon was one-tenth wasted. The new bond between them she ignored entirely—not, it was evident, in wilfulness or shyness, but because it had no place in her thoughts; was a matter of no moment in comparison with the event that steeped her whole being in despondency. It was well that neither he nor Eunice had any knowledge of the continuous warfare of the summer, the fiercer struggle of that early September day, the morrow of which had brought a fresh sorrow in her father's illness. Had they comprehended all this, super-added to their fears that her three weeks' watching and its *finale* had seriously affected her nervous system, they would have had small hope of the curative power of Nature and of Love. She was, in reality, insane for the three days immediately succeeding her marriage, if lack of feeling, thought, and connected memory signify mental aberration. In after years, this period was almost a blank in the retrospect, a confusing dissolving view that defied her scrutiny. While it lasted it was a nightmare from which she had not strength to awaken.

When she was led by Roy to take a last look at her father's face as he lay in his coffin ready to be transported to the church, her eyes were vacant and dry, her features emotionless.

"He looks very natural!" she said, slowly, like one trying to recall the conventional phrase in such circumstances.

When Eunice bent weepingly to kiss the frozen lips where still lingered the smile of ineffable peace with which he had named his wife, Jessie eyed her with a mixture of wonder and perplexity; and remarking again, "Very natural! almost life-like!" turned away, with the air of one who had said and done all that could be required of her.

In an agony of alarm, Roy sought Dr. Winters, who had called to inquire after the health of the family, and to see if he could be of service in their affliction. Eunice had taken charge of her sister at night, and reported that what little sleep had visited the latter had been won by the use of anodynes. Had the physician, asked the bridegroom, a sedative potent enough to induce slumber for several hours, the after effect of which would not be increased cerebral excitement? Come what might, Jessie must not witness the obsequies appointed for that forenoon. Her mind seemed, to him, to need but a touch to complete its overthrow. While the two gentlemen held counsel, Eunice entered with the welcome news that Jessie had, on leaving the parlour where the remains lay, gone voluntarily to her own room—she having shared her sister's since their common bereavement—thrown herself upon the bed and fallen into a deep sleep.

The church-bell was not tolled for the pastor's funeral,

and a band of trusty yeomen, stationed fifty yards up and down the road, prevented vehicles from approaching the gate of parsonage or churchyard. The reason was quickly disseminated, and the value of the precaution universally admitted. Mingled with the tears that fell upon the bier of the faithful servant of God, were earnest prayers for the restoration of health and reason to the daughter—"the people's" pride and pet, as she had been his—the merry, popular "little Jessie," who was known to every household in the parish. Many wistful eyes sought the closed blinds, behind which she lay wrapped in death-like slumber.

"The only hope for life and brain!" Dr. Winters had pronounced; and the dictum was repeated far and near with awed looks and subdued breath.

Within the manse, all was hushed and dark. Eunice sat with the sleeper while the services at the church went forward.

"Do not separate us this morning," was her petition to Roy, who would have taken the post himself. "I have nobody left but her."

She interpreted correctly the meaning of the imperfect sounds that penetrated her seclusion; the funeral psalm, the dull tramp of many feet from the front to the back of the church; the awful pause, like no other upon earth, that told the coffin was sinking to its place; the voice of prayer, the brief, reverent utterances with which the dear dust was committed to the keeping of the Lord of Life, through all the coming ages of Time; then the muffled tumult of departure. She sat quiet until the end, restraining sob and sigh that the beloved living should not be disturbed; staying her heart upon the Father of the fatherless, the God whose goodness the expiring saint had charged his children never to forget.

Roy relieved her as soon as the services were over.

"Thank you," he said, kissing her with a brother's fond sympathy. "Go now, and leave her to me. I will call you, should you be needed."

Alternately, and in company, they watched her until Dr. Winters' third visit that day brought hope that was confidence to their tried souls.

"If she sleep, she shall do well," said Dr. Baxter, when Roy carried the glad tidings to him, that the stupor had changed to natural slumber.

He was sitting in the window of Mr. Kirke's study; for a wonder, without book or paper before him, but absorbed in contemplation of the mountain scenery.

"You are wearing yourself out," he added, observing, that Roy's complexion, tanned by the sea voyage, was fast regaining its natural hue, and that his eyes bore evidence of grief and anxiety. "Jessie is safe in her sister's care, and while she sleeps she cannot miss you. Bide here a bit with me"—he often relapsed into the Scotch dialect—"and refresh yourself by a survey of this picture. I must quit you all to-morrow, and I would have a few words with you before I go."

Jessie was alone when she awoke. Eunice had been called to the parlour to see a parishioner from the other side of the mountain who had not heard of Mr. Kirke's decease until that morning, had ridden twenty miles to attend the funeral, and arrived too late. Eunice had been too long the obedient servant of the congregation to hesitate as to the course she should pursue in the dilemma. Jessie slept soundly and peacefully, and Roy would be back soon. She closed the door noiselessly, and obeyed the summons of her father's friend.

Summer zephyrs were coquetting with the sombre pine-branches; summer scents were stealing up to Jessie's windows from the garden. To such wooing whispers and goodly odours had she awakened many mornings during many years. She mistook the coloured light visible through the shutters for dawn; marvelled sleepily that her limbs ached and her head was weary.

"It must be time to get up," she meditated, 'twixt sleeping and waking. "Yet I am not rested. I have not heard Eunice or Patsey go downstairs."

In tossing her arm up to pillow her head for a second nap, she saw her sleeve. How had she happened to fall asleep without undressing? She sat upright, and tried to remember when and how she had gone to bed overnight. How queerly her head felt!

"As if it had been dead and was coming to life again!" was her simile.

She was at home, and in her own room; everything about her was in its usual order. Yet something had happened. What was it? A Bible lay on the stand by the bed. Between the leaves was a handkerchief. She drew it out, and saw Eunice's name in the corner. How came it there? Had Eunice sat with her last evening? If so, why? Her feet were oddly numb when she stood up; she was weak and dizzy as from illness or fasting; but she walked to the door, opened it, and hearkened for movements upon the lower floor. It was so quiet, she heard the droning of a humming-bird moth which had come to look for untimely blossoms in the honeysuckle draping the hall-window. Another sound almost as monotonous blended with this—the steady flow of a man's voice talking or reading in the study. Who was her father's guest? And what hour of day was it? It must be morning, since she had just awakened, yet looked and felt like evening.

A draught from the open door she had left blew that opposite slightly ajar. Surely that was Dr. Baxter's voice! Had she dreamed of his arrival? A fearful dream, the dim recollection of which made her sick and faint? Sinking to a settee that stood outside the study door, seeking to stimulate her half-dead brain by rubbing her temples hard, she endeavoured to gather the meaning of what Dr. Baxter was saying. He was in the middle of one of the monologues which were sometimes a bore, sometimes a delight. A gleam of amusement flitted over the wan, vacant visage of the eavesdropper as she pictured to herself—still as if she were somebody else and not

Jessie Kirke—the knotted handkerchief she doubted not was on active duty.

"Is it consistent with the Divine economy for an immortal being to spend twenty-five, fifty, threescore and ten years, in the acquisition of knowledge and experience for which he is to have no use in the world to come? Believe me, they are in grievous error, denying themselves the abundant consolations which the hope of a continued and eternal existence should bring, who overlook the plain teachings of the word and the almost divine intuitions of the human soul on this question. The Future Life! What is it but the stretching into regions yet unknown to us, into the Eternity of which we have but imperfect conceptions, of the life which now is? the Present, which is the journeying toward the continuing City? Into that state we shall, it is true, be born as spiritual babes. But not idiots! As the instincts and actions of the babe prefigure the disposition and appetites of the man, so the habits of thought and feeling, the inclinations and aspirations of the newly disembodied spirit will bear a certain relation to that which it will at length become—the perfect man in Christ Jesus. As hereditary taints and hereditary virtues are reproduced in the mortal babe, we shall find definite traces of our earthly individuality in the heavenly nurseling. And that the proportion which the loftiest attainments of the profoundest philosopher will bear to the infancy of this celestial creature will be less, far less than that which the mere instincts of the earthly infant bear to the wisdom and strength of the adult, I also believe. We shall have to begin with the rudiments of infinite knowledge. But we shall have eternity in which to learn."

Jessie still chafed her forehead, where wrinkles of pained perplexity gathered and deepened, as she tried to put word to word and sentence to sentence. She lost what came next in vainly attempting to get the sense of these last sentences. Perhaps she should understand better when she was quite awake.

"Such proportion as the seed sustains to the mature plant, the ovum to the living, moving creature, you will tell me—" Dr. Baxter was saying, when she again lent attention to his dissertation. "I grant it. But like produces like in vegetable and animal generation, and why deny the spiritual analogy? What we call Death is but the threshold, and a narrow one, separating the vestibule from the temple. It is all one building—the Life which God has given. When I cast off the cumbrous shell I have borne so long that I foolishly fancy it is *myself*—a part of my being without which I should be naked, shivering, and helpless: when it slips from my soul by reason of its own weight and rottenness, I shall enter upon no new existence. It will be *I* still—not a different creation. For a moment, perhaps, I may not know what has happened. Thus, I have seen a butterfly trembling with the strangeness of his position, clinging with damp, untried wings to the bough that supports the little pendant coffin, now broken, from which he has just crept. A

delicious sense of liberty and space there may be as one breathes more freely in leaving a close room for the outer air. I shall miss the incubus off the body, and the fleshly desires I have sloughed off with it. Then will dawn upon me gradually, as I have strength to bear the revelation, that I have *passed!* Not been made over, mark you! We are nowhere taught that regeneration is a posthumous experience. 'He is gone!' some one will say. And perhaps another, 'He is dead!'

"Dead! I tell you, my friend, I shall be the *livest* man in that room! Not until that hour of glorious emancipation shall I know what life is!"

There was an interval of stillness. Jessie had staggered to her feet. Her eyes, no longer blank, were dilated with intensest and eager inquiry. What did it signify—this talk of death and the life to come? Who was the speaker's companion? Her father? Oh, why did he not speak?

Another voice, deeper and sweeter, made reverent response:

"Thanks be to God, for His unspeakable gift!"

She flung the door widely open; faced the astonished men with the demand, shrieked, rather than spoken:

"Where is he? He said *that!* my father! *Where is he now?*"

"Jessie, love!"

Roy caught her in his arms, but she pushed him from her.

"I will know! I am going mad! Where is my father?"

Dr. Baxter secured her fluttering hands; looked steadfastly, yet not sternly, into her eyes.

"He may be *here*, my child! We cannot tell. Be sure he remembers and loves you still, he, who, while in the flesh, held you so dear. Believe this and be still under the mighty but loving hand of God!"

Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"You would not deceive me! You are a good man, and speak the truth always!" she sobbed, excitedly. "Is my father *really* dead? Oh, I remember it all now!"

With the resuscitation of the torpid intellect, came a flood of tears, mingled with anguished exclamations—an hysterical attack that only abated with her strength. By nine o'clock she was asleep, exhausted, but free from fever and the nervous spasms that had made the seizure alarming at first. The danger was tidied over, for the present, and ere the rest separated for the night, Dr. Baxter returned thanks for "the signal deliverance," kneeling between the husband and sister; besought comfort and peace for the smitten household in fervent, affectionate words, which showed that however his thought might stray from the subjects to which his acquaintances would hold him, his heart was always in the right place.

"I cannot thank you as I should for all you have been to us—all you have done for us!" said Eunice, as they talked of the morrow's parting.



"Do not, my dear! The privilege and the gratitude have been and are mine. God sent me to you. I bless Him for it!"

It was after sunrise when Jessie unclosed her eyes. Eunice's chair was still by her pillow, but it was empty. Her mind was clear. She had no difficulty in recalling how the gentle hands had laid her to sleep; the mellow voice read to her from The Book—"A prayer of the afflicted, when he poureth out his heart before God." Dear Eunice! her love—tried as it had been by her perversity and reserve, her late violent and selfish distress—was more precious than ever before. She would arise and share, if she could not lighten, her labours and her burdens. As she sat up in bed, she espied upon a lounge near by, a gentleman's dressing-gown. The blood sprang to her cheeks in a burning torrent, for the truth flashed instantly upon her. Roy had asserted his right to the exclusive guardianship of his wife; had sent the weary sister to take the rest she needed, and himself kept watch over her through the night. There came to her no softening thought of the anxious affection that had held his eyes waking while others slept. She was only angry—desperately indignant that he had dared to sit there and watch her without her knowledge or consent. The blind, mad moment passed, she stood, for many more—white as death—thinking! Then she locked the door. Roy might enter at any instant, or Eunice glide in to ask how she was, and she must be alone while she thought it all out! No mortal eye witnessed the fight of the next hour. The woman—torn and dashed by a legion of passions—verily believed, while they had the mastery, that she would not survive it. She never told the tale of her hurts to her dearest earthly friend. It was something she would not renew by relating, even when time had almost worn away the scars.

She was made of sterner stuff than she knew. Ere she quitted her chamber, her resolution was taken—every trace of the strife put out of sight. She had "light enough to see the next step." If she were bound for life against her will and conscience, Roy was basely wronged—and through no fault he had committed against her. If her course were to be joyless—a strait and rough path, his was no smoother or more delightful. Recompense him for what she had lost for him, she could not, but she could and she would appear dutiful and resigned.

Fordham coming in from the brisk walk in the early morning air by which he had tried to make up for his

vigil, found her in the parlour, arranging the books upon bracket-shelves and dusting the rare old china bowl and vases which the sisters let no one but themselves handle. Her breakfast-toilette had been carefully made, contrasting strikingly with yesterday's *négligé*. Her rich hair was braided as she used to wear it, and banded with black ribbon; her white cambric dress was belted with the same, and loops of narrower hung from her mourning brooch. She comprehended all that had happened within the week; accepted the expedencies and proprieties of her position with its sorrows and duties, and he honoured her for it. Her attire showed that she consulted his taste, wished to be fair in his eyes, and for this he loved her better than ever, if that could be. He did not know it, but the woman he had wedded never, in her previous or subsequent life, gave another equal proof of strength of mind and purpose, as when, physically faint and mentally distraught by the frightful ordeals she had already sustained, she lifted this, the heaviest cross of all, and adjusted it to her shoulders for a lifelong journey.

The greeting between them was affectionate on his side—grave upon hers—very quiet on both, as befitted the circumstances of the household.

"Ah, Jessie, darling! I am glad you are well enough to be downstairs! But are you not exerting yourself too much?" he exclaimed, at his entrance.

And—"I am much better, thank you! entirely able to be about as usual," was the reply, uttered without the flicker of a blush.

Then he kissed the cheek that was neither averted nor offered.

Dr. Baxter and Eunice appearing, a minute afterward, saw nothing amiss. There may have been nothing, yet the young husband had looked for a different reception—now that his Jessie was declared to be—"quite herself again."

He was a patient man and a considerate, and the secret disappointment was condemned as soon as recognized. This was not the time for love-making—or—this was clearly Jessie's feeling. To oppose her scruple while her grief was so fresh and her nerves unsettled, would be persecution. She deserved all grace and indulgence at his hands, and she should have it. Their life—as *theirs* was all before them. He would be a help not an embarrassment, to the orphans. Jessie loved him! Jessie was his wife! That was enough!



## SOMETHING TO DO.

IT may have afforded matter for surprise to some of our readers that these papers have not hitherto dealt with the only occupation that is considered fit for "young ladies" at the present day—that of teaching. The reason for this is easily told. The profession of governess is now most sadly overcrowded, and by persons who are totally unfit for the duties they so readily undertake. There can be no nobler employment than that of teaching, and it requires a union of the best and highest qualities of our nature. For no profession can a regular training be more necessary—a training not only of mind but of heart; and the day is coming when none but trained and certificated governesses will be allowed to teach in England. The vast army of incapables who at present fill governesses' situations in schools and private families, will have given place to teachers whose competency and efficiency will have been secured, so far as a regular course of training can secure them. I propose to give in this chapter, as nearly as possible in the order of their importance, a list of the institutions for training governesses that exist in Great Britain at the present moment, with as much information as I can gather with regard to the study necessary to obtain certificates. I have received several letters asking for such information since the subject of training schools was alluded to in a previous article, and I hope the querists may find answers to their respective questions here.

First on the list is Girton College, Cambridge, where the highest certificates attainable by women may be had. These certificates are conferred only on resident students, who have gone through a systematic course of education, and are really, though not nominally, equivalent to a University degree, being obtained by satisfactory answering to the same papers, and held on the same conditions, as those which qualify for degrees in the University of Cambridge. Candidates must pass an entrance examination, and must not be under eighteen years of age. The course extends over three years, half of each year being spent at the college; and the fees, including board, lodging, instruction, and all expenses not purely personal, amount to one hundred guineas per annum. Those ladies who are so fortunate as to obtain scholarships are, of course, greatly assisted by these in meeting the expense.

Candidates over seventeen are admitted at the general examination of the University of London, which ranks next, though a long way after, Girton College. Two examinations are held in every year—the general, and a second—to which successful candidates at the former are admitted, and at which may be obtained a special certificate of higher proficiency. Both these examinations

take place in May. Instructions in the subjects of the examinations may be obtained at University College, Gower Street, where classes of ladies are taught by the professors of University College. There are evening and day classes. The fee paid by candidates for the general examination is two pounds.

A fee of one pound admits women, without limit of age, to the examination of Alexandra College, Dublin; a two-pound fee to the University of Cambridge. Higher local examinations, which are open to both men and women; courses of lectures, with reference to these examinations, are held at Cambridge, and it is hoped that Newnham Hall will shortly be completed. This is a building where thirty boarders may be received at a cost that will place the advantages of the examinations within the reach of governesses who may wish more fully to qualify themselves for the onerous duties of their profession.

The list of these higher colleges stand thus. I append the addresses of the various secretaries, which may be found useful:—

Girton College, Cambridge, Miss Davies, 17, Canningham Place, London, N.W. University of London, Hon. Sec. to the Ladies' Educational Association, J. S. Mylne, Esq., 27, Oxford Square, London, W. Dublin University, Mrs. Jellicial, Alexandra College, Dublin. University of Cambridge, Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Queen's University, Ireland, Miss Connery, 35, Victoria Place, Belfast.

The Local Examinations of the following Universities are open to boys and girls under eighteen:—

Oxford, in June; fee, £1 10s.; Rev. P. Edwards, Preston College, Oxford. Cambridge, December; fee, £1; Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Durham, June; fee, £1; A. Beaulands, Esq., Exam. Sec., Durham. Dublin, March; fee, £1; Dr. Ingram, Dublin. Queen's, June; fee, £1; Miss Connery, 35, Victoria Place, Belfast. Edinburgh, June; fee, £1 10s.; Professor Calderwood, University, Edinburgh.

Diplomas are granted by the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and certificates may be obtained from the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn Road; Queen's College Harley Street, and Bedford College, York Place, are also places for the higher education of girls.

Many Government Training Schools exist for those who wish to qualify themselves for teachers in Elementary Schools. The following is a complete list:—

For Mistresses only:—

Bishop Otter's Memorial College, Chichester. Bishop's

Stortford, Rochester Diocesan. Brighton, Chichester Diocesan. Bristol, Gloucester and Oxford Diocesan. Derby, Lichfield Diocesan. Durham Diocesan. Edinburgh, Lochrin House, Scottish Episcopal. Gray's Inn Road, Home and Colonial School Society's. Lincoln Diocesan. Norwich Diocesan. Ripon, York. Ripon Diocesan. Salisbury Diocesan. Southlands, Battersea, Wesleyan. Stockwell, British and Foreign School Society's. Truro, Exeter Diocesan. Warrington, Chester Diocesan. Whitelands, National Society's.

For both Masters and Mistresses :—

Cheltenham, Church of England. Edinburgh, Castle Hill Terrace, Church of Scotland. Edinburgh, Moray House, Free Church. Glasgow, Dundas Vale, Church of Scotland. Glasgow, Free Church. Homerton, Congregational.

There are various ways in which the profession of teacher in elementary schools may be entered. Young women between the ages of sixteen and twenty may become pupil-teachers in National Schools, having but two of the usual five years' course to run, and at the end of the two years, either enter a training college for two years' residence, or enter school as "qualified assistants," or be "provisionally certificated." (*Vide Arts. 60 and 79 of the New Code.*)

Young women who have not been pupil-teachers may enter Government training colleges as Queen Scholars, by passing the entrance examination. They must be over eighteen.

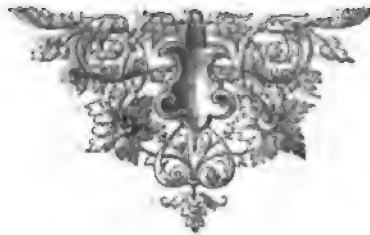
Some of the colleges admit ladies as private students without requiring them to pass the preliminary examination. At the Otter College, established mainly with a view to afford facilities to gentlewomen of higher education to qualify themselves for such situations, the charge for private students is £35 a year. They are eligible for the certificate examination after one year's residence.

All necessary information may be obtained from the last Government Code of Regulations, for which application may be made at the National Society's Depot, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. Much useful information may also be obtained from the pamphlet, entitled "Work for Ladies in Elementary Schools," office of the "Labour News," 1, Long Acre, London.

Mothers of young Englishwomen, if you would be really good to your daughters, teach them to be able, in case of need, to live a full life without a husband or even a home of their own. Would you sow a climbing plant and give it nothing to climb round? Every girl cannot marry, and even if she do, she will be all the happier for knowing that there is something she can do thoroughly. No one was ever the worse for culture, and there is no culture equal to knowledge, and nothing tends more to the possession of self-respect than the consciousness of being able to help oneself. Then, fathers and mothers, help your daughters to help themselves. Train them for independence first, and doing so need not prevent your labouring to give it them, if you wish. If you do, the newspapers of 1900 will contain but few of the dismal advertisements with which they are crowded now, in which ladies of culture and education "offer their services in return for board and lodging." The people who will advertise for lady housekeepers in 1900 will not, let us hope, get eight hundred replies, as happened in a case of the kind the other day. Besides these not-to-be-despised considerations, there remains the higher one, that a thorough mental training helps to give to the character of a girl quite as much as of a boy; that adjusted balance which aids the judgment, and consequently influences action.

The "waves of this troublesome world" make steering difficult at the best, but when the rudder is badly hung, how shall the mariner reach port?

SYLVIA.



## PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

A PRETTY novelty, and one particularly remarked at summer fêtes this month, and especially at the Fête Villageoise in the Champs Elysées, the success of which has been so great this year, is the tablier of white muslin, trimmed with lace and bows of ribbons.

falling over the train. Open bodice, gauze scarf thrown over the shoulders, but disclosing a long and magnificent necklace of small pearls. Watteau hat of Leghorn straw, trimmed with white feathers.

Another, Madame Tolstoï, wore a train-shaped



399.—SLEEVELESS JACKET.

*Paper Pattern of Sleeveless Jacket, 2s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

At the Fête Villageoise one of the lady patronesses, Madame de Pourtales, wore a white satin dress, the train trimmed with plissés of organdy and Valenciennes lace, and a tablier of organdy, with Valenciennes insertion and border, with long lapels tied at the back and

straw-coloured faille dress, the train caught up by two large bows of the same colour. Draped tablier of clear white muslin and lace, costly point lace. Straw-coloured bodice, cut square, and low in front, with lace trimming. Over the skirt, loops and ends of



marine blue moire ribbon. Leghorn hat, lowered in front, and raised at the back with a cluster of red and yellow roses.

The Queen of Spain appeared in a very simple toilet of light blue batiste, flowered and trimmed with blue silk.

The dress of the Princess de Metternich was also

of mordoré faille, commencing under one arm, formed the sash, and was fastened under the puff of the skirt. Sleeves of muslin, trimmed with Mechlin lace. Round straw hat, broad brimmed, trimmed with three feathers—one blue, one white, and one mordoré. A very elegant though somewhat bizarre costume, but then on such occasions a good deal of fantaisie is allowable.



400.—FICHU.

*Paper Pattern of Fichu, 1s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

of blue batiste, at least the skirt, but above each flounce of the batiste was another of Mechlin lace. The front part of the skirt was trimmed in tablier, with bias of blue silk, veiled over with Mechlin lace. Corsage of straw-coloured faille with gilet à l'incroyable, cut low and square. Upon the bosom, blue silk bretelles, fastening on draperies of Mechlin lace. A scarf

The Duchess de Mouchy had a lovely toilet of pale rose-coloured faille, trimmed with flounces and ruches of clear white muslin and lace, and a villageoise tablier of muslin edged with lace. Watteau hat, wreathed with roses.

The tablier seemed indeed particularly suitable to the occasion, and most of the lady patronesses of the

Great Charity Fête had adopted it. There were some of all descriptions and all colours, of silk, or of muslin, caught up with silk or satin bows, and generally trimmed with Valenciennes lace—all had a large pocket in the middle, like those used by gardeners for keeping their tools.

And this fashion is likely to prevail through the summer; the Villageoise Tablier, with bib over the bodice, and caught up with a bow at the back, is now sported by our elegantes in all fashionable watering-places. It is made not only of white muslin, but of black and white lace, and beaded tulle and blonde.

Now that the Grand Prix is run and the Fête Villageoise over, nothing remains but to leave Paris, so all our beau monde is en voyage, either bound for foreign shores or simply seeking by the sea-side, or in some charming country resort, the coolness and repose so much needed after a prolonged season in town.

Not that repose is exactly what Parisians enjoy, but rather a change of scene; promenade on the beach or in the woods instead of in the Bois, dancing under a tent instead of in salons, and gay pic-nics instead of formal dinner parties, that is all. Pleasure and fashion still go hand-in-hand; and a lady may be deemed very *raisonnable* if she only change her dress four times a day à la campagne.

Of a morning it is so delicious to be allowed to linger until after breakfast in a Watteau dress of white muslin or of very fine batiste, with one's hair loosely fastened in a long silk net. After this comes the proper morning toilet, the costume of toile or batiste, with tight-fitting cuirasse and tablier; unless, indeed, some excursion be en train, when some fancy woollen material is more suitable, as better proof against dust and crumpling. For afternoon and dinner, of course, a more elegant dress is required, and it is seldom when no fête or entertainment of some sort does not necessitate the change to full evening dress after dinner.

We should like to say something of the new batistes this summer, they are so exquisitely pretty, and such an improvement upon what we had hitherto seen in that line. These batistes have open-work designs, disposed either in stripes or a chess board pattern; the prettiest are *écru* and rose colour, pale blue, or mauve, and they make up lovely summer toilets, trimmed with *écru* guipure, and with bows of the colour of the pattern. Sometimes a Watteau tunic of fancy batiste is worn over a silk or foulard skirt to match, or plain self-coloured batiste is combined with the checked or striped.

For an afternoon dress we should recommend the very fine open-work batiste, over a skirt of taffetas or silk to match, or the *écru* batiste worked all over in *broderie Anglaise* over a silk skirt of some dark colour, such as *noisette* or brown, bronze, scabieuse, or marine blue. The skirt can be made plain or flounced, according to taste; the tunic is cut rather long in front and at the back, and caught up at the sides with large loops of faille

ribbon. The bodice is generally slightly open, square or V-shaped in front.

The Juive tunic is a fashionable model, rather more pronounced than the above. It is of the Princess shape in front and at the sides. In the middle of the back there is a Bulgare pleat, but formed the opposite way to what is generally done—that is, on the inside of the skirt. The corsage is cut corselet fashion round the top, and the opening for the arm is lengthened at the sides to the hip. A band placed inside, fits the bodice to the waist, and is fastened on one side. The side-pieces are joined on to the back in the middle by some jet or passementerie ornament, or a bow of ribbon, keeping back the fulness of the tunic. It is generally made of *barège* or *grenadine* to wear with any silk skirt, and is either matched of the same colour or of a *cameïeu* shade; for instance, of silver grey *barège* over steel grey silk, of *écru* *grenadine* over maroon faille, or else of lilac gauze over scabieuse coloured taffetas.

But though tunics and tabliers are very fashionable this summer, they are not likely to be so many seasons longer. Even now dresses de grande toilette are made without either. The skirt is trimmed at the sides with long quilles of another material, and frequently of a different shade of colour; these quilles are joined together across the back with large bows of ribbon formed of wide loops and short ends, or merely by ends of ribbon loosely folded over (without even a knot being tied), forming a ladder from top to bottom. The back, or train of the dress is frequently left plain, being mounted in full pleats, the sides are very much trimmed en quille, tapering towards the waist. The front part has some light trimmings put on as a tablier. The long-waisted, tight-fitting bodices remains much of the same shape, and for all dressy toilets it is laced behind, which though perhaps less convenient, is certainly more becoming to the figure than any other style.

Even for little girls the cuirasse bodice is adopted, but it is cut low and square, and worn with a white chemisette. A short tablier, just draped with a bow at the back, and two or three gathered flounces or plissés on the skirt, complete the arrangement of the dress. No mantle is, strictly speaking, required up to the age of twelve or thirteen, but a square fichu of *crêpe de chine*, edged with silk fringe, folded double and crossed in front with the ends meeting behind, looks very nice over a light frock. These fichus are made in all colours, and are very fashionable, and so are scarves of the same for young ladies. Indeed, the scarf, be it of *crêpe de chine*, white muslin, or lace, is about the only mantle in vogue just now. It is only by the sea-side that a *vetement* of any warmer description is at all endurable. There jackets of various styles of chenies and circulars are to be found, the most fashionable being of *crème cashmere*, trimmed with *écru*, faille, or foulard. All soft shades of grey and buff are also adopted as suitable to wear with all costumes. The jacket is very long-waisted, à chale in front, and

fastened with a bow of ribbon and long lapels in the middle, and remaining open top and bottom. The pelerine is generally fastened by a bow or passementerie ornament at the waist behind, and the circular is somewhat of a dolman with loose sleeves. Another model, the Edinburgh scarf, of plaid beige, to be arranged Scotch fashion over the bust, is very fashionable just now at the sea-side.

Whatever critics may say and think, modern Chapeaux have something very pretty and artistic about them. Whether turned up with a panache of feathers or wreathed with a profusion of flowers, they are certainly more becoming than the classical bonnet encircling the face and hiding the throat under an enormous bow, which some people so fondly regret.

There is an exaggeration in wearing the bonnet quite

at the back of the head, which we do not recommend; it is neither becoming nor elegant: but one need never go to the extreme of any fashion; and to see part of her front hair beyond a lady's bonnet is certainly no fault. The hair should not be drawn off from the forehead, it has a very bad effect with fashionable bonnets, it must be arranged rather low over the brow in waves and ripples.

A very pretty bonnet of the Mignon shape is of white chip, trimmed inside with fine drawn bouillonnés of blue crêpe lisse, and bow of blue ribbon at the side. The crown is ornamented with blue and creme faille ribbon, and with a large cluster of pink and white hedge-roses, finished into a trailing branch at the back. Another is a black straw, turned up with black velvet, and with a cluster of white and crimson carnations inside, and wreath of the same outside, with one black feather.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### WALKING DRESSES.

1. Dress of dove-coloured foulard, trimmed with lilac. The skirt, which just touches the ground, has a flounce of the same material in stripes, very deep in front, and put on with a heading of narrow bands of lilac. The tablier, which is square in front, and in points at the back, is also trimmed with narrow bands of the lilac, and at the sides with a soufflet of the same. The bodice, which has short basques, is trimmed with bands of lilac, a frill at the neck, and revers lined with lilac. The sleeves to correspond, finished by a frill of lilac. Bonnet of rice-straw, trimmed with dove-colour and lilac ribbons, and bouquets of pink geranium.

2. Dress for a little girl of nine or ten years of age, in grey cashmere, trimmed with rose-coloured faille. The short skirt has a trimming at the bottom, formed of crossway bands of the material. The tunic, which is cut square in front, is edged with a band of rose-colour, and

drawn up at the sides with bows of the same. The half-fitting jacket bodice is trimmed to correspond. It is open V-shaped in front, and fastened by a bow over a chemisette, trimmed with English embroidery. Hat of rice-straw, trimmed with rose-buds and rose-coloured ribbon.

3. Costume of blue taffetas and light grey batiste. The skirt is covered with flounces, alternately one of taffetas and one of batiste. The tunic is of batiste, richly embroidered and edged with a deep fringe; it opens on one side, showing the blue skirt underneath, on which is a pocket made of batiste, and is joined at the bottom with a bow of blue. Bodice of the embroidered batiste, with revers and sleeves of the taffetas. Shepherdess hat of Italian straw, trimmed with bouquets of flowers and blue ribbon. Parasol of batiste, lined with blue, and bow of blue ribbon at the top.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

### SQUARE TABLIER.

This pattern is in one piece, half of the front. The notches show where the tablier is to be drawn up. The folds at the back, as seen in the illustration, are usually omitted, and a handsome ribbon sash worn instead;

but those who prefer the folds can easily cut them, as they consist simply of a straight piece of the material, length according to pleasure, and folded in a quadruple fold.

Costume Complete.

401.—COSTUME COMPLETE (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 5s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

## 401 &amp; 402.—COSTUME COMPLETE.

Costume of plain and checked beige. Skirt of plain grey beige with two closely pleated flounces and band of the checked material. Polonaise of checked beige with sleeves of the plain grey; the front of the polonaise



Costume Complete.



402.—COSTUME COMPLETE (BACK).

*Price as 401.*

401 & 402.—COSTUME COMPLETE.

has revers of plain grey piped with black grosgrain silk, and trimmed with smoked pearl buttons. At the back, bows and ends of black grosgrain silk.

## A LACE SCRAP-BOOK.

IN domestic life there is now a strong desire for collecting objects of antiquity—a desire so strong as to amount to what may not be unfairly or uncharitably designated as a *mania*, and in very many instances, it is to be feared, without a discriminating judgment. When judiciously done, the aim is a laudable one, and often productive of great benefit. For want of good and authentic examples, our old historical painters perpetrated great blunders in their delineation of armour, costume, and accessories; but from the valuable collections of all kinds of antique forms now everywhere attainable, through this *mania* for “collecting,” the commonest and cheapest children’s books are illustrated with a fidelity unknown to our forefathers. It is the truthfulness of delineation or description that gives so great a charm to the works of art and literature of the present day, and any defect in this direction is sure to excite the unsparing indignation of the critic.

Old china, armour, prints, furniture, needlework, tapestry, lace, etc., of a bygone age, are gathered now at a cost which in some instances appear to be almost fabulous, reminding one of the strange history of the *tulipomania* of the seventeenth century.

One of the objects of antiquity coming fairly within a lady’s range of investigation, is that of collecting specimens of *old lace*, and placing them in a scrap-book, and in such a way as that a consecutive history of the production may be obtained. For this purpose, or else for conveying a general knowledge of the various kinds of lace to be met with in private or public collections, the following characteristics are offered, bearing in mind, that in this case, as in most other instances, an accurate and profound knowledge can only be obtained by patient investigation and inquiry.

To Barbara Uttman, the wife of a miner, in the Hartz mountains of Saxony, has been attributed the invention of lace, in 1561; but this is doubtful, as there are traces of its earlier use as a pillow-made fabric. Many ancient specimens of lace are worked entirely with the needle, and are marvellous examples of skill, patience, and industry. The most ancient of all the works falling under the general description of lace is nothing otherwise than embroidery, such as is alluded to by profane authors, and in the sacred records of the Old Testament. The many examples of this kind are no doubt familiar to our readers.

Cut-work, drawn-work, darned netting and knotted lace, were extensively used in the Elizabethan age and later on. Family portraits and monuments in churches furnish many interesting illustrations of these.

Cut-work, as the term implies, was produced by

cutting out portions of a foundation of linen in patterns and working over the edge with a button-hole stitch, or else by overlaying reticulated threads stretched on a frame, and so forming a pattern.

For drawn work, threads were drawn out of linen and worked over with the needle, or the edges of the material unravelled, and the threads woven together.

Knotting was another plan, and the darned netting was similar to modern work of the kind. Ancient examples of darned netting exhibit figures of animals, birds, flowers, etc., frequently in squares with a border.

Most of the laces falling within the preceding enumeration are worked in designs of a geometrical form, deeply vandyked with stars, crosses, wheels, triangles, flowers, and angular devices within them.

It must not be forgotten that there is a good deal of embroidery used in the construction of these laces—that is, portions of the foundation not cut away are overlaid with thick needlework.

Modern Maltese and Greek lace much resemble these old seventeenth century fabrics.

Braid or “tape guipure” is that kind of lace whose design or pattern is formed of a continuous braid or tape of various widths—the interval being filled with a ground work of fancy stitches, or else the lines of the patterns are merely connected by threads technically called bars, often decorated by little loops of thread. Much of the ancient lace of this description has been reproduced with great success by ladies who have given attention to this branch of needlework; hence the importance of having access to real examples from such a collection as this article suggests. To introduce modern “fillings” into ancient forms would be an egregious blunder.

The best known English laces are those of Honiton, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire. Honiton lace has obtained a deservedly high reputation, having been much patronized by Her Majesty the Queen, and members of the royal family; and through the influence exercised by the many international exhibitions of late years, the fabric has been much improved in design and workmanship, and can now fairly compete with some of the best continental examples. For convenience’ sake, Honiton lace may be divided into two kinds, viz., point and applique, and this division will apply to most other descriptions of lace fabrics. It may not be strictly accurate, because most writers on lace have applied the term point to a needle-made lace in contradistinction to that made on the pillow. For the present purpose then, point may be described as a lace whose flowers or pattern are connected together by threads,

already alluded to as bars, while applique is that whose flowers are applied or sewn on to a net ground. In both cases the flowers or sprigs are made separately on the lace pillow; and previously to the invention of a machine-made net, both net and sprigs were made on the pillow.

On examination of old specimens of this kind, it will be seen that the geometrical form of the pillow-made net is less accurate than that produced by machine. This is one method of detecting old lace. The sprigs or pattern and grounding of these laces are somewhat different in different lace-making localities; a few well authenticated examples of these placed in a scrap-book would form the best key for a discriminating knowledge of the various kinds now in use, but it would be scarcely possible to describe them in detail in a brief article of this kind, which is chiefly intended as a suggestive one.

Of foreign laces, the principal ones are Brussels, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Binche, Lille, Alencon, Chantilly, Venice.

One of the most beautiful kinds of these, viz., Venice point (known also as Rose point or raised point and Spanish point) has been rendered familiar to us by its reproduction, similar to that of the tape guipure mentioned previously. Venice point is formed of flowing lines, scrolls and flowers of very quaint forms in an infinite variety. The flowers are raised by an under padding of thread, and surrounded by delicate fringes; the connecting bars are pearled, and the fillings are of a most elaborate kind: exquisite specimens of skilled and patient labour in needlework.

Brussels lace for beauty, fineness, and costliness takes a leading place among the continental laces. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, and the sprigs and scrolls forming the pattern are bordered with a kind of cord. This lace not unfrequently tarnishes in consequence of a process of whitening in its manufacture. The celebrity and beauty of Brussels lace is the result of the combination of skilled workpeople in its production using both pillow and needle.

Valenciennes is a firm but beautiful lace, made entirely on the pillow. The grounding net is often angular, but the flowers are not usually corded.

Mechlin is a light and delicate lace, with its flowers and leaves surrounded with a flat thread; the net is frequently powdered with small dots or flowers.

The town of Binche produces a beautiful lace, whose flowers are both compact and fine.

Lille produces a light thread lace, with a ground of peculiar delicacy. The patterns are not very graceful, but rather stiff and angular, bordered with a thread. This lace has been successfully imitated by some of our lace producing English counties.

Alencon, point d'Alencon, is the most elegant of the lace fabrics, and owes its introduction into France to the celebrated Colbert, in 1660. This is a hand-made lace, worked entirely with the needle from a costly handspun thread. This, like that of Brussels, owes much of its beauty to the union of skilled workers. Its designs are light and graceful, and strongly bordered, which gives them an effective appearance.

Chantilly is best known for its blonde laces, black and white, made with a silky thread. The flowers of the pattern are usually worked with one of their sides thicker than the other.

The scrap-book for the insertion of the various specimens of lace should be made with "guards" in the ordinary way, but rather more of them than for a picture scrap-book. The leaves should be of cardboard of a moderate thickness. The scraps of lace should be sewn upon pieces of silk, or any other suitable material, of a sufficiently dark colour, such as mauve, purple, or dark pink, so as to show up the texture of the specimens. The pieces of material to be cut a little smaller than the cardboard leaves. They are then to be fastened to the corners of the cardboard pages by means of a needle and thread. One side only to be used.

Prints or printed matter illustrative of the subject may be pasted in at the beginning or end of the book, so as to make it the more complete.









404.—GIRL'S COSTUME (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 3s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



405.—APRON FOR CHILDREN OF 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.



405.—GIRL'S COSTUME (BACK).

*Price as 404.*



408.—SAILOR COSTUME FOR BOYS  
3 TO 5 YEARS.

*Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



407.—HAT OF YELLOW STRAW.



409.—HAT OF RICE STRAW.





410.—WATERPROOF (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 2s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price;  
to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta  
Street, Covent Garden.*



411.—WATERPROOF (BACK).

*Price as 410.*



412.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (BACK).

*Paper Pattern, 2s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



413.—TRAVELLING CLOAK (BACK).



414.—TRAVELLING CLOAK (FRONT).

Price as 413.

Paper Pattern, 2s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.



415.—SLEEVELESS JACKET (FRONT).—Price as 412.





416.—FICHU OF BLACK CASHMERE.

*Paper Pattern, 2s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*





417.—MANTILLA OF SICILIENNE CLOTH.

*Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d. ; Flat Pattern, half-price ; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

## No. 399. SLEEVELESS JACKET.

Sleeveless jacket of white muslin, trimmed with lace and insertion, and with bows and loops of pale blue ribbon.

## No. 400. FICHU.

Fichu of white spotted net, trimmed with Mechlin lace and bands of pink grosgrain silk.

## No. 403. FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

1. Part the front hair at the side, combing the narrower part upwards, and arranging the other as shown in our illustration. The back hair, which has previously been waved, is then combed upwards over a comb and allowed to fall back loose.

2. The front hair slightly waved, the back hair divided in three; two parts form plaits; the side hair combed upwards, and the plaits brought over it and fastened in front. The front hair is turned back over a crêpe, and the rest of the hair forms a chignon.

3. This coiffure requires short wavy hair. The ends of the hair are crêpés; it is then parted in the middle, and on each side; the under part is then combed upwards and the top part downwards, so as to form two rolls. The short ends are arranged in small curls. The back hair is now combed up over a frissette, and fastened with a comb; the remainder of the hair is arranged in rolls, the ends being allowed to curl. The upper combed over frisettes, a plait, or bow of velvet is then introduced.

4. The front and side hair slightly waved, the former turned back over a crêpe, and the latter with the back hair combed upwards and fastened on the top of the head, where the ends are arranged in curls.

5. Wave the front hair and arrange it in rolls at the side. The back hair is parted across the head, the under part being arranged in small rolls.

6. The front and side hair is arranged over frisettes; the back hair is combed upwards, plaited, and allowed to fall in loose waves.

## Nos. 404, 406. GIRLS' COSTUMES.

Skirt and sleeves of white pique, with insertion of embroidered batiste, beneath which the piqué is cut away. The skirt has a deep scalloped flounce. Jacket bodice of embroidered batiste.

## No. 405. APRON FOR CHILDREN OF 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

The original of this useful pattern is made of yellow linen, scalloped and bound with blue braid. Pockets trimmed to correspond. Blue buttons down the front.

## No. 407. HAT OF YELLOW STRAW.

Trimmed with yellow grosgrain ribbon, an ostrich feather, and spray of cherry blossoms.

## No. 408. SAILOR COSTUME FOR BOYS OF 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

Trousers, vest, and blouse of dark blue serge, with trimmings of black braid and embroidery of blue and white silk. Black buttons and bows of black grosgrain silk.

## No. 409. HAT OF RICE STRAW.

Trimmed with a pale lilac gauze veil and small group of flowers.

## Nos. 410, 411. WATERPROOF MANTLE.

Of steel blue cloth, with hood, pockets, and waistband.

## Nos. 412, 415. SLEEVELESS JACKET.

Is made of black cashmere, prettily trimmed with sou-tache, passementerie, and silk fringe.

## Nos. 413, 414. TRAVELLING CLOAK.

Of fawn-coloured vigogne cloth, with revers and cuffs of brown velvet. Steel buttons down the front and on the pockets. At the waist, buttons and agraffe of steel.

## No. 416. FICHU OF BLACK CASHMERE.

With beaded fringe; pockets and écharpe of black grosgrain silk.

## No. 417. MANTILLA OF SICILIENNE CLOTH.

Edged with fringe. The upper part is turned down en revers and arranged in folds by reeving on the shoulders. In front, bow and ends of black grosgrain silk.

## No. 418. EMBROIDERY IN SATIN AND OVERCAST STITCH.

On a ground of mull muslin, batiste, or fine lawn, and edged with point-lace braid sewn on in overcast stitch. The wheels are worked with thread, and the ground cut away from beneath them.

## No. 419. BEADED FRINGE FOR TABLIERS, ETC.

## No. 420. UNDER SKIRT FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD. CROCHET.

This pattern is worked partly in Tunisian or Victoria crochet, and partly in a ribbed design, with slightly vandyked edges. The materials required are scarlet, and black single Berlin wool. Begin from the lower edge with a foundation chain of 164 stitches of scarlet wool, and crochet; pattern rows of Victoria crochet in the ordinary way. The narrowing is begun in the 1st row of the 6th pattern row by crocheting together the 3rd and 4th stitches, and repeating the decrease at intervals of 16 stitches. There is no change in the number of stitches in the 7th and 8th rows: repeat these 8 rows 7 times, and the 6th row once, narrowing in the decreasing rows once between each previous narrowing. The 30th pattern row completes the skirt, which is then sewn up on the wrong side leaving 4 inches unsewn. Then crochet along the top of the skirt 7 rows for the band in ribbed pattern, putting the needle into what is the back part of the stitch as seen from the working side. The narrow edges of the band are strengthened with a row of double crochet with button-holes on the right side. These are formed by 2 chain which leave two stitches to be missed. Then follows a row loosely worked with black wool along the plaquet-hole and the upper edge of the band, 1 double in both parts of the stitch, 1 vandyke of 3 chain and 1 slip stitch in the 1st chain stitch, miss 2. A row of loosely worked chain stitch is then crocheted so as to appear raised in relief on the scarlet ground, as follows: begin at the left side of the work 1 slip stitch in the last marginal stitch, then alternately take the needle out of the stitch and put it from right to left through the vertical part of the next stitch, then take the stitch on the needle and draw it through. The shoulder straps and front pieces are crocheted to and fro on a chain of 8 stitches; the former require 48 and the latter 15 rows. They are then edged with black wool in the manner above described, and also with a row of chain stitch in the horizontal part of the stitches. The shoulder straps and front piece are then sewn together, as shown in the illustration. The border round the lower edge consists of a ribbed design on scarlet wool, crocheted the narrow way on a foundation of 22 stitches. At the 136th row cast off, sew up the narrow edges and finish off with trimming of black wool as above described. The border is then sewn to the skirt, and the buttons are fastened on the waistband.

## No. 421. LACE FOR UNDERLINEN, ETC. MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

1st row (under side of the lace): along one side of the mignardise crochet as follows \* 5 times 1 treble in 2 loops

of braid, 5 chain, 1 treble in 2 loops, 7 chain, 1 treble in 2 loops, 3 times alternately 9 chain 1 treble in 2 loops, then 7 chain, 1 treble in 2 loops, 5 chain, repeat from \*. 2nd row \*: 1 double in the last stitch of the loop of 5 chain, 1 chain, \* 1 double in the 1st stitch of next loop of chain, 6 chain, 5 long treble in the 1st of the 6 chain, 1 double in the last stitch of the same loop where 1 double was already worked, 1 chain, repeat 4 times from \*, then 1 double in the 1st stitch of the next chain scallop, 4 purl of 5 chain and 1 double, miss 13, repeat from \*. Along the other side of the braid crochet as follows: row 3 like the 1st, only in the contrary direction. 4th row: consult the illustration, 31 double in the 31 stitches of the 7 loops of chain \*, 18 chain, 1 double in the 6th stitch, 3 long treble in the next treble, the upper parts to be drawn up altogether instead of separately, three long treble similarly worked, in the centre of the next 5 treble, 3 long treble as before in the treble following the 5 chain, 13 chain, 1 double in the 1st chain stitch, 5 chain, miss 7, 13 double, repeat from \*. 5th row \*: 3 long treble drawn up as above, in the 1st of the 31 stitches, 5 chain, miss 4, 3 treble as above in the next stitch, 3 chain, miss 4, 1 treble 5 times alternately 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, then 3 chain, miss 4, 3 treble as above in the next stitch, 5 chain, miss 4, 3 treble as above in the next stitch, place the next loop of 12 chain over the next loop, and crochet 11 treble in both loops, repeat from \*. 6th row \*: 1 treble, 5 chain, miss 5, 1 treble, 9 times alternately 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, then 5 chain, miss 5, 1 treble, 5 chain, 1 treble in the centre of the next 11 treble, 5 chain, miss 5, repeat from \*. 7th row: 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat.

#### No. 422. BORDERING FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

Is of écu coloured Russian braid, with wheels worked in the same coloured thread.

#### No. 423. GIMP TRIMMING OF CORD AND CROCHET.

This handsome gimp trimming consists chiefly of leaves composed of small, round, black or coloured cord attached to a straight gimp, according to illustration. The small star-shaped figures are worked in crochet with netting silk. Each star is worked separately, beginning in the centre with a chain of 6 stitches closed to a circle with a slip stitch. On this circle, work from left to right, 2 rows as follows. 1st row: \* 3 chain, 1 slip on the 2nd, 1 slip on the 1st of the 3rd chain, taking up the lower thread, 1 slip stitch on the next foundation stitch to the right, repeat from \*. This row forms 6 small ribs. 2nd row: \* 2 slip stitches, 2 slip with 1 chain between on the tip of the rib, 3 slip, repeat from \* and fasten off. The wrong side of the crochet is the right side of the figure. Sew the stars to a cord, and join the 3 cords altogether, fastening them underneath the leaf of the gimp.

#### No. 424. WARM HOUSE BOOT, KNITTING & CROCHET.

This warm ladies' boot is worked in narrow ribs, with grey wool on medium-sized steel needles. Begin at the front on a chain of 34 stitches, and work backwards and forwards 47 rows, 2 stitches plain, 2 purl, increasing 2 stitches at the end of each row, from the 2nd to the 27th row, and 1 stitch at the end of each row, from the 28th to the 47th row, observing to retain the regular succession of ribs. At the same time take off the middle of the rows by knitting the 2 plain stitches of the centre rib with the purl stitches on either side in every 4th row, that is, in the 3rd, 7th, 11th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, 27th, 31st, 35th, 39th, 43rd and 47th row. Knit the 1st of the 2 plain stitches with the purl stitch preceding it. Slip the 2nd stitch of the centre rib, knit the next stitch, and draw the slipped stitch over it. In this way the centre rib is carried up to the top of the boot. At the end of the 48th row set on 78 fresh stitches, join the work to a circle and knit as above 74 rows, 122 rows from the beginning. Continue to take off at the centre, in every other row up to the 106th row. In order to make the gusset at the side, knit the

11th and 12th, and 67th and the 68th stitches together. Repeat this in the 63rd, 68th, 74th, 80th, 86th, 92nd and 94th row, observing to preserve the middle rib of each gusset, and carry it to the top of the boot. Besides this, decrease 2 stitches at the centre of the back in the 72nd, 78th, 84th and 90th row. At the end of the 122nd row cast off. The trimming round the top is worked as follows: make a chain of 16 stitches with white wool, and work backwards and forwards, 1 row plain, 1 row purl, 1 row plain, 1 row purl \*, then with black wool, 1 row purl, 1 row plain, 1 row purl, 1 row plain, with white wool, 2 rows purl, 1 row plain, 1 row purl, repeat from \*, till there are 34 black and white stripes, and then cast off. Trim the ends and work on the stitches along one edge a row of black scallops, alternately 1 double, 6 long treble, pass over 1 stitch. Then work a 2nd row of scallops with white wool. 1st row: alternately 1 long treble, 3 chain, observing to work on the upper thread of the same stitches on which the scallops of the previous row were worked, so that the black scallops may lie over the white. 2nd row: \* 7 long treble on the 1st treble of the previous row, 1 double on the following treble, repeat from \*. This trimming is sewn to the top of the boot, and turned over according to illustration. For the toe-piece, cast on 5 stitches with black wool, and work 15 stripes as above, adding 1 stitch at the end of the 3rd row of each of the first 13 stripes, and leaving 2 stitches unworked at the end of the 2nd and 4th row of the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th stripes, and at the end of the 2nd row of the 15th stripe. In the 4th row of the 15th stripe, and in the 2nd and 4th row of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th stripes take up 2 of the stitches left unworked, and take off in a corresponding ratio in the 3rd row of the 16th—29th stripes. Work a row of scallops along the front, sew in a flannel sole, and below this a thick felt sole.

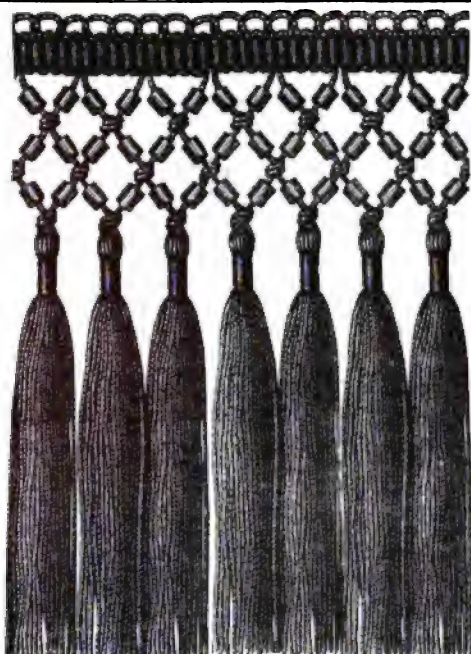
#### No. 425. SPORTSMAN'S HEADGEAR.

This deerstalker's cap is worked in crochet with 6 ply dark grey wool, or it may also be made of thick woollen material, according to the pattern given in the diagram. Begin the crochet in the centre of the top of the cap with a chain of 6 stitches joined to a circle with a slip stitch, and work on this 20 rows of double. In the 2nd row increase 1 on every stitch, so as to make 12 stitches; from the 3rd to the 15th row increase 6 stitches in every row as follows: in the 3rd row work 2 double in every alternate stitch of the previous row, in the 4th and succeeding rows up to the 15th row, work 2 double on the 1st of the 2 stitches worked on 1 stitch in the previous row, so that the 15th row will have 90 stitches. Work the 16th to the 20th row without increase, observing to keep the work loose. Now work 9 rows backwards and forwards to form the slit, taking up both threads and then leaving a space in the middle of the work, work on both sides 7 rows, adding a few stitches in purl according to the pattern. After this make a chain of 28 stitches and work 1 row along both halves of the work and the 28 chain between; and on this work 17 rows, decreasing 3 stitches in the 4th to the 7th row, 2 stitches in the 8th row, 1 stitch in the 9th row, 2 stitches in the 10th row, and 1 stitch in the 11th row. The decrease is effected by working 2 stitches on 2 stitches of the previous row, and looping them off together. In the 11th row put in 2 rows of 17 stitches between the upper part of the cap and the piece under the chin, and shorten the 16th and 17th row on the side of the slit. This completes the covering for the head. Now work the chest-piece, beginning at the bottom, and working backwards and forwards in double stitches according to the pattern. Sew the 2 parts together, work a row of double along the back of the cap and the slit, and then all round the edge 3 rows as follows. 1st row: 1 double on every stitch along the edge. 2nd row: 1 double on every alternate stitch, 3 chain after each double. 3rd row: alternately 1 double on the middle stitch of the 3rd chain in the previous row, 3 long treble on the middle stitch of the following 3rd chain, with 1 chain after the 3 treble. Run grey cords with tassels at the ends crosswise through the

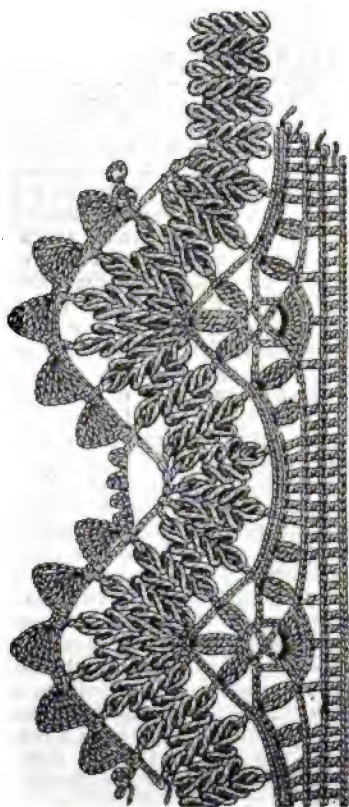




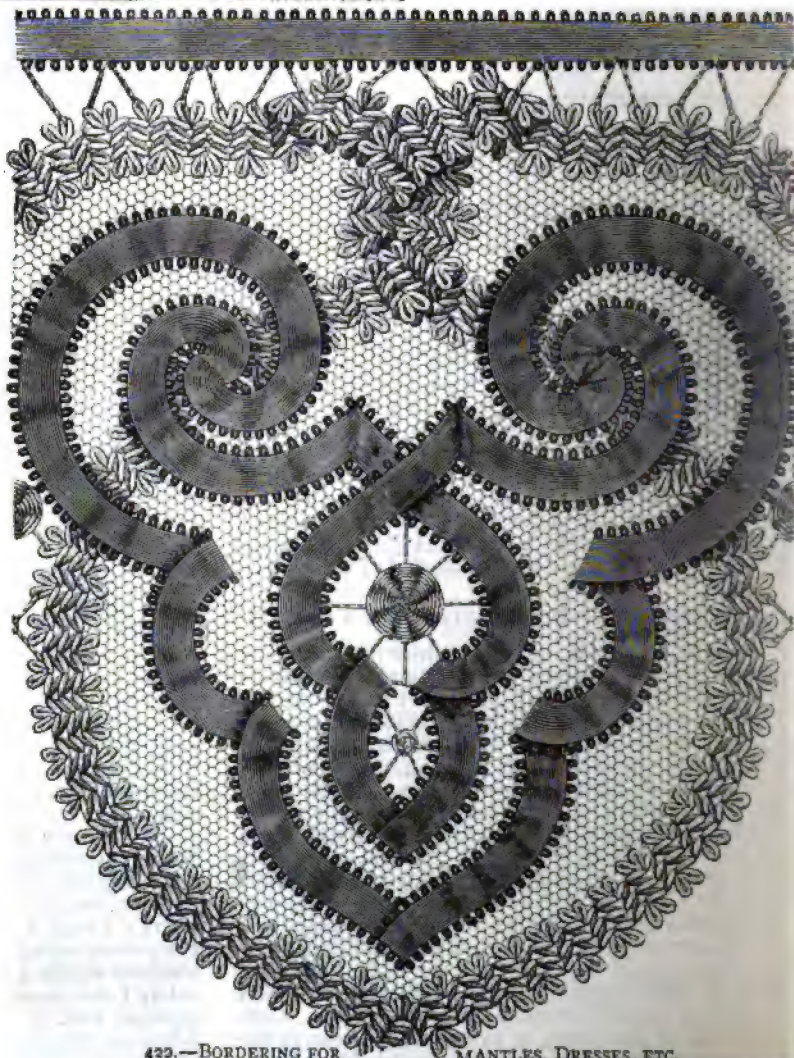
418.—EMBROIDERY IN SATIN AND OVERCAST STITCH.



419.—BRADED FRINGE.

420.—UNDER-SKIRT FOR LITTLE GIRLS  
OF 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

421.—LACE FOR UNDER-LINEN.

422.—BORDERING FOR  
MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.





423.—GIMP TRIMMING OF CORAL AND CROCHET.



424.—LADIES' HOUSEBOOT.



426.—LADIES' OVERBOOT.



425.—SPORTSMAN'S HEADGEAR.

stitches on each side of the slit, and sew a tassel at the centre of the cap behind. The round head-piece should appear on the wrong side.

**No. 426. LADIES' WARM OVERBOOT. KNITTING AND CROCHET.**

This warm overboot, suitable for carriage wear, is worked with white fleecy, ornamented with a pattern worked in cross stitch with red twist and wool, and a crochet border and fringe. It is knitted round like a stocking, and the sole appears purled on the right side. Begin on a chain of 88 stitches and knit 40 rows alternately 2 plain, 2 purl, then 6 rows purl and 14 plain. Take up 43 stitches on one needle for the heel, and work backwards and forwards 40 rows, take up the 11 middle stitches and knit as for the sole of a stocking, observing that the work should appear purled on the right side. Then take up the stitches along the edges of the heel, and knit round as above, decreasing 7 times in every 3rd row on both sides of the foot. Purl the sole throughout, and decrease by knitting the 2 first and the 2 last stitches together in the 2nd, 5th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 27th, and 35th row. After the 42nd row, increase on both sides of the sole, by taking up a stitch before the last and after the 1st purled stitch in the 43rd, 48th, 53rd, 58th, and 63rd row. At the same time decrease on the front by knitting the 2 first and the 2 last stitches together in the 45th, 56th, 67th, 78th, and 89th row. Decrease 1 stitch on both sides of the sole in the 91st, 97th, 103rd, 109th, 115th and 120th row, and begin the decrease for the tie in the front in the 91st row by taking off every 8th stitch. Work the toe like a stocking, finishing off by knitting off the stitches of the front and the sole together. Now work over the instep the pattern in cross stitch with scarlet wool, and sew on a scarlet fringe according to illustration. The fringe is made as follows: on a chain the required length work a row of treble, after each treble 1 chain, draw out the wool to a loop half an inch in length, slip it off the needle, take up the front cross thread and the adjacent straight thread of the treble stitch, bring the thread forward, and draw it through as a stitch. The narrow fringe consists of a row of double with loops as above. Cut the loops open, and add a double row of crochet scallops with scarlet wool along the top of the boot, according to illustration. Each scallop consists of 7 chain and 1 double.

**No. 427. INSERTION FOR UNDERLINEN, ETC. TATTING AND CROCHET.**

The centre part of this insertion is worked in gimp crochet, which, as we stated in a previous number, is worked over a coarse hair-pin, or a metal needle made for the purpose. Make a loop of the thread, and take it with the metal needle between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Wind the thread round the right prong of the needle and over the forefinger; crochet 1 chain, which of course forms a loop \*. Take the crochet needle out of the chainstitch; turn the metal needle from right to left so that the thread lies upon the right prong; crochet 1 chain and then 1 double in the upper side of the loop on the left prong. Repeat from \*. When a sufficient quantity of braid has been worked in this manner, a row of tatting edges it on each side. The reader will have seen at once that when the metal needle is filled with gimp, the stitches are simply pushed off, leaving two to continue the work. One shuttle is required. 1 circle of 6 double. Join to the next 3 loops of gimp with the crochet hook 6 double, tatted. Then at a sufficient interval 1 circle as above. When the tatting has been continued along each side of the braid, crochet as follows. 1st row: 7 double in every interval of the tatted thread. 2nd row: 1 treble in every stitch.

**No. 428. CROCHET EDGING WORKED ON A BEADING, OR ON THE EDGE OF THE ARTICLE TO BE TRIMMED.**

1st row: \* 1 double on the beading, 5 chain, leave  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of thread, 6 treble long treble with 2 chain between,

worked into the edge of the beading, 5 chain, passing over  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of beading, repeat from \*. 2nd row: 1 double on the centre stitch of the 1st 5 chain of the previous row, 5 chain, 6 times alternately 1 double before and 1 double after the treble long treble, and after every double, 5 chain, then 1 double on the centre stitch of the next 5 chain of the previous row, repeat from \*.

**No. 429. NETTED BORDER.**

This pattern is suitable for various purposes, for curtains, covers, antimacassars, coverets, etc., according to their uses. It must be worked on a more or less coarse foundation, the parts entirely white are worked in darning it with soft cotton, the other parts of the pattern are worked in point d'esprit with very fine twilled cotton.

**No. 430. BORDERING FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC. MIGNARDISE AND BRAID.**

On a ground of net the pattern is laid in *écru* coloured point-lace, braid, and mignardise, and the border, which is of mignardise with one loop on the one side and five on the other, is joined to the pattern by Venetian bars, worked with *écru* coloured thread.

**No. 431. PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, FOOTSTOOLS, ETC.**

This pattern is worked on American cloth, on the under-side of which lines have been drawn in opposite directions at distances of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, so that the whole is divided into regular squares. Having done this, cut slits in the cloth at the places indicated in the illustration, to allow the braid to pass through, and afterwards work the cross stitches with coloured silk corresponding with the braid. This pattern is produced by first drawing on the underside of American cloth a series of lines crossing each other so as to present a regular set of equal squares. This being done, cut with a sharp knife slits in the cloth at the places indicated in the illustration, and pass a braid of a darker shade than the cloth through the slits, after which put in the cross stitches with thick silk corresponding in colour with the braid.

**No. 432. BORDER IN CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.**

This pattern is worked on canvas, and is useful to ornament cases, ornamental boxes, etc.; single Berlin wool, or filoselle is used, and the colours of the pattern given are black, dark and light fawn colour, red and blue.

**No. 433. LAMP SCREEN OF CARDBOARD AND SILK.**

This screen consists of a carved wooden stand, on which is fixed a circular piece of cardboard covered with green silk and edged with lace. Cut a round piece of cardboard  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, trace upon it the designs seen in the illustrations; pierce the small holes with a large needle and cut out the figures with a sharp knife. Then cover the cardboard on both sides with green silk, turn in the edges, and overcast them together all round. Sew on a black lace edging 1 inch deep, and over that a white lace edging  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep, set on full. Cover the stitches with a gold border, and fix the screen to the stand.

**No. 434. BAG TO HOLD PEGS.**

This useful bag is made of grey linen; it consists of 8 pieces, 4 plain, 4 full with reversed plaits, joined together alternately. The plain pieces are 11 inches long, 5 inches wide at the bottom, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the top. The full pieces are plaited up to the same size, and a flat circular piece of linen is sewn in at the bottom. Over this flat bottom put a straight strip, long enough to go round the edge of the bag, and gather it up with a rosette of worsted braid below the centre of the bottom. Where the sides of the bag meet the bottom, sew on 8 tabs according to illustration, and run a red worsted gimp along the edges of the bag, making a loop at the point of each tab. Finish the top with a plaited frill, and sew small brass rings inside, through which run 2 worsted cords to draw up the bag.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

I MUST begin my July letter by rectifying a mistake into which I fell last month, by saying that JANNING'S COPENHAGEN GLOVE was sold, in two buttons, at 2s. 6d. The price of the Copenhagen Glove, with two buttons, is 2s. 9d. I may take the opportunity of saying that these gloves wear remarkably well, as I can testify from personal experience.

I have pleasure in informing our readers that the firm of Messrs. WHEELER AND WILSON have been appointed Sewing Machine Manufacturers to the Imperial and Royal Courts of Austria and Hungary. This is an honour well deserved and fairly won. The rotary hook principle is exceedingly economical in the use of thread, rapid in its motion and execution of work, works lightly and with very little noise, and is adapted for the manufactory or home use.

The new kind of Cuff Fastener, patented by JOHN JEFFERYS AND Co., is a great improvement on all former ones. The Corinthian Solitaire, as it is called, differs from the usual crescent fastening in there being a small pillar at one end of the crescent, which prevents the latter disappearing completely under the buttonholes, and thus there is none of the usual difficulty in getting the Solitaire out. To put it in, you have merely to get the two buttonholes directly over each other, and turn the Solitaire round twice; and to take it out, it has merely to be turned twice in the opposite direction. The Corinthian Solitaire and Studs, made on the same principle, may be obtained at any good shop.

If we have any hot weather this summer, we shall be glad to know where to get cool refreshing beverages. J. McCALL and Co., 137, Houndsditch, E.C., have foreseen this want, and have invented a new drink called Citronine. It contains no spirit, and our teetotaler friends will, no doubt, welcome it, as it is very refreshing and wholesome. A very small quantity poured into a tumbler of water makes a drink. Citronine is sold in pint and quart bottles; the former costs one shilling.

Shoes are still worn, but come higher over the instep than they did last year. The bars of kid that are so often worn with shoes look well over a pretty striped stocking of any colour, matching or contrasting well with the dress. White stockings are never worn with shoes.

I quote, for the benefit of our readers, a small extract from the "Pictorial World," which aptly illustrates the changeableness of our English climate:—

"We have all got neuralgia in our shoulders from wearing spring clothes, and many new dresses are supplemented across the backs by porous plasters, and next to a vest front a mustard poultice is generally most worn. Young ladies alternate between a necklace for street wear and a flannel rag for the house. Diamonds are worn in the ears with much effect abroad, but a lock of cotton and a little roast onion is the usual adornment at home. Pearl powder is applied to the shoulders for full dress, but camphorated oil and hartshorn liniment are considered very pretty also by

the sufferers. I notice silk stockings, with coloured clockings, are the things for low-slashed shoes, but pails of hot mustard-water and warm bricks are also much worn on the feet."

There can be no doubt that this sort of weather is most trying in every sense of the word. Sometimes it is several degrees colder at three o'clock in the afternoon than it has been at mid-day, and this makes it very difficult to dress appropriately for either the weather or one's own comfort.

The bonnets worn now are quite baskets of flowers. The flowers themselves are more beautiful than artificial flowers have ever been before, and on young girls, especially if they have pretty faces, the long garlands and the wreaths under the brim look very well. Neutral tints are still fashionable. A curious reason has been given for the prevalence of neutral tints during the last few years. It is said that a nation pretending to the simplicity of Republican institutions, and recovering from the disasters of a great war, as France is, whence come our fashions, is not in a position to flaunt its gaiety before the world without provoking remarks, and that the French themselves profess to have some consciousness of the inappropriateness of gaudy colours; hence the fashionable neutral tints, which, however, cost no less than the brighter colours worn last year. Still, some ladies suppose themselves to be economising, and the milliners manage to keep up the delusion without in any way curtailing their own profits. The general effect of a milliner's show-room is described as that of "a garden of bonnets" that had grown up last year and all tried to take each other's colours, and all faded away from exhaustion in the attempt. This is entitled the "Republic of Bonnets," and the president is by no means a loser.

These neutral tints may or may not signify sadness, but it is certain that they are much less trying and more becoming than colours which are prettier in themselves—more brilliant and showy. The only complexions which are really rendered pleasing by brilliant hues in their close proximity, are the different varieties of brown, shading up from the swarthy Hindoo to the brunette of our own northern climate. These types look the better for bright hues. Browns and drabs reduce them to a painful brownness; bright crimsons, scarlets, and blues, bring out all their better points. The Hindoo ayah, for instance, knows instinctively what suits her, and, if permitted to clothe herself as she likes, she will don brilliant colours; but we who live in London may sometimes meet a Hindoo nurse whose mistress has insisted on her wearing European garments. Where, then, is the comely picturesqueness of her aspect? As effectually concealed as Cinderella's coach when it became a pumpkin!

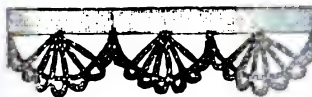
The study of colour is, in itself, a charming and artistic pursuit, and taken in relation with the various complexions and styles of us human creatures, it forms no unimportant portion of the art of dress.

SYLVIA.

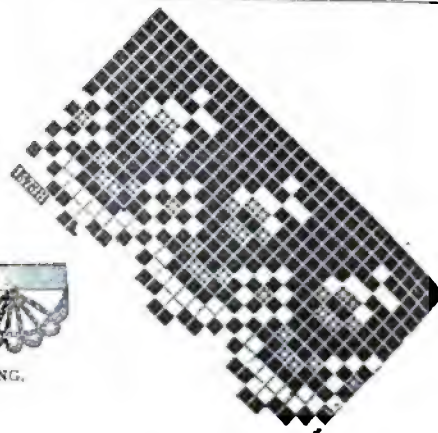




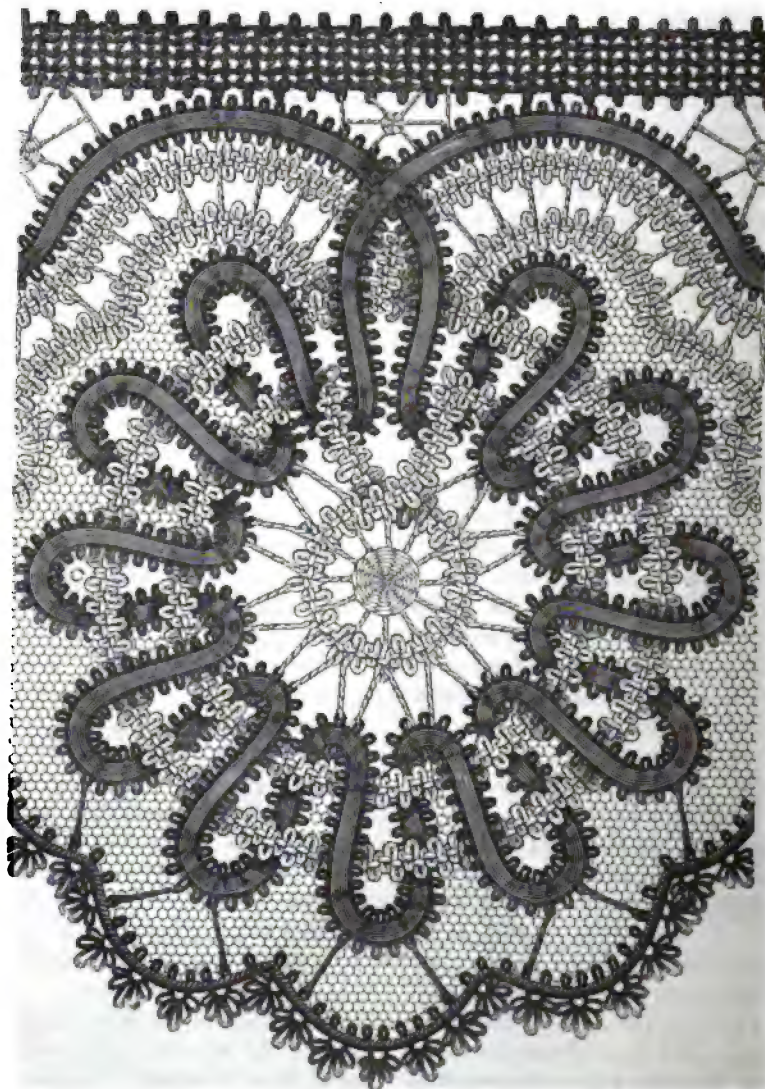
427.—INSERTION FOR UNDERLINEN,  
TATTING AND CROCHET.



428.—CROCHET EDGING.

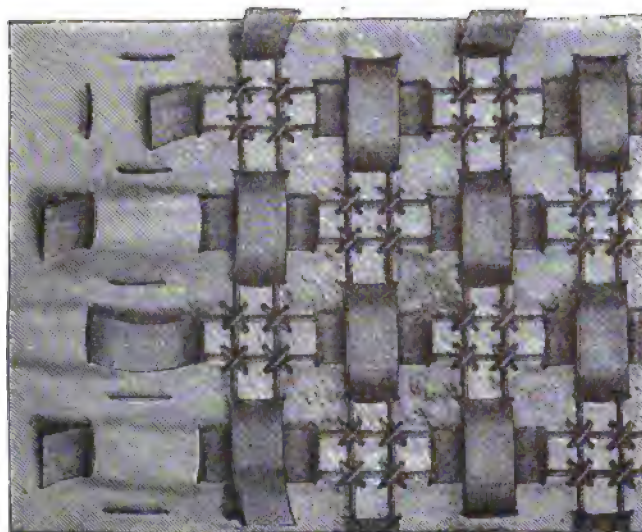


429.—NETTED BORDER.

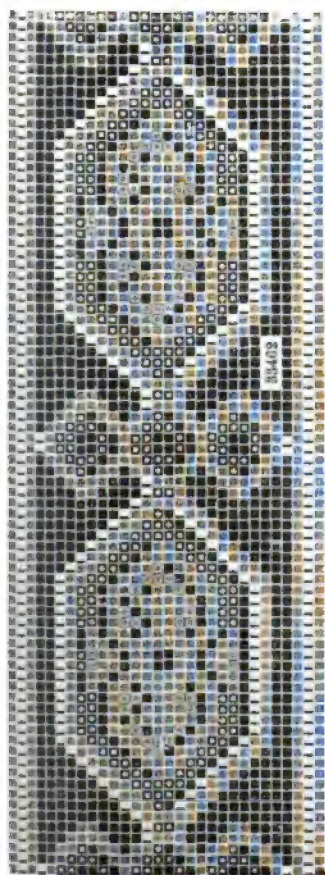


430.—BORDERING FOR MANTLES AND DRESSES.





431.—PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, FOOTSTOOLS, ETC.



432.—BORDER IN CROSSSTITCH EMBROIDERY.



433.—LAMP-SCREEN OF CARDBOARD AND SILK.



434.—BAG TO HOLD PEGS.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

SIGNOR SALVINI has followed up his successes in *Othello* and *Il Gladiatore* by appearing in the greatest of Shakespeare's creations, the part of Hamlet; and if the Italian tragedian at all fell short of his former triumphs, it must be argued that it was owing rather to the lameness of the version in which he elected to play, than to want of power or intelligence on his own part. It is decidedly unfortunate that Signor Salvini has to take such an imperfect version of Shakespeare's noblest play, in which the adapter seems to have formed his own conception of what the part should be, and to have tricked and altered it to suit his own preconceived notions. We could wish, indeed, that he would play it in English, however imperfect; but, as that is not to be, we have to content ourselves with a consummate delineation of what one must feel to be only an imperfect representation of the prince that Shakespeare drew. It is, at all events, gratifying to find that Signor Salvini had no part in the mutilation, and that he has merely taken the version of the play which is accepted in Italy, for it was at first suggested that he had altered and trimmed it for his own private ends. Now, we know that this is not the case, and we are therefore left free to judge his impersonation upon its own personal merits, apart from any question of the variation of his version from the original. As in the case of *Othello*, his conception of the part is clear and consistent, and the performance is nothing short of marvellous. We miss, it is true, some of the most famous and most striking points of the drama, as we do necessarily some of the most remarkable phases of the character; but those which are left form a consistent whole, and the character as conceived is presented in the most faultless style. Getting rid of the philosophical side of Hamlet's character, as well as of the feeling that he is an instrument in the hands of fate, Signor Salvini shows the Danish prince most especially as a being full of human sympathies and affections, whose chief incentives to action are his love for his dear father, rather than the necessity imposed upon him for avenging his death, his love for Ophelia, and his hatred of and disgust at the falseness and unreality by which he feels himself environed on all sides. The climax of the performance was in the play scene, in which, after watching the king's departure with frenzied eagerness, he tosses into the air the manuscript he has held in his hand throughout the play, and sinks, not as Mr. Irving does into the empty throne, but rather as a man yearning for human sympathy, upon the neck of his friend. It only remains to add that Signor Salvini is as well supported as he was in the "*Othello*," all the company working together with a careful attention to detail and perfect unanimity so rarely seen upon the English stage.

The latest novelty at the Princesses is a version, by Mr. J. Mortimer, of the well-known "*Dame aux Camelias*," upon which the "*Traviata*" is founded. What, however, is tolerable in the libretto of an opera may be very objectionable in a spoken play, and Mr. Mortimer has had to excise and alter very considerably to fit the very questionable story for the English stage. On the whole, he has done his work with tact and judgment, and his version, which is called "*Heartsease*," is not in any way calculated to "call up a blush to the cheek of the young person," as Mr. Podsnap would have said. It is undeniable, however, that along with the objectionable features of the play much of its point and force disappear, and many of the situations become inconsistent and hardly intelligible. However, it is thoroughly well worth seeing, if only for the sake of the acting, which is throughout good, and in parts powerful. Mr. William Rignold infuses even more than his wonted energy into the character of the hero, and Miss Helen Barry shows a very decided advance upon any of her former efforts in her impersonation of the heroine. At the St. James's we have one of the very funniest things that has been seen for many a long day, in the shape of a "musical folly," by Messrs. Rowe and Arthur Sullivan, entitled "*At the Zoo*," a piece of much the same class as "*Trial by Jury*," which has proved so successful at the Royalty. Here, as there, the plot is of the most extravagantly funny character, the music being one of those inimitable burlesques of grand opera for which Mr. Sullivan seems to have a special talent. Indeed, the only fault about the music is that it is too good; it seems a positive shame to associate such really admirable pieces of writing with such a farcical libretto. The piece is thoroughly well performed, Miss Hodson sustaining the principal female character, that of a barmaid at a refreshment saloon at the "*Zoo*," with great spirit and vivacity. There are not many important changes at the other London houses, and they may be dismissed in a brief summary. At the Mirror Theatre, Mr. Horace Wigan has replaced the "*Hidden Hand*" by a clever adaptation of a French play, "*Le Parricide*," by M. Adolphe Belot. The adaptation, which bears the title of "*The Detective*," is the work of Messrs. Clement Scott and Mansell, who have displayed great skill and judgment in their adaptation. So well is the work done, that the foreign atmosphere of the piece is almost entirely got rid of, and the play reads as if the scenes and surroundings had been originally entirely English. Apart from this, the play is of no great value, being of that sensational and melodramatic character which Mr. Wigan seems to have adopted as the especial "line" of his new theatre. The only noteworthy piece of acting is his own very clever portrait of the Detective.

There is so much music going on in London just at present, that it is difficult to know what is best to choose for notice in these columns. Benefit concerts, as they are called, are going on almost daily of varying calibre, but these, as a matter of fact, add but little to our musical experiences. We must content ourselves with noticing briefly the most important musical events of the month. Of these, the proceedings at the two opera houses naturally claim our attention first; but here there is really little to be recorded of positive interest. We have simply had, for the most part, as we always shall have in the present state of operatic management, the old operas given over and over again, with more or less important variations in the casts. At Covent Garden "*Romeo and Juliet*," with Madame Patti, has been performed with success, but our notice of it will have to stand over to next month. At Drury Lane there has been one event of importance to record, the production of "*Lohengrin*," with Madame Nilsson in the character of Elsa. But this, after all, does not amount to much; the chief interest in Herr Wagner's opera was exhausted after a few performances at the other house, where Mr. Gye quite took the wind out of Mr. Mapleson's sails, and all that the public cared about was to consider the merits of the rival performances. As we said before, the interest in "*Lohengrin*" itself was gone, and in spite of the prophecies of the Wagnerites, we cannot feel that the opera will have anything like a lasting hold upon the affections of English opera goers. The Drury Lane version has this advantage over that played at Covent Garden, that there are several important cuts which tend materially to relieve the tedium of the opera, the said cuts being made by Sir Michael Costa, with the composer's consent, but hardly, it is to be supposed, with his approval. Madame Nilsson makes a more attractive Elsa than Madame Albani, and her vocal powers are of a higher order, though it is a question if she plays the part better. Madame Titiens is, of course, a superb Ortruda, and deserves the thanks not of Mr. Mapleson only, for having consented to undertake such a thankless part. Signor Campanini is not equal to Signor Nicolini as the hero, though he is more familiar with the music. As for the *mise-en-scene*, of course Covent Garden, with its enormous stage and unequalled capabilities, must bear the palm.

Of the performances of the Opera Comique company at the Gaiety we have nothing but good to record. They boast of no stars, it is true, but they all act so well together, and sing so equally, that it is no wonder that the theatre is crowded every night. Their repertoire appears almost inexhaustible. Already they have given Halevy's "*Mousquetaires de la Reine*," Boileau's "*Dame Blanche*," Auber's "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*" and "*Domino Noir*," Bazin's "*Voyage en Chine*," Herold's "*Pré aux Clercs*" and "*Zampa*," Donizetti's "*Fille du Regiment*," Victor Massés "*Noces de*

Jeannette," and Paer's "*Maitre de Chapelle*." The latest of these performances have been those of the "*Domino Noir*" of Auber, and Herold's "*Zampa*." In the former of these the cast was particularly good. Mademoiselle Priola was the heroine Angele, and though her voice shows undoubted signs of wear and tear, she sang the music in a true artistic style, and acted fairly well. M. Laurent made a capital Horace, and M. Sujol was a very amusing Lord Elfort, keeping clear of caricature in a most praiseworthy manner. But the gem of the performance was M. Joinnissé's Gil Perez. A more admirable delineation of the old convent pastor, humorous to the last degree, but without the least suspicion of caricature or anything objectionable, has seldom been seen. M. Joinnissé's success was unquestionable, and the famous song, "*Deo Gratias*," had to be repeated. "*Zampa*" introduced M. Tournié in the character of the mysterious hero. His voice, somewhat midway between a tenor and a barytone, is admirably suited to the music, which, by the way, Mr. Santley sang on the stage only a few years ago, and his dramatic powers are of a very high order.

Most of the regular series of concerts have either come to an end, or are at their last performance. Mr. Henry Leslie gave his eighth and ninth concerts on the 27th of May and the 11th of June. This last was to have terminated the series, but Mr. Leslie has announced an additional one for July 9, which will enable the various choral bodies who will be in town for the Crystal Palace competitions to hear his unrivalled choir, and, possibly, take a lesson. At the former concert, madrigals and part songs formed the chief staple of the entertainment. At the latter, several pieces were given which showed the famous choir to better advantage; such as Bach's difficult motett for double choir, "*The Spirit also helpeth us*," Mr. Leslie's "*Lullaby of Life*," and Schubert's "*Twenty-second Psalm*," for female voices. At this concert, the principal vocal honours were carried off by Mr. Sims Reeves, who gave "*Waft her angels*," from "*Jephthah*," with the preceding recitative, in his usual unapproachable style; he also sang a new song of considerable merit, by Mr. F. H. Cowen, entitled, "*Anbade*," which he was good enough to repeat in answer to an almost unanimous call. Mr. Santley sang Hatton's "*To Anthea*," and "*Voice of the Western Wind*," Gounod's "*Nazareth*," and Mr. Leslie's "*Speed on, my bark*."

The remainder of our notes, must, of necessity, be of a summary character. Herr Alfred Jaell was the solo-pianist at the sixth Philharmonic concert, which took place on the 7th. He played Raff's Pianoforte Concerto, op. 185, and was loudly applauded. The Saturday-afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have approached more nearly in character to those given during the winter season, the music being of a more distinctly classical character than has hitherto been the case.

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

JANEY would be very glad if Sylvia could tell her what to put a real ermine muff away in until next winter. [Wrap it in soft linen rag, between the folds of which shake pepper and camphor.] Also I have got a black silk dress; it was made three years since, it is made jacket bodice, short tunic, and long trimmed skirt; it has been very little worn; what shall I do to make it look fashionable? I forgot to tell you that I am married, and about thirty years old. [Trim it across the front with velvet, lace, or satin. Convert the tunic into bows and sash ends for the back. Mount the skirt at the back in the Bulgarian fold.]

MARIA A.'s compliments to Sylvia, and would be greatly obliged if she would give her a little advice in the July number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. Maria has a white piqué dress skirt, walking length, with a flounce nearly half a yard wide, a tunic open in front, with a frill all round, it looks old-fashioned; what could be done to make it a little more modern? [Close your tunic down the front with bows of black velvet. Loop high and far back, and make sash ends out of the back of the tunic.] Would a coloured tunic and body be an improvement? [No.] If so, what would you advise? The body like the dress is useless as it is, yet I should be pleased with any suggestion in regard to the dress. Maria is 5 feet 4 inches, dark hair, pale complexion. [Wear with a black cashmere sleeveless jacket.]

L. A. presents her compliments to Sylvia, and will she kindly tell her what to do with a black silk dress? It has a plain trained skirt (a little worn in the gathers), a round tunic, plain body, and sleeves cut at the elbow, and a deep frill. The body is done for, being worn very much under the arms. The whole is trimmed with black lace. L. A. would like the skirt long (then she could wear it sometimes of an evening) and coat sleeves. Would a grenadine tunic and body do to wear over it to hide the

joins? If it would, will Sylvia kindly tell L. A. what shape to make it. Perhaps the lace off the old tunic would do to trim it with. I have taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for five years, but have never troubled you before, so please answer this request in the July number. What will be the most fashionable colour this summer? [Your silk tunic will make the coat sleeves. A grenadine tablier-tunic and body will do nicely to wear over it, and the lace will trim it very well. There are many different shapes of tunics, round, square, long, and short. Look at those on our pattern sheet last month, also in our fashion engravings this month, and Madame Goubaud will supply the flat pattern for about a shilling. There is no special fashionable colour as yet for the summer. Pale blue and pale pink are likely to be much worn.]

MILLY W. would feel obliged to Sylvia if she could tell her how to alter a white piqué dress. The skirt is walking length, with a scalloped flounce 8½ inches wide, bound with black braid and two rows of narrower braid above it, headed with a frill an inch wide, trimmed the same as flounce, and a bias band. It has a full panier, 34 inches long at the back; the apron fastens down the front, and 24 inches long, scalloped and trimmed the same as skirt; the body is short, and made with a band at the waist, and sewn to the panier, and trimmed to match. I do not want so much trimming on it again, as it makes it so difficult to get up nicely; the braid is getting a little rusty. [Cut all the braid off, and put on the flounces again, having simply hemmed them. Turn the back of the panier to the front to make a tablier, after having taken off the braid. Of the front of the panier make basques and ends for the back.]

M. WELCH asks:—Would a white straw bonnet, trimmed with maize and black velvet, or white and black velvet, with a steel or fawn-coloured dress, be a neat and lady-like costume for the summer? [Yes.] What flowers would suit such a bonnet? [With the maize, you must wear maize or scarlet. With black and white, any colour.] Do Japanese silks wear well? [The best do.]

TERESE writes:—Would the kind Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN tell her what sort of material would be the best for a dressing-gown; also, what would be suitable for a morning-dress for a girl of twelve? Would you tell her how to do her hair? It is light, thin, and down to her shoulders. [Flannel for winter. Cashmere, llama, cambric, or calico for summer. Beige, or any light summer material. We give several styles of coiffure this month.]

MATHEFAMILIAS is thanked for her kind advice, but as she gave no name or address, we cannot publish her pleasant letter.

JANIE has a black silk polonaise, very full, and almost as good as new; but as it was made three years ago, it looks old-fashioned. Janie thinks it would very well make up into a tablier, with cuirasse bodice, and she has some yards of black and white striped mousseline-de-laine, which would make a full skirt and sleeves; but she saw in last month's magazine that black polonaises over coloured skirts will no longer be worn. What would Sylvia advise her to do with it? Janie likes the magazine very much, and

finds it exceedingly useful, as she makes her own dresses. [Yes. I do not call black and white "coloured." You can wear it very well under your black silk tablier.]

A SUBSCRIBER will feel greatly obliged to Sylvia if she will kindly tell her whether a silk dress, like the pattern enclosed, would be at all old-fashioned for this summer? [Not if you make it up with a sleeveless jacket of plain green silk, the colour of the ground, or a shade darker. Trim the cuffs with the plain silk.]

MEG is sincerely obliged to Sylvia for her kindness in answering her queries in the June number. She has already put Sylvia's ideas into practice, and finds the dress will be very pretty indeed. Meg again ventures to ask her valuable assistance on a subject she quite intended naming before, but forgot; viz., what coloured bonnet could she wear with either a brown or grey silk dress? Meg does not want to wear blue, and is at a loss to know what colour will do with both dresses, as she cannot indulge in the luxury of bonnets en suite, she requires one that will look nice with anything. [You cannot do better than get a nice black chip, trimmed with black silk and lace, and wear a pretty wreath of flowers of any bright colour under the brim.] Meg has also 8½ yards of brown satin cloth, with black figure; would it be possible to make a useful walking-dress, if some new material of another kind were added to it? [The only materials you could use with it are silk, satin, or velvet. It would make up very handsomely in conjunction with any of these.]

PRIM, who has been a regular subscriber to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for many years, seeing how readily questions are answered in Our Work-room, ventures, for the first time, to ask Sylvia's advice. Prim has a moiré dress rather faded (pattern enclosed), made five years since with very long, plain gored skirt, plain high and low bodice, satin sash the same colour. Would Sylvia advise having it dyed into a darker shade, or any other colour; if so, where can it be well done? Prim is not fond of dyed silk dresses. Also, can Sylvia or any of her correspondents, tell Prim how to clean and improve the colour of vulcanite chains, etc.; it was once given in the magazine, but Prim cannot find it in the last year's numbers. Are gloves given to all the party at a wedding breakfast, or only to the bridesmaids and groomsmen? [I am not fond of dyed silk dresses myself, but great improvements have been made in the art of dyeing lately. Your grey will take a good brown. Pullar and Sons, The Rotunda, Blackfriars Road, are the best dyers I know of. I would have sent you one of their books if you had sent your address. Gloves are given only to the bridesmaids and the groomsmen. They are seldom taken. The bridegroom has only one groomsmen.]

The lady-like courtesy of Sylvia's replies renders it easy, even for a new subscriber, to ask questions in trustful confidence of kind assistance; and as a great and painful change of circumstances compels J. L. O. to use economy, and learn to make her own dresses, she will feel most grateful if Sylvia will kindly suggest a neat and simple way of converting the silk (as pattern) into a modern dress suitable for country life, and adaptable for out-door, or social evening wear. The



dress, in its present form, consists of 7 whole breadths; each 1 yard 3-16ths in length, and 20 inches wide; a full bodice, and coat sleeves. The silk is very little soiled. Its colour is now unbecoming to J. L. O., she having lost her fair complexion by severe illness, but perhaps by wearing a black lace sleeveless jacket the tint may not be so disfiguring. 2. Will Sylvia also kindly say if the striped material (new) may be trimmed round tablier and sleeves, etc., with a band of moire (like pattern), edged each side with narrow black lace? J. L. O. has a trimming of this kind, worn but a short time, with broad sash of the same, which she would be glad to utilize, yet would trim with black velvet if Sylvia should so direct. 3. J. L. O. has 7 yards of black grenadine like the enclosed; may she trouble Sylvia still further to say if this will be sufficient for a polonaise? And if it will look well made with a simple hem? J. L. O. is 5 feet in height; is slight in figure, has sallow complexion, with brown hair and eyes; is unmarried, and nearly thirty years of age. [Make the seven breadths into a plain skirt, with the fulness at the back, and wear with a lace tablier and sleeveless jacket. You might wear a crimson bow at your throat and another tying your hair at the back. 2. I think the moire trimming will look very pretty on the black and white material. 3. Seven yards, with economy in cutting, will make a tablier and bodice, to be worn with a black or coloured sash. Grenadine looks unfinished with only a hem. Have you not some old black silk of which you could make a bias band to put round the tablier?] ANONYMA writes:—I have seen lately a sort of wrapper used instead of a shawl; it is about 5-8ths of a yard in depth, and 4 yards long. About half a yard of this is fastened together with tassels behind, making a sort of burnouse; it is crossed over the chest and tied behind with cord and tassels. Could I get such a thing in London; at what shop, and about what price? [Peter Robinson's; from about 15s.] I am thinking of crocheting something like the above, fearing it will be expensive to buy it already made. What wool would be best, Berlin, or is there any kind that would answer the purpose that is cheaper? Could I get them from Madame Goubaud, and what is the price per pound of each sort? [You can do it with either single or double wool. The price of both is 5s. 6d. per pound. I should think about three pounds of single wool would be sufficient.] Is Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers good for the complexion; is it supposed to be injurious? [Elder flowers are excellent for the complexion, and I believe Godfrey's extract to be quite harmless.] ADA.—A white muslin polonaise is useful and fashionable. As you are in mourning you must wear black ribbons with it, and you cannot have it trimmed with lace, only frills of the material plainly hemmed. You can wear white tulle, but not white lace. The white borders you mention do look rather like widows' caps,

but they are worn, and make the black bonnet much more becoming than it would be otherwise.

BERTHA.—Your letter was written on both sides of the paper; you mixed up your Exchange advertisement with your questions, and you left no space for answers; therefore we cannot reply unless you write again, complying with all these rules.

ETHEL writes:—Where can I buy Irish linen cheaply? [Messrs. Inglis and Tinkler, 147, Regent Street, sell it at the same prices as sold in Ireland, where it is manufactured.] With what should I trim linen underclothing? [With embroidery, tatting, or crocheted edging, as you would calico or cambric garments.] What would you recommend for morning dresses, to wear while about one's housekeeping? [Linen, prints, Scotch ginghams, and blue tickings.] And what material for a travelling dress? [Serge, satin cloth, or some other woollen material, light but warm.]

MARY FLORENCE writes:—Can you tell me about how much per yard I ought to give for black grenadine. I do not wish for a common one; but, at the same time, I don't want it to be very expensive? [You can get a very good one for 2s. 6d. per yard; tolerable at 1s. 11d.] Does the striped or the plain grenadine wear best? [The striped wears best. All grenadines are apt to tear, and the striped ones only tear lengthways, whereas the plain can tear at their own sweet will in any direction whatever.]

E. T. will be much obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her where she can get good paper patterns, and give her some idea of the prices? [Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, supplies excellent paper patterns. For prices, see price list on our pattern sheet.]

LYDIA has a brown Japanese silk of the pretty shade called Bismarck. She wishes to make it up in the present fashion, and would like Sylvia's advice as to what material would look well with it. She thought of cashmere, either the same shade or a shade darker. [Cashmere will look very well with it. It ought to be as nearly as possible the same shade.] How ought I to alter it? It is very much gored, and I wish, if possible, to retain the long skirt, as long skirts are so graceful in the house, and can always be looped up in the street. [You must, in that case, have tablier and sleeveless jacket of cashmere, but if you wish your dress to look nice, you must take the skirt off the band, and arrange all the fulness at the back; also tie back the three front breadths, which throws the back breadths out gracefully. The fronts and breadths of your bodice will make trimmings for your sleeves.]

Dear Sylvia, I am going to a garden party the first week in July, and shall feel so much obliged if you will give me your advice under the following circumstances. I do not wish to buy a new dress for the occasion, because my allowance is limited, and I have also a great many half-worn dresses. At the same time I have set my heart on wearing a pink bonnet,

trimmed with creamy white flowers and brown foliage. I have no dress that I can wear with this except white ones, of which I have the following: several white muslins, all washed, and a white alpaca. The skirt of the latter is very prettily made, being self-trimmed with close pleatings, but the body is a wretched fit, and the only thing I have to wear on my shoulders is a rather old-fashioned cloak of the burnouse style. The cloak is quite clean, and the material very similar to the Algerian scarves so fashionable now. It is trimmed with white goat's hair fringe. With these materials can you suggest a tolerably pretty costume for the occasion? [I think you may manage with a little ingenuity to make yourself quite charming. As your bodice fits badly, you must conceal it, and to do so you must convert your burnouse into a fichu. The pattern given with this month's number will do very well to cut it out by. Trim all the outlines of the fichu with a tiny frill of the material laid over the goat's hair fringe. Wear a pink sash, to correspond with your bonnet. Get some pink ribbon about 4 inches wide to match the sash, and make yourself dainty little bows. Place these on the cuffs of your sleeves, and at the opening of the fichu. If there is any looping-up of the skirt, place bows there also. With pretty lace ruffles at your throat and wrists, and some white tulle round your neck, you will be very prettily dressed. A piece of black velvet about an inch and a half in width tied round your neck under the collar or ruffle, and falling at the back in long ends, would improve the effect of the whole. I hope these hints may be of use, and that you may enjoy your garden party.]

Can Sylvia tell ANTHEA the meaning of French hemming? [This mode of hemming causes the hem to look like a little roll of the material at the edge, and forms a nice finish. It is done as follows:—Fold the material back over the right side about an inch. Then run both together close to the edge. To form the hem, turn the narrow part over, and hem it down on the row of running, so that the stitches shall not be seen on the right side.]

JENNY WREN will be glad if Sylvia can tell her of a good material for children's dresses at the seaside. [There is nothing like brown holland for both small boys and small girls. It is cruel to put children into spoilable clothes, and then give them a spade for a weapon, and the bright sands for a play-ground. How can they help soiling their dresses? And then they know they will get scolded, and come home in naughty tempers. But give them tidy brown holland costumes, not tight anywhere, with plenty of pockets strongly sewed on, and some string in one of the pockets, and the little creatures will be as happy as children are meant to be most of their time. Madame Goubaud supplies paper patterns of children's costumes in any style. Her address is: 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. For cool days, French merino, of a good quality, is an excellent material for children's dresses; also serge.]

SYLVIA has much pleasure in informing her young readers, that since writing the article "Something to Do," page 390 of the present number, it has been announced that three of the students at Girton College for ladies have passed in papers of general examinations for degrees of Bachelor of Arts, with such merit as to qualify them for the first class. These ladies are: Miss Eliza Baker, of Bristol; Miss Alice Barbara Betham, niece of Miss M. Betham-Edwards, novelist; and Miss Annie Selina Wallis, daughter of the Rev. J. Wallis, Brixton.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

AMARANTHA writes,—I wish to know whether you would accept short poems from me, and give a small remuneration for them—I would not expect much; but wish to gain a little pocket-money in this way, that is, if my verses are worthy of a place in your excellent magazine. [Our staff of contributors is at present complete.] Can any of your correspondents tell me where I can get a hymn with music, called, *Rest of the Weary*; I fancy it is published in the penny-sheet form, but cannot meet with it here. I would give three stamps for the penny edition, if anyone will kindly post it to Mrs. G. P., 3, Park View Terrace, Man-ningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. [There is a song called *Rest for the Weary*, by Wrighton, price 3s., which means 1s. 6d. You can get it from W. Robinson, music-seller, 369, Strand.] I shall be very happy to copy out for your readers any songs (the words, I mean) or verses, which they may wish for, provided I know them. I have taken your magazine for some months now, and appreciate it very highly, always looking forward with pleasure to the next part. I am not sure of the right way to address you, but hope this will be correct.

OPAL has much pleasure in giving L. A. the information she requires about etching in pen and ink. Steel pens called crowquills are required, and ordinary ink may be used; but it is much better to rub some cake lampblack, using sufficient water to make it the consistency of ink, and apply it to the pen with a brush. Opal is also glad to send A. M. S. the words of the song she asked for. Will the Editor kindly say up to what date letters for "Our Drawing-Room" can be sent? [Up to the 5th.] She trusts this will be in time for the next number.

KATYDID has much pleasure in informing Alpha that in the *Graphic*, a few weeks ago, there was an article on this subject, advising people who wished to dispose of their old magazines, periodicals, etc., to send them to the various charitable institutions, where they would be thankfully received by the inmates, to whom such gifts would be a boon, affording both instruction and amusement. Katydid would be exceedingly obliged if Sylvia or any of the correspondents, would tell her what summer ornament to put in the fireplace of a bedroom or parlour, which does not require the chimney to be stopped up. [Place a pot of large fern on a brick or two inside the grate, and one or two more in front of the grate on the ground.] Will Sylvia kindly give directions for working the satin overcast and knotted stitches, etc., patterns of which have so often appeared in the pages of *THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN*. She thinks many of the correspondents, as well as herself, will be glad of a few hints. [I do not know to what stitches you refer.] What are "écru filoselle" and "tussore"? [Filoselle is a sort of silk used in embroidery. Ecru means the colour of raw or undyed silk. Tussore is raw or undyed silk.] She will be glad to know if Miss Clyde's advertisement, respecting the fern-roots, is genuine, having seen complaints from some of the subscribers that they have not received any package in return for their stamps. [Miss Clyde's advertisement is genuine. Many of our subscribers have acknowledged receiving ferns from her.] Katydid has taken the magazine for some time, and likes it very much, and anticipates its arrival with great pleasure. She admires exceedingly the pattern of the towel horse, which appeared in the January number, and would be glad to have one, but does not see how she can get it, as it would be hardly

likely to show the pattern to an upholsterer and say she wished for one like it. Will any of the correspondents (if any have got one) kindly say where they obtained it?

MABELLA.—The poem, "The Suliot Mother," from which the quotation is taken, is by Mrs. Hemans. The poem is so pathetic and powerful, that we think our readers, to whom it may not be familiar, will thank us for quoting it.

## THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

She stood upon the loftiest peak,  
Amidst the dark-blue sky;  
A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy? through the dusky pines,  
Dost thou see where the foemen's armour shines?  
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?"

My babe! that I cradled on my breast!  
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms  
With joy?—  
That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath  
Lay Suliot sire and son;  
They had heaped high the piles of death,  
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!

Woe for the mountain hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid his spear;  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear;  
There where I sang thee, fair babe, to sleep,  
Nought but the bloodstain our race shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,  
And now the cymbal's clang,  
Till even the upper air was stirred,  
As cliffs and hollows rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?  
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glimpse of thine armed sire?  
—Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men  
low—  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him  
now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swelled the horn;  
And further yet the tambour's peal,  
Through the dark pass was born.

"Hear'st thou the sounds of their savage mirth?  
Boy, thou wert free when I gave thee birth!  
Free, and how cherished! my warrior's son,  
He, too, hath blest'd thee, as I have done;  
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—  
Freedom, young Suliot, for me and thee!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprang,  
And fast the fair child bore;  
A veil upon the wind was flung—  
A cry—and all was o'er!

C. I. writes,—I have now taken the magazine for six or seven years, and have never yet

ventured to trouble you with a question for the Drawing-Room; but I shall feel very glad if you will answer the following for me. Is it customary for the bride to provide all the house and table linen for her new home? I hope my letter will be in time for an answer to appear in the next number. I think the magazine has improved greatly during the last few months; but may I suggest something that would, I think, be acceptable to the subscribers, viz. that we should always have an illustration of the cut-out paper pattern, as well as of the traced one on the large sheet. [It is usual for the bridegroom to provide the house and table linen, but it is a matter quite open to different arrangement. Thanks for your suggestion. You will see by reference to the May number that it had been anticipated.]

GOVERNESS is glad to be able to tell Violetta that the new and greatly-enlarged edition of the excellent *Manual of Parsing*, by Davidson and Alcock, is published by T. J. Allman, 463, Oxford Street, London, and the price is 1s. 6d.

CORISANDE will be very much obliged to the Editor of *THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* if he will tell her the meaning of "Tous-les-mois," a term frequently used in Mrs. Beeton's *Englishwoman's Cookery Book*. [It is a kind of arrow-root that is sold in tins.]

RACHEL wishes to know if a lady should in any way recognize a man-servant's salute—touching his hat—and if so, how? [It is a gesture of respect, not a salutation, and need not be acknowledged, except under such circumstances when a lady's good breeding and good nature dictate.]

MAMMA, who has been some time a subscriber, would be glad if she could through your magazine (next month) meet with the pattern of a nightcap, pretty and fashionable, trimmed with lace. Mamma is about forty-five. [Nightcaps are so seldom worn now that we fear a pattern of one would scarcely be generally appreciated. Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, supplies nightcap patterns for 6d.]

FERN would be much obliged by Sylvia informing her what style of dress is proper for calls when walking, and what when driving; and if plain cuffs and collars or frills are best worn on these occasions by a young lady of twenty? And what style for receiving calls at home? Can Sylvia tell Fern the name of the shape mantle that will be most suitable for a young lady, dark, medium height, slight; and where she could obtain a paper pattern of it. [If you drive, you can make calls in more elaborate costume than you can if you walk—that is, you can wear a longer dress than would be convenient in walking. As to the style, it may be anything in ordinary walking attire. You cannot wear a cotton dress, nor, perhaps, a linen or lawn dress quite good enough, but anything else from a beige to a silk is suitable. It was once incorrect to wear a hat in making calls, but that restriction no longer exists. Your collar and cuffs may be plain or frilled, as you may choose. For receiving calls at home, you should wear a well-made long dress, with pretty collar and cuffs. Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, supplies paper models of fichus, capes, dolmans, and jackets. Any of these would be suitable for you.]

MOCKING-BIRD would be much obliged if the Editor, or any kind friends, would explain the meaning and origin of the term, *Printer's Devil*, usually applied to compositors. [It is not applied to compositors; only to the boy whose business it is to run about with proofs and copy. I do not know the origin of the

term.] Also a pretty style of coiffure for a young lady, aged sixteen, whose hair is long and thick, without pads. [The Catogan is still the most fashionable style. As you have only left me two lines to answer your question in, I conclude you do not require minute directions.] This is the first time she has visited the Drawing-Room; but she has greatly benefited by the answers to others. She wishes the Editor every success, and the magazine longevity and prosperity.

MISS HILL writes to know if the Editor will kindly answer these questions: If a lady is walking out, and she meets two gentlemen acquaintances walking together, should she move once or twice? Should the words, Pauline, Cyril, Horace, Gertrude, and duty, be pronounced Paul-ine, Cer-il, Hor-ace, Jer-trude, Ju-y? [Bow once, but look at both gentlemen, so as to include both in your salutation. You have given the correct pronunciation of Pauline and Horace; but the first syllable in Cyril is pronounced as the first syllable in syrup; the G in Gertrude is hard; and duty is pronounced dew-ty.]

LILIAN would feel much obliged if Sylvia would tell her the best way to wash ball fringe, such as is used on dimity hangings, as she has seen some completely spoiled after being washed, and it is rather too expensive to replenish it each time it gets soiled. [Lightly fasten the fringe round a piece of wood. Prepare some very soapy water, very hot. Dip and shake the fringe till clean. When it begins to dry, unroll it from the wood, and shake at intervals.] Will she also tell her where she could obtain an alabaster vase or jug for a drawing-room mantel-piece, and also what the prettiest kinds of artificial flowers would be to fill it? [We will inquire about the jug.] Also, what would a good oleograph picture cost, a landscape or female picture; size, about two feet in length; and are oval gilt frames expensive? Lilian trusts she is not very troublesome; she thinks Sylvia must be possessed of a great amount of patience, to answer so many and such varied queries every month. Lilian would likewise be very grateful if any correspondent could tell her the cost of materials for decalcomaine, and where they are to be obtained.

MABEL would be very much obliged if Sylvia would tell her what dress is most suitable for confirmation. She thinks white cashmere too heavy, and would prefer llama, if Sylvia thinks it would look nice. Could it be worn afterwards trimmed with black velvet for out of doors. Would Sylvia also tell her whether visiting-cards should have "Miss" put before the name; she has been told it is eccentric. Mabel would be very much obliged if Sylvia could send her an answer by post; has enclosed stamp and address. [Llama would look very nice indeed, and could be worn afterwards, trimmed as you say. Yes. We cannot answer by post.]

NELLIE writes,—Sir, I am extremely obliged to you and Sylvia for kindly answering my questions. *Appropos* of the article in the "Examiner," alluded to last month, Nellie says, If any of our readers have got the bump of combativeness, I hope they will use it in defending this useful, instructive, and entertaining journal, and compel our critics to say the Editor and his co-workers have done what they could to instruct and elevate us. I am sure they have my hearty thanks with many others. I have had several dresses that would have been thrown away but for our Work-room. Do you publish Vere Foster's copy-books? [No; any stationer will get them for you.] What is their price? [I do not know exactly; but fancy they are not more expensive than ordinary copy-books, viz., from 3d. to 6d. each.] Do you publish an easy grammar? [Get that used in the National Schools.] Do you think it possible for me to learn French from books by myself? [It is quite impossible to learn the pronunciation from books; and to know a language without being able to pro-

nounce it, is like having a dress you can never wear.] And now, Mr. Editor, I think it is time I began to draw my remarks to a close, for I expect to see in next month's number a charge not to send any more letters; but you must excuse me this time, as I am young and deplorably ignorant; and I hope you will insert this next month, if I have not forfeited that indulgence through neglect of rules. [Please write on only one side of your paper next time. That is partly the reason I cannot insert the whole of your letter now.] What things are suitable for scrap-books, and will you kindly insert some verses for the same? [What sort of scrap-books and verses do you mean?]

PAULINE wishes to ask if you can answer a rather important question to her. I wish to have a tall, slight figure. I am rather tall, but not very slight. Whose corsets do you think will be the most suitable to wear? [I cannot recommend you to alter your figure. Izod's patent corsets will no doubt help you to make the best of yours without using forcible means.]

ERIN would be much obliged if Stephanotis would kindly say how long the ointment for rendering the skin white is to be left on; also, whether white curd soap will do instead of white soft-soap, as Erin, living near a small country town, will find it very difficult to get the white soft-soap. Erin would also like to know whether sleeveless jackets of a different material to the dress will be worn this summer; if fashionable, would the Editor give full-sized pattern for cutting out in the next magazine? [We will soon give a pattern. They will be worn in velvet, velveteen, cashmere, and French-merino; also of the material with which the dress is trimmed. For instance, with a stone-coloured beige trimmed with brown silk, a brown-silk sleeveless jacket will be worn.]

REINE asks if the Editor or his readers know the exact meaning of the following proverb; or if not, where it can be found: "Dwarfs on giants' shoulders see further than the giants themselves." Also, where does this come from:

"I could not love thee, dear, so well,  
Loved I not honour more."

A YOUNG WELSHWOMAN would feel very grateful if the kind Editor would answer the following questions in the next number of the magazine: Should sweet-sauce be served with bread-pudding and roly-poly, or could they be served without sauce? [They could be served without, but would not be nice.] Should one begin cutting tarts and baked puddings quite in the middle, or at one end? [Tarts in the middle; baked puddings wherever you like.] Should cakes be cut down through the middle, the same as boiled puddings? [Yes.] Would the Editor or some kind correspondent give a recipe for making mushroom ketchup, with the proper quantity of spices to be used? She would like it to keep good for years. Also, for making gravy from the dripping that comes from the meat while roasting.

VERA presents her compliments to the Editor, and would feel greatly obliged if he would kindly answer the following questions: How should potted meats, such as ham, beef, and lobster, be eaten? Should it be spread on bread and butter, or how? [Spread on bread, or on bread and butter.] And should vinegar or something be taken with them? [Not vinegar; sometimes a little salt is necessary.] Should lamp-glasses be washed every day? [No; but they ought to be cleaned every day with a soft cloth and a chinney-brush.] How should one make a paper frill for a ham and a leg of lamb? [Cut the paper into strips two inches wide. Cut these strips into long narrow teeth up to nearly the top, and then curl the teeth with a paper-knife.] And should it be made of tissue-paper. [Thin white notepaper is the best.] Would the kind Editor tell Vera what kind of vegetables would be suitable to serve with any kind of meat? She has Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book, but it does not say

anything about that. [These vary with the season. In winter, with roast meat, serve whole or mashed turnips, haricot beans, of cabbage. In summer, with the same dish peas, cauliflower, French beans, seakale, vegetable-marrows, or any summer vegetable. With boiled mutton, serve turnips and carrots in winter, cauliflower or cabbage in summer. The same for boiled beef, with the addition of parsnips and haricot beans. With lamb, very few vegetables are good, only young peas or a very good cauliflower. With made dishes no vegetables are served; boiled rice is very good with most made dishes. It is a pity it is not more generally used. Few people know how good it is with roast beef. It ought to be a much more important article of diet than it is. With cold meats, serve any kind of salad in summer; and in winter, beetroot, celery, horseradish, etc.]

A. W. W. writes, In reply to Emmie C.'s question respecting training school for young girl's as domestic servants, there is a very good Industrial School at Richmond, Surrey, where girls are taught cooking and laundry work. Information may be obtained of the Matron.

A TRADESMAN'S WIFE writes, Will you help me out of the following difficulty. I am only a tradesman's wife, but I am of a good family. My great-grandfather on one side had his coat of arms, kept black servants, and every other symbol of gentle birth. On the other side, my great-grandfather was a man of wealth and position in the county where the family had been for many generations. Both became reduced in circumstances, and my two grandfathers were very poor men, but men of good education and the strictest integrity. The next generation—my father and uncles, etc. (with one or two exceptions)—have risen by economy and industry to a position of wealth and independence, but not so high in the social scale as the family originally were. I am now living in a neighbourhood where I am surrounded by a set of shabby-genteel people who would be very patronizing and gracious when they come to the shop, but if they meet me in the street they do not know me; and one person having occasion once to come into my parlour, actually expressed surprise at seeing a certain book there, "He should not have expected to meet with such a book in such a place!" as if some tradesmen could not appreciate a book as well as he. Perhaps he meant it as a compliment; I took it as an insult. My husband says it don't fret him; treat them with civility when obliged to speak, but in other respects with silent contempt. I feel he is right; still, I cannot help feeling irritated and annoyed when I know that as far as birth, education, and principle go, I am their superior. I shall feel exceedingly obliged if you will give me your opinion of the best thing to be done under the circumstances. And also if you will tell me the real value of my family's former high position as regards me now, or is it of any value at all?—in the eyes of society, I mean. My own private feelings in the matter are to receive any one on what they are individually. If I meet with a pure, high-minded, upright person, that could not stoop to anything dishonourable, that is the real gentleman or lady in my estimation, even though it be a sweep or a washerwoman. I hope you will show me the same kindness that I see you are in the habit of showing to your numerous correspondents. [Your family's former high position has no value whatever as regards your present social status. A wife takes rank with her husband; and as your husband is a tradesman, you are simply what you sign yourself, "a tradesman's wife." At the same time, I can readily understand that your consciousness of your family having once held a higher position may make many things disagreeable to you that would not otherwise have been so. But for all practical purposes, you ought to try to forget your family's better days. It will do you no good to assert yourself in this way. The world takes

you as you *are*, not as you *have been*; far less, as you *might have been*. Do not expect your customers to recognize you in the street. This is not customary in England; and even in republican countries, such practices are more theoretical than otherwise. Society would come to an end if distinctions of class were to cease. Your husband is right about treating your customers with civility; but as to the "silent contempt" part of his advice, do not despise your fellow-creatures without some better cause than that you mention. As to the remarks made about your book, it was rude in the extreme. "Such a place" is not a term to be used by anyone in reference to the home of another. Don't let that gentleman into your parlour again. You ask what can be done under the circumstances. My reply is, "Nothing." Your own self-respect will teach you to be independent of the opinion of people whom (since you call them "shabby genteel") you do not esteem. Do nothing unworthy of your gentle birth; and remember, above all, that no treatment that we can receive from others can degrade us. It is only our own actions that can do that. I do not know exactly what you mean by "shabby-genteel people." Do you mean the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood?

THALIA presents her compliments to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and would be pleased if he or any of his correspondents can tell her the words of the comic song which commences with "What are little boys made of?" it consists of about a dozen verses. Thalia has taken your magazine for some time, and likes it exceedingly. She is in great want of a good remedy for chapped lips, having tried cold-cream and rose-salve without effect.

C. E. J. will feel much obliged if the Editor or one of his readers will give her some instructions how to do skeleton leaves. She has seen so many, that she is anxious to try. In your magazine for March last, a young lady wished for the pattern of jacket-bodice that was given in one of your numbers for last year, and that she would give in exchange an onyx ring. Having the pattern, I thought I would oblige her with it; but have never had a reply. C. E. J. would be glad if some patterns of leather work could be inserted in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. She has taken in the magazine for some time, and looks forward to it every month with great pleasure. [Sophy, to whose advertisement you allude, had upwards of 124 answers, to many of which she replied, but at last gave up in despair.]

C. J. R. writes,—I shall be much obliged if some of your correspondents can tell me how to prepare shells for shell-work. Some acid is used which leaves the shells bright and polished; but I do not know the right sort, nor how to use it. Also, can you inform me where I could get work-boxes relined with silk? [I will inquire.]

MAGDALEN ventures to suggest that a few simple styles for dressing the hair would be very acceptable to many young subscribers. She would be very glad if any correspondent could give her a remedy for enlarged joints. Magdalen hopes she has not violated any of the rules.

COUSIN MAGGIE writes,—Will the kind Editor or any of his numerous correspondents suggest to Cousin Maggie a few fancy things for a birthday-present for a young lady under twenty; something that Cousin Maggie could make herself. By so doing, she will greatly oblige her. [Work some lace for her, or make a handkerchief sachet, or embroider her initials on a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs.]

MRS. J. SMITH would be very much obliged if Sylvia would tell her if there is any substitute for crinoline worn, as she is very tall and thin, and the total want of it makes her look so odd. [There is a corded white material sold that makes very good stiff petticoats.] Also, what sort of tablecloth is most suitable for a drawing-room? [Those called chenille are very

pretty, but tablecloths are seldom used in drawing-rooms.] And can Sylvia or any of her correspondents tell her of a good translation of J. P. Richter's works, and if Jean Ingelow's poems have been published in a collected form.

FORDYCE has taken your magazine for a year past, and is much pleased with it. Would Sylvia think her forward if she suggested that a picture of the cut-out paper pattern be always given in the same number, as myself and one or two other readers (who may be rather thick-headed) sometimes find it difficult to put the pieces together. For instance, in arranging the back of the jacket-bodice in the April number, it will not sit nicely, it is so gathered like, and does not form a proper tab as described, I think the letters on Politeness most useful. Can you tell me, in receiving callers and giving them a glass of wine in an easy way, should the glasses be handed in the hand or on a salver? [On a salver. Wine is scarcely ever given to callers now.] Living in the country, I think it is stiff for a servant to hand afternoon tea or wine, unless the callers are strangers; am I right? Have I written according to your rules? [It is not at all "stiff" for a servant to bring in the tea and hand it round; but perhaps it is more sociable to have a table, pour it out yourself, and hand the cups about without a servant. You have complied with our rules, except that you omitted to leave spaces for replies.]

LILLA would be obliged if Sylvia will kindly answer the following questions in the July number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN: Would black or white hats and bonnets be best for young ladies of nineteen and twenty-one to wear in summer? [Whichever they prefer.] When one wears a frill round the throat, should the same be tacked round the sleeves? [Not necessarily.] And would one require cuffs as well? [Frills and cuffs do not look well together.] Could sapoline be rubbed, in the clothes like other soaps, or must it be dissolved? [It must be cut up and dissolved.] On what kind of dish should cheese be put on the table? [You have asked this question in your other letter. You will find the answer elsewhere.] How small should veal, etc., be minced? Should it be in lumps as large as nuts, or very small? [Quite fine.] Would a little round glass dish, that is for holding preserves on the tea-table, do to hold horseradish on the dinner-table? [Yes.]

WINNIE sends compliments to the Editor, and would he kindly say in next magazine if oatmeal used in the water one washes in whitens the skin? or why is it used? [It purifies the skin, and consequently improves the complexion.] Also, if Hagan's Magnolia Balm be a good cosmetic?

ETHEL would be much obliged if the Editor would answer the following questions in the July number. Is it right at a wedding breakfast to put the pastry on the table with the meat? [Yes.] And when should it be served, before or after the cake? [The cake is cut almost the last thing.] Should cretonne curtains for bed and windows be lined? if so, what with? [Any colour that will harmonize with the cretonne.] In sending the wedding-cake to friends, what should be written with it; should the bride's maiden-name be used at all? [No; with Mr. and Mrs. —'s compliments.]

J. V. writes,—Seeing in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN (to which we have been subscribers for many years) that young ladies are recommended to try to obtain certificates for schoolmistresses, I should feel obliged if you could tell me the names of any training-schools, or colleges, where said certificates might be obtained, as I have two sisters who would like to try them. [You will find all the necessary information, with complete list of the Training Schools recognized by Government, in Sylvia's article in the present number, on "Something to Do."]

LENORE wishes to know the superstition

connected with another person fitting on a bride's attire before the ceremony. Also, the pronunciation of *Dolce far Niente*, and myth. [I do not know what the superstition is. *Dolce* far nee-en-tay. Myth is pronounced mith.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

To the Editor of

THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.
3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.
4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.
5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN's Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.
6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.
7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Lace, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.
8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.
9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words, "Lists sent on application."

LOUIE will give full price or price and a half for the March number of 1874.—Address, 164, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

A. B. has some bright silks and satins for patchwork; would exchange for music or anything useful for a lady.—Address, A. B., Post-Office, Harswell, York.

IDA G. has the *Argosy* for 1874, unbound; story complete, "In the Dead of Night," &c. Address with Editor.

Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged for at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.

MISS CLYDE, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devon, sends 20 roots of Devonshire fern, 6 varieties, or 100 leaves, for 12 stamps. She sends a box containing 100 roots, 9 varieties, for 5s.

Correct delineation of character from handwriting. 13 Stamps. Young Englishwomen, please send to N. N. Address with Editor.

MISS LAWRENCE has for disposal a large quantity of music remarkably cheap. Send for list to 82, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney.

IDA G. has raised Berlin square for sob-pillow. Wants offers. I. G. paints handkerchief-sachets, 2s. Address with Editor.

ARMANDE has music for sale at 3d. each piece. Also books for exchange. Lists sent. Address, 2, King's Cottages, Hornsey Road, London.

[Your other advertisement will cost 1s. 6d.] MADELINE has a number of pianoforte pieces and songs she wishes to dispose of at greatly reduced prices. List sent on application.—Address, Madeline, The Limes, Burnham, near Maidenhead, Berks.



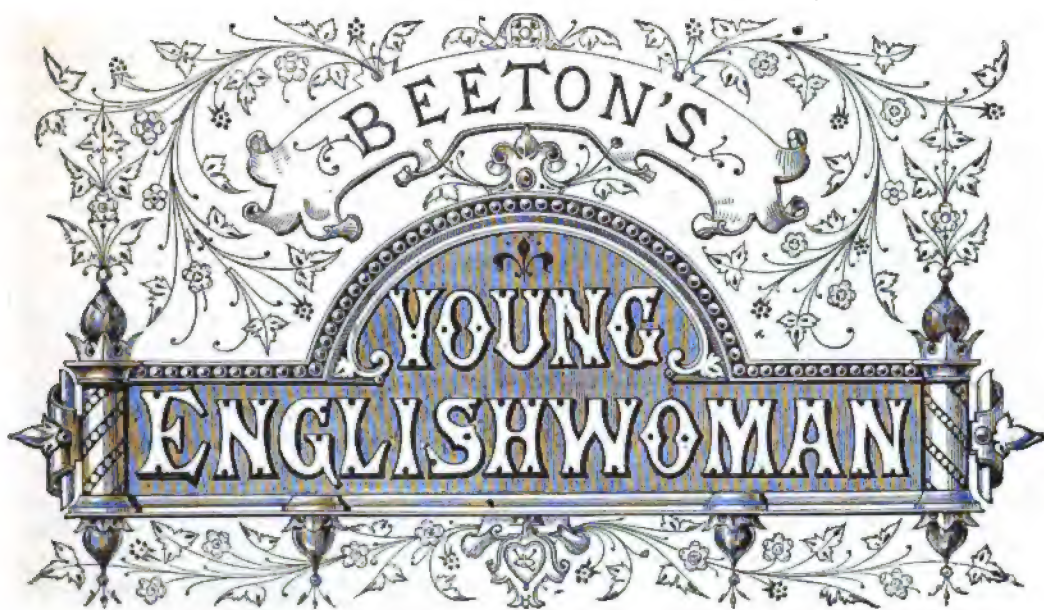


*E. Thirion* Imp H<sup>m</sup> Lefevre Paris

*Ad. Gombaud & Fils Ed<sup>m</sup> Paris*

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
 The "Young Englishwoman"





AUGUST, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### III.—THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE POETS AND ESSAYISTS.

THERE must have been bright girls in England in the Tudor times. With all respect for the supreme genius of Shakespeare, we can scarcely believe that he created, from the fertility of his own imagination, and without studying living models, the wonderful women of his dramas. Neither can we think that the cluster of poets who lived contemporaneously, or just before and after him, Surrey, Spenser, Sidney (what a lustre the constellation of "S's" shed upon that age!), quite invented the Geraldine, the exquisite Una of the "Faerie Queene," and the gracious beauty who inspired the "Arcadia," without having lived in the presence of, loved and revered, some very charming exemplars of the sex. The "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," of Ben Jonson's famous epitaph, could have been no ordinary woman. Rugged Ben was not given to sentimentality, but he recognized goodness and greatness, and wrote of "the fair and wise and good," not in courtly affectation, but with very genuine respect and admiration. As for Shakespeare, we believe that his immortal women are as veritable studies from the life as the painted series of painted beauties of a later and worse time, which preserve to posterity the charms of the fair frequenters of the Stuarts' court. We do not, indeed, suppose that Portia, Rosalind, Viola, Beatrice, or Imogene are individual portraits of Elizabethan ladies, but there must have been abundant materials in the society to which Shakespeare had access, from

which he obtained the ideal of his characters; and what a charming society that must have been where native wit was ripened by literary culture, beauty allied with tenderness and unaffected grace, spirit and courage with modesty and delicate sensitiveness, a charming sauciness of occasional manner with intense sincerity and devotedness, and a frank unconsciousness of superiority with instinctive feminine dignity and the simplicity of true greatness of soul.

In that sixteenth century, so full of wonders, the age of the Reformation and of the discovery of a new world, there was, too, a new development of national and social life. Imagination was aroused to co-operate with manly courage, warriors became adventurers, and the old sea-king spirit of our Scandinavian ancestors appeared to be revived. Thinkers, too, pined to conquer new worlds, and poets to penetrate to hitherto unknown spheres, and catch the echoes of immortal music. Women shared with men the same impulse. At no period of English history were pure-minded, tender-hearted maidens, and faithful, generous-souled, even heroic matrons, unknown; but in the later Tudor times, heart and brain shared alike in the new enlarged life. So girls of high station were not satisfied to be the mere ornaments of social life, court beauties only, the recipients of vapid compliments, and lay figures only in the great gallery of life. They studied hard, read much, thought much, developed and strengthened



ened their intellectual life, and were withal none the less charming and merry-hearted. Not only was the fluent command of the French and Italian tongues, including a considerable acquaintance with the associated literature, a general accomplishment, but the classical languages were by no means strange. We all know that Jane Grey was Roger Ascham's ripest scholar in Greek, and Jane was only seventeen when the headman's cruel axe fell on her fair neck on Tower Hill; Elizabeth, in her enforced seclusion during the reign of her sister Mary, made herself mistress of Latin and Greek, and was no contemptible Hebraist; and Jane Grey and the Princess Elizabeth were by no means singular in their scholarship. There were many others in that gay and brilliant gathering who smiled, and almost wept sympathetically, upon the adventurous gallants who followed the sea with Howard of Effingham or shared the enterprise of Raleigh, and, like Desdemona, almost wished that Heaven had made them such men. There were many who could quote Plato or Sophocles, or the soft couplets of the Italian poets. They could, too, achieve marvels in needlework, sing well, and dance merrily; were, in short, fine light-hearted, high-bred, clever, sympathetic, and very womanly girls, well worthy of the admiration they received, with a certain indefinable brightness which Shakespeare focussed into a centre, and preserved as "a bright particular star" for all time.

We need not, of course, suppose that in the smaller towns and country places remote from towns, intellectual cultivation, to the extent we have mentioned, was so general as in the courtly circle at Greenwich or Whitehall; but there was, no doubt, a reflection of the light. The Reformation produced great social agitation and remodelling, as it were, of the aspect of social life. There was a removal of barriers, and opening up of new vistas to the eye of the imagination, in which all classes shared in different degrees. Learning was no longer monopolized by the clerical class, but was claimed as a right for all. Girls were not trained for the convent, but to be wives and mothers; they awakened to the sense that their consciences were in their own keeping, and the same sense of responsibility imparted an activity to their mental life. The country girl of good position enjoyed a great deal of out-of-door life, and preserved her health, spirits, and good-humour. If ever this country deserved to be called "Merry England"—not in the riotous, shouting, romping, grosser sense of the much misused word—it was in the Elizabethan days. There was a cheerful, sunshiny gaiety, an innocent freedom, which we see reflected in the domestic comedy of Shakespeare, which shines in the face of Anne Page, which the poet must have studied in many a country house, where the merry talk and laugh of young English girls resounded in oaken chambers or among the parterres of the garden.

There is another period in English history, when the poets and wits of the time took great pains to paint full-length portraits of the young beauties of the court and

society. Pope, Addison, Steele, and others have preserved for us some dainty sketches. The ladies of Queen Anne's time were not such ideals of womanly perfection as those of the earlier age, but they were very engaging and charming; and there were the same merriment and wit, a little more subdued and artificial, but nothing like the same culture as in the Tudor times. With all the grace and good-humour, there was just a little silliness and affectation which the wits laughed at, although apparently admiring and enjoying it greatly. French romances, lap-dogs and monkeys, perfumed billets-doux, all sorts of little vanities and affectations, were the fashion, and gave rise to abundance of banter in Pope's poems, and Addison and Steele's "Spectators." But there was a great deal of sound sense and spirit under the external aspect of fashionable ways, and now and then the wits caught quite as good as they sent. The four Marys, the beautiful madcaps who must have astonished the newly-imported glum Hanoverians of the Court, were not "chaffed" with impunity, and could well hold their own with a repartee.

Let it be observed of the most satirical writers of the first half of the last century, that it was only modes and fashions, external affectations, paints, patches, little sillinesses of manner which they joked about, not the real beauty, *esprit* and tender delicacy of the feminine nature. Those qualities they recognized as fully as did Shakespeare and his associates, much more than the heartless poets and wits of the intermediate century, who saw only the curls and the jewels, the outward manners, not the inward nature. Pope's Belinda sailing up the Thames to Hampton Court, is a picture perfectly delicious in its beauty, a beauty certainly of a somewhat artificial kind, but not wanting in true elements. Pope and Addison were not men to respect shams, and that they did really respect the ladies of their time even when they were readiest with the jokes about the manners of their time, is a proof that there was a good deal worthy of the respect of such men, in the lively, clever, quick-tongued, bright-eyed beauties who clustered in gay groups in the gardens at Kensington, and made life at Leicester House. "the pouting place of princes," not quite unendurable.

It is, too, well worth noting that the most attractive character in the novels of the last century are always the young ladies. Fielding, who wrote in the middle of the century, was indebted for the models of the heroines of his pages to the girls, mostly secluded country girls, of the same age as the more sparkling beauties of the "Spectator." His heroes are generally what, in common language, may be styled, a "bad lot." He seems to have enjoyed but a slight acquaintance with really good and noble men; but his Sophia Western and Amelia are true, good women; and in depicting them the generally too free painter of manners is delicate and reverential. He would not have been so if the young ladies of his day had not been worthy of his reverence.

THE EDITOR.



## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## XII.—A CONSULTATION.

PLAINLY, Mrs. Bergan had something on her mind, that bright spring morning. Though she poured her husband's second cup of coffee with a deliberation that seemed to promise much for its flavour, he was fain to send it back, after tasting it, with the explanatory remark:—

"You have forgotten to smile into it, my dear; it is not sweet enough."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mrs. Bergan, absently, extending her hand toward the cream pitcher.

"I doubt if cream will mend the matter much," observed Mr. Bergan, gravely. "A lump of sugar might do, if the smile be absolutely *non est*."

Mrs. Bergan's mind having by this time returned to the business in hand, both sugar and smile were immediately forthcoming, in sufficient measure to threaten the coffee with excess of sweets. Nevertheless, she continued to have fits of abstraction, at short intervals, until the breakfast things had been removed, and Carice had quitted the room. Then, she turned to her husband with a serious face.

"I really think, Godfrey," she began, "that we owe your nephew some attention."

"Of what kind, pray?" inquired Mr. Bergan, in considerable surprise.

"Well, it seems to me that we ought—once, at least, to invite him formally to dinner."

"Pray, what has he been doing, to place us under such an obligation?" asked Mr. Bergan, somewhat drily.

Mrs. Bergan coloured slightly. "I am afraid that we made a mistake at the outset," said she. "Of course, the attention was due to him then as much as now."

"I thought we agreed that the less Carice saw of him the better," replied Mr. Bergan.

"Yes, I know. But that was because we believed him to be of intemperate habits."

Men of Godfrey Bergan's thoughtful and deliberate character, when they adopt a mistaken opinion, are wont to wedge it in so firmly among things undeniably true and just, that to dislodge it is like tearing up an oak which has rooted itself in a rock cleft. "I wish I were certain that he is not," he answered, with a slow, grave shake of the head.

Mrs. Bergan gave him a surprised look. "I don't see why you should doubt him," said she. "Everybody agrees that a more correct young man does not exist. He is always to be found in his office during office hours, attends church regularly on Sundays, as well as at most of

the occasional services, goes into but little society, and that of the very best; what more would you have?"

"Nothing," replied her husband, "except the certainty that it will last. A drunkard's reform is so rarely a permanent thing, that one is justified in distrusting it. Though he may keep as sober as a Carthusian monk for a few months, or even for a year or two, his unhappy appetite is only a caged lion: in the first unguarded moment, it is certain to break out, and to sweep everything before it—resolution, hope, energy, and promise. Unfortunately for my nephew, perhaps, but very fortunately for ourselves, I fancy, I happen to retain a distinct recollection of my first meeting with him."

"But," urged Mrs. Bergan, "I thought Carice told you what your brother Harry said about that matter."

"With all due respect for my brother Harry," returned her husband, coolly, "I don't consider his testimony, in this matter, to be worth much. Intemperance is, in his estimation, so very venial a sin—not to say, so very Berganly a virtue—that he would be sure to extenuate it, if he could."

"He would never say what was not true," affirmed Mrs. Bergan, decidedly.

"No, but he would look at the affair from his own point of view, and speak accordingly."

"But your nephew left him on account of that very affair," persisted Mrs. Bergan, "and has refused to have anything to do with him since, even with Bergan Hall held out to him as a bait."

"In which," rejoined Mr. Bergan, composedly, "he shows that he has more of the hereditary temper than is good for him, or any one connected with him. It is the same trait that has made Harry so bitter against us, all these years. And one feud in the family was enough—and too much."

Mrs. Bergan began to look annoyed. While she admitted the general truth of her husband's observations, she had an intuitive conviction of their present misapplication. Her womanly instincts were all in Bergan's favour. But that, she knew, was no ground of effective argument.

Her husband looked at her clouded face, for a moment, and then went to her side. "Confess now, Clarissa," said he, pleasantly, laying his hand on her shoulder, "that our nephew's claims upon our attention would never have presented themselves so strongly to your mind, were it not for his late brilliant hit in the court room, and the sudden admiration and popularity which it has won him."

A slight flush showed on Mrs. Bergan's cheek; nevertheless, she met her husband's eyes frankly. "I acknowledge that those things had their effect in making me ashamed of myself," she answered. "But, all the time, I have had an uneasy feeling that we were not doing our duty by your sister's son. Surely, we ought to have been the very last persons to have listened to, and acted upon, a rumour unfavourable to him; or, if it were certain that he had made a false step, we should have been ready with our influence and countenance, to help him to retrieve himself."

"You forget, my dear," said Mr. Bergan, gently, "that it was for Carice's sake. We were thinking only of her."

"Don't you see," returned Mrs. Bergan, seriously, "that if ever Carice is to become over-interested in Bergan, now is the time—now that he is presented to her imagination in the attractive light of a long neglected and misunderstood, but patient, persevering, and, finally, all-conquering hero?"

Mr. Bergan looked as if he did see—several things. "Is that the reason why you propose to throw them together?" he asked, drily.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Bergan, with perfect composure. "The first thing is to destroy the halo with which he is now surrounded, by bringing him into the disenchanting daylight of commonplace, everyday association. Next, we must rob him of the crown of martyrdom, so far as we are concerned, by frankly confessing that we were a little too severe upon him at first, and by doing full justice to his talents in a matter-of-fact way. Finally, we must make the most of the relationship."

"You may be right," said Mr. Bergan, after some moments of deep thought. "Though, at first sight, it looks very much like jumping into the river, to avoid the rain."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Bergan, earnestly, "we cannot keep them apart, if we would, as matters are now turning. Twice already, we have met him at dinner parties, where he is the lion of the hour, and everybody makes much of him but ourselves; and we shall continue to do so until the round is finished. It must be confessed that he wears his honours modestly; at times, I cannot help feeling proud of him myself."

"I never doubted his ability, nor overlooked his pleasing manners," said Mr. Bergan. "But what are they but gems on a poisoned cup, if the virus of intemperance be in his blood, or his principles be unsound?"

"The latter can hardly be the case," remarked Mrs. Bergan, "if the report be true that he refuses to have anything to do with a cause that he does not believe to be just. That seems to argue uncommon strength of principles. At all events, if he gets to visit here frequently and familiarly, we shall have an opportunity of seeing for ourselves what his character really is. He may prove to be everything that is safe and admirable; or he and Carice

may never think of each other in the way that we are contemplating. And, after all, I think we might trust our daughter; she has never shown herself silly or wilful; she is not likely to despise our judgment, or disregard our wishes."

"All the more reason why we should do our whole duty by her," rejoined Mr. Bergan, "in the way of prevention as well as cure. In such matters, parental commands generally come too late to forestall mischief; the most that they do is to prevent it from going any farther."

"True," replied Mrs. Bergan, quietly. "And I confess that I might have been more puzzled what to do, if,"—Mrs. Bergan made a slight pause, to give her words the greater effect (like a wise woman, she had kept her strongest argument until the last),—"if I were not tolerably certain that he is already engaged—or, at least, likely to become so—to Astra Lyte."

"That alters the case, indeed," said Mr. Bergan, thoughtfully. "But what reason have you for thinking so?"

"Miss Ferrars was here last evening, and she told me—in confidence, you know—that she had no doubt of it whatever. Her window overlooks Astra's studio, and she says that she often sees him there, helping Astra about her work, or watching her with the most absorbing interest, or talking to her with a very tell-tale earnestness."

"It would hardly be received as evidence in a court of justice," said Mr. Bergan, smiling, "though it sounds suggestive. But Miss Ferrars is given to gossip—in confidence, as you say."

His wife laughed. "Of course she is; else I should never have heard of this pleasant probability. For both pleasant and probable it certainly is. Astra is turning out a wonderfully fine, talented girl; and she and Mrs. Lyte have been Bergan's fast friends and defenders all along. How can he show his gratitude more gracefully than by marrying her?"

"Does Carice know of this?" asked Mr. Bergan, after a moment.

"Yes; Miss Ferrars told me in her presence, and greatly shocked her by doing so. She thinks it wrong to connect names so carelessly."

"She is right," said Mr. Bergan, emphatically.

"At the same time," continued Mrs. Bergan, "she remarked that it would be a very nice thing, if it were only true. And afterward she said that she would like to renew her acquaintance with Astra;—you remember that the two were very good child-friends, though circumstances have kept them apart of late,—as they have their mothers! I really feel guilty when I think how fond I used to be of Catherine Lyte, and how I have allowed her to slip out of my life. But then we were both invalids for many years, with scarce strength enough for home cares, and not a jot for friendship or society. Still, I have all my old regard for her carefully buried in my

heart, like the talent in the parable; intact, if not in a way to increase. One of these days I mean to dig it up, and go with Carice to pay her a visit, and take a look at the wonders of Astra's studio."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Bergan. "Well! I suppose the conclusion of the whole matter is, that we are to give Bergan a dinner, and the freedom of the house."

"Precisely," replied Mrs. Bergan, nodding her head. "And now I want to consult you about the invitation list."

Mr. Bergan rose hastily. "I am quite content to leave that to you, my dear."

His wife caught his arm. "You are not going to shirk the responsibility in that way," she said, decidedly. "I really want your advice. Am I to ask Doctor Remy?"

"Why not?"

"I don't quite like the man."

"I cannot see what you have against him, unless it be that he was not born in the county, and you don't know his whole pedigree."

Mrs. Bergan did not answer. She knew her dislike to be a case of spontaneous generation, and not at all qualified to give a lucid account of itself.

"Besides," continued her husband, "he is Bergan's particular friend."

"Is he?" asked Mrs. Bergan, innocently. "I did not know that he was anybody's friend."

"Clarissa!" exclaimed Mr. Bergan, rebukingly. "I never heard Doctor Remy speak ill of anybody, in all my acquaintance with him."

"Did you ever hear him speak well of anybody?" responded Mrs. Bergan,— "well enough, that is, to give you new interest, faith, delight in the person of whom he spoke? On the contrary, does he not somehow manage to chill what you have?"

"I cannot say that he talks of his friends with the warm effusion of a woman," answered Mr. Bergan, sarcastically.

"But only with the cold malice of a man," retorted Mrs. Bergan. "There! a truce! He shall come, if only to prove what I have said. Next, I want to invite Mrs. Lyte and Astra."

"Very well."

"And Mr. Islay, and Judge and Mrs. Morris, and——"

"You have seven already," interrupted Mr. Bergan, "making ten with ourselves, which I hold to be the magic number for a dinner party. If you want to invite anybody else, better wait till another time."

Mrs. Bergan was wise enough to be the bearer of her own invitation to Mrs. Lyte, else it would scarcely have been accepted. The latter had lost the taste for society with the habit of it; nothing short of the personal solicitation of her old friend, now asking it as a favour to herself, and now urging it for Astra's sake, would have induced her to give up, even for a few hours, the

seclusion that had slowly been transformed, for her as for most invalids, from a grievous necessity into a calm pleasantness.

Thus far Mrs. Bergan was successful. But she missed seeing either Astra or Bergan; both happened to be out on their respective ways. As regarded the former, it did not much matter; but she was sorry not to see Bergan, and utter the few graceful words of apology for the past as well as of promise for the future, wherewith she had intended to preface her invitation to dinner, and inaugurate her new policy. As it was, she could only leave a pencilled note of invitation on his desk, and reserve her explanation for a personal interview. Then she went back to the studio, where she admired everything cordially, and with wonderful impartiality. Carice, meanwhile, was hanging over the winged cherub, with a deep, silent delight that went to Mrs. Lyte's heart.

"You will take such pleasure in meeting her again!" she said to Astra, when she came in, a few moments after the visitors had gone. "She is just the friend that you need."

"I am not so sure about that!" returned Astra, wilfully. "I sometimes catch a glimpse of her at church, and she looks a great deal too soft, and dainty, and delicate for a friend. If I were a Roman Catholic, I might set her up in a corner, and worship her as a madonna or a saint; but, being a Protestant, I really don't see that I have any need of her, or she, indeed, of me!"

Mrs. Lyte shook her head in mild reproof. "You do say such strange things, Astra," said she, "things so liable to be misunderstood."

"You do not misunderstand them, mamma," returned Astra, fondly.

"No, but Mr. Arling might."

Astra turned in surprise, and met Bergan's quiet smile. He had come in just behind her, and had heard almost the whole.

"I think not," said Astra, coolly. "Mr. Arling is pretty well used to my ways by this time. We were speaking," she continued, "of that ineffable combination of snow and sunshine, lily and rose, saint and angel, known among mortals by the name of Carice Bergan. Can you even imagine being on familiar terms with her? Or would you if you could? Does she not seem fitter for a pedestal or a shrine—some place a little above or remote from life's ordinary round?"

"She does, indeed," replied Bergan, earnestly. "There is a half-unearthly purity about her, that keeps even one's thoughts at a reverent distance. Snow and sunshine!—yes, she has something of both, a kind of soft, white chill, interfused with a rich brightness, half-golden, half-roseate; but it is impossible to put the idea into words!"

And Bergan turned, musingly, towards his office door.

Astra looked after him for a moment, and then glanced smilingly at her mother.

"Fortunately, there are such things as household divinities," said she.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Lyte, wonderingly.

But Astra did not explain.

### XIII.

#### DINNER-TABLE TALK.

LATE wisdom is apt to taste of the flower of folly whences it is distilled. So, at least, thought Mrs. Bergan, when, months afterward, she looked back upon her dinner-party, and seemed to see in it the beginning of trouble. But it is probable that nothing which she could have done, or left undone, would have availed to alter the natural, irresistible course of events. At the most, she may have hastened its current a little. Her dinner-party only furnished a convenient point of meeting for lives inevitably tending toward each other, for influences long converging, and certain to meet at last, in clash or harmony. Without it, there must needs have been a swift birth of friendship between Carice and Astra at their next meeting, which meeting could not have been much longer deferred. Without it, Doctor Remy would assiduously have spun his web for self-advantage, fastening his threads indifferently to whatever or whomsoever seemed to promise the best support, and quickly unfastening them whenever a prop failed him. Without it, the hearts of Bergan and Carice would sooner or later have inclined toward each other, by reason of an instinct truer and surer than maternal foresight or forestalling.

The dinner was, *per se*, a success. The table was elegant with glass, silver, and flowers; the viands were the creation of one of those round, greasy Africanesses, who are born to the gridiron not less indubitably than a poet to the lyre, and white-haired old Sancho waited with a blending of obsequiousness and pomposity wonderful to behold. There were neither culinary failures to harrow the soul of the hostess, nor glass fractures or sauce-spillings to disconcert her guests.

As has been already hinted, the more immediate and visible result of the dinner-party at Oakstead, was a swift budding and blossoming of friendship between Carice and Astra. Despite the playful disclaimer of the latter, when the probability of such a consummation had been mentioned by her mother, no sooner did the two girls meet face to face, the grey eyes and the blue ones looking straight into each other's depths, than there was an instant, unlooked-for revival of their childish affection and confidence, quickly informed by a deeper sympathy and fuller comprehension. It was much like sisters—unavoidably separated for years, but in whom the instinct of kinship cannot be lost—that they sat talking together, in a twilight corner of the parlour, until the gentlemen came from the dining-room.

As a natural consequence of this friendship, Carice came often to Astra's studio. Not infrequently she met

Bergan there. Remembering Miss Ferrars' statement, and giving it more credit than she was really aware of, she wondered, sometimes, that she could detect no sign of a secret or tacit understanding between him and Astra. Their manner to each other was most frank and kind, but it seemed totally devoid of any lover-like quality. She finally settled it in her mind that no engagement existed as yet; but she also decided that, inasmuch as they were admirably fitted for each other, it was sure to come in good time. Nothing better, she thought, in her innocent heart, could well be devised for either.

Astra, meanwhile, was watching Bergan and Carice with as warm an interest and a far more penetrating glance, and often she smiled to herself over the discoveries that she made. To her they appeared to be drifting as surely, if unconsciously, down the smooth, gliding current of love as could be desired. She was glad to have it so. She believed them to be true counterparts, needing each to be completed by the other. Bergan had strength, nobleness, enthusiasm; Carice had sweetness, purity, repose; how beautiful and fit the union, how symmetrical the result! There was a genuine artistic joy in the thought.

And then, all at once, she forgot to watch them. Suddenly or gradually, she knew not which, a magical change had been wrought in her surroundings; old things had vanished, all things had become new. A new sky, a new earth—stars and cloud-shapes of bewitching vagueness and softness—scenery of wondrous colouring and surpassing loveliness—lights that were tenderer than any shadows, and shadows that were only subdued lights; of what were these things the signs? Had she also been drifting, and whither?

### PART THIRD.

#### THE IN-GATHERING.

##### I.—UNFOLDINGS.

SPRING was abroad in the land. No one could tell just when she had stolen into the woods and gardens, and began her pleasant labours, but there was no question about the fact of her presence and industry. Everywhere there were the tender green of newborn foliage, and the varied odours of opening buds and blossoms. The new leaves of the ilex trees had quietly pushed off the old ones. The hedges were thick-sown with the white stars of the Cherokee rose. The passion-vine trailed its purple garments along the fences. *Houstonias* spread a soft blue haze over the grass. Wild plum and cherry trees flung drifts of fragrant snow along the road side. The air was faint with perfume from the ivory censers of the magnolia, swinging dreamily overhead. Wherever a vine could cling and climb, there was a seemingly miraculous outburst of foliage and flowers; every dry stick and stem



became a leafy thyrus, every crumbling stump a green and garlanded altar.

Mrs. Lyte's great, irregular thicket of a garden was quick to feel the genial influence, and to twine and twist itself into a denser tangle than ever. Rose bushes laughed the virtue of economy to scorn, with their perfumed affluence of pink and crimson and yellow. Pomegranates burst into scarlet flames; mimosas tossed aloft feathery balls of many hues. Jessamines and honeysuckles, holding up vases of gold, to catch every sunbeam, ran hither and thither at their own sweet will. So did tiny green lizards, with scarlet throats, and swift chameleons, with curious intelligent eyes. The air was tuneful with the flight and song of bees and hummingbirds, cooing doves, and shining-winged spindles. Manifest, in truth, were the garden's delight: varied sound and colour and perfume, cheerful radiance and gentle gloom, unobtrusive companionship and soft seclusion, were all to be found within its pleasant compass.

And, as the days drew long and warm with the Spring's advance, Bergan now and then, growing weary of the confinement and monotony of his office, took his Blackstone, or Kent, or whatever might be the legal authority under examination, and gave himself the refreshment of an hour's reading, in one of the garden's shady, sequestered nooks. Doing this, one sultry afternoon in May, the drowsy influence of the atmosphere, and the soothing murmurousness of the insects' song, soon proved too potent for the logical connection of the learned legal thesis; there were unaccountable gaps between fact and deduction; and, going back to pick up the broken thread, Bergan lost it altogether. Sleep had stolen upon him through the dusky foliage, and she held him fast until the latest sunbeam, through a convenient aperture in the verdant walls, laid its light finger on his eyelids.

Waking suddenly, but completely, hushed voices, proceeding from a neighbouring thicket, met his ear.

"Impossible, Felix."

"But, Astra—"

Had there been danger in those low, earnest accents, Bergan could scarcely have started up more quickly and cautiously, nor have fled from them faster. As he expected and desired, the low boughs closing and rustling behind him, made what followed inaudible. He was loath to hear another word. He felt almost guilty for having heard so much. Those subdued, confidential tones, those quietly spoken Christian names, had, of themselves, been a startling revelation. For, notwithstanding her frank, easy, affable deportment toward those who came within her sphere, Astra Lyte knew well how to hedge herself round with a maidenly dignity that kept familiarity at a distance. She was not the kind of girl whose Christian name finds its way easily to unaccustomed lips. Despite his own residence, for a considerable time, under the same roof, and the frank and friendly intercourse which had grown out of it—despite, too, the

fact that Mrs. Lyte often called him her son, and Cathie was wont to spring to his arms as to those of a brother—it had never occurred to himself to call her anything less formal than "Miss Lyte." Nor would it have done to Doctor Remy, he felt sure, without the sufficient warrant of a close and tender relation. This premise being established, the conclusion that such a relation existed was unavoidable.

Yet Bergan could not help wondering a little at the Doctor's ready success. Astra's genius, he thought, should have saved her from any hasty bestowal of her affections. He did not know that, in this regard, a woman of genius differs little from the most commonplace of her sisters. She gives her affections as trustfully, and flings herself away as freely, as the silliest of them all.

Though Bergan, driven by a nice sense of honour, had fled so precipitately from the voices and the neighbourhood of the lovers, there is no reason why the reader may not return thither, and see what is to be learned from their conversation.

"I cannot think it right," said Astra, "to leave mother in ignorance any longer."

"Do you think, then," asked Doctor Remy, reproachfully, "that I would ask you to do anything wrong?"

Astra hesitated for a moment. Perhaps it then and there occurred to her, for the first time, that the Doctor's standard of right was likely to differ from her own, in the same ratio as his religious faith.

Doctor Remy did not wait for the tardy answer. Putting his arm round Astra, he drew her head on to his shoulder. The movement might have been prompted by tenderness; none the less, it had the effect to take his face out of her line of vision.

"All my life long, Astra," said he, in a deep, moved tone—(it is often easier to put a desired note into the voice than a corresponding expression into the face)—"all my life long I have had a strange desire to be trusted—trusted implicitly. Faith without sight—blind, unquestioning faith—is to me one of the most beautiful as well as desirable things on earth; all the more so, perhaps, that it is not given to me to feel it. But it has always been my dream, my hope to inspire it. In my ideal picture of the woman whom I should love, it was always her consummate, irresistible charm. Must I now make up my mind to do without it?"

Astra was touched. "If it did not seem to be wrong!" she exclaimed.

The Doctor shook his head. "That is not trust," said he, "at least, not the trust that I mean. Who can so order circumstances that they shall never seem to condemn him? But the faith of which I speak, having once assured itself of the integrity of its beloved, never again admits it to be an open question."

Astra was silent. The Doctor heaved a heavy sigh. "I see that I am not to realize my ideal," said he. "Well, it cannot be helped. I will give you the explanation that you need. Perhaps, being satisfied, in this

instance, that I have a good reason for what I do, you will be able to trust me hereafter."

"I will, indeed, I will!" exclaimed Astra, eagerly.

"The worst of it is," pursued the Doctor, "that you compel me to betray a trust—your mother's trust."

Astra's cheek flushed. She had been miserable at the idea of keeping anything from her mother; was she, then, the one really excluded from confidence?

"Stay," said she, proudly, "I do not wish to hear anything that my mother desires to conceal from me."

"Then," replied the Doctor, "it is impossible for me to explain why our engagement must not be made known at present to your mother."

Astra looked bewildered, as well she might, at this apparently inscrutable complication.

Doctor Remy seemed to take pity on her perplexity. "Listen, dear," said he, "and you will soon understand. Your mother consulted me professionally a fortnight since."

Astra's cheek grew white with sudden fear. "What is it?" she gasped.

"There is no immediate danger," said the Doctor, "and may not be for years with due precautions. But there is a tendency to heart disease, and it is imperative just now that she should not be agitated; and this, Astra, is the reason why she must not hear of our engagement for some time to come."

Astra looked down thoughtfully. "I think you are mistaken," said she. "I believe it would be a relief to her to know that my future is in such good hands."

"Doubtless, that would be the ultimate effect," replied Doctor Remy; "but there would be emotional excitement, at first, more than is good for her; so much that I, as a physician, am bound to forbid it."

Astra could not but admit that the prohibition was just. Mrs. Lyte had seemed very fragile and feeble of late. Astra had urged that application to Doctor Remy which, it now appeared, her mother had made, but in regard to the results of which she had chosen to keep silence—from a loving wish, probably, to save her daughter from unavailing anxiety. Astra's heart swelled at the thought.

"Are you *sure*," she asked, "that there is no immediate danger?"

"As sure as one can be in such cases, if she is kept quiet."

"And is there any probability that the disease may be eventually cured?"

"There is a possibility, with the same indispensable condition."

Doctor Remy waited for a moment, in order that Astra might be duly impressed with this answer; then he asked, with a kind of proud humility—

"Have I justified myself in this matter?"

"Forgive me," said Astra, penitently. "Of course I never really distrusted your motives; I only fancied that my duty to my mother could not be affected by them."

"You see," suggested Doctor Remy, "how easy it is to be misled by appearances, even with the best intentions. The faith, of which I used to dream, would never have fallen into that error."

"I will try to have it hereafter," said Astra.

"And yet," returned Doctor Remy, "you will doubtless insist upon a further explanation of the reason why I do not wish our engagement to be known to the outside world."

"Indeed, I shall not," returned Astra, glad of an opportunity of proving that she was neither so distrustful nor so curious as he believed. "Of course, the outside world must wait till mother is informed; she has the right to the first telling. If you have any other reason for keeping the matter secret, I do not seek to know it."

Could Astra have seen the look of triumph in Doctor Remy's face she would have been startled; but he only said, quietly—

"Thank you for so much trust." And, after a moment, he added, "As you say, it is your mother's right to know first. Of course, then, you will not indulge in any confidences to intimate friends."

"Certainly not," said Astra, a little surprised. "Indeed, I have none, except, perhaps, Carice Bergan."

"I would not mention it even to her," said the Doctor.

"I do not intend to," replied Astra, decidedly. "But I must go in; mother will miss me."

## II.

### THE FOUNDATIONS FAIL.

ASTRA'S light form being quickly lost behind the intervening foliage, Doctor Remy turned slowly and meditatively toward his office; which, inasmuch as it had been built for the use and behoof of the late Doctor Lyte, possessed its own door of convenient communication with the garden.

And so, it had come to pass that, as Doctor Remy walked up the shady garden walk, he had good reason to congratulate himself upon the success, thus far, of his plans. Not only was Astra won, but she had consented to keep silence about the wooing, for awhile. Thus he was saved from the awkwardness of having to account to Mrs. Lyte for his unwillingness to have the engagement made public. It would be difficult to invent a reason likely to commend itself to her judgment; yet it was out of the question to give her the real one—namely, his reasonable doubt whether he should be altogether acceptable to Major Bergan as the future husband of that gentleman's heiress, and so, in some sense, as his heir; and his consequent fear lest the will in her favour should be set aside. Such a confession might give a mercenary tinge to his suit, in Mrs. Lyte's eyes, which he wisely deprecated. So far as he knew, neither she nor her

daughter had heard of the Major's declaration of his gracious intentions toward the latter; or, if they had, they regarded it only as a meaningless ebullition of his rage at Bergan Arling. Such, in truth would the Doctor himself have thought it, except for certain later inquiries respecting Miss Lyte, put to himself by the Major; which seemed to show that the matter had not escaped his memory. Besides, in consideration of the Major's bitter resentment toward his brother and nephew—extending, apparently, to everybody connected with either—no more eligible heir to the Bergan estate was to be found than Astra Lyte. If the Major had made his will, as he threatened, there was no one, in the whole Bergan connection, with so strong a claim upon his favourable consideration.

Here the Doctor paused for a moment in his slow walk. "If!" he muttered, peevishly. "To think that the whole thing turns on a miserable 'if!' I must contrive some way of finding out whether that will—or any will—was ever made. There must be no defective nor missing links in this chain, nothing to invite the meddling of the cursed fate which has followed me so long. The Major must not be permitted to die, one of these days—by the interposition of Providence and delirium tremens, or something vastly like it—and leave me with an abortive plan and a portionless *fiancée*. To be sure, I should not be long in getting rid of the latter, but there would be no help for the former."

His soliloquy had brought him to his office door. Suddenly bethinking himself, then, that a certain patient had been overlooked in the catalogue of the day's duties, he called for his horse, and set out to make good the omission.

His road led past the Bergan estate. As he was galloping swiftly onward, absorbed in his own reflections, he heard an energetic "Halloo!" Pulling up his horse, and looking back, he beheld Major Bergan leaning over a small gate, which opened into the fields near the quarter.

"Are you deaf?" was his angry salutation, duly emphasized with an oath. "Here I've been hollering after you till I'm black in the face. I wish I had saved myself the trouble!"

"All the fault of my horse's hoofs," replied the Doctor, good-humouredly, as he turned his horse toward the gate; "they made such a clatter under me, that I could not well hear anything else. How can I serve you?"

Major Bergan hesitated. Apparently his business did not come readily to his lips.

"Perhaps you are on your way to a patient," he finally observed, as if he would be well enough suited to find an excuse for not broaching it at all.

His reluctance only stimulated the Doctor's curiosity. "The case is not urgent," said he, carelessly; "by and by, or even to-morrow morning, will do just as well. There is no reason why I should not be entirely at your service—as I am."

"Come in, then," returned the Major, in a tone that

was far from gracious, but swinging open the gate, nevertheless, for Doctor Remy's admission.

The latter dismounted, led his horse through, and slipping the bridle over his arm, walked by the Major's side to the cottage. On the way, the latter vouchsafed a brief explanation of his wishes.

"I've been thinking a good deal of the advice that you gave me awhile ago," said he, "and—and—I've concluded to make my will. So, seeing you riding by, just as my mind was full of the subject, it occurred to me that I might as well call you in, and have the thing over with."

"And a very sensible decision," returned Doctor Remy, as quietly as if he were not filled with unexpected delight that the information which he had hoped to gain only at cost of some deep and difficult scheming, was thus placed within easy reach. "I only wonder that you have not done it before."

"I don't see why I should," replied Major Bergan, sharply; "I've always been strong and hearty—what had I to do with making wills? And, now that I think of it, what have I to do with it now? I'm not in a decline yet, by any means."

"So much the better for your work," replied Doctor Remy, composedly. "Deathbed wills are often contested. No one will question your soundness of mind at present."

"I should think not," said the Major, decidedly. "If he did, he wouldn't be apt to doubt the soundness of my sinews—I'd horsewhip him into instant conviction."

"Are you provided with witnesses?" asked the Doctor, when the Major's chuckle had subsided.

"Witnesses? How many does it want?"

"Two are necessary."

The Major mused for a moment. "I can have them here by the time they are needed," said he. "My new overseer at Number Two will do for one, and I'll send for Proverb Dick for the other. Step into the cottage, and make yourself at home for a moment, while I see about it."

Doctor Remy flung himself into the first chair that presented itself, and sank into a fit of thought. A vague disquietude oppressed him, notwithstanding that events seemed to be shaping themselves so much in accordance with his wishes. He believed himself to be on the eve of victory, or at least of a certain measure of present success which would ensure victory; but both religion and philosophy, he knew, were agreed in representing human expectations as of the nature of the flower of the field, in various danger from the frost, the knife, and the uprooting wind. To this general testimony he could add the special confirmation of his own experience. Like most men, Doctor Remy had the sobering privilege of looking back upon a career of which the successes were few, and the failures and disappointments many. The track of his earthly pilgrimage, thus far, he bitterly thought, was tolerably well strewn with wrecks and abortions.

Why, he asked himself, had he failed? Because of

his mistakes, no doubt. Let every man bear the blame of his own acts, and not try to throw it off on his neighbours, or that convenient scapegoat, Providence. Looking back, he could discern many a point (and notably one) where he had committed a grave error. But his mistakes had been his instructors, nevertheless. He had gained from them knowledge that should stand him in good stead yet. To his former qualities of boldness, energy, perseverance, and skill, he now added the experience that could use them to better effect. It would be strange indeed if he could not henceforth command success.

He had just reached this conclusion when Major Bergan joined him. Ample provision of lights, paper, pens, and ink, being then placed upon the table, together with the inevitable brandy bottle, the two gentlemen sat down opposite each other, and Doctor Remy began his task of drawing up the will. He first wrote the usual legal preamble, in a clear, rapid hand, and read it aloud for Major Bergan's approval. Some small legacies followed, taken down nearly *verbatim* from the Major's dictation. Doctor Remy then waited, for some moments, with his pen suspended over the paper, while the Major seemed trying vainly to arrange his thoughts.

"I don't quite know how to word the next," said he, at length, "you must put it into shape yourself. I hold a mortgage of the place where Catherine Lyte lives; and I want it cancelled, at my death, in her favour, or, if she does not survive me, in favour of her daughter Astra."

"You surprise me," remarked Doctor Remy, as he began to write; "I have always understood that the place was free from incumbrance."

"You understood wrong, then," replied Major Bergan. "Though, for anything that I know, Catherine Lyte may think so herself. You see, Harvey got into difficulties eight or nine years ago, and I lent him money, and took a mortgage on the place. He kept the interest paid up until his death; and since then, nothing has been said to me about either interest or principal; from which I concluded that Catherine did not know of the fact. And as I felt sorry for her, I decided to say nothing about it myself, as long as I was not in need of the money, nor likely to be. But it will not do her any harm to know, after I am dead, that I have been kinder to her than she knew of."

Doctor Remy looked up with a smile. "I suspect," said he, "that it would not be well for her to offend you."

"I don't know about that," replied Major Bergan, complacently. "She did offend me, when she took my nephew in; and I came pretty near foreclosing then. But Maumer Rue convinced me that she could not afford to refuse a good offer for her rooms; and moreover, as Harry only had his office there, and took his meals at the hotel, she need not have much more to do with him than I did, if she did not choose."

Doctor Remy did not think it necessary to enlighten the Major in regard to Bergan's familiarity with the

family of Mrs. Lyte, since such a disclosure must needs militate directly against his own ends. He silently put the Major's wish into correct legal phrase and form, and then lifted his head with the question:—

"What next?"

Major Bergan's face grew grave and troubled. Thus far, it had been easy work, merely giving away what he did not care for, and should not miss. But now that the bulk of his property, real and personal, was to come in question, he groaned inwardly at the necessity of bequeathing it to any one. Did it not represent all the hopes, energies, labours and results of his whole life? What a naked, shivering, miserable soul he would be without it! He had a feeling that he should never be quite certain of his own identity, in eternity, without the houses, and the lands, the negroes and the gold, for which he had lived in time.

"Well!" said Doctor Remy, by way of reminding him that he was still waiting.

The Major frowned; nevertheless, after another moment, he resumed his dictation.

"I give and bequeath," said he, slowly, "my house known as Bergan Hall, with all the lands thereto pertaining, including the rice-plantation known as 'Number Two'; also my three houses in the town of Berganton; also my block in the city of Savannah; also my negroes, horses, mills, and plantation implements; also, my household furniture and other personal property, including all bonds, mortgages, monies, and all other property whereof I die possessed, to —"

Doctor Remy had written down the items of this comprehensive inventory with a delight that he could scarcely keep from shining out in his face; and he now held his pen over the paper, while the Major paused, in real enjoyment of so timely an opportunity for pleasurable recapitulation and anticipation. The pause being a long one, however, he finally raised his eyes to the rugged features opposite, and saw that they were tremulous with emotion. Words, too, soon began to break from the Major's lips, according to the habit which had grown upon him in his solitude;—he had forgotten for the time, that he was not alone.

"He is the natural heir, as Maumer Rue insists," he muttered, "and the only one justified by the old family precedents. But," he went on, as Doctor Remy began to tremble, vicariously, for Astra's prospects, "he left me without so much as saying 'good bye'; he did just what he knew I was most bitterly opposed to; and he has never come near me since. No, he shall not have it!—he never shall have it, in spite of Maumer Rue's prophecies—I'll take care of that!"

And he began to repeat slowly, "bonds, mortgages, monies, and all other property whereof I die possessed, to —to—"

Again he paused.

"Why can't he say 'to Astra Lyte,' and have done with it?" thought Doctor Remy, impatiently, as he suddenly



checked his pen in the midst of the first curve of the letter A.

The Major made another effort;—"To my niece, Carice Bergan," he concluded, with a sigh.

Doctor Remy's face fell so suddenly, that it attracted the Major's attention.

"Well! what is the matter now?" he demanded, sharply.

Doctor Remy could not immediately answer. His mind was in a whirl of confusion, disappointment, and anxiety. Mechanically, he put his hand to his brow; and the gesture helped him to a plausible explanation.

"A sudden pain," said he, in a low, shaken voice; "I have felt it several times of late. Wait a minute, it will soon be over."

And covering his eyes with his hands, he addressed himself at once to the task of answering the difficult question:—

What is to be done now?

It was well for him that he was accustomed to think rapidly and clearly, in the immediate presence of danger, that he was tenacious of purpose too, and that his instinct, in the midst of overthrow and ruin, was to commence at once to rebuild. Yet, for some moments, not an available suggestion presented itself, not a shadow of help for the exigency that had so unexpectedly arisen.

"Then, suddenly, a thought came to him, and with it, a gleam of hope. He took his hands from his eyes, and looked the Major gravely in the face.

"Before we go any farther," said he, "I feel bound in honour to make a confession. If I had supposed that writing your will was going to put me in such an awkward position, I should certainly have desired you to look elsewhere for a lawyer. However, it cannot be helped now. Well, the truth is"—he stopped for a moment, as if to overcome an excessive reluctance,—"*the truth is, I have long admired your niece; and now, as my practice is steadily increasing, and I think I could take care of a wife, I had made up my mind to ask permission to pay her my addresses.*"

Major Bergan uttered a prolonged "Whew!" and settled himself back in his chair. "That alters the case, certainly," said he, after a brief consideration of this new phase of the matter.

"I am glad to hear it," exclaimed Doctor Remy, eagerly. "Pray—if it is not too selfish in me to ask it—pray give Bergan Hall to the next most eligible claimant, and leave me Miss Carice."

The Major raised his eyebrows, and, leaning forward, fixed his eyes on Doctor Remy, as if he had found a new and interesting subject of study.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, gravely, "that you would rather have Carice without Bergan Hall than with it?"

"Decidedly," replied Doctor Remy. "I prefer an equal match to an unequal one. I prefer to be credited with honourable motives, rather than mercenary ones. I

don't want to be a pensioner on my wife's bounty. It is doubtful if I could ever make up my mind to address the heiress of Bergan Hall. And thus, you see, if you persist in making Miss Bergan your legatee, you are playing the mischief with my hopes and plans."

Major Bergan continued to stare, thoughtfully, at the Doctor. He was beginning rather to like this disinterested suitor.

"Have you any reason to think that Carice favours you?" he asked, finally.

Doctor Remy hesitated. "I really don't know how to answer that question. If I should say 'yes,' in view of the 'trifles light as air,' from which I have ventured to draw some slight encouragement, I should seem, even to myself, to be a conceited ass; and yet, if you would only be good enough not to throw Bergan Hall into the scale against me, I should not be absolutely without hope."

Major Bergan gave a short laugh. "Who will know," he asked, "that Carice is to have Bergan Hall? I expect you to keep my counsel in this matter. That is why I asked you to do the business. I had an idea that you were closer-mouthed, both by nature and training, than those lawyers in Berganton."

"I shall know it," replied Doctor Remy, virtuously, answering the Major's question, and taking no notice of the compliment which followed it. "And I shall know, too, that the heiress of Bergan Hall, if she were aware of her position, might reasonably expect to find a better match than a mere country physician."

"On my soul," exclaimed the Major, heartily, "I think she might 'go farther and fare worse!' Go on, Doctor, and win her, if you can; you have my best wishes for your success. Leave Bergan Hall out of the question; indeed, it may never come into it, after all. Carice may refuse you——"

("Little doubt of that," thought the Doctor.)

"I may alter my will a dozen times, or make a new one——"

"You will have to be in a hurry if you do," thought the Doctor again, grimly.)

"At any rate, I expect you to frame that one so that Carice's husband, whoever he may be, can have no control whatever over the property. It is to be hers, and her children's, only. So scribble away there, at your best pace, or Proverb Dick will be here before we get through."

"But your brother Godfrey," began Doctor Remy, in despair, racking his brains for some consideration that would be likely to shake the Major's purpose.

"My brother Godfrey," interrupted Major Bergan, sternly, "has nothing to do with this matter. I don't give the property to him, but to Carice. Perhaps, on the whole, I had better just give her a life-interest in it, and then have it go to her eldest son, who shall take the name of Bergan, and be christened Harry. Yes, that will be the better way. Write it down so."

"But——" began Doctor Remy again.

"Save your 'buts' until we get through," broke in Major Bergan, sharply. "I tell you, Carice *shall* have the place. If you don't want her with it, you can let her alone. And if you can't, or won't, write my will to suit me, I'll send for some one who can and will."

This threat effectually silenced Doctor Remy. It was essential that the matter should not be taken out of his hands, till he had satisfied himself that it could in nowise be turned to his account. "If it comes to the worst," said he to himself, "it is something to have the document in my own handwriting. That gives me a better chance to furnish a substitute at need."

With the rigid self-control that always characterized him, therefore, he now put aside, as far as might be, his own hopes and plans, and set himself diligently to the work of completing the will, in accordance with the Major's instructions, and to his entire satisfaction. He did not even move a muscle when, in due time, the Major dictated a paragraph to the effect that if Carice should not survive him, or should die without issue, the estate should fall to a distant cousin, now in Europe, whose sole claim to his consideration appeared to be that he bore the family name. The Doctor was proof against

any further shocks this evening. Fate had done her worst for him, in forcing him to write "Carice Bergan," where he had confidently expected to write "Astra Lyte," and to find his account in so doing.

At the end of an hour, three closely-written sheets lay upon the table, ready for the signatures of the witnesses, whenever they should appear; and the Major, drawing a long breath of relief to see his lugubrious business so nearly finished, applied himself to the brandy bottle for appropriate refreshment. Doctor Remy sat silent, abstractedly toying with the pen that had been making such havoc with his plans.

Suddenly he raised his eyes to Major Bergan's face with the question—

"How did that medicine suit you?"

"Admirably," replied the Major. "I have had one attack since you were here—a tolerably severe one, too—but the second powder acted like a charm."

"The second powder!" thought the Doctor. "I am afraid that I gave him too many! At that rate, if chance favours him, he may hold on for a year, or more."

He was opening his lips for another remark, when the door shook under a vigorous rap; and scarce waiting for the Major's invitation, Dick Causton entered.

## LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.

NOW that I have given my readers what may be called the skeleton part of my subject, we may turn to the more agreeable occupation of clothing it with flesh. The dry bones of etiquette are necessary, but it is only where the spirit is infused into them that they make any man or woman truly courteous. We have studied the laws of etiquette, now let us look at some of those unwritten laws on tact and good manners, without which the laws of etiquette will only succeed in making you an automaton.

As this magazine is especially addressed to young Englishwomen, there is a subject upon which I wish to speak to them openly—that is, their behaviour in the society of men. It is a rather difficult subject, because it is one on which little has been said to Englishwomen. They have always been expected to know that by instinct. Now instinct is a very good thing, and woman's instinct has been lauded both in prose and verse, but what people often call instinct in a woman is the result of experience, and girls just home from school have had no experience of men's society. It is for us older women, who have, to point out to them the rocks we have avoided or hurt

ourselves against, and the places we have always found good.

From not having had this sort of cultivation, which it is the province and the privilege of older women to give to younger ones, girls often make sad mistakes. They do not want a schoolmistress' view of the question, but that of a sympathizing counsellor, one whose experience they may profit by or reject as they choose.

The sort of relationship that women have with men may be classified under three heads—every man you associate with is either an acquaintance, a friend, or a lover. We will first look at our relationships with men acquaintances.

When women first go into the society of men who are simply acquaintances, they not infrequently feel shy and awkward; if they are spoken to, they blush and look distressed, and sometimes they giggle. Now there is often in timidity as much vanity and foolishness as there is in conceit. In either case it is because the idea of self overrides all other ideas. If you do not think about yourself at all, but look upon your own dignity as quite a secondary consideration, your manners will be natural.

and natural manners go far in making your society agreeable to men. But natural manners are not everything, unless it is your nature to be graceful and not self-asserting. If I were making a negative code I should say: Never speak in an authoritative or loud voice, for a low voice is ever "an excellent thing in women." Do not make any difference in your expression when you are speaking or listening to a gentleman to what you would do if the gentleman were his sister or mother. Remember I am speaking of simple acquaintanceship. Never look conscious at the natural courtesies you receive from gentlemen, but accept them as though it was what you were always used to from men; as though all men were naturally expected to be gentlemen: it goes a long way towards making them so.

But all men are not alike, and a woman must modify her manners according to the men she meets. There are, thank heaven, English gentlemen in whose society a woman need put on no armour, whose respect for women is so great that a woman may be as amiable, and talkative, and free in her manners as is compatible with being a lady.

A woman must employ all the tact she is endowed with to know how to distinguish those men with whom she may become intimate and those to whom she ought to refuse all intimacy.

Among the latter are many who sin from ignorance, and there is a quiet way by which a well-bred woman can show them they sin, which is often effectual in correcting their manners; but no young girl can attempt this—it only comes with experience.

From amongst our acquaintances we choose our friends and remember—

"However many friends you have,  
You have never a friend to spare;  
But if you have one enemy  
You will find him everywhere."

—and friendship between men and women is one of the fountain heads of happiness in this world.

And now we have come to a rock on which English girls often split—the gradation that separates friendship from love, or, to speak more plainly, the finding of a husband.

I wish English girls could hear the talk that goes on amongst young men about the girls they meet, or better still they should hear a man who is particular about women's behaviour, talking seriously of the reasons he gives for not choosing a wife amidst his girl acquaintances. "They throw themselves at a fellow's head so," one said to me the other day. "You can't show a girl any attention but she immediately thinks you are in love with her, and behaves as if you had said so. I want to think of women as of something far above me that it will take all that I can do to win; but they will not let me, they make themselves so cheap. You have only to touch the apple and it falls into your hand."

Men esteem women exactly on their own valuation. According to the way you behave towards yourself so will men behave towards you. If you set so poor a price on your intimacy that any ball-room partner or three days' acquaintance can presume upon it, we cannot be astonished that they do so presume. Women should make men feel they are worth knowing, worth honouring, worth loving, but that their intimacy and love are priceless treasures to be won, not cheap things that any fellow may have for the asking and sometimes without.

It must be distinctly understood that we are no advocates for prudery. If a woman cannot make herself respected without being a prude, she will never know the blessedness of men's friendship, for men do not like prudes, and they are right. Prudery is an affectation of superiority, and of all affectations that is the one least forgiven or forgivable.

The friendship of a good woman—a woman who, while entering into the ways, doings, thoughts, and aspirations of men, can make them feel that womanhood is sacred—the friendship of such a woman is a blessing to any man, and especially to a young man. One of the misfortunes attendant upon a girl's being what is termed "fast" is, that she not only does herself an injury, but injures men and other women too. A young man fresh from school or college, who, on beginning life, meets with women of that sort, gets an estimate of women that sinks all womanhood in his esteem, and often keeps him from realizing to the full that verse of Cowper's:—

"Man without woman's a beggar,  
Suppose the whole world he possess'd;  
And the beggar that's got a good woman,  
With more than the world he is blest."

And now we are entering upon sacred ground, or what ought to be sacred ground, where friendship develops into love, into courtship, and marriage. My readers will say, "But what has etiquette to do there?" This much: it regulates the behaviour of two people who love each other when they are in the society of others. It forbids scenes and all manifestation of that love then.

Nothing degrades any great or sacred feeling like exposing its manifestation to indifferent people.

La Bruyère once drew a woman's portrait, and in it we see many lessons on women's intercourse with men. Our translation does not give the *verve* of the original, but enough is retained to illustrate our point:—

"The mind of this charming woman was a diamond well set. A mixture of intellectual satisfaction and pleasure occupies the eyes and heart of those who speak to her; there is in her the making of a perfect friend; there is also wherewith to take one farther than friendship! Too young and fresh not to please, but too modest to think about pleasing, she only values men for their merit, and only thinks of them as friends.

"Bright and capable of feeling, she surprises and interests men; nothing ignorant of all that is most deli-

cate and fine in wit, she comes out with happy sallies which give, amongst other pleasures, the impossibility of answering. She speaks as a learner, who wishes to be enlightened, but she listens as an authority, who appreciates what is said, and with whom nothing is lost. Far from trying to show her wit by arguing with you like some women, who would rather be called witty than wise or just, she beautifies your thought and applies it. You are pleased at having thought so well, and at having expressed it better than you had any idea of.

"She is always above vanity, whether she speaks or writes; she forgets to be superficial where depth is

necessary; she understands already that simplicity is eloquent. If she wishes to serve anyone and to interest you in their cause, she leaves fine phrases and tries to move you by sincerity, ardour, earnestness and conviction. Her strongest trait is a love of reading, with a taste for the society of men of genius, not for the sake of being known by them, but for the sake of knowing them. We may praise her beforehand, for all the wisdom she will one day have, and for the qualities that will increase with her years, because she is upright on principle, and is reserved without being shy. Should occasion serve, we may expect all virtues to shine in her."

## JESSAMINE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

ROY FORDHAM remained ten days longer in Dundee in consequence of an arrangement made by his brother professors by which they divided his duties among them, Dr. Baxter, whose partiality for him was proverbial, taking a double share upon himself. The furlough was not accepted by him without misgivings. He felt that he ought to be in his place at the beginning of the college session, and that to avail himself further of the generous kindness of trustees and faculty, after a year's absence, was an abuse of the same. Dr. Baxter wrote him two strong, short letters to refute this idea, and he found additional solace for his conscience in the discovery that he was needed by the sisters. Eunice and he were joint executors of Mr. Kirke's small property. To Jessie were left her mother's dowry with the accumulated interest; her mother's picture, and certain articles of jewellery, dress, and furniture, which had been hers. Everything else was Eunice's—a portion that did not nearly equal her sister's, but with which she was more than content. The settlement of the estate was easily accomplished. The just man had no debts, and the few legal papers needful to secure the title of his possessions to his children were in perfect order.

At the end of a week the only open question was that of Eunice's residence. Roy had engaged a house in Hamilton, and was urgent in his desire that she should live with Jessie and himself. The conscientious elder sister hesitated in the knowledge that her income would not support her in like comfort anywhere else.

"My inclination leads me to follow Jessie," she confessed to her brother-in-law. "My sense of duty to myself and to you makes me doubt the propriety and justice of living in comparative idleness, when, if I had not the shelter of your roof, I must work to eke out a maintenance."

Which quibble Roy pronounced absurd and far-fetched.

"Quite unworthy of sensible Eunice! To say nothing of the manifest unkindness to our poor girl here," he said, as his wife entered the room where he was sitting. "Come here, love, and convince this unreasonable and sceptical woman that she is indispensable to our happiness."

Jessie yielded passively to the arm that drew her to his knee.

"What is it?" she asked, listlessly.

Roy gave an abstract of the situation.

She looked confused—uncertain whether she had heard him aright. It was an effort to understand anything, sometimes. Roy and Eunice glanced from her to one another. They saw that dazed look, heard her stammer oftener than either liked; dreaded nothing else so much as they did the repetition of the scenes attending their father's demise and burial.

"Of course she will live with me—with us, wherever we go!" she rejoined. "Unless you object"—to Roy. "But I was under the impression that you wished it—that the matter was definitely arranged."

"It is now!" said Roy confidently, and Eunice did not dispute it.

There was a clear, more constant light in her eye, now that the responsibility of the decision was removed from her, and the step determined upon without her vote. The prospect of separation from her sister was very painful, and there were other reasons why Hamilton should be a pleasant home to them all. This was her representation of the case to herself and to the friends who lamented losing her.

"Mourning is very becoming to Miss Kirke!" was the usual remark of these visitors upon leaving the Parsonage.



And—"She is really a most lovely woman. What will the congregation do without her?"

Roy was to leave them for a fortnight, to attend to his classes, and forward the preparations for the reception of his bride. When all was ready for their removal, he would return to superintend the sale of furniture, stock, etc., then take the sisters back to town with him.

"My family!" he said, in forced gaiety, on the morning of his departure. "I assure you, my consequence in my own eyes is mightily augmented by the acquisition of my new honours."

Eunice called up one of her slow, bright smiles in acknowledgment. Jessie appeared to heed the compliment as little as she did the parting, that drew tears from her sister's eyes and choked Roy's farewell directions as to the care she must take of herself while he was away.

"I shall write to you every day, my sweet wife," he promised. "And it will not harm you—it may help you to while away the time, if you can scribble a few lines to me in return, now and then."

"If I can I will. If you wish it I will write certainly. But don't expect to hear every day from me. There's very little here to write about, you know," answered Jessie.

Eunice wondered, to reverent admiration, at the love and forbearance with which he thanked her for the concession.

They attended him to the porch. The morning was foggy, and Roy put Jessie back in the shelter of the hall-door.

"It is too damp for you out here! Don't stand there to see me off!"

Eunice—maybe he—would have been better satisfied had she disregarded the loving command. As it was, when he waved his hand from the carriage-door, Eunice stood alone in the doorway. Yet she was sure Jessie did not mean to be ungracious; that she was not really insensible to the devotion of the husband of her choice; that but for the stay of his presence she must have gone mad or died in her overwhelming grief. What she mistook for unwifely reserve was an incessant effort to control herself, to play the woman and not the child. It was best not to interfere even so far as to hint that Roy's kindest schemes for her comfort and pleasure as often as not were unnoticed by verbal thanks or grateful look from her whom he aimed to benefit. As Jessie's interest in the outer world and passing events revived, this blemish would vanish. Older people, who had known more of the discipline of life, had fallen into the mistake of idolizing their sorrows while they were new.

The sisters were at tea on the third day of Mr. Fordham's absence, when a letter was brought to Jessie.

"From Roy!" she said, quietly, and laid it down by her plate until the meal was finished—Eunice hurrying through hers in the belief that the wife wished to be alone when she read it.

Instead of this, Jessie broke the seal, and read the four closely-written pages by the lamp upon the supper-table, while her sister washed the silver and china in the same little cedar-wood pail, with shining brass hoops, her mother had used for this purpose a quarter of a century before. Eunice was inclined to be scrupulous in the matters of extreme cleanliness and system in housekeeping and neatness and fitness of apparel; and had other and quaint, but never unpleasant, peculiarities that leaned toward what the vulgar and unappreciative style "old-maidism." But she was a bonny picture to behold to-night, her black dress setting off her fairness to exquisite advantage; her features chastened into purer outline and a softer serenity by sorrow; her eyes more beautiful for the shadows that had darkened them.

She was younger in appearance and feeling than her companion, who scanned, without change of expression and complexion, the love-words that had streamed, a strong, living tide, from the writer's heart. She read it all, from address to signature; then handed it to her sister, who had just summoned Patsey to remove the hot water and towels.

"There are several messages to you in it," she said, languidly. "You can read them for yourself."

Eunice drew back.

"I don't think he meant it for any eyes but yours, dear. Tell me what he says to me."

"I should have to go all over it again in order to do that," returned Jessie. "They are scattered sentences—business items and the like. You may look for them at your leisure. I shall leave the letter upon the table here."

She put it down under her lamp, and turned her chair to the fire.

This was their sitting-room, now that the two, with Patsey, composed the household. By tacit consent, they avoided the parlour, as recalling too vividly the gatherings and the happiness of other days. Jessie had leaned back in her cushioned seat, staring, in a blank, purposeless way, at the fire for five minutes or more, when Eunice took her place with her work-box on the other side of the hearth.

"You insist, then, that I shall read your love-letter?" she asked, pleasantly.

Faithful to her promise to Roy to do all in her power for the restoration of Jessie's native cheerfulness, she compelled herself to wear a tranquil countenance in her sight, to speak hopefully, and, when she could, brightly, in addressing her.

Jessie neither smiled nor frowned. She looked simply and wearily indifferent.

"If you please," she said, without withdrawing her eyes from the blazing logs.

Eunice skimmed the first three pages cursorily, on the watch for any mention of her own name, beset, all the while, by the idea that her act in opening the letter at all bordered upon profanation, and affected almost to

tears by stray sentences she could not avoid seeing, eloquent of the young husband's tender compassion for his loved one, his longings to be with her, and fond prognostications of the peace and joy of their future life.

At the top of the fourth page, a passage seemed to dart up at her from the sheet, and, leaping into view, to be changed into characters of red-hot flame:—

"What a discreet little woman you are, never to hint to me your knowledge of Orrin's engagement! The communication took me completely by surprise. He would scarcely believe that you had not told me; said that he went down to Dundee on purpose to impart to you the agreeable and important secret. The marriage is fixed for December. I always prophesied that he would marry in haste when he had once selected the lady, whom I am extremely curious to meet. He has floated from flower to flower so long that his selection ought to be worth seeing. You know her, he tells me. I shall expect a full-length description of her, done in your finest style, when I return. I own I should be better satisfied that he is to be made as happy as I would have him, if Miss Sanford were not an heiress. While we—you and I—and others who know him well, will never suspect him of selling himself for money, the above fact may give occasion for scandal-mongers to rave and exult. The father of the bride-elect is in town. I met him on the street to-day with Orrin. Rumour has it that his business here is to purchase the new house opposite Judge Provost's, as a residence for the happy pair. It will be a handsome home, but I hope and believe that we shall be as content with our love-nest of a cottage."

Jessie did not look around as her sister refolded the letter, tucked it into the envelope, and laid it upon the table. But while each believed herself to be separated from the other by a fathomless gulf of memories, every one of which was an anguish, both were pondering the same section of the epistle that lay between them. The announcement of Wyllys' approaching marriage was, in itself, nothing to the wife. The thought of it had lost the power to wound when she parted with her faith in him. The wrong he had done her could never be forgiven; he had misled her purposely; deceived her cruelly; had robbed her life of love and hope, and given her self-contempt and remorse in her stead. But she did not regret him—as she now knew him to be—or linger fondly upon recollections of their by-gone intimacy. Hester Sanford was welcome to the suitor her gold had bought.

The phrases that had found a sentient spot in her breast were these: "Whom I am extremely curious to meet." "I shall expect a full-length description of her." The apathetic misery which had locked brain and heart with fetters of ice since her father's death had not rendered her totally unmindful of her husband's long-suffering and gentleness, his unselfish love and care of herself. She was persuaded that the girlish passion that had made of him a demi-god was gone for ever. Her flesh fainted, and her spirit died within her, at the caresses

to which she had turned herself in the days of her idolatry, as roses open to the sun—as innocently and as naturally. She could never love again. The fires had scathed too deeply for that; but she had begun to believe that she might find comfort in esteeming and liking her only protector; might seek, and not in vain, in a calm, true friendship for this good man, forgetfulness of the storms that had wrecked her early dreams. In his frank and noble presence suspicion stood rebuked. It was easier to discredit the evidence of one's own senses and judgment, than to doubt his integrity.

But here was a deliberate deception. He—Roy Fordham—had known Hester Sanford before she—Jessie—ever saw her. She was the intimate associate and *confidante* of his former love; of the woman he had renounced heartlessly and without compunction, and whose name had never passed his lips in his wife's hearing. She recalled faithfully Hester's account of the call "Maria" had paid with her then betrothed at Mr. Sanford's house—a statement she would not have dared to make had it been groundless. Whence this affection of ignorance, on Fordham's part, of the person and character of his cousin's intended bride, if not as a further means of keeping the knowledge of the affair from her?

"To whom it should have been told more than a year ago!" she reflected, a dreary loneliness creeping over her, with the conclusion, "He is like the rest of them! I would have believed in him if I could!"

The door shut quietly. She did not hear it, or miss her sister from her place. It was not an uncommon occurrence for them to sit together without speaking for an hour at a time, Eunice's fingers busied with some article of useful needlework, Jessie's holding a book which she pretended to read as a cover for her griefful musings. Much less was it in the imagination of the younger sister to follow the elder in her progress up the staircase, her face more stony and eyes more desolate with each step, to the fair, large chamber she had occupied from her childhood.

It was cold and dark, but for the light of the taper she set down upon the mantel. There were none of the fanciful ornaments—none of the luxurious devices, the patches of bright colouring that reflected the owner's tastes and whims in Jessie's apartment. All the draperies—those of the windows, the dressing-table, and the antique chairs—were pure white, as were also the walls. The carpet was a sober drab, checkered with narrow lines of blue. The aspect of the whole was so chill and grave on this bleak night, that Eunice shivered as at the breath of winter, as she drew up a seat to a stand in the middle of the floor, and leaned her head upon the hard wood. Not a tear or word escaped her, but a deft and an invisible engraver was at work upon her features, sharpening outlines, deepening here a stroke and there a furrow, until the father would not have known his child.

I said, many pages back, that Orrin Wyllys' victims made no moan. Least of them all, was this one likely to publish her case to the world—to shriek out her great and sudden woe in the ear of heaven and of her kind. She had never loved before she met him, and the discovery of this curious fact had stimulated his professional zeal—animated his pride in the honour and success of his vocation. He had found the key to her heart, and had used it. Love is no holiday romance when it comes thus late in life to a woman of large capacity for affection, and a will the strength of which has hitherto made the repression of such seeking instincts and needs as win for weaker girls the reputation of lovingness and dependence, appear even to those who know her best like tranquil contentment with her allotted share of love and companionship. She had heard herself called “a predestined old maid” ever since her mother left her, a demure infant, apt and serious beyond her years—to become her father's co-worker and comforter. Her calm smile at the nickname looked like conscious superiority to dread of the obloquy—a fear that infects all classes of her sex. Her love was as reticent as her longing for affection had been. Orrin's most insidious arts had not sufficed to surprise her into confession. Of marriage he had never spoken, nor she permitted herself to think. Her attachment was artless and uncalculating as a child's. He had convinced her that the subtle sympathy of their souls had made them one from their earliest meeting; that he had then recognized in her his spirit-mate. The seductive cant came trippingly from his tongue with the fluent convincingness of much practice, and she was listening to it for the first time. His dual game was adroitly conducted, and the result was a triumphant cap-sheaf to his harvest of hearts. His bride-expectant would have torn her flaxen hair—natural and artificial—with rage had she guessed how tame he found his pursuit of herself; how deficient in the flavour of excitement that had marked his courtship of the beautiful but fortuneless country girls.

The hall-clock rang out nine strokes when Eunice shook off her reverie, and unlocked a drawer of her bureau. It was lined with silver paper, and the odour of dried violets stole into the still, cold air when she opened it. A bunch of withered flowers; a small herbarium filled by Wyllys and herself in their woodland and mountain rambles—the vignette on the title-page from his pencil; all the inscriptions, names of specimens, and poetical legends penned by his hand; a thin bundle of letters and notes; five or six books—favourite works with both of them—composed the contents. She took them out carefully, one by one, and laid them in a heap upon the table. Then she sought in the closet for a walnut box, one of her childhood's treasures, an oblong casket with a sliding top and a strong lock. Without audible evidence of suffering, she arranged the relics within it with the nice regard to neatness and order which was, with her, intuitive as it had become habitual. The last

article was a volume of Spenser's “*Faerie Queene*”—an English edition elegantly illustrated. Wyllys had sent it to her, the Christmas Jessie passed with Mrs. Baxter. His pencillings were upon several pages, and one of the fly-leaves bore an extract from Tennyson. He had apologized for transcribing it, there, in the letter accompanying the gift, by saying that it was ever in his mind, when he watched or talked with her. No eyes save his and hers had ever seen the lines as written upon that page, and they were the more precious to her that this was so.

“ Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed  
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity;  
Clear without heat, undying, tended by  
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane  
Of her still spirit; locks (not wide dispread)  
Madonna-wise on either side her head;  
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign  
The summer calm of golden charity,—  
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood.”

She unclosed the book and re-read them before consigning it to its place. How vividly arose before her the scene of that Christmas Eve, when the parcel was brought to her! Her father always spent the evening of the twenty-fourth of December in his study—and fasting. It was an anniversary with him; scrupulously observed for many years, of what event or crisis in his life his daughters never knew. Eunice had made her preparations for a lonely evening by her chamber-fire; collected her books and work about her that she might not feel too sadly the want of human converse. But she had touched none of these; was sitting, her head on her hand, gazing into the fire, hearkening to the wind as it flung fierce dashes of sleet against the windows, and longing, how hungrily! for some visible evidence that she was remembered and missed by another, as she thought of and missed him. Into her solitude had come his gift and letter, and the night was all light about her; the world was no more dark and cold and tempestuous. She walked in Paradise hand in hand with the good genius who had wrought the spell.

The idealistic character of woman's love is at once her blessing and her curse. Orrin Wyllys, at that hour dancing at a Christmas rout, the gayest of the season, looking meaning but unuttered flatteries into other eyes; feigning—as he best could feign—to wait as for the sentence of life and death, upon other “sweet lips,” would have laughed in unmixed amusement had he seen, in a magic mirror, the representment of himself before which a pure, fervent soul was laying votive offerings of her best affections and richest fancies; to which she was looking up as to the highest of human intelligences, the embodiment of manhood's virtues and graces. While to her the delusion was happiness without stain or shade, while it lasted.

It was over now! Returning from the pursuit of these shadows—dearer and fairer than any real joy and positive delight that would ever visit her solitary life,—

she let the leaves of the book she still held unfurl slowly under her fingers, reading a line here, a paragraph there, always those marked by the hand that must never meet hers again with the lingering touch which said more than the most impassioned words from other tongues. A blue ribbon was inserted at one place, where a passage was encircled by pencilled brackets, while in the margin was written, "E. K."

"Her angel's face  
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in a shady place."

Eunice shut her eyes in a throng of memory that ploughed deep pain-lines in her visage. Hell may keep, but earth has not, a keener torment than the contemplation of what was once sweetest joy—now changed into shameful agony.

The book had fallen to the floor and lay still open at the page marked by the ribbon. In picking it up, her eye rested upon another line—unmarked.

"At last, in close heart shutting up her pain."

The rest of Eunice Kirke's life was a commentary upon that passage.

The travail of concealment began when she turned the lock upon the mementos—few and innocent—of her only love-dream. Hitherto it had been a pearl, too priceless and pure to be exposed to other eyes.

Defaced and crushed by one rude blow, it was something to be thrust out of sight, kept beyond the chance of suspicion or detection—buried in a nameless grave.

The key of the casket was a tiny thing, at which she looked for an instant in irresolution that ended in her raising the window, and flinging it far into the garden. The rain would soon beat it into the loose mould. It would be rusted into uselessness before the spring plough-share brought it again to the surface. Upon the lid of the box she fastened a card.

"To be buried with me," she wrote upon it with fingers that did not tremble.

The grave seems near and welcome in the ague-fit that shakes the soul from the divine illusion of reciprocal affection. There was not a symptom of sickly sentimentalism in Eunice's nature; but she did feel that she could have said farewell to existence and the few she loved with less effort than was required to dress her countenance in its wonted serenity, and go back to her sister; to speak and act as if a thunderbolt had not riven the ground at her feet; to consult her rustic and unobservant handmaid about homely details of the morrow's house-keeping. Confirmations all of them—of the stubborn fact that the business of life—its tug and sweat and strain, halts not for broken heart-strings.

If the iron be blunt, a man must lay to it more strength. If the spirit refuse to bear its part in the appointed work of the hour, or day, or life, the muscles and brain must be educated to perform double duty. This toiling and

reeking at the galley oar may bring power to the sinews, and hardness to the flesh, but woe to him by whose offence the burden is bound upon the guiltless!

## CHAPTER XX.

THE third Sabbath in October was bland and bright as June. Roy who had arrived in Dundee on Saturday evening, invited his wife to a stroll in the garden with him after the dispersion of the afternoon congregation. There were more sere than green leaves in the rose labyrinth, but one side of the arbour was covered by a thrifty *micra phyllia* that had been known to keep its foliage from autumn to spring when the winter was not severe, and which had put forth, within a week, a few large milk-white roses, warmed into delicious fragrance by the sunny day.

"Sweets to the sweet!" said Roy, cutting a half-open blossom and a bud, and fastening them in Jessie's brooch. "I wish they did not match your cheeks so nearly, Love!"

She smiled faintly.

"I am gaining strength rapidly. There is nothing the matter with me, except that I have not enough to do to keep me from moping. There is one thing you must let me speak of while Eunice is not by," she continued, hurriedly. "I may not have appeared grateful for your permission to remain here until her arrangements about the school are completed, but I am thankful! I feel your goodness—your generosity, deeply! I wish I were more worthy of it!"

Unconsciously, she had laid hold of the lappel of his coat, and was fingering it nervously. Then, a girlish trick she used to practise when coaxing or bantering her father, and, occasionally, when talking saucily with herself—she began with deliberate fingers to button the coat from the throat down. "Making a mummy of me, Madcap!" was the alliterative comment Mr. Kirke usually made when the process was finished. Roy recollected it now, and smiled to himself. The action—her first voluntary caress since his return from abroad, thrilled him with ecstasy. Her downcast eyes and trembling lips recalled, in one rapturous rush, thoughts of the shy dalliance of the girl he had wooed amid these bowers. He was winning her back to her true self; or, rather, nature and affection were recovering from the lethargy induced by the shock she had sustained.

"My wife must never speak to me of gratitude!" he said, restraining the paean the heart would have sung through the lips. "Your happiness should be—if I know myself—is my chief consideration. Much as I regret Eunice's refusal to share our dwelling, I should be savage in my unkindness if I were to add to your disappointment by denying your request that you might be left together a week or two longer. Nor do I wish to punish



her, or, in any manner, express my chagrin at her determination. She is actuated by motives which are weighty in her estimation. The sight of her glistening eyes when I told her, this morning, that you were not to be separated while she remained in the Parsonage, went far toward compensating me for my self-denial. By and by, my bird will nestle in my bosom, settle herself in our home. The knowledge that you are, indeed and in truth, mine, dear one, renders me patient, almost satisfied, in your absence. If I say hourly, in the thought of your coming to and dwelling with me—'God speed the day!' the aspiration does not incline me to force your inclination, to withhold from you a reasonable indulgence, that I may see you the sooner in your right place. I would be your husband—not your jailer, my pet!"

It was impossible to look into his moved face; to hear the cadence of passion and yearning that trembled along the last sentences, and not believe that, whatever might be the record of his past loves and defections, his whole heart was now given to her who bore his name. The listener's paroxysm of humility bowed her in spirit to his feet. He was heaping burning coals upon her ashamed head.

"And God make me fit for that home!" she said, solemnly, lifted in the exaltation of high resolve above the mental apathy and physical repulsion which had, up to this hour, made this enforced union an ever-present nightmare. "Indeed, Roy, I will strive to be a good wife! I have nothing to live for except the hope of making you happy. You know what I am, weak and faulty—a spoiled child from the beginning, to whom everything like discipline was unknown until lately. And then—one stroke followed another so rapidly that I have hardly been sane, I think. But I do want to satisfy you in every respect, or so far as one like me can!"

"So far as you can!" his whole soul in the eyes that beamed into hers, and in the sweet, proud smile irradiating his grave features. "The work is done, dearest! My cup runneth over. It will scarcely bear a rose-leaf this evening—only this seal of our renewed covenant, my angel of blessing, my good, true *wife*!" bending to kiss her.

He remembered afterward, how she clung to his shoulder and hid her face there, when he placed her beside him on the bench in the arbour, where they sat out the half-hour of sunset as they had so many others in days gone by.

Eunice, seated behind the tea-urn when they obeyed Patsey's summons to supper, noted the lessened gloom of her sister's mien and Roy's expression of radiant content; saw, when they gathered about the hearth for the evening's talk, that Roy took in his clasp the hand which generally lay listlessly across its fellow in Jessie's lap and that she allowed him to retain it. Saw and was thankful for these slight harbingers of the return of the

love and brightness which were once her child's life. Tried to comfort herself in her isolation with the belief that the night was passing from her darling's spirit.

"Wounds soon heal in hearts young and healthy as is hers!" she thought. "For this, at least, I may return hearty thanks."

Within two days after the receipt of Roy's first letter, Eunice had announced to Jessie the reverse of her plans for the winter. Instead of removing with them to Hamilton, she had decided to hire a cottage in the village, and open a school for girls. She had partially engaged both house and pupils before she broached the subject to her sister. Thoroughly aroused from her selfish languor by the startling intelligence, Jessie had opposed the scheme with might and main. Accustomed as she was to Eunice's calm but resolute measures, and her taciturnity respecting her own views, wants, and plans, this retreat from a position which had not been taken without much serious thought, filled her with consternation. Having plied her unsuccessfully with arguments and entreaties of her own devising, Jessie wrote to Roy, begging him to use his powerful influence to avert the threatened evil.

"I cannot do without her!" she said, without staying to reflect upon what might be the husband's feeling on reading the avowal, "unlike as we are and reserved as we have been to one another on some subjects, our hearts are knit together by bands which are all the stronger for our late loss. In the anticipation of this parting, my only sister seems to me like my second soul—the other part of myself. I shall be less than half a woman without her. You can do more with her than any one else. If you desire my happiness, and I know you do, entreat her not to leave me!"

If aught in this letter wounded Fordham, nobody knew it. He wrote to Eunice forthwith and urgently; did his best to dissuade her from the novel project, partly because he loved and respected her, chiefly because the matter was one that concerned Jessie's comfort and happiness. He accomplished nothing, except to elicit from Eunice the admission that she had no counter-reasoning to offer, and a mild but firm repetition of her unalterable resolve. He made a second attempt on Saturday evening, during Jessie's absence from the room. Eunice sewed on steadily without a word, while he set forth the disadvantages of her present plan—the advantages of the former. Finally, brought to bay by his argument and searching questions, she confronted him abruptly.

"I must have work, and plenty of it, just now, Roy! I *dare* not be idle! When it shall be safe and best for me to rest and think, I will accept your offer. I beg you to believe that I act from principle—not caprice. I am sure that I am doing right. And now, please, say no more."

He desisted at that, and with characteristic magnanimity, undertook to reconcile his wife to the separation,

by holding out the hope that it was but temporary, besides inquiring into the minutiae of her design, and lending her what assistance she required in the furtherance of it. All was in train when he returned to his post of duty on Thursday morning. Repairs were in progress upon the leased cottage, which was pretty and convenient; twenty pupils engaged to begin lessons early in November; the sale of the surplus furniture was over, and the sisters, with Patsey, were busy getting the rest of their effects in order for transportation. Jessie was to follow in two weeks, when she had seen Eunice and the faithful servant domiciled in their new abode.

It was the longest fortnight Roy had ever known, although he kept his loneliness and longing to himself, concealing their existence most carefully from his wife. She would come to "him and home," on Wednesday of the second week, and he passed every hour he could spare from college duties and sleep, in getting the house ready for her reception. On Monday, arrived boxes from Dundee which he unpacked with his own hands. They contained Jessie's personal property—books, books and *bijouterie*, and the most delightful occupation of his solitude was the arrangement of these in parlour and sitting-room. He slept at "home," as he proudly called it, after these were brought in. They were too valuable to be left unguarded.

On Tuesday night, Orrin Wyllys, who had just returned from a visit of three or four days to his *fiancée*, chanced to pass the house, and seeing lights on the first floor, rang the bell.

Roy answered it. He was in dressing-gown and slippers—a cigar in one hand, a book in the other.

"A domesticated Benedict to the life!" laughed his cousin, as he followed him into the library. "Aha! there is an old and valued acquaintance."

The portrait of the girl at the wishing-well hung opposite the door, and, he observed, in exact range of Roy's vision as he sat in his chair.

"You will find many more if you will use your eyes. Come with me."

The dining-room adjoined the library, and the parlours were just across the hall. A bronze statuette of Pallas—four feet high, mounted upon a column of Egyptian marble—presented to the popular professor by the students, was the most conspicuous ornament; but scattered here and there were many interesting works of art selected by him in foreign lands—always with reference to Jessie's tastes and wishes. The piano was Orrin's bridal gift—a surprise held in reserve by the fond husband to brighten the coming home of his household deity. But the sitting-room back of the state apartments, was the one on which he had expended most care and time. A bay window did duty for the more roomy oriel, and the shelf, which was an extension of the sill, was filled with plants.

"Next spring we will set a root of jessamine outside," remarked Roy, when Orrin praised the infant

creepers—ivy and passion-flower—on the inside of the casement.

The carpet was mosses, green, grey, and russet, specked with red-topped lichens; the walls were flushed with pink. Jessie's *escritoire* was in one corner, her work-stand in another. A reading-lamp, with its alabaster shade, was upon the centre-table, and a low lounging chair beside it. The picture of Jessie's mother hung over the mantel; Jessie's books strewed the stands, and were ranged in rows within a handsome bookcase at the back of the room. Choice engravings were hung in good lights, and within the fireplace lay long, well-seasoned logs ready for lighting.

"Beauty's bower!" said Orrin, gazing about him with unqualified approbation. "Who would have given you credit for such a genius for furnishing? For the individuality of your appointments shows that you are not indebted to the upholsterer for the charming effect. But perhaps you have worked under orders. Did Mrs. Fordham and her sister give you general directions?"

"None. I am happy to have the approval of a connoisseur," rejoined Roy, lightly. "I knew, of course, what Jessie would like, and have tried to please her. Upholsterers and *cartes blanches* from papa, and the toils of magnificence are the luxuries (and nuisances) of men who marry heiresses. As perhaps you have discovered."

"Sagely guessed! I heard little besides millinery, dressmaking, and upholstery talk while at B—. Ponderous preparations, so it struck me, for such everyday events as marrying, giving in marriage, and going to housekeeping. I had come to the conclusion that I was anti-domestic in my proclivities, but a sight of this idyl of a home has staggered the belief. I am glad you are married, old fellow!" clapping him on the shoulder. "I could not tell you in a month *how* glad!"

"Don't begin, then!" Roy led the way to the library. "Else, not to be outdone, I must take at least a year in which to express my gratification at the event."

Orrin eyed him furtively while he affected to be engrossed in the delicate operation of lighting the cigar tendered by the host. Roy's clear, open brow, sunny smile, and the hearty ring of his voice were indubitable signs of the sincerity of his happiness. It was with a lighter spirit—I leave conscience out of the question—that his kinsman threw himself back in his comfortable chair, and prepared to enjoy the evening.

"The last of my *quasi* widowhood!" said Roy. "I wish it were the last of your bachelor days, Orrin!"

"*Ca viendra!*" returned the other, his cigar between his teeth. "Next month is December."

"I hope your wife will take as kindly to me as mine does to you!" pursued Roy. "And that I may, one day, have the opportunity to prove by services rendered her, my appreciation of the care you have taken of my interests in my absence."

"Don't speak of it, my dear boy!" said Orrin, hastily. Even he coloured slightly at the unintentional sarcasm.

He coughed to emit the smoke that had gone down the wrong way, and this gave him time to rally his ideas. No harm had come of his innocent pastime. Roy was none the wiser, and his bride had had the advantage of a new sensation in the development of her latent capacities for loving and suffering. She would be better and stronger all her life; her character would gain breadth and fibre for the emotion that had stirred the depths of her being. It was wholesome, if sharp, discipline—a sort of spiritual subsoil ploughing, without which she might never have developed aright. Women were a marvellous and an entertaining study. Their powers of craft and concealment were beyond man's ken or imitation. The most imprudently passionate of them, acted sometimes with circumspection that would put a Talleyrand to the blush. Jessie, mad and desperate as she was at her last interview with himself, had nevertheless reconsidered her resolution to reveal her inconstancy to her lawful lover, and judiciously judging that the Past was gone beyond recall, had taken up with the old love so soon as the new one was off. She could not have done better for all parties. "Scenes," except when sentimental and *en tête-à-tête*, were a vulgarism to be eschewed by refined people.

"Jack shall have Gill,  
Nought shall go ill,"

he repeated, mentally, thus salving the smart caused by Roy's thanks. "Jessie and I will be capital friends and neighbours. She will like me none the less because she knows that, had she been possessed of the fair and fond Hester's wealth, her destiny would have been changed. She is too acute of perception not to comprehend that, in that case, my sense of what was due to her and myself would not have let me resign her, even to my honoured cousin, here. But what is, is best, I suppose."

"You have never met my Dulcinea, I believe?" he said aloud, both cigar and windpipe being in good working order by the time he reached this consolatory sequel.

"I have not had that pleasure. Jessie gave me a slight sketch of her—a mere outline, which I hope to fill up for myself, shortly, from life."

"Then," meditated the cool and candid bridegroom-elect, "my tow-headed divinity lied egregiously about that old affair! I must cross-examine her in earnest, and if my suspicion is correct, make her retract certain counts in her indictment against Jessie's husband. I owe him that much reparation. Since they are a wedded unit, things should go upon velvet so far as is consistent with the fact of human imperfection. I'll send the lovely Hester to make amends to Mrs. Fordham, some time. If I do not forget it."

He was in one of his gracefully indolent moods to-night, and did not hurry himself in speech.

"She is not handsome. You would not, I fear, consider her even pretty," he resumed, after a few lulling puffs, such as might be necessary to temper lovely exaggeration. "But she is a dear, affectionate, pliant little thing, and will make just the wife a *blasé* world citizen like myself needs. I hope—I think you will like her. But I don't expect you to see in her the peer of your glorious Jessie, however well she may suit me."

Roy, when left alone again, pondered this speech dissatisfiedly.

"I am not quite content with this match, nor with Orrin's tone. I had not looked for a lover's rhapsodies, knowing his critical taste in these matters, but he ought not to acknowledge or feel the need of apologies for his choice. I am afraid his love does not leave him as little to wish for and to fear, as mine does me."

He looked up at the portrait with a smile.

"But there is only one Jessie in the world, and she will be here to-morrow night."

Still standing before the picture, he made an involuntary gesture, as of folding something in his arms.

"My darling! soon to be my angel in the house! I think it would kill me to lose you now."

His sudden motion had struck a book from the corner of the table, exposing a letter that lay beneath. It was a foreign envelope, and had probably been given to the servant by the postman that afternoon, and placed there by her with the book on the top for safe keeping. An enclosure fell out as he opened the cover—a letter that had arrived in Heidelberg after he set out for home, said a line from a fellow-student in the University. The smile lingered lovingly about mouth and eyes, while he tore off the inner wrapper.

The superscription was Jessie's; the note the short and cold farewell she had indited after her parting with Orrin Wyllys, on the 5th of September.

"No harm done!" reiterated the affectionate kinsman, walking slowly along to his lodgings under the pure moon. "I should have been sorry had she carried her threat into execution; spoiled her own prospects, and made Roy wretched. But I could find it in my heart to regret the witch even now that I am on the eve of beatification. The affair was interesting—most engaging while it lasted—had more cayenne and wine in it than this very lawful and eminently remunerative love-making. My 'lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' says it is 'just the sweetest thing in the world.' *Peut être*.

'An excellent piece of work, Madame Lady!  
Would it were done!'"



## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## ADELAIDE RISTORI.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, the celebrated Italian actress, was born a dramatic gipsy. She was the daughter of two obscure members of a travelling theatrical company, and entered the world in 1821 at Cividale, a little town of Friuli.

Few have ever appeared on the stage at an earlier age. When only two months old she took part in a comedy entitled "The New Year's Gift." History has not recorded that on that occasion she showed any signs of dramatic genius, she had not much opportunity, perhaps, as she was only introduced and handed about in a basket.

Four years later she became a regular member of the company, and in children's parts excited uncommon interest. Her success resulted in an increase of salary, and it was not long before she received higher pay than either of her parents. Acting, however, was not much to her mind; she aspired rather to be a musician. As the result of this musical impulse she used to introduce songs in certain comedies, accompanying herself on the piano, and producing considerable effect, though her singing and playing were entirely by ear.

Theresa Ristori, Adelaide's grandmother, was her first teacher. The old lady had been a fine actress in her day, and was ambitious that the same should be said of her grandchild. She looked with no favour on the guitar, which Adelaide was always thrumming, and as a punishment for her not studying used to put the little girl in an open trunk during meal-times. This mild form of imprisonment and starvation produced the desired effect: Adelaide applied herself with energy to the theatrical art.

When the little Ristori was twelve years old, her parents transferred their services to a new company, of quite as wandering a nature as that with which they had formerly been connected. She now played the rôles of "soubrette" and "ingénue." At fourteen she undertook the very important part of "Francesca da Rimini." From that time forward the young actress not only supported her parents but also her six brothers and sisters, who were all younger than herself.

Adelaide now became a member of the Royal Sardinian Company, directed most ably by Gaetano Bazzi, and located for six months of the year at Turin. In her new sphere our heroine took her first lessons in real art. The leading member of Bazzi's Company was Carlotta Marchionni, an actress who was as generous as she was great. She was near the close of her career, and was delighted to see in Adelaide one to whom her crown might be bequeathed. That Adelaide would have a great career she was confident, and she laboured to impart to her all the valuable knowledge of which she stood in need.

Middle. Ristori made so much progress during three years of constant intercourse with her

teacher, that La Marchionni, on retiring from the stage in 1840, wished her pupil to assume her rôles. The criticisms of La Marchionni, on the acting of her *protégée*, were, we are told, terribly severe. When Adelaide played an important part, she always appeared in the theatre to sit in judgment, and at the conclusion of the performance would go behind the scenes to deliver her verdict to the aspiring actress.

"Well, maestra, how did I act to-night?" Ristori would ask with fear and trembling.



ADELAIDE RISTORI.

(By permission of the London Stereoscopic Company.)



If she had not come up to expectation, La Marchionni would answer: "Like an imbecile! You had better go and wash dishes! Don't flatter yourself that people applaud your acting. It is your beauty. Their *bravas* are worth nothing. I tell you you are an idiot."

At other times, when satisfied, La Marchionni would hold her arms, and endeavouring to hide her content under a look of assumed displeasure, would mutter, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. You act too much as I would have you!"

We now find Ristori accepting an engagement as a member of the Ducal Company of Parma. But incessant work had told upon her health, and she was threatened with consumption. She retired to a friend's villa, near Bologna, and did absolutely nothing for four months. By the end of that time, rest and freedom from every species of excitement and annoyance, had restored her completely to health.

She resumed her profession, and in 1842, first began to *create*. For the six years which followed, she sustained a brilliant reputation as a comedienne and delineator of the romantic drama. But before the six years were expired, she played a part in a little romantic drama of her own in real life. About 1846, in Rome, she met Giuliano del Grillo, a son of the Marchese Capranica, and heir to the Del Grillo estates. A mutual attachment sprung up between the young people; they became everything in the world to each other.

The aristocratic father was of course enraged. Was it not preposterous that a member of one of Rome's oldest ducal families should fall in love with one of humble origin, and worse still, an actress? The Marchese Capranica did all he could to alienate the affections of his son. He might have spared his pains.

Force of circumstances separated the lovers. Adelaide had to leave Rome in order to fulfil an engagement in Florence. Del Grillo would have accompanied her, but through his father's representations he could not obtain a passport. Even correspondence was rendered a difficult matter; but love is fertile in expedients, and many letters passed between the two, unknown to the spies who surrounded them.

At last, Del Grillo learned that the object of his adoration had been unwell. He tormented himself with anxiety, and grew so unhappy at not seeing her, that he wrote imploring her to meet him at Civita Vecchia, which city, being within the papal jurisdiction, he could visit without a passport. Ristori received his letter, and, regardless of consequences, set out for the appointed rendezvous. She was accompanied by her father and her maid, and had a rough passage, being very nearly shipwrecked on the way. In the old castle of Santa Severa, which stood lonely and gloomy without the walls of Civita Vecchia, the lovers had a stolen interview.

By means of ingeniously-laid plans, which it is, perhaps, useless to describe, as our readers are never likely to be in equally unfortunate circumstances—at least we

sincerely hope not—Del Grillo managed to accompany Adelaide the greater part of the way back to Florence.

When they arrived at a little post-town, the exact locality of which we have not been able to discover, they knew that they must part. The horses were being changed, and there was little time to spare. Priests were saying mass in a church hard by the inn, and into this church the two lovers entered, Adelaide's father accompanying them. They knelt before the altar, and, at the end of the service, in the presence of the priests and the audience, proclaimed themselves man and wife. In the Romagna, we may add, a marriage of this kind is, in default of any other, considered valid.

Ristori now proceeded on her journey to Florence; Del Grillo betook himself to Cesena. His business there was soon finished, and he determined, in spite of all obstacles, to join his wife. To enter Florence, it was necessary, first of all, to have a passport. He contrived to buy one. Then he had to assume a disguise. He put on the dress of a peasant, and set off in an open mule-cart. The road lay over the Appenines, and was steep and rugged; whilst the winds of the mountain passes were bleak. On entering Florence, Del Grillo trembled lest the custom-house officers should, on opening his trunk, recognize the cipher on his linen. They did not, however, and, chilled and weary, he made his way to Adelaide's apartment. She was absent at the theatre, but soon returned laden with flowers—the trophies of her night's triumphs—to find one who had gone through so much for her sake. From that time forth she and her husband were inseparable.

The interesting incidents of her life were far from being at an end, and the first which happened after her marriage is thus told by an American author, who was personally acquainted with our heroine:—"Being at Bologna, and having purchased a very valuable set of stage jewels from an *artiste* about to marry Prince Lichtenstein, Ristori became an object of interest to a band of brigands, who, supposing that the jewels were real, determined to capture them. The opportunity for which they waited arrived when Ristori set out for Florence in two coaches—herself, her mother, father, and maid being in one, and her husband and brother in the other. Eleven miles from Bologna, Ristori's carriage, which happened to be some distance in advance, was suddenly stopped by these gentlemanly Fra Diavolos, who demanded their money or their lives, suiting the action to the word by presenting arms. Helping themselves to the contents of Signor Ristori's pockets, they then proceeded to lay violent hands on his wife, whereupon Adelaide poured out the vials of her wrath so fearlessly and with such effect, that the brigands, overcome with surprise at seeing a woman exhibit so much courage under the circumstances, abstained from further spoliation in that direction. Attempting to take Ristori's purse from her, which contained the key of her jewel-box, she resisted in such vigorous Italian that the robbers finally

gave up the effort, and betook themselves to overhauling the baggage. At this, Ristori jumped out of the coach, and running rapidly in the direction of the second carriage, so frightened the brigands by her calls, that they, thinking a strong party might be approaching, fled with comparatively little plunder."

The young couple, not long after this, returned to Rome, but were not received by the Capranicas. It was hoped that, after the birth of their first child, a reconciliation might be effected. But no; the Marchese would have nothing to say to them. Del Grillo's mother, a good and noble woman, relented, however, and was soon on affectionate terms with her daughter-in-law.

As some doubt seems to have existed regarding the legality of the union of Ristori and Del Grillo, a second marriage was celebrated, with all due solemnity, in 1847, on the day of the happy saint, Fattibuoni. The Marchese persisted in refusing to recognize what he considered a *mésalliance*; but, after the death of Ristori's first child and the birth of her second, he suffered himself to be taken to his son's house, when "his indignation melted into a benediction."

Adelaide Ristori now made a concession to the aristocratic family with which she had allied herself—she retired from the stage. It can hardly be said that she felt it as a sacrifice; she was disgusted at the time with the audiences of Turin, who did not appreciate her.

Her retirement only lasted for a year. She had never lost sight of her old professional comrades, and one day learned that Pisenti, a manager under whom she had served, was in prison for debt. The Marchesa Del Grillo's sympathy was excited, and she resolved to give a representation for his benefit. Crowds besieged the theatre, broke the windows even, in the excitement of trying to find places, and shouted "Bravo! Bravis-sima!" till everybody was hoarse. The actress felt her old passion for the stage returning; a year of private life had been more than enough for her. The stern father saw and acknowledged the greatness of his daughter-in-law, and withdrew his objections to her pursuing a career for which Heaven had evidently destined her. The theatre now became once more the scene of our heroine's triumphs, and not as the Marchesa Del Grillo but as Adelaide Ristori she has endeared herself to every lover of theatrical art in the world.

She was now more earnest and enthusiastic in the pursuit of a great reputation than before her marriage. We find her listening to sensible advice, and resolving to devote herself to the study of high tragedy. She made her début in the title-rôle of Alfieri's masterpiece of "Myrrha," but at first was not successful. She, however, shortly afterwards resumed the part, and created that "Myrrha" which no other living actress has dared to attempt.

All Italy soon became familiar with her name, and loud in expressing admiration of her talents. But there

were worlds beyond Italy to be conquered, and our actress turned her thoughts towards Paris. There lay the *Ultima Thule* of artistic aspiration. To appear before the critical audiences of that great city was a bold undertaking. The manager of the Royal Sardinian Company, of which Adelaide Ristori was the prima donna, at first refused to go. The prima donna urged and implored, but the timid impresario advocated remaining in Italy, where money was certain and a reputation already secured.

Ristori was resolute: to Paris she would go. She had confidence in the ability of the company, and a national pride in the undertaking. Her husband, the Marchese Del Grillo, shared her feelings. He assumed all risk, and the whole company set out for the French capital.

On the 22nd of May, 1855, when Paris was in all the gaiety of its first Exposition Universelle, the Royal Sardinian Company made its first appearance at the Italian Opera House in Sylvio Pellico's tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." Just at this time Rachel the great actress was in the zenith of her fame. The appearance of Ristori was therefore regarded by the Parisians as an open challenge to contest the superiority of their tragic queen. Ristori's audience on her first night was not large, but it was enthusiastic, and brought Francesca back to life by recalling her three times before the curtain.

Fame spreads quickly: before many days were over the theatre was crowded, and the press was unanimous in Ristori's praise. Dumas père made haste to write "Last night I was at the representation of Francesca da Rimini, at the Salle Ventatour. I looked round the theatre and did not see Rachel. I beg that she will go and observe how the death-scene is performed." Rachel, by the way, would not play in Dumas's pieces, and this must be looked upon as a spiteful suggestion intended to annoy the great tragedienne.

A week after her first appearance Ristori played in "Myrrha." Francesca was forgotten, powerful though her representation of that character had been. "Ristori," says one writer, "became *la sublime actrice*, the stage was carpeted with flowers, critics laid their offerings at the shrine of the Italian muse, artists and authors celebrated her triumphs on canvas, in marble, in prose, and in verse." "*Notre langue*," Lamartine declared, "*est trop pauvre pour exprimer la valeur de cette femme*," and, after witnessing her extraordinary performance, the poet addressed some beautiful lines to the heroine of Alfieri's masterpiece. Jules Janin, the celebrated French critic, and member of the Academy, was much struck by her personal appearance, which he thus describes: "Though our professional coquettes will be scandalized, and cry that it is impossible, to Ristori appertains the strange distinction of acting with her fine, if somewhat dark countenance, fresh and adorned with its life and charm, such as her Creator made it. It is herself that stands before you, and for this once alone can you boast of

having seen on the stage a real person. She has not a particle of powder, of white, or carmine. Nothing on her hair, nothing on her eyebrows; those two eyes are literally two black diamonds, which shine and burn, and burn and shine without any charcoal."

Rachel herself went *incognito* to see her rival. "*Cette femme me fait mal! Cette femme me fait mal!*" she exclaimed, and, greatly excited, left the theatre before the conclusion of the tragedy.

The Italy of 1855 was not the Italy of to-day. It was written of contemptuously by French *littérateurs* as the land of the dead, so it was with all the greater surprise that the Parisian public listened to our heroine. "Who would have suspected," exclaimed Alexander Dumas, "that Italy, which had applauded the scum of our theatres, possessed such actors!" It was difficult, too, for Janin to realize Alfieri's excellence as a dramatic poet. Of Ristori's "Myrrha" there was, much to her surprise, but one opinion. "How very singular," she said one day, "the Parisians spend ten francs a night to see me perform, and even then all cannot obtain admission; while at Turin, where I could be heard in 'Myrrha' for eighty centimes, no one came."

But the most flattering triumph was yet to come. The French Government made her the most tempting offers in order to attach her to the Théâtre Française. It was a great temptation, and had she loved applause more than art she would have yielded to it. All France was in favour of her accepting, except one critic, who endeavoured to stem the current of popular opinion, and advised her to "leave French tragedy alone, and force Paris to study Italian."

To her credit Ristori refused to enter on the brilliant position placed at her disposal. "I cannot renounce my nationality," she said, and then she added, "Paris gladly welcomes Italian singing and dancing; let the Italian drama enjoy equal privileges. If Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, can obtain a hearing for six months during the year, surely Paris should accord the rights of citizenship to the master-pieces of the Italian theatre."

This reasoning had some effect. M. Fould, the Minister of State, who had acted the part of Ambassador, carried the words of the actress to the Emperor, and the very next day she was gratified by receiving an imperial decree authorizing her to give dramatic performances at the Théâtre Italiens during February, March, and April, for three years.

On the 26th of June, Ristori appeared in "Maria Stuarda," a part in which Rachel was justly celebrated. The criticism with which she was greeted could hardly have been more favourable. Rachel, unwilling that her rival should have all the field to herself, gave one representation of the captive queen, at the Théâtre Française on the same night that Ristori performed the part at the Italiens.

Ristori's first season in Paris ended on the 10th of

September, and was found to have realized the round sum of half a million francs. "Francesca da Rimini," "Myrrha," "Maria Stuarda," and "Pia de Tolomei," had created for her a fame by which she could henceforth command audiences throughout the world. "She had given three performances of 'Francesca,' seventeen of 'Myrrha,' twenty-two of 'Maria Stuarda,' and seven of 'Pia.' She had acquired the friendship of such men as Lamartine, Legouvé, and Alfred de Vigny; and on the day of her benefit she had been presented with a medal struck in her honour by the Italian residents of Paris, containing an epigram written by Joseph Montanelli. She had had her portrait painted by Ary Scheffer, and had been the recipient of such imperial approbation as France had extended to no artist since the days of Talma." Through the medium of his private secretary, Napoleon sent her a beautiful bracelet in the form of a serpent, the head sparkling with diamonds, to which a note was attached stating, amongst other compliments, that "in consenting to receive your *adieux*, the Emperor reckons on a short absence."

In her second Parisian season, M. Legouvé confided to her his "Medea," which Rachel had refused to play, and which Montanelli translated for her into Italian. The latter author also wrote for her an original piece, "Camma."

The triumphs of Ristori in France do not seem to have added to the favour which she had enjoyed hitherto in her native land. Her popularity, however, was now European, and she enjoyed in all the capitals of the Continent the applause for which Paris had given the signal. Her first visit to Spain took place in September, 1857, and at Madrid her reception was of the most enthusiastic character. In 1858, she visited Prussia, and the King was so delighted with her noble conception of Mosenthal's "Deborah," that he decorated her with the Order of Merit—an honour never before accorded to a woman.

During the seasons of 1856, 1857, and 1858, she appeared in London with great success in a round of characters. She assumed, among other parts, Alfieri's "Rosmunda," "La Lecandiera," of Goldoni; "Macbeth," "Fazio," "Phèdre," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Ottavia," "Mary Stuart," and "Elizabeth."

In 1860, she gave representations in Holland and Russia, and obtained extraordinary success at St. Petersburg in the beginning of 1861. Our actress seems, at this time, to have dabbled a little in politics. Her powers of persuasion, no doubt, made her a very useful political agent. When fulfilling her professional engagement at St. Petersburg, she was entrusted by Count Cavour with a secret diplomatic mission. Several of Cavour's letters to Ristori are to be found in his "General Correspondence." In one of them the great statesman refers to this mission: "I applaud in you," he says, "not only the first artiste in Europe, but the most skilful co-operator in diplomatic negotiations."

She returned to France, and played at the Odéon the

*rôle* of "Béatrix" in a drama written for her by M. Legouvé. It was the first time that she had played in French, and the task of creating a part in a foreign language was an extremely hazardous one. Gratitude to France for what her alliance had accomplished for Italy in 1859, and friendship for the author of the play, induced Ristori, however, to risk her reputation as an artiste. It was not till the first performance that she fully realized what she was about to do. Then, overcome by the applause which greeted her entrance, and feeling how much was expected of her, stage-fright got the mastery, and she was obliged to sit down in order to gain sufficient self-control to proceed with the part. "Béatrix" proved an extraordinary success. It was performed eighty nights in Paris in 1861, besides meeting with equal favour in the provinces of France. At one time, Adelaide Ristori travelled with two distinct companies, one French and the other Italian, the former being engaged expressly for Legouvé's comedy. In playing in French, it may be observed she has never quite lost the foreign accent.

In 1861, her husband, the Marquise del Grillo, died. The career of the actress, however, soon resumed its usual course.

After having gathered laurels everywhere throughout Europe from Dublin to Moscow, Ristori turned her thoughts to the East. In the autumn of 1864, she sailed for Egypt. "It is no little glory," says one writer, "to have carried the Italian drama to the land of the Pharaohs to have spoken Dante's language to the children of the Nile, to have interpreted Alfieri beneath the shadow of the pyramids. What other artist can claim to have held the interest of an Egyptian audience for thirty-seven nights by the charms of pantomime and facial expression alone?"

Additional triumphs were secured at Smyrna and Constantinople, and at Athens her success was immense.

In November of 1865, she gave one performance at Utrecht. On her arrival there, the whole University turned out to meet her; two carriages, drawn by four milk-white horses, were in readiness for her party; a band led the way, and the road was strewn with flowers.

On her return to Paris in 1865, she commenced again to play the *rôle* of "Béatrix," but it was not so successful as formerly: it was performed only for twenty-one nights.

In 1866, she set out with a theatrical company for the United States. There she was warmly welcomed, and an almost fabulous amount of money was made by her in a very short time. After playing in the States, she set out for South America, and gave a series of representations in the chief towns of Brazil, La Plata, and the Argentine Confederation.

She returned to Europe about 1870, and in 1871 we find her revisiting her native land, and appearing at the Apollo Theatre of Rome in the character of Fedra.

Her wonderful impersonation of that character must be added to the long list of triumphs in her dramatic career.

She reappeared in London, after an absence of fifteen years, on the 11th of June, 1873. Her first representation was that of "Medea." Speaking of it, an able critic remarks, "The prevailing characteristic of Madame Ristori's acting is tenderness. Her behaviour to her children has a weary despondency, quickened at times into a rapture of appeal and supplication. Her hands tremble over them, and her whole frame quivers with apprehension. . . . The facial play was admirable, and the gestures were wildly and incoherently tragic. The whole performance had the statuesque grace, moreover, which is so noteworthy in the representations of Madame Ristori." She next appeared as Mary Stuart, a part which has always been a favourite with her, and afterwards in several other characters.

In the end of October, she gave her farewell performance in London. On this occasion she favoured the public with a rendering in English of the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth." It was a subtle and powerful representation, realistic in accessories and detail, but thoroughly imaginative in general conception. Its effect upon the audience was electrical. As to her pronunciation, there was very little to show that our heroine was not an Englishwoman.

Madame Ristori took her farewell of the English stage at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, on the 11th of November. In a letter to the manager of the Queen's, she said, "I am very happy to take my farewell of this great country in a city where I have met with one of my most cordial welcomes."

The reader who has not been so fortunate as to see our heroine upon the stage, may be curious to have some particulars as to her appearance. We may well apply to her the words from Joanna Baillie's "Jane de Mortfort," with which Campbell once sketched a portrait of the great actress, Mrs. Siddons:—

*Lady.* How looks her countenance?

*Page.* So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe; but, when she smiled, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

*Lady.* Is she young or old?

*Page.* Neither, if I right guess; but she is fair, For Time has laid his hand so gently on her As he too had been awed.

*Lady.* The foolish stripling!

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

*Page.* So stately and so graceful is her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic; But on a near approach, I found, in truth, She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Ristori the woman, however, is very unlike Ristori the actress. If the reports of biography are to be credited, Mrs. Siddons was always more or less of a tragedy queen. She "stabbed the potatoes," made the boy quake when she called for beer, astounded tradespeople by the majestic tones in which she asked whether material for clothing



would wash, and terrified her dressing-maid by the sepulchral intensity of her exclamations. But "the awe," observes a personal friend of our actress, "which Ristori frequently excites is confined entirely to the theatre. Away from it she is the most human—and humane—the most simple, the most unaffected, the most sympathetic of women. So strongly is the line drawn between reality and fiction, that, in Ristori's presence, it requires a mental effort to recall her histrionic greatness,

though you have a sense of her power, and you feel persuaded that whatever such a woman earnestly willed would be accomplished."

We must not suppose that in the career of Madame Ristori genius has done everything; far from that, every step upward has been the result of hard work. Incessant study is the foundation on which she has built her success, as indeed it is the foundation on which all lasting triumphs must rest.

---

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

---

THE interest taken in this important subject, and the amount of correspondence and controversy to which it has given rise in some of the "Ladies' papers," is one of the characteristics of the present day. House-keeping, it must be remembered, is the governing of the "Home," which to every woman ought to be a sweet and sacred duty, and one worthy of much of her thought and care. Every woman "was, or is, or hopes to be," a housekeeper—that is, queen of her own little kingdom—which it should be her aim to rule with such love and intelligence as to add to the happiness of all under her influence.

Our advanced civilization seems to demand a more perfect and fixed arrangement of our homes than would have been possible forty years ago. The introduction of the sewing-machine has also given more leisure to the female members of the household, thereby leaving them more time for other important branches of domestic utility, as also for the higher development of musical or other talents.

With the increase of refinement and comfort in our homes, there ought to be an advance in the science of domestic cookery, and efforts are being made on all sides to effect an improvement in this very important matter, and the ladies are coming forward, bravely and heartily as pupils. No doubt there is very much to be learned from France; it is equally true that there is much improvement needed in our ordinary English fare; to combine the best qualities of both French and English methods should be the aim of those who wish to unite refinement and comfort with economy.

The results will richly reward the effort, for a well-ordered home adds to the happiness of every member of it. A wise distribution of time gives a happy leisure, with all its opportunities of mental improvement, cultivation of musical and art tastes, to say nothing of needlework and the charming care of the flower-garden. The proper value of time and the wise use of it must be one of the first principles in a well-managed home. With it, will be found time for everything; without it,

nothing satisfactory can be accomplished. It is like a fortune, that may be frittered and squandered away without any result but regret in after years. Those women who have in any way distinguished themselves in the work of the world have always known the full value of time, and it is quite certain that no woman has ever been able to manage her house and family well whose time has been wasted in idleness and want of methodical and orderly habits. The evil of this is daily seen in our domestics. A servant with the best will in the world, and even with industry, will not get through her work satisfactorily without *method*. Having established this as one of the first principles, we must next give our attention to the financial part of our undertaking. We must try and spend our money as wisely as we spend our time, and to do so we must keep a strict watch over our expenditure. Whether we have much or little to spend, the same rule is applicable; let nothing be spent carelessly. It is very certain that much time is lost without bringing in anything profitable, or even pleasant; so is much money spent thoughtlessly and carelessly, without profit, and equally without pleasure, to any human being.

Almost everybody has a "limited income." Certainly there are few whose incomes are *limitless*. Every wise woman would wish her housekeeping expenses to be "limited;" in other words, she must know the exact amount that is to be devoted to her household expenses. This I consider a very important and necessary arrangement. Without this it will be impossible to carry out the system of comfort combined with a wise economy. It will also prevent the vexations and disappointments that young housekeepers suffer before they have quite learned the value of money as applied to housekeeping.

We intend in future articles to enter more fully and in detail on this subject; for the present we must confine ourselves to broad outlines.

The subject next in importance to the mistress of a house is practical knowledge of all that concerns its management. It will not be possible for her to know all

the details of service, but it is quite necessary for her to know sufficient to supply the intelligence that is so often wanting in our domestics. A habit of observation, with a few hints from those who have had practical experience in these matters will supply all the information ordinarily required to insure the proper use and preservation of household furniture and utensils of all kinds. It will be necessary to establish "thoroughness" as a principle in cleaning and care; and unless this is firmly enforced, a sensible depreciation of property will soon be perceived. On this subject also future details will be given.

The ventilation and perfect cleanliness of the house must be well attended to, as the health as well as comfort may suffer by its neglect.

In England much too little attention is paid to the daily airing of beds and bedding. Servants are usually too anxious to have the beds made and the rooms arranged; but it is absolutely necessary for health that the windows should be open at the top as well as at the bottom, and all the beds and bedding be well exposed to a good current of fresh air for two hours at least before they are remade. If this precaution were always taken, we should have fewer complaints of sleepless nights. There would be less restlessness among young children, and mothers and nurses would not be so much disturbed.

Many a poor child passes a feverish night, and wakes cross and unrefreshed, for want of due care in the proper airing of her bed. It is an excellent custom to have the children's bed exposed to the air during a great part of the day. In Italy, much care is taken to have the bedding put in the sunshine during the day, and no doubt it preserves the health of many who would otherwise suffer from the imperfect sanitary arrangements of the country. From France, also, we might learn a valuable lesson on this subject. The clean and fresh condition of the bedding is well attended to in a French house, and they are in the habit of having their mattresses very frequently cleaned and re-made, the daily airing being never omitted.

We have, it is to be hoped, made some progress of late years in England. Our old unwholesome feather-beds are gradually disappearing, and the dreadful old four-poster, with its curtains drawn round so as to exclude the air, is now a thing of the past. The more we know and value the benefits of cleanliness and perfect ventilation, and their influence on the health, the less we shall complain of the trouble that it gives us to see those principles carried out. To see blooming, healthy faces round us will be a rich reward for our trouble.

The subject which I wish now to make a few remarks

on is that of our domestic servants. I might, perhaps, say, on the *choice* of servants; but unfortunately we have now so little choice, that every lady is obliged to be satisfied with the best she can procure.

As this is a great and growing evil, which it is impossible either to ignore or to obviate, it remains for the ladies of England to acquire that knowledge of all household matters which will enable them so to supply, by their intelligence and experience, the shortcomings of their domestics, that the comfort and happiness of the home may be undisturbed.

There are many raw recruits who are dismissed as being wholly "unfit for service," simply because there is no one capable of instructing them in their duties; and hereby many a valuable servant is lost. The raw recruit has at least this advantage; we know her ignorance, and are prepared for her mistakes. Far more dangerous are the "professed" servants, cooks or others, whose ignorance is often as great, though covered over with a mantle of self-esteem. And these are often a source of great trial and annoyance to young housekeepers who, being willing to pay high wages for an experienced person, and who are themselves profoundly ignorant, place everything in their hands, and only awaken to their mistake when they find all comfort flown, and the domestic economy "out of joint."

The best plan for a young housekeeper is to ask some experienced friend to seek really respectable and trustworthy servants for her; and that there are still some in England I fully believe. But even if she has been able to find the wished-for treasure or treasures, she must not give up all thought of the future. She must enjoy the present comfort of good and efficient servants, and at the same time be quietly learning from them. All the good things of life are fleeting, more especially good servants, who are greatly given to getting married, often to the great disappointment of their mistresses.

If, however, a good method of doing the business of the house has been commenced by a really efficient servant, it will not be so difficult for the young housekeeper to carry it on, even if a change of servants should be found necessary. But even this cannot be done unless the mistress has put her intelligence and power of observation to good use. She must see how things ought to be done, in order that she may instruct others, should the necessity occur.

A woman who thoroughly understands the management of a house, will not be at the mercy of her servants, as we see so many are. She will be respected by them, because she can instruct them; for knowledge is power even in housekeeping.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## GARDEN PARTIES.

HAVING come to that break in the social year when entertainments cease to be given in town, and the scene of social gatherings is removed into the country, far away from London, there could scarcely be a more suitable time for redeeming the promise made at the request of several of our readers, to give a few suggestions respecting the successful management of garden parties.

We are all familiar with that terrible spirit of dullness, which often, in spite of the most untiring exertions of the hostess and her household, creeps over some parties. We remember the suppressed yawns for an hour before the carriages which were to convey the guests to their homes began to come round, and our mutual congratulations on finding ourselves outside our host's entrance gates, and on the high road to the shelter of our own roof-tree. In many instances the fault lies with the hostess and her defective arrangements, but in country neighbourhoods, where "sets" exist, and a spirit of exclusiveness prevails, she is frequently the victim of a social state over which she has no control.

Garden parties are of two classes, *i.e.*, those in the neighbourhoods of large towns, where every foot of ground is a matter of serious consideration, and those in the country, where, in a wide demesne, nature has had the aid of art to make the locality convenient as well as beautiful. In the first, the hostess has the adventitious aid of experienced tradesmen, which is not to be despised. House rent in London is so high that many people, who have a large visiting list, are obliged to be contented with small reception-rooms; therefore, should they desire to discharge all their social obligations at once, a garden party seems the most feasible undertaking. A marquee erected, in which the contractor will even lay down a boarded floor suitable for dancing upon if required, at a few hours' notice, provides a large drawing-room. The florist comes in and makes beautiful every corner of the house with flowers; the confectioner sends in the supper, including plate, china, glass, and waiters; the band comes at the proper hour, and leaves off when it is time for people to take their leave; and the hostess need only fill up cheques for the tradesmen's bills, when all is over. Even guests in London are more easily managed than those in the provinces, for they are too well accustomed to such entertainments to expect exciting amusements, and too conventional to show how dull they sometimes find the most brilliant-looking assemblage.

The country hostess, on the other hand, must rely altogether upon her own resources—her own cook, her own attendants, her own gardener; and even for music,

if she desire to have it, she must be indebted to amateur friends. But she has her consolations in the space at her disposal. If there be an archery club in the neighbourhood, she can set up targets; she can have one or two sets of croquet players at work at one time; she can have her Badminton ground likewise; and her lawn tennis—sphairstike, as it is called—by setting up another Badminton net, and substituting tennis balls for shuttle-cocks.

It is almost needless to remark that "Aunt Sally," once popular in the early days of Christy Minstrelism, is now tabooed in all decent society; on a racecourse it might be tolerated, but not where ladies and gentlemen assemble.

The secret of a successful garden party is to make every one feel as comfortable and as much at home as possible. Why should a lady who never suffers from *ennui* at home while walking in her own grounds, look, while in her neighbour's, as if she were the victim of some deep social conspiracy, intended eventually to crush her? Attention by the hostess to the minor details of her party, more than the conception of a grand scheme, is the only way to exorcise this evil spirit, and keep it from affecting her guests, individually and collectively.

*First.*—She should think of everything possible to be provided which will tend to the comfort of her friends, remembering that there is no pleasure where comfort is absent.

*Second.*—Never to aim at stylish effects of which she may have heard or read, only making such arrangements as her own servants may be safely trusted to carry out. To keep within their powers, rather than tax them to the uttermost, is wise legislation.

*Third.*—Whatever refreshment be given, to let it be the best of its kind.

*Fourth.*—To think of all the little details which are necessary to be attended to some days previously, and write them down.

Long invitations in the country are often necessary, as ladies may wish to provide themselves with special dresses, and in case of a sudden spell of wet weather a few days' postponement might be desirable. The hour named must vary according to the distance which the guests have to travel. In London from five o'clock till eight is usual. In the country two or three o'clock till seven is more suitable.

Though the invitations suggest an out-of-door entertainment, it is absolutely essential to have the sitting-rooms of the house prepared for company, as, even if the weather continue fine, there are always elderly people and

invalids who are unable to remain out of doors. The maid who takes charge of the ladies' cloak-room should be given a liberal supply of light mufflers—knitted shawls, bournouse cloaks, etc., for those who may not have calculated on a chilly evening, or standing in an exposed situation. This is one of the details to be attended to previously by the hostess. It is desirable that the pleasure-ground should be as little removed from the drawing-room windows as possible, to avoid separating those within from those without, and the windows kept open if no one decidedly objects. Within, there ought to be a liberal display of flowers, prints, photographs, and pretty things of all kinds, with which the elderly people can amuse themselves, or which are likely to suggest subjects of conversation. As the hostess must be in-and-out-and-everywhere, it would be impossible for her to devote her attentions exclusively to any one section of her company. Out in the grounds forethought also is necessary. Seats are indispensable, and besides the usual iron chairs, portable ones ought to be scattered about in every direction. Neale's patent chairs of stained pine, with carpet seats, easily folded, and so light that a child can carry them, are now *de rigueur* for croquet and Badminton grounds. They only cost about six or seven shillings each, and yield comfort worth double the money. They can be had from the patentee in the Strand, but can be procured through any furnishing shop. Neat little umbrella tents of canvas are also used at garden parties, large enough to shelter a group of single seats, or a long chair which holds three or four people.

The matter of refreshments is one which must be regulated by the special circumstances of each case.

Should the guests come from a long distance, a cold collation is expected, and if the dining-room be large enough, it gives a greater appearance of comfort to serve it there. Through the evening this must be followed by tea and coffee, which is either made out of doors, or carried out by servants, and served at intervals. A conservatory, or marquee, or a summer-house may be turned to good account for tea-making, and it is often a pleasing diversion to people who like moving about, to saunter in search of refreshment, instead of having it carried to them. N.B. The dowagers in the drawing-room must on no account be overlooked in the distribution of bohea.

But if the guests come from the immediate neighbourhood, being supposed to have lunched at home, the refreshment may be of a lighter character, and the entertainment more *al fresco*, by avoiding the dining-room. In that case tea, coffee, ices, fruit, cake, etc., are considered sufficient, with sherry, claret cup, lemonade, etc., which ought to be iced.

If the gathering partake more of the sociable than the formal character, the guests adjourn late in the evening to the house, and have a little music. There are always some young ladies who are glad to contribute to the general amusement. In the country, an impromptu *vadrille* is occasionally attempted; for, as the guests live

in the same neighbourhood, previous acquaintance is supposed. In London, to conclude a party thus would be considered exceedingly bad style. Long before such an idea could be broached, carriages ordered for a certain hour draw up, and there is a general exodus. Nor is there often music by amateurs; a band plays out-of-doors, and professional singers favour the company with a few songs, for which they are paid. In the country such an arrangement would be absurd, and a hostess attempting more than the inspiring music of a band to play in her grounds would justly be covered with ridicule.

Much grumbling is abroad at the prevailing tendency to make croquet an ultra-scientific game; however families may choose, when by themselves, to play severely, with the narrow square hoops, or perhaps with tunnels under the hoops, it is bad taste to inflict it upon strangers. The young ladies of the house—supposing there should be such—already enjoy considerable advantage by playing upon their own grounds; but a proper sense of the duties of hospitality will keep this in their remembrance, and control their actions. The same remarks apply to the targets for archery, the distance of which ought to be regulated by general consent, so far as it can be ascertained. Nothing so insures a display of good taste as the existence of an undercurrent of good feeling; and while people are good-naturedly indulgent to anything unusual which provides for their comfort, the sharpest criticism most surely follows pretension, or aiming at some novelty of which, peradventure, the lady has only heard or read.

An ambitious hostess, who had been told that iced coffee was *en règle*, ordered her cook to prepare some, and to make it on the morning of the party. The cook, being as new to the idea as her mistress, obeyed. She made the coffee, and took care to add the ice in good time—while the coffee was boiling. The mistress, exceedingly indignant at her stupidity, rated her soundly, made a fresh supply herself, and left it to cool. Alas! for the aspirant to style, she made *caf? au lait* instead of *café noir*, all unconscious that only the latter may be served cold, and that it is not usual for ladies to consume unlimited cups of a beverage, one-fourth of which is brandy or liqueur. So the cold coffee was voted detestable, and no one was pleased.

Another incident—it happened a few years ago during our last very wet summer—illustrates a course directly opposite to that pursued by the hostess of the iced coffee. A lady, let us call her Mrs. Blank, whose husband had amassed a considerable fortune in commercial pursuits, aspired to higher society. She had been born in a social rank above that of the man she had married. She stood upon that debateable land which borders high and middle life; one step might send her forward up to the highest step of the social ladder, but one little mistake, and she might be relegated to city circles once more. At this crisis she gave, at her husband's country seat in the neighbourhood of London, a garden party. She had been liberal and generous towards the pet charities of a noble



lady, not remotely allied to royalty, and, in consideration, an invitation, tremblingly issued, was accepted. But scarcely had the guests assembled, when a thunderstorm of more than usual severity reduced the lawn and pleasure-grounds to a state of wet sponge. The guests crowded into the house, looked at the grass, and privately each one determined to get away as soon as possible. But Mrs. Blank decided otherwise. She telegraphed for a supply of India-rubber overshoes; the response was prompt, and they came in time. Astonishment kept some silent, and others resolved, when they left the house, to say, "How vulgar!" But the noble lady had a soul above such consideration. "How sensible!" she cried, and held out her foot to be fitted. "How sensible!"

cried every one in chorus, and Mrs. Blank's party was a great and lasting success. This year she is seen at Marlborough House, is among the exclusives at Prince's, and the fashionable papers describe her dresses.

Nor is any one daring enough to call her parties, like the other lady's coffee, detestable; for she not only knows how to make people comfortable, but does so thoroughly.

To aspire to court circles is not the highest aim in life, and few there be who need study the matter with such an end in view. But it is the spirit and not the letter in which entertainments are given which matters, and it is quite as much required for every-day life as it is in giving successful GARDEN PARTIES.

### FOR OUR CHILDREN.

WE have received from our fair correspondents several letters begging us to devote a part of our Magazine to patterns of fancy work in several branches, easy of execution, and suitable for children or young ladies at school. We gladly accede to this request, and offer, in

this month's number, several new and pretty specimens of fancy work, which our young readers will find easy and effective. From time to time, we purpose devoting a sheet of our monthly serial to their benefit.

### THE MAGIC PITCHER.

I KNOW an ancient story of a maid  
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,  
And wept therefore; when came a voice that said,  
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell  
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"  
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light  
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain  
Or dew, was in his hands—all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden, hushed in sweet surprise,  
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,  
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes  
Whose smile seemed to enwrap her like a crown.  
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands,  
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,  
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,  
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in Summer lands,  
He breathed upon the lily bloom; and, lo!  
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,  
And shaped a magic pitcher white as snow,  
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,  
And brimmed with overflows of running light.  
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:  
"Drink of the lily waters pure and bright,

"Thou little maiden by the well," it said,  
"And give to all who thirst the waters cool;  
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;  
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"  
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,  
He faded in the magic of the spell;  
While mute with joy the little maiden stood,  
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.



## PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

ALTHOUGH this is not very generally a season for weddings, we hear of several as either just having taken place or about to come off. Wedding gifts, corbeilles and trousseaux, are ever interesting topics.

opals and diamonds so artistically mounted for the youthful bride of the Duke de X—; and the less costly but exceedingly tasteful bracelet which one of our young barristers who joins great talent to a hand-



453.—TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT OF BLACK SICILIENNE CLOTH.

*Paper Pattern, 2s. 9d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

Jewellers are showing their fair clients the marvellous watch encased in one huge garnet, edged with pearls, destined to the daughter of a general, about to become the wife of a merchant prince; the sapphire ear drops of the future Marchioness de C—; the necklace of

some face, and, better still, to the finest qualities of the heart, is to place in the corbeille of his fiancée, an heiress as beautiful as she is rich and noble, but whom his merits have won when so many higher in rank and fortune failed to please her. Our great houses

for dresses and lingerie spread out upon the divans of their salons or the cardboard figures of their show-rooms, lovely summer toilets destined to be admired at watering-places, at the seaside, and in the foreign cities, where the happy couples are to wander during their honeymoon, and we are quite dazzled by the marvels of silk, gauze, and lace we beheld. But as

with white crêpe lisse, which is extremely pretty without being common, thanks especially to the artistic style of the draperies, plissés, &c.; then a dress for visits, the skirt of lizard grey faille, with bodice and draperies of the skirt of brocaded crêpon, of a very light shade of the same colour. A somewhat fanciful toilet for excursions, dinners in the country, and so on,



454.—BACK VIEW OF 453.

*Paper Pattern, 2s. 9d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

all young girls who marry do not have a princess' dowry, let us be practical. We will remain upon rational ground, and merely give our fair readers the description of some tasteful toilet destined for a bride of twenty summers, which we were shown at one of our best couturières.

First, the bridal dress, of white faille, trimmed

thus composed: marine blue faille skirt, corsage and skirt drapery of crème Algerian gauze striped with dark and light blue; a very soft pretty material which drapes well. A fourth dress for the seaside: Skirt of noisette silk, with corsage and draperies of écriu linon, embroidered with wheat ears, and looped-up with bows of noisette ribbon.

A travelling costume of beige material, self-coloured and striped, trimmed with silk bias and pipings; a morning dress of rose-coloured Indian cashmere, trimmed with ribbons and Cambrai lace. To these various toilets, all more elegant one than the other, is joined a delightful v<sup>êtement</sup> for the demi-saison of dust-grey Indian cashmere, trimmed with a marabout fringe of wool and silk, and with braid to match.

We have taken this specimen of a choice of dresses for a trousseau, to help on the imagination of those of our readers who may be plunged in the serious pre-occupation of buying a wedding outfit; but it will be easy to modify the details according to personal taste, and also according to the situation in life which is to be the bride's after her marriage. If, instead of living in the country, or of going to some watering or sea-side place, the young couple is to remain in some large city where his calling renders the husband's presence indispensable, those toilettes suitable for the beach and casino, and for dinners in the country, must be exchanged for dresses of a more sober description. If one is to dwell in a cold climate, the embroidered linen and other transparent tissues must give place to thicker materials; if, on the contrary, one's fate is to endure a very warm temperature, the lightest fabrics of clear tints should be substituted.

A pretty nouveauté to mention in transparent materials is *écru* linen, embroidered by hand with coloured silk. This beautiful fabric is employed for bodices, and for draperies looped up over a *faillie* skirt of corresponding colour.

In *passenterie*, we were shown this week some pretty new articles. Fringes with tassels placed one above the other, fastened to a network foundation, to be had in all colours to match the dress, as well as in black, white, and *écru*. It is also composed of straw tassels upon a black silk net foundation, and combined with black braid spangled with straw, under a black silk dress most elegant. Gold and silver braid have been seen upon day-time toilets at the races, but such a style of trimming is not in good taste, except with evening dress. By gaslight, what would look gaudy and tinselled in the day-time is bearable, and even sometimes an improvement to the dress.

Thus we noticed, at a dinner party, a young bride's dress of silver-grey taffetas, trimmed with silk braid woven with silver threads, not contrasting very strongly with the dress, and the effect of which was simply lovely. The corsage was cut low in front, in the Agnes Sorel style—that is, in a square rounded off at the angles; sleeves à sabot, with *crêvés* of white crepe lisse; skirt trimmed with fifteen rows of the silver braid round the bottom, and draperies of silk, looped up with bows of the same, edged with silver braid. In the hair, some of the same braid was combined with sprays of monthly roses.

Some black v<sup>êtements</sup> for the sea-side and fashionable watering-places are trimmed with gold braid; they

are pretty for the casino, but it would be a mistake to wear them in the street by daylight. Gold and silver trimmings, we repeat it, for mantles as well as dresses, must be confined to evening dress.

It is losing much of the favour it has been enjoying for the last few years. Dresses and mantles thus trimmed are still worn, but for new toilets other garnitures are selected—silk or llama braids, either plain or forming alternate thick and open-work patterns, plaits, crochet, *passenterie*, gauffered or net-work fringes, and especially those with tassels, of which we spoke just now; all of which does not prevent, of course, dresses being covered with *plissés*, *bouillonnés*, *flutings*, gathered or pleated flounces, bias folds, pipings, and every sort of trimming made up of their own or of some other fabric, for simplicity seems further off than ever, and the eye is so used to a *fouillis* of draperies, ribbons, and ornaments of all descriptions, that a plain dress seems strangely bare and odd. And yet time was when a lady could look pretty in a well-cut and well-made dress of good material, without any trimming; but now the dress must be of two or three kinds of materials and shades of colour, cut up into innumerable shapes and devices, and overloaded with ornaments of every description.

For the present, it is out of our power to work a radical change in the modern style of fashion; all we can do is to choose the less extravagant models among those proposed by the prevailing taste of the period.

A costume for the beach or esplanade is of peacock-blue *faillie*, with Madras fancy material. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce, cut on the cross, piped and put on with a heading, twice gathered; above this comes a deep *plissé*, stitched down top and bottom with narrow-piped frillings. Tunic of Madras plaided fancy material, with bias fold of peacock *faillie*, forming in front a *tablier*, which is draped at the sides and back, and finished by two lapels pleated and joined together by bows of *faillie*. Cuirasse bodice of the fancy material, piped with *faillie*, and trimmed with bias folds of the same, forming a plain collar and revers, edged with a tiny frilling. Sleeves, also of the fancy material, with revers to match those of the bodice, and finished with *faillie* bows.

Another very pretty dress is of Surah foulard, striped green and rose colour, over a white ground; the skirt is ornamented with two flounces, which are increased in size at the back, and are finished with very narrow *plissés* cut on the cross. The *tablier* forms large pleats, superposed in front; at the back the two ends are crossed; the end which is passed *over* is finished quite short, with a bow; that which is passed *under* is longer, and forms a loop: the *tablier* is edged with a piping and fringe of all the colours of the foulard. Corsage cut the cross-way of the material, so that the stripes form a V pattern in the middle of the back and front; round basques, slit open a little behind and trimmed, like the tunic, with piping and fringe. Collar and cuffs of the material cut on the



cross, finely gauffered and edged with fringe. Revers to match round the bottom of the coat sleeves.

A tasteful costume for a little girl twelve years old is of blue foulard and crème cashmere. The foulard skirt is trimmed with fine narrow gathered flounces, piped top and bottom; the tablier, of crème cashmere, is draped behind under a large bow of blue ribbon, and is trimmed with a frilling edged with narrow silk fringe to match.

Cuirasse bodice of cashmere, with small puffings of foulard, following the outline of the shoulders, and coming down in front to the bottom of the basque, which is finished like the tablier, with a frilling and fringe. Bows of blue ribbon down the front and also upon the sleeves, which are trimmed to correspond with the bodice. Bell-shaped hat of white straw, trimmed with a wreath of blue-bells and heather.

Excepting a few very eccentric shapes, which we should not care to describe, or our lady readers to wear, there is nothing very new in chapeaux this month. The flat-shaped capote of Leghorn straw or French white chip, wreathed with flowers, is the dressy bonnet par excellence. It is worn at the back, so as to show the front hair. The chapeau for demi-toilette, for excursions, and the beach or country is quite different. It is high-crowned and sloped very much over the brow, while turned up at the back with wide coques of faille or velvet ribbon. In front there is a torsade and a feather, or a cluster of flowers. This chapeau is generally made of black straw or chip. For the sea-side, a gauze veil is added, which is long enough to be thrown round the neck as a scarf.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

### 'SLEEVELESS CUIRASSE BODICE.

THIS bodice is illustrated, the front view, on our Pattern Sheet, Cut 501, Fig. 4, and the back view, Fig. 469, in the pages of the Magazine. This pattern cuts into about a yard and a half of cashmere, narrow width, and consists of three pieces, back and side-piece. We also give the

scarf, which must be made in different material. Crêpe lisse would be pretty. Our readers are always asking for pretty coiffure patterns, so we may point out here that there are several pretty styles given in the above Cut—viz., 501 on the Pattern Sheet.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

1. Costume in beige mousseline-de-laine. Skirt just touching the ground, the bottom trimmed with folds of the material, held by bands of marron. Square tablier, edged with a flounce of bouillonné, fastened at the back by hooks placed underneath. Cuirasse bodice without trimming, over which is worn a half-fitting jacket without sleeves, with binding and buttons of marron. Straw bonnet to match the dress, the crown trimmed with bows of ribbon of the same colour; the brim lined with blue silk, and turned up in a coronet in front with wreath of roses.

2. Costume in taffetas and foulard. Skirt of violet taffetas, trimmed with a deep pleated flounce, put on with a cross-way band, and abovet his with four or five smaller flounces. Duchesse tunic in black foulard, bound with pearl-grey; plastron of pearl-grey foulard at the back, with bows of violet and grey at the waist. Violet and grey cuffs upon the sleeves. The sides of the tablier are drawn in a coquille at the back, enclosing a frou-frou pouff of grey, which has long fringed ends. Bonnet of white rice-straw, trimmed with violet ribbon and wreath of roses.

---

## LADIES' OWN MATERIALS FITTED.

MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, has completed arrangements for fitting ladies' own material, or with paper patterns, on moderate terms,

at the above address, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten to four o'clock.



455.—OUT-DOOR COSTUME (BACK AND FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*





456.—WHITE CHIP BONNET.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

NEXT to the great question, "What shall I wear?" the young lady of the nineteenth century asks herself, "How shall I wear my hair?" The styles are so numerous just now, that a person of taste has little difficulty in selecting that which suits her best. The difficulty lies in erecting the edifice when the style of the architecture has been chosen. Everybody has not a lady's-maid, and everybody is not clever at hair-dressing; but yet nearly everybody likes to have her hair becomingly arranged. We will suppose one of these unskilful ones trying to arrange her unruly tresses in the *queue* style. She reads in the directions, "Tie the back hair in the middle of the head, and plait in three," and sets to work. Having finished the plait, she refers again to her directions, "Tie the end, and fasten it up." Fasten it up where? She tries fastening it under the beginning of the plait, then over; then a bright idea strikes her, and she fastens it at the side, and refers again to the directions, "Take the side hair, twist it, and roll round the head." Poor Mrs. Wragge's difficulties over the receipt for her omelette fade into insignificance before the troubles of the girl who is doing her own hair in a new style. She rolls the twist round her head, complies with the remaining directions as far as she knows how, and eagerly takes up the hand-glass to see the result. Alas! instead of the neat smoothness depicted in the fashion-plate which has been her model, an unsightly mound of ragged hair meets her gaze, and in disgust she pulls down the whole edifice, and begins her weary task again. Where there are sisters who can assist each other things are better, but a great many girls will acknowledge that I do not exaggerate the difficulties of mastering a new style of coiffure. One sometimes gets so tired of it, that one almost wishes to cut off one's hair and buy false, which can easily be arranged on the dressing-table, and pinned on at the back of the head.

Judging from the number of letters I have had lately from our subscribers, asking for directions how to do their hair, young Englishwomen seem not a little exercised on the subject of coiffures just at present. Many of those who write say, "My hair is short and thin, and I object to wearing false hair." In these days of frizzing and curling, there ought to be no difficulty in making even short, thin hair look well. The following is a good style for such: Divide the hair straight across the middle of the back of the head, and put it in curl-papers; then divide the hair across the top of the head, about an inch and a half from the forehead. Damp the top of the front hair, and roll on crimping-pins. Tie the lower part of the front hair out of the way, while you arrange that on

each side of the top of the head. First tie that on the left. Pin a frizette under it; comb the hair over the frizette, and arrange it carefully across the front. (This is supposing your hair is not long enough to roll round two frizettes.) Pursue the same plan with the hair on the right, and arrange it neatly behind the first roll. Then take the front hair from the crimping-pins, and fasten it back as it best suits you, curling the ends round your fingers, and fastening them where they will hide any space between the rolls and the short curls at the back.

For those who have longer hair, the Catogan style is still fashionable, though a pretty variety has lately been made by substituting for the pendant plait at the back, one broad Grecian plait, or two narrower ones—seven plait, perhaps. Sometimes little curls are arranged between them.

How vainly do we envy gentlemen who have simply to brush straight away for ten minutes! And how they



would pity us, did they know how we have to divide in half-a-dozen places, tie up, shake out, twist, roll, and pin!

However, we can wear prettier hats than gentlemen, which is pleasant. Here is a pretty model of a country



hat. It is made of very coarse straw, and has a broad round brim and a low crown, trimmed with a white gauze scarf, in the bows of which, in front, is placed a bouquet of rose-buds.

Cream colour, or rather cream-white, is still increasing in popularity. It is much more becoming to many complexions than dead white, and makes a more mellow contrast with colours.

Nowhere does one see greater variety of styles in dress than at the seaside resorts so much frequented in July and August; for whereas some ladies go thither with a view to economizing in purse and repairing damages as to personal appearance, after the draught so freely made on both by a season in town, others look upon a month at the sea in the light of a second heat in the race after an "establishment" begun in that same season, and take care to provide themselves liberally with the accoutrements deemed indispensable in such races. An army of boxes accompanies each fair competitor, from which emerge coquettish nautical costumes all buttons and braid, elaborate pic-nic dresses all puffs and prettiness, riding habits with the latest improvements in collar and cuffs; cool, shimmering dinner dresses, and lady-like walking costumes, quiet enough in style, but with a certain air about them that proves the maker to have been no tyro at her business. (Let us hope she has been paid for her work, and is enjoying land or sea breezes somewhere, too, poor thing!)

The ladies of the lower middle commercial classes also prepare rather liberally for their stay at the "shore." What is the use of having money, they think, if you can't make it plain to everybody that you possess it? So they wear unsuitable rich silks for morning walks by old Ocean, who, with grim humour, sends his sad sea waves to make havoc among their bright-hued flounces. Their children dig in the sand, and build castles whose battlements are shells, and whose gate is a stone, arrayed in complicated *confections* which will not wash, but which advancing wavelets spare in nowise for that consideration. Mrs. Biscuit, once of High Street, now of Dough Castle, Slateshire, sees the children of a certain Countess enjoying themselves on the sands clad in brown holland simply made, and she casts astonished eyes to the blue sky, and looks complacently at her own decked-out darlings. "I don't believe," she says, later, to a friend, "that the dresses they wore cost more than eight shillings, and for

the suit my Angelina Ann had on I paid four pounds, including trimming and making." And Angelina Ann comes in with a great rent somewhere near the pocket, which is full of stones, and with the flounces shrivelled and shrunken beyond recognition.

The people who really enjoy the delights of a stay at the sea-side are those who do not much concern themselves about their dress beyond always having it neat, ladylike, and becoming. Elaborate costumes, they know, are out of place. They have fresh linen dresses for the morning, cool muslins for dinner, and cashmeres for the chill, dull days that occur in our climate in every month in the year. They take care to provide warm shawls and thick little boots for boating excursions. The pleasures of a pic-nic are not spoiled for these sensible girls by thin boots and shoes through which they feel every stone.

An ultra-fashionable costume looks rather absurd and out of place by the sea. It suggests such different ideas—ideas totally at variance with its surroundings. Yet many girls walk on the pier at Brighton in costumes only fit for a garden-party or a flower-show. But in whatever style we may dress, we shall always require good gloves. The *ACME GLOVE*, manufactured by *MESSRS. JANNINGS AND SON*, 16, Fenchurch Street, can be recommended as excellent in fit, style, and wear. The kid is fine in grain, and the cut the same as that of the best Paris gloves. They are to be obtained in all colours and shades, and any one sending a scrap of their dress to be matched with the nearest shade in gloves may rely on attention being paid to the order. I made a mistake in a former number about Messrs. Jannings' prices, and have heard that my doing so caused them a good deal of trouble, for which I am very sorry; so I must be very particular now to give the prices accurately. The *Acme* gloves are sold at 2s. 9d. per pair with single buttons, and 3s. 3d. with double. The prices of the Copenhagen are lower, being 2s. with single buttons, and 2s. 9d. with two buttons. Post-office orders are more secure in transit than postage stamps, and the price of the order may be deducted. Orders are to be made payable at the General Post Office.

A word on a very different subject before I conclude, to remind my readers that for the uncomfortable indigestion from which so many people suffer, nothing can be better than *MORSON'S PEPSINE*, Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C. This preparation can be had in bottles as wine, in lozenges, globules, or powders.

SYLVIA.



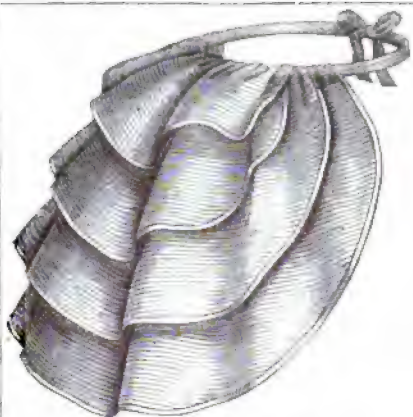


457.—MANTELET FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

*Paper Pattern, 3s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



458.—BACK VIEW OF 457.—*Price as 457.*



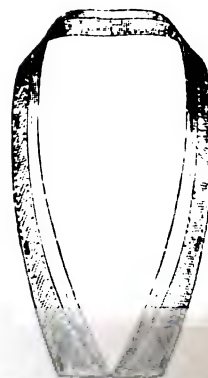
459.—DRESS IMPROVER.



460.—THE SHORT UNDER-SKIRT.



461.—TOURNURE FOR TRAIN SKIRT.



464.—PLAIN LINEN COLLAR.



463.—COLLAR OF FINE LINEN.



462.—BACK VIEW OF FIG. 5, 501 ON THE DIAGRAM SHEET.  
*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME] GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



465.—LADY'S UNDER-SKIRT OF FINE LONG CLOTH.  
*Paper Pattern, 2s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

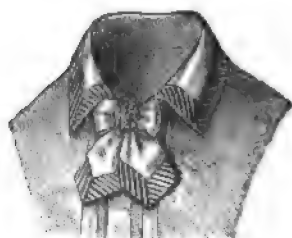




466.—CAP OF WHITE BLONDE.



467.—LADY'S CAP.



468.—LINEN COLLAR.



470.—DOLMAN OF CASHMERE.

*Paper Pattern, 2s. 9d. ; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



459.—BACK VIEW OF FIG. 4. 501 ON THE DIAGRAM SHEET.

The Sleeveless Jacket is given in our Cut-out Paper Pattern.



471.—COIFFURE OF BLACK SPOTTED NET.



472.—MANTELET AND TABLIER OF GREY VIGOGNE CLOTH.

*Price of Mantelet, 2s. 9d.; Tablier, 2s.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



47.—FRONT VIEW OF 472.

*Price of Mantelot, 2s. 9d. ; Tablier, 2s. ; Flat Pattern, half-price ; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

## Nos. 453, 454. TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT

Of black Sicilienne cloth, lined with lutestring. The sleeves are sufficiently short to display the cuff of the dress sleeve. A passementerie border is introduced on the back, the sleeves, and the lower edge of the paletot. The front has revers of black grosgrain silk; and on the sleeves there are bows of the same material. A deep beaded fringe completes this trimming.

## No. 455. SKIRT, TUNIC, AND JACKET BODICE OF PALE YELLOW MOZAMBIQUE.

The skirt is slightly trained, and has a flounce headed by a puffing and stand-up frill. The tunic long in front, and reeved up at the back, where it is joined above the skirt with two bows of grosgrain ribbon. Round the edge of the tunic is a band of grosgrain above a guipure lace with fringe attached. The jacket is trimmed to correspond with bands of grosgrain, and bows which are continued down the skirt.

## No. 456. BONNET OF WHITE CHIP; FOR THE SEASON.

Round the crown of the hat is a twist of pale blue ribbon, which falls down at the back in long loops and ends. On the left side of the bonnet the ribbon is arranged in loops, over which falls a spray of fern and ivy, with a small bright-coloured bird. The brim is turned up in front, and lined with blue grosgrain silk, which forms a background to a wreath of pale blue flowers. A twist of black velvet rests on the hair below the wreath.

## Nos. 457, 458. MANTELET FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

Mantelet and hood of black Sicilienne cloth, lined with lutestring and trimmed with a fringe of crêpe braid. Above the fringe is a leaf pattern embroidery of small black beads. Bows and ends of black grosgrain ribbon 3 inches wide.

## No. 459. DRESS IMPROVER

Made of horse hair crinoline, and bound with scarlet braid.

## Nos. 460, 461. TOURNURES.

These are variations of the same tournure, as worn with a short or trained skirt. They will be found very efficacious in improving the sit of any dress.

We give here the pattern for the short underskirt intended to be buttoned on to tournure No. 460, by means of the buttonholes worked in the band.

## No. 463. COLLAR OF FINE LINEN.

Finished by a bow, and ruching of embroidered batiste, arranged in a plissé folds. Chemisette of nansook.

## No. 464. LADIES PLAIN LINEN COLLAR.

## No. 465. LADIES' UNDERSKIRT.

Of fine long cloth, slightly trained, and trimmed with a deep flounce, finished off with a strip of muslin insertion, and three narrow, closely pleated frills.

## No. 466. CAP

Of white blonde, with bows and loops of black grosgrain ribbon, spray of roses, and Indian grass.

## No. 467. CAP

Of embroidered batiste, edged with Mechlin lace, and trimmed with bows and loops of pale lilac, and deep claret grosgrain ribbon.

## No. 468. LINEN COLLAR.

The linen in this collar is doubled, and finished with a band of striped red and white percale, bow to correspond.

## No. 470. BLACK CASHMERE DOLMAN.

Trimmed with Hercules braid and beaded fringe.

## No. 471. COIFFURE OF BLACK SPOTTED NET.

Edged with black lace, and trimmed with bows of black grosgrain ribbon. In front a half wreath of pink and white carnations, and mignonette.

## Nos. 472, 473. MANTELET AND TABLIER OF GREY VIGOGNE CLOTH.

The back, which is short and circular, is arranged in a triangular hood, with passementerie droppers. Round the neck and down the front are revers of vigogne, with straps of passementerie and grey buttons. Folds of grey grosgrain silk are introduced on the sleeves, tablier, pockets, and lower edge of the mantelet.

## Nos. 474, 477. EMBROIDERED WORK CASE.

Case of gilded canvas, à la jardinière, lined with violet taffetas. A square of canvas, about 8 inches wide, is embroidered with violet chenille, with a similar pattern to that of the centre of the handle, for which Illustration 474 gives the design in full size; leaving a row of holes between each row of chenille. The canvas is then cut through these holes into separate strips, and these are sewn on to the lining in the manner of the Illustration 477, where the ends meet the handle, a ruching and bows and ends of violet sarsanet ribbon are placed. The taffetas is drawn up with ribbon to match.

## Nos. 475, 478. EMBROIDERED BASKET FOR COTTONS, ETC.

Made in white fawn canvas, embroidered in point russe, with black and red filoselle. Lining, pink taffetas. Two strips of canvas are cut, about 6 inches long, and 1½ inches broad, and fastened together, the ends overlapping each other, to form a shape like a boat. They are embroidered according to Illustration 478, in point russe, with pink and black filoselle, and lined with pink taffetas. Pink chenille edges the basket, sewn on with pink silk. To keep the contents in the basket, pink sarsanet ribbon is fastened to the sides and ends, and tied over the reels, cottons, etc. Pink bows ornament the ends.

## No. 476. EMBROIDERY IN NANSOOK MUSLIN, WITH SATIN STITCH.

## No. 479. ANOTHER PRETTY PIECE OF EMBROIDERY.

## Nos. 480, 484. EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION.

Cushion of blue satin, arranged in puffings, with an embroidery on white cloth. Illustration 484 gives the size of the embroidered star for the centre of the cushion; the flowers and buds are worked with blue and yellow silk in chain and knotted stitch, the leaves and tendrils in feather stitch; the edge of the star is vandyked. Round the cushion is a box pleating of blue satin, with a strip of white cloth above it; the latter embroidered with forget-me-nots, in the same manner as the centre star, and fastened round the cushion with blue satin buttons, according to Illustration.

## No. 481, 486. EMBROIDERED GARDEN-BASKET.

Basket of wicker work and black polished cane, with handles. The embroidery which ornaments it is worked in black and green chenille. Illustration 486 gives the full size.

## Nos. 482, 483. EMBROIDERED BAG FOR BALLS OF COTTON, ETC.

Canvas made in white fawn, worked with fawn-coloured Berlin wool in five shades, and with black and green filoselle. Lining of green taffetas; edging of green chenille. The four sections that form the pockets are cut out of the canvas,



according to the pattern given in the supplement, and embroidered according to No. 483, with the wool below the lightest shade of fawn, a thread of black purse silk is fastened down with single stitches of green filoselle. The lining is cut out to correspond with the canvas, and bound together with it, the edge being finished off by the chenille. The pockets are kept in place by green sarsanet ribbon passed through the canvas and lining. A bow of the same ornaments the top.

#### Nos. 485, 487. MONOGRAMS. EMBROIDERY.

These monograms are suitable for batiste handkerchiefs. The outline is transferred to the muslin, and a sufficiently large piece of batiste laid under the pattern, which is worked in satin and overcast stitch, with fine sewing cotton; the edges of the batiste are cut away from underneath.

#### Nos. 488, 490. AUMONIERE.

Of black velvet, braided with black silk braid and embroidered with beads. Each part of the aumonière is lined with black lutestring. When the separate pieces have been sewn together, finish off the work with a fringe of beads as follows: Fasten the thread at the left corner of the aumonière; thread 3 beads, fastening them at a short distance from the velvet; thread the needle again through the last bead \*, 2 bead, fasten them at a short interval, repeat from \*. The lower edge of the aumonière is ornamented with tassels of silk and beads. Jet button and loop to fasten.

#### Nos. 489, 496. EMBROIDERED WORK-BASKET.

Basket of wicker work and polished black cane, lined with pink taffetas. Illustration 496 gives the full size of the embroidery, for which pink, blue, and white chenille is used.

#### Nos. 491, 493. EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

Two squares of cardboard about 8 inches along the edge, are covered with white matelasse on one side, and white sarsanet on the other: a perfumed wadding being placed between the cardboard and sarsanet. On the upper side are arranged puffings of pink silk, and an embroidery on Panama canvas, of which Illustration 493 gives the quarter. The stitches are point russe, Smyrna and pique stitch, and the silks used two thicknesses of pink filoselle; the scalloped edges are worked in buttonhole stitch. The edges of the case are ornamented with a box pleating of pink taffetas ribbon. Bows of the same at the corners. The case is closed with buttons and loops.

#### No. 492. EMBROIDERED NECKLET.

Necklet of black ribbon velvet, embroidered with blue, green, brown, and yellow purse silks in satin, overcast, and knotted stitch. The cross worn as a pendant is cut out of cardboard, covered with black velvet, and hung to the necklet by a broad strap of velvet. The forget-me-nots are worked in satin stitch, with stamens in knotted stitch of yellow purse silk.

#### Nos. 494, 495. EMBROIDERED KNITTING-CASE.

Case of white Java canvas, embroidered in point russe with black, blue, light, and dark brown filoselle. The case is in five sections, of which Illustration 495 gives half one, and is embroidered, using blue and black split filoselle for the centre pattern, and the two shades of brown for the border. The separate pieces are then lined with blue lutestring, and sewn together with long stitches of black filoselle; the case is fastened with a button and loop; a ruching of narrow blue ribbon ornaments each end, and the same ribbon is used to form the handle.

#### Nos. 497, 498. TWO SQUARES FOR UNDERLINEN, ETC. POINT LACE, BRAID AND CROCHET.

No. 498. Take a piece of braid 6 inches long and form it into a square. For the inner side crochet as follows. 1 double in the centre of one side of the square: \* 11 chain, 1 treble at an interval of  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch, 2 chain, 1 treble in the corner of the braid, 2 chain, 1 treble at an interval of  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch, 2 chain, join to the 9th of the 11th chain, 3 chain, join to the 7th of the 11th chain, 5 treble in the previously worked 2 chain, after which the 1st join was made, join to the braid where the last treble was worked, 6 treble in the 2 chain in the corner of the square, join to the corner of the square, 6 treble in the 2 chain between the 1st and 2nd treble at the beginning of this round, 5 treble in the 2 last of the 11 chain to which two joins have already been made; join to the 7th of the same 11 chain, 6 chain, 1 double in the centre of the side of the square; repeat 3 times from \*, fasten and cut off the thread.

No. 497. Make a square of braid the same diameter as the last, and proceed as follows. For the inner side, 1 double in the centre of one side of the square, 9 chain, 1 treble at an interval of  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch, 2 chain 1 treble in the corner of the square, 2 chain, 1 treble at an interval of  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch, 2 chain, join to the 7th of the 9 chain, 6 chain, 1 double in the centre of that side of the braid to which the last join was made, repeat 3 times from \*. 2nd round: 6 chain, the first 4 to form 1 long treble \*, 1 long treble in the 7th of the 9 chain, to which a previous join has been made, 2 chain, 1 long treble in the next double, 2 chain, repeat twice from \*. Then 1 long treble in the 7th of the next 9 chain, 2 chain. 3rd round: double crochet. 4th round: 1 double in every other stitch, close as usual with 1 slip stitch, fasten and cut off the thread. Outside the braid crochet as follows: 1 treble, 1 chain, repeat. Care must be taken that the squares lie flat.

#### Nos. 499, 500. CORNER PIECES FOR ANTIMACASSARS, QUILTS, ETC. CROCHET.

No. 499 is commenced at the corner pattern by a circle of 8 chain, 1st round \*, 3 double in 2 chain stitch, 1 leaf of 8 chain, crochet back along it as follows, miss 1, 1 double, 1 treble, 3 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, repeat 3 times. Every round is closed by a slip stitch, 2nd round \* 2 double, 2 double in the 2 free parts of the 8 stitches of the next leaf, twice alternately 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the 1st chain stitch, 3 double, then 1 purl, 1 double in the same stitch in which the last of the 3 double was crocheted, 2 double, twice alternately 1 purl, 3 double, repeat 3 times from \*. In connection with this pattern crochet the row of wheels as follows, 5 chain, joining the centre stitch to the purl between 2 leaves \*, 1 wheel of 14 chain, 1 double long treble in the 6th of the 14 chain, 3 times alternately 3 chain, 1 double long treble in the same stitch where the last double long treble was worked; then 2 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st of the 14 chain, 2 chain, 1 double long treble where the others were worked, 3 times alternately 3 chain, 1 double long treble where the others were worked, taking in the lower parts of the stitch, 2 chain, close with a slip stitch, and continue from \* until the required length is obtained. When all the wheels are crocheted, work round each side of the crochet as follows: 1st row, alternately 1 treble in the centre of 3 chain between 2 double long treble, 10 chain. When this row has been continued as far as the corner figure, crochet after the treble in the last wheel 4 chain instead of 1 \*, 10 double in the centre of the purl at the end of a leaf, 7 chain, 1 treble long treble in the centre stitch of the scallop, joining to the purl as shown by the Illustration, 7 chain repeat once from \*, 1 double in the next purl on the end of a leaf, 4 chain. Then continue the row as it was first begun. For the inside row underneath the corner pattern 4 chain instead of 10, 1 double in the purl at the end of a leaf, 4 chain. The rest in the way above described. 2nd row 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat. Decrease and increase at the corners, so that the work lies flat.



474.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED WORK CASE.



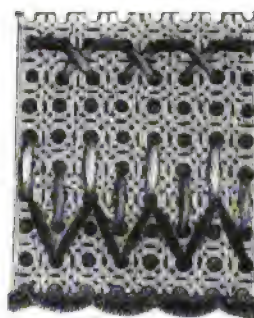
475.—EMBROIDERED BASKET FOR COTTONS, ETC.



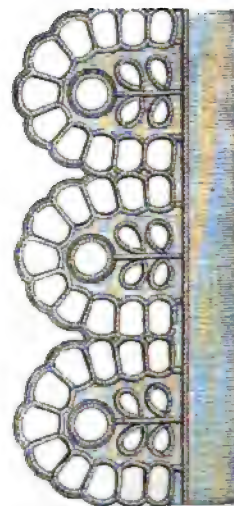
476.—EMBROIDERY IN NANSOOK MUSLIN AND SATIN STITCH.



477.—EMBROIDERED WORK CASE.



478.—DETAIL OF THE ABOVE BASKET.



479.—ANOTHER PRETTY PIECE OF EMBROIDERY.



480.—EMBROIDERED PIN CUSHION.





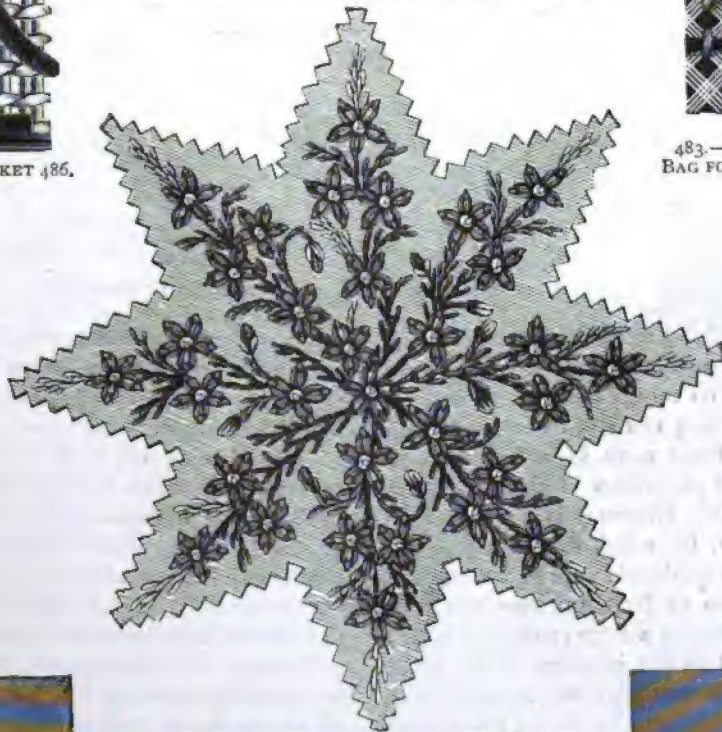
481.—DETAIL OF GARDEN BASKET 486.



482.—EMBROIDERED BAG FOR BALLS OF COTTON, ETC.



483.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED BAG FOR BALLS OF COTTON, ETC.



484.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED PIN CUSHION 480.



485.—MONOGRAM EMBROIDERY.



486.—EMBROIDERED GARDEN BASKET.



487.—MONOGRAM EMBROIDERY.

No. 500 is begun like the former pattern, with a circle of 8 chain. 1st round: 4 times alternately 3 double, 3 purl; every round is closed by a slip stitch. 2nd round: 1 double in both parts of the centre stitch of the three double, 14 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, 3 times alternately 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble, 11 chain. 3rd round: 14 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, crochet back along the 10 chain, 1 leaf as follows: miss 1, 1 double, 1 treble, 4 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, 1 slip stitch, then alternately till the next corner pattern is reached, 16 chain, crocheting back along the last ten stitches 1 leaf as above described. At the end of this row crochet back along it as follows: 9 chain, crochet back along it 1 leaf as follows: miss 1, 1 double, 1 treble, 4 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double, 1 slip stitch in the opposite leaf; then alternately 6 double in the 6 free chain of the last row, 1 leaf; where the last leaf is crocheted, 2 double in the 5th and 4th of the 14 chain. The 3rd round of the corner figure is then continued, 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble

in the next stitch but one, 5 chain, 1 treble where the last treble was worked \*, 6 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but one, 5 chain, 1 treble where the last was worked, repeat once from \*, then 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble, in the next stitch but one. The border is then continued as above described, omitting of course the 3 chain to form 1 treble; the corner-figure is then completed as follows: 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the stitch but one, and for the 4 corners, 5 chain, 1 treble where the last treble was worked, twice alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but one, then 1 chain; fasten and cut off the thread. Then crochet along each side of the centre rows of the border as follows: 1 double in the centre stitch of 5 chain, next to a row of leaves, then alternately 6 chain, 1 double at the end of the next leaf. Then edge the border, and the corner figure together as follows: 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1; increase and decrease at the corners so that the work lies flat.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

"Get work, get work!"

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

YOUNG ladies will perhaps be startled at the suggestion of Pharmacy, or Practical Chemistry, as an occupation. Yet it is by no means unsuited to women, and is much more interesting and less troublesome than most of the forms of fancy work in which so many women spend so great a proportion of their time. A higher consideration is, that Pharmacy is a really useful occupation, and one, also, by which one can get one's living. This latter is a consideration not to be despised in these days when women so far outnumber men, that it is simply unfair to expect that a large proportion of the former shall be supported by the earnings of the latter, as hitherto. We all know men who are burdened with the maintenance of sisters, and who accept the burden cheerfully; but how painful it must be to the sisters, who feel that they are a weight upon a man whom, perhaps, they prevent having a fair start in life. If every girl in middle-class families were brought up to some remunerative occupation, there would be no chance of such miserable dependence as this—that is, if health and strength continue. As it is, girls fritter away their time upon the most foolish things; and, in fact, it is the business of some people's lives to discover purposeless occupations on which girls may spend their energy and waste their intellect.

Any one who knows what it is to have an occupation in life must be aware of the increased interest with which it endues existence. Sometimes, indeed, one may feel tired of work, but is it not better to be tired with work than to be weary with doing nothing? Who would not

rather wear out than rust out? There is some satisfaction in the former, and the latter brings but a miserable, vague unrest; for one feels that one is spending one's labour for naught.

Need I bring any further excuse for suggesting new modes of occupation for the young women of England?

The only objection that can seriously be brought against pharmacy as an occupation for women is that of novelty. This, no doubt, is a grave one just at present; but there can be no such objections as those which suffice to deter us from recommending girls to enter the medical profession. The *Lancet* says, on the subject of women as dispensing chemists, "There is nothing in the process of education, or in the business of a pharmaceutical chemist, that would be unbecoming in a woman. For purposes of neat compounding she would be a serious rival. The success of a pharmaceutical chemist turns very largely upon the way in which dispensing is conducted, and the natural handiness and neatness of a woman would find ample field in it. Doctors are only waiting till dispensing can be done at reasonable prices by chemists, to hand over the whole of their prescriptions to them. Perhaps the introduction of women into the trade may hasten this most desirable arrangement." This is certainly encouraging—more so than men usually are to women when the latter desire to enter upon any unwonted path. The law, too, has done its part towards throwing open the way, for, by the Pharmacy Act of 1868, women were admitted to the examination which, when successfully passed, legally qualifies them to practise pharmacy.



Nor are there more than ordinary difficulties in the way of preparing for these examinations, for the Pharmaceutical Society admits ladies as students to the lectures given daily at their offices, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. The fee is four guineas.

Only, however, the scientific branches of pharmacy are taught at these lectures; and in addition to these, the would-be practitioner must possess a knowledge of the more practical branches, such as can only be gained by constant experience in the laboratory. Admission to the latter is at present refused to women students by the Pharmaceutical Society, but both laboratory courses and lectures are thrown open to women at the South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road. At this establishment, women enjoy equal advantages with men. At this, the only place where a woman can fully qualify herself to pass the examination which enables her legally to open business as a pharmaceutical chemist, a woman can complete the course at an expense of about fifteen pounds. The course of training extends over one year. After this the next step to be taken is to pass the Minor Examination in prescriptions, practical dispensing, pharmacy, materia medica, botany, and chemistry.

After this, the "Major Examination," successfully passed, confers the title of pharmaceutical chemist on the candidate.

I should have premised that no student is admitted to either the Pharmaceutical Society or the South London School of Pharmacy, unless he or she shall have passed the preliminary examination in elementary English, Latin, arithmetic, and the metrical system of weights and measures.

If any girl should feel inclined to take up the occupation of dispensing chemist, she ought to practise fractions and decimals thoroughly. And I may remark that at present an advantage exists which in two years will exist no longer, for, after January, 1877, all the above-mentioned training will have to be supplemented by a three years' apprenticeship to a registered chemist or druggist. Therefore, dear readers, those of you who possess the usual amount of education together with scientific tastes, should think over the matter, and you must also take into consideration that the profits in the trade of dispensing chemists are reckoned at from four to six hundred per cent. It is not in every trade that one can lay out a hundred pounds and get six hundred in return!

It may be said that with profits so enormous, men would be unwilling that women should step in, and that something similar might happen to that which occurred in London when an attempt was made to employ women

as jewel burnishers, a trade for which they are preferred to men in America. The attempt was defeated by the men, who struck work, on finding that some young women were, by their superior style of work, earning 3s. 6d. a day, and the employer was unwillingly obliged to dismiss the women.\*

But in the case of pharmacy no such opposition need be feared, as at a meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society last year, the introduction of women was recommended on account of the difficulty of obtaining young men as assistants. Further, it was urged that women who might enter the trade would naturally employ women as assistants, and that, consequently, much of the difficulty of training girls for the profession would disappear. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Babetta Schnell," says the "Englishwoman's Review," "seeing that her husband preferred amusement to his profession, and that they must shortly be ruined, learned his art of dentistry, and supported herself and daughter. After his death, having presented herself for examination, and obtained the legal right to do so, she practised till 1845, when she went to America, where her example has since been followed." This lady needed moral courage no less than physical, for there is no doubt that strength of mind no less than strength of wrist, is needed for the drawing of a tooth; and, besides, there can be few more disagreeable occupations than dentistry. We are not all Babetta Schnells, and I quote her case with the view of showing how much a woman may do, and also of showing how much more easy is the path to work than it was even in days so comparatively recent.

Now and then opportunities may occur which would make it easier still. For instance, apothecaries might prepare their daughters themselves, and with mutual advantage. The neat precision that usually characterises a woman's manipulation and arrangement, would be especially valuable in the mixing of prescriptions and measuring of quantities. Altogether this appears to be a promising opening for women who, either from dislike to teaching or from scruples as to entering this already overcrowded profession, are on the look-out for other modes of earning a living.

When the course of training has been completed, no difficulty ought to be experienced in obtaining situations in dispensaries, both public and private, as dispensing chemists, and those women who would not object to setting up a shop on their own account in this lucrative trade, ought to find themselves quite as successful in it as men have generally been hitherto.

SYLVIA.

\* I quote the above from the "Year Book of Women's Work," by L. M. H., an invaluable little volume.



488.—DETAIL OF AUMONIERE WAIST BAND  
OF BLACK VELVET.



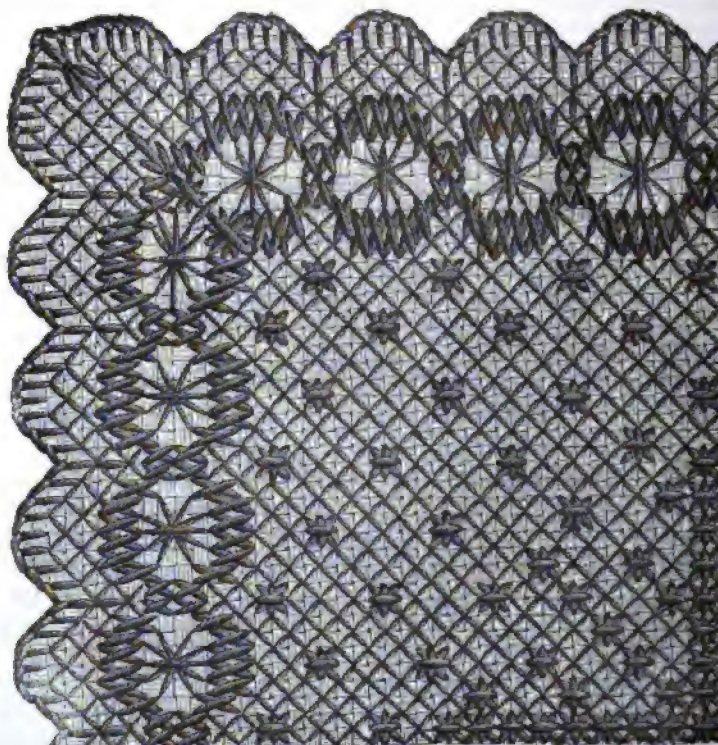
489.—EMBROIDERED WORK BASKET.



497.—EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF CASE.



490.—AUMONIERE  
OF BLACK VELVET.



493.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF CASE.



492.—EMBROIDERED  
NECKLET.





494.—EMBROIDERED KNITTING CASE.



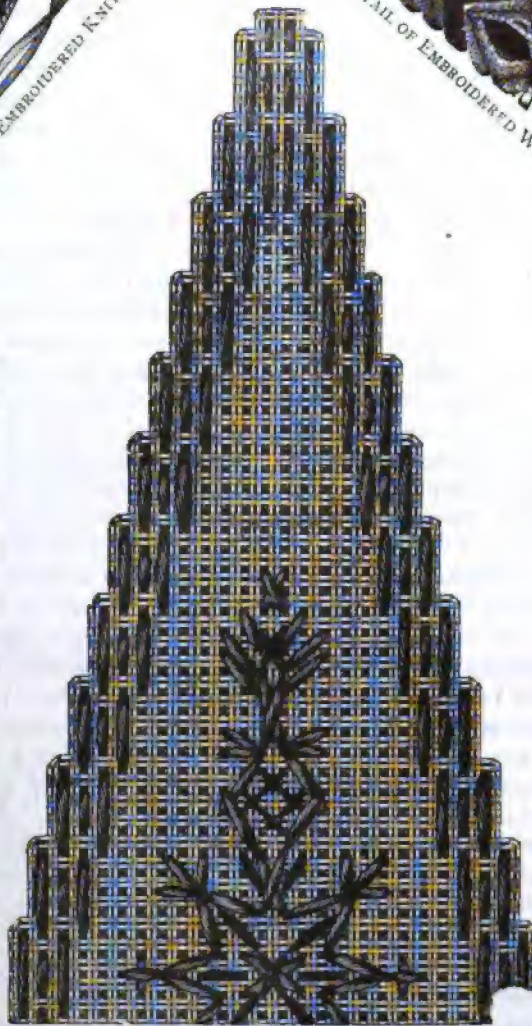
496.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED WORK BASKET.



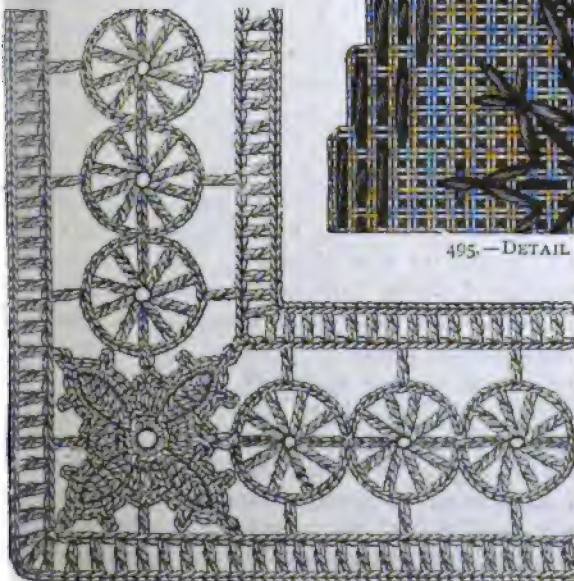
497.—SQUARE FOR UNDER-LINEN, ETC., POINT LACE, BRAID, AND CROCHET.



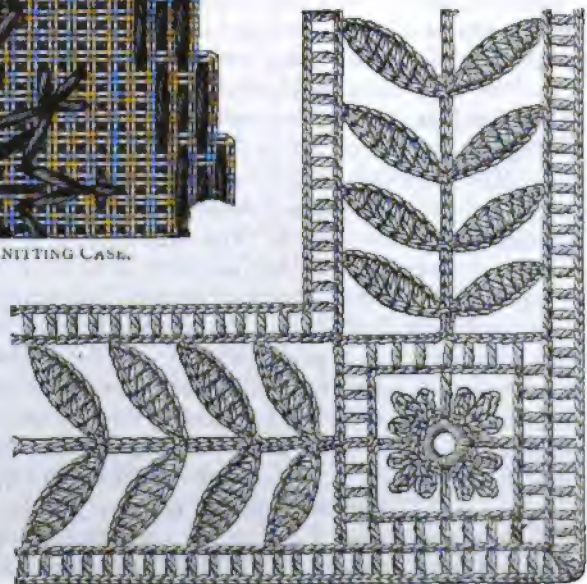
498.—SQUARE FOR UNDER-LINEN, ETC., POINT LACE, BRAID, AND CROCHET.



495.—DETAIL OF KNITTING CASE.



499.—CORNER PIECES FOR



500.—ANTIMACASSARS, QUILTS, ETC.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

TO give anything like an exhaustive notice of the various operas and concerts that have been given during the past month would, in our limited space, be impossible; and even if we were able to do it, it is very questionable whether any great purpose would be served by it. The month of July, 1875, has been, in a musical sense, very much the same as any July of the last few years: it has witnessed the wind up for the season of all the important series of morning and evening concerts, and of the performances at the two opera-houses, and the usual number, or possibly somewhat over the usual number, of benefit concerts; and yet for all this but little has been added to our musical experience. At Covent Garden the season has been an unusually successful one, and the interest in the performances has been kept up to the very last night, when the season closed with a performance of "*L'Etoile du Nord*," with Madame Patti in the part of the heroine, supported by M. Faure as Pietro. The brilliant prima donna has been in admirable voice all the season, and has appeared in several of her best parts, beside fulfilling one of the most important promises put forth in Mr. Gye's programme, by her impersonation of the heroine in M. Gounod's version of Shakespeare's "*Romeo and Juliet*." In this, as indeed in well-nigh every part she undertakes, her success was such as to satisfy even the most devoted of her admirers, and we may probably look forward to a more frequent repetition of the opera next season. It is only to be regretted that the public do not have more frequent opportunities of seeing Madame Patti in some of those lighter parts, by the performance of which she first made her fame, and in which she stands most unquestionably alone. For her benefit night, which took place as usual during the last week of the season, she chose the part of Violetta in "*La Traviata*," in which of late years she has not been frequently seen, and proved that she could play it as well as ever. The same week, two others of Mr. Gye's leading sopranos had their benefit performances—Madlle. Zare Thalberg and Madlle. Albani. The former appeared in Zerlina in "*Don Giovanni*," the character in which she first appeared before the public, and upon which, as yet, she has not improved; while Madlle. Albani chose Margherite in "*Faust*," and though she fully established her claim to be looked upon as one of the best representatives of the character, one could not help feeling that it was by no means the best thing she has done. Her assumption of Elsa in "*Lohengrin*" is unquestionably far beyond it, and it was to be regretted that she did not give her admirers an opportunity of seeing her once more in a character with which her name will always be associated.

As Mr. Mapleson did not open his campaign until some time after Mr. Gye had been in the field, Drury

Lane has remained open a week later than Covent Garden. There the chief attraction of the last month has been the appearance of Madlle. Chapuy as Rosina in the "*Barber of Seville*," and that of Madlle. Varesi, some weeks later, in the same part. Wagner's "*Lohengrin*" has been as decided a success here as it was at Covent Garden, but it still remains to be seen whether the work will continue to prove attractive after the curiosity about it has become exhausted. With the end of the present season, Drury Lane ceases to be the home of Her Majesty's Opera. The preparations for the building of the new Grand Opera-House on the Embankment are being rapidly pushed forward, and every confidence is manifested that it will be ready to be opened in May next. As far as can be judged from the plans, it promises to be one of the most commodious and elegant buildings of the kind in Europe, though its capacity will be hardly so great as some of the monster continental houses.

Mr. Henry Leslie gave an extra concert on Friday, July 9, expressly for the purpose of allowing the members of the various provincial choirs, who had come to London to attend the Crystal Palace Music Meeting, an opportunity of hearing the degree of perfection to which choral singing can be brought. It is to be hoped that the lesson thus given will not be without its fruits; such a brilliant example was worth any amount of precept. The choir, of which it is almost superfluous to speak in terms of praise, sang in their very best style, as if they fully realized the importance of the occasion, and have probably never been heard to better advantage. The most noteworthy items of the concert were Mendelssohn's "*Judge me, O God*," S. S. Wesley's "*In exitu Israel*," and a number of madrigals and part songs chiefly of the old school. The solo vocalists were Miss Eva Leslie and Mr. Sims Reeves, the latter of whom gave an exceptionally fine rendering of "*Adelaida*."

The Welsh Choral Union is an association which during this season has displayed considerable vitality, but the performances of the members can hardly be said to be adequate to their intentions. Their performance of "*Acis and Galatea*" at a recent concert was by no means up to the mark, most of the choruses being imperfectly and unsteadily rendered. The one redeeming feature of the concert was the singing of the soloists, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, although the last named gentleman seemed to try his best to give "*O Ruddier than the Cherry*" the effect of a comic song. The only accompanying instruments were the pianoforte and organ, the latter of which instruments was used "*not wisely but too well*" in the choruses. However, there appears to be a fair amount of good material among the choralists, and we hope that by next season



they will have found ample opportunity for the practice of which they stand in need at present.

The signs of the end of the season are becoming rapidly more and more apparent. Some of the principal houses have closed their doors, and those that remain open do not present any novelty except Mr. Horace Wigan's *Mirror*, where a new play has just been produced, written by Messrs. Oxenford and Wigan conjointly, which bears the title of "Self." At the Olympic, Mr. Henry Neville has found it his best policy to revive the well-known "Ticket of Leave Man," which rather more than ten years ago brought such a tide of prosperity to this theatre. In the present revival we have the advantage of seeing some few of the parts sustained by their original representatives. Mr. Neville is, of course, Bob Brierley, and his portrait of the brave Lancashire lad is as powerfully drawn as ever. Mrs. Stephens retains her old character of Mrs. Willoughby, which is still, as it always was, one of the best features of the performance. Mr. Souter appears, as before, in his old character of Green Jones; and Miss Farren again impersonates Sam Willoughby. The other parts are fairly well sustained, and the piece might reasonably reckon on again having a long run.

The remaining items of theatrical news may be dis-

missed briefly. Signor Salvini concluded his engagement at Drury Lane on Friday, July 16, with a performance of *Othello*, into which he seemed to throw the whole of his wonderful power. The acting of the great Italian tragedian marks an epoch in the dramatic history of this country; and it is most sincerely to be hoped that in the future he may be a constant visitor to London. Of the three impersonations he has given, however, that of *Othello*, in which on a certain memorable evening in May last he took the town by storm, still remains unquestionably the finest. At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone has brought his season to an end, and Lord Dundreary has made his last bow. The house has been opened by Mr. Edgar Bruce, with the company who were playing at the Court Theatre prior to Mr. Hare's lesseeship. The programme includes the drama "Alone," and the "Wedding March." At the Strand, there has been a change in the bill. "Nemesis," one of the most amusing and best acted burlesques that have been seen for some time, having been replaced. At the Criterion we have the evergreen "Fille de Madame Angot," in the original French, and, what is better still, with mainly the original performers. In spite of the number of times that every one has seen the piece, this performance should on no account be missed.

---

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

---

THE first of a series of articles descriptive of elegant and useful novelties for the toilet and domestic use, will appear in the next number of *THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN*. They will be written by a lady, in whose taste in selection and experience in purchasing we have most complete confidence; and our readers may rely on receiving information on which they can depend, as to novelty, utility, and economy of the articles—information valuable to ladies residing in country districts, where novelties are long in reaching, and where they are only obtained with difficulty, and probably increased expense.

In addition to the interesting and useful information we hope to be able to furnish, we propose, in the interest of our subscribers, to purchase and forward any of the articles they may wish to procure, and which they might find it difficult to obtain through ordinary trade channels. Our contributor will visit the principal establishments,

carefully inspect every article, and ascertain the most advantageous mode of purchasing. The price of every article will be mentioned when it is described; and on receipt of a post-office order for the price and expense of carriage, it will be immediately forwarded to the address given.

Costumes, millinery, lingerie, toilet requisites, ornaments for the drawing-room, articles of domestic utility, novelties, indeed, of every kind which a lady resident in the country would value as an ornamental or useful addition to her establishment, or for personal use, will be included in the matters described; and we hope that in making the addition to the contents of our magazine, and in offering facilities of purchase, we shall be able to be of service, not only to the numerous correspondents who have addressed us on the subject, but to our country subscribers generally.

---

## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE of EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

NELLIE writes—You must excuse me troubling you again, but I think I could not go to a better; and having all my dress, etc., to see to myself, I am often puzzled in choosing colours and quality. Therefore I beg your help in the following queries:—1. I want two or three dresses out of the enclosed patterns of print—at least, select some from them—and I am puzzled to know which would be the best. I was thinking of choosing one like that with green sprigs, and one like that with red, but I think they are not very good (price 9d. and 1s. per yard), and one of the stripes; which do you think would be best? Living in an obscure country place, miles from any market town, I have not the advantage of seeing much to choose from, so hope you will forgive me troubling you. 2. I was thinking of getting twelve yards of each; how could I have them made up? I don't care for frills; I am getting tired of them. 3. I have got a dress made like the enclosed pattern of blue, it is made walking length, three flounces on the skirt, tunic trimmed with close pleating of the material, plain bodice. I was thinking of getting some white lace to put round the tunic, etc.; or would black be better? Would a white muslin polonaise look well with it, and what part of the day would be suitable to wear it? 4. How could I renovate a dress like the enclosed pattern of silk, made with long plain skirt, eight widths, a plain bodice, no tunic? Could I get any out of the skirt to trim it, or what could I match it with, or will it look too old-fashioned? Would it do for a dinner dress, with a lace polonaise to wear over it? 5. How should I make fifteen yards of the grey pattern enclosed? Would a walking dress or a long dress look best? 6. What could I wear over my shoulders, as I can't bear to go without? 7. How would a white cashmere fichu look? [1. If I were choosing, I would have the one with brown and white stripes and the one with blue and white, but they are double the price they

ought to be. 2. Have them made with plain skirts and tablier simply stitched all round. 3. Neither black nor white lace would look well on your blue material, nor would a white muslin polonaise be suitable to wear over it. 4. You did not enclose any pattern of silk. 5. The grey would make a useful walking dress. The models given on pages 396 and 397 of our July number would be a pretty style, especially as you do not like trimmings. 6. Either a fichu, light jacket, a scarf, or a cape. 7. A white cashmere would be unsuitable to wear with any of the dresses of which you have sent me patterns.]

COLINETTE would be very much obliged to Sylvia if she would answer the following questions in next month's issue of Our Work-room. Where can I get the white fur used for lining those long silk cloaks so fashionable last winter? [At any furrier's.] And what is about the price? [I will inquire, and let you know in our next number.] Where could I get a pattern to make a lady's Ulster coat? [Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.] Where are those Swedish gloves to be obtained? [Jannings and Co., 16, Fenchurch Street, E.C.] I have to thank Sylvia for her kind answers to other correspondents, which have so often been of service to me. I have been a subscriber for six years, and thoroughly enjoy and appreciate this useful magazine. I hope this is in time, and that I have complied with the rules.

LYDIA C. wants very much to ask Sylvia if she can get a single pair of Izod's stays. She lives in the Isle of Wight. Could they be forwarded without any more expense? And she also wishes to mention that she, too, wrote to that young lady who wanted the pattern of a bodice which came out in March, 1874, and enclosed a stamp for reply, had she received any letters before. [Izod's corsets may be had of any good draper. The prices are from 4s. 6d. upwards. You must pay carriage.]

Can Sylvia tell me what to do with an old-fashioned fur cape, which is quite useless to me? It is sable, and the fur is still good, except just at the neck, where it is slightly worn. The cape is nearly half a yard deep, and the fur very dark and handsome, but I am too young to wear it, even if such capes were fashionable now. [With care and management, it would make a handsome trimming for a velvet jacket. Or why not advertise it in our Exchange column, or advertise it for sale? Fur always commands its price.]

What shall I do with a grey silk, writes A DISTRESSED ONE, that never could be persuaded to fit me? I really think that a dress can never be made to fit if it do not do so at first. This is a very pretty shade of grey, and it is cut square in front for a dinner dress. It does not fit at the waist, nor will the front breadths of the skirt sit nicely. They bulge out, and make me look very stout, and as I am naturally quite stout enough, this is disagreeable. There is no tablier in front, the breadths being trimmed with narrow flounces of the silk and bands of velvet. [As you say, it is impossible to make a good fit of a dress that has been badly cut. The only thing you can do is to have a well-fitting sleeveless cuirasse bodice made of velvet like that with which the skirt is trimmed, and wear it over the silk body. Have it cut en cœur—in other words, opening in a

point in front, which is more fashionable than the square style.]

EDNA writes—I have a quantity of dark blue satin once used for trimming a dark blue velvet dress. Could I use it in any way in trimming a black silk which I am having turned? Or would it be better to trim a Japanese grey silk, which is quite new? How would old trimming look on a new material? [The dark blue satin would not look at all well on a black silk dress. It will do admirably with your grey Japanese silk, if it be fresh enough, and you must judge for yourself of that. A good trimming sometimes looks better in its latter days than a cheap new one.]

LUCRETIA writes—I have a costume, made last summer, of bright blue rep. The colour is very decided and bright. I would have sent you a pattern, but I have not a scrap except the dress itself. I consider the dress to be very vulgar, but my mother, who chose it, says it is very pretty, and suits me admirably. I have fair hair, and either blue or grey eyes, I don't know which. What is your opinion, Sylvia? [I am sorry to disagree with your mother, but bright decided blues are certainly considered vulgar just now, when the neutral, soft, faded-looking blues and greens are so fashionable. If I were you, I should please my mother, who chose the dress, by wearing it till the end of the season, and then you can have it dyed a pretty dark navy blue, which will suit your complexion very well, and is a very fashionable colour. The Princess of Wales wears dark blue navy serge. Blue is her favourite colour, and suits her wonderfully, though she looks equally pretty in pink or violet.] I wear with this blue dress a Leghorn hat with a very broad brim straight all round. It has a long white drooping ostrich feather. Is not this an old-fashioned kind of hat? [It is both old-fashioned and new, for these wide-brimmed hats are coming into fashion again. I have not seen any this season in Leghorn straw, but you must not rebel against the shape. Nothing can be more becoming to a fresh young face than such a hat. It throws a soft shade, under which the eyes and complexion look their best.] And do you think I may soon wear a bonnet? I am nearly sixteen. I think they are so becoming this year that I should like to wear them now, and I am so afraid that by the time I am old enough to wear one, the shape may be an unbecoming one. I tried on my aunt's at the glass the other day, and I thought I looked very nice. Do you think I might coax mamma to let me have one at once? [Girls seldom wear bonnets till they are sixteen or seventeen, but as you would like it so much, perhaps your mother would see no reason against letting you have one at once.]

POLLY writes—I want to know what to do with a black satin dress; it is not a new one. I have eight and a half breadths forty-one inches long, nineteen inches wide, a full bodice and wide sleeves. Please tell me what to do with it, and what to do it up with, as I fear it will look old for me. I am 5 feet 3 inches in height, and very slight in figure, very pale complexion. I am thirty years of age, and have brown hair. I hope to be in time for the next month. I am in slight mourning, and unmarried. [Make the eight and a half breadths into a skirt, making

length, with kilt pleating to the knees. You will have enough for this if you only bring the plain satin to where the kilt pleating begins. From the cuttings-out of the gored breadths and the body, make your wide sleeves into coat sleeves, trimmed so as to hide the joins. Wear with a black and white sleeveless polonaise, or tablier and basque bodice without sleeves.]

Will Sylvia tell J. A. M. how to remake a dress like pattern, which was spoilt in making? It is made with two pleated frills on the skirt, a jacket waist and tablier edged with pleatings. The waist is too short, and the basques are so short at the sides that I cannot alter it. The frills are on the cross, and the dress looks altogether unfashionable. [You had better cut off the basques and make the bodice round, to wear with a belt. This will enable you to make the waist long enough. Judging from your photograph, this style will suit you. Stitch down the peats of your bias frills, damp and iron them, and they will look quite fashionable.] Can I wear a white muslin or thin black tablier and cuirasse over a light French grey Japanese silk? [Yes.] I am tall, dark hair, and pale. I should be afraid of troubling Sylvia, but she is always so kind in answering every one, particularly when she knows they have not much to spend on dress, that I am sure she will give me her advice.

GEORGIE would feel obliged to Sylvia if she would kindly tell her in next month's number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN whether a dull black silk dress would look well trimmed with a glacé silk, or vice versa? [No, grosgrain and glacé do not look well together.] Also, will white muslin polonaises be worn over black silk skirts for walking, etc., this summer? [Yes.] Georgie has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN a long time, and likes it much.

QUEENIE wishes to thank Sylvia for her kind advice in altering her grey dress; it looks very nice indeed. Will Queenie be imposing upon her kindness by troubling her again? She has a black diagonal cloth skirt, tablier, and bodice, and a grey homespun polonaise. Could Queenie make a tablier and sleeveless jacket of the homespun to wear with the skirt and sleeves of black? If so, how ought she to trim the home-

spun? [With pleatings of itself or bias bands of black.] Would the black look well trimmed with pleatings of the same? [Yes.] It is required for a travelling dress for the autumn. Queenie is tall and slender. What kind of hat would look well with the above costume? [Grey hat.]

Mrs. CURRAN, a lady who has taken in BEETON'S ENGLISHWOMAN for upwards of twenty years, would feel obliged if she could be informed, through the Workroom or otherwise, whether there is any house in London, wholesale or retail, where "white" jet, fancy beads, and bugles can be bought, such as are now so much used to work the patterns on white and black blonde and lace. Mrs. Curran has tried every shop in Dublin, and only a coarse, large-sized, yellowish white bead can be obtained, and they declare none other are made; but on the blonde sold by the yard, a very much better sort are sewn on. Mrs. Curran encloses a stamped envelope, and apologises for the trouble she is giving. [If the bugles are to be had, Mrs. Curran could write and order some to be sent per post, and enclose post-office order. These and all other kinds of beads are to be had of Miss Lindley, 41, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.]

The lady who wrote from Helensburgh is informed that a reply was sent to the address given, but was returned endorsed, "Insufficient address." If the lady will send her full address, she will receive the information she requires.

Can Sylvia tell WHITE VIOLET if grenadine is suitable for wearing in the street in summer? [Yes.] And how would Sylvia advise White Violet to remake a black grenadine which is made with a long skirt trimmed with one deep flounce, and pleatings of itself across the front. There is a long tunic which, when unlooped, hangs lower than the skirt, but no tablier. The body is very much worn, though the sleeves are in good condition. The flounce is torn and faded, and the skirt is torn at the pocket. How can it be made to look well? [The long tunic can be made into a new bodice, and there will be enough over to make bows and ends to wear at the back of the skirt. As the front breadths are

trimmed, no tablier will be necessary. You will perhaps be able to cut sufficient off the best part of the flounce to continue the pleatings down to the end of the front breadths. As you say the sleeves are good, this will complete the dress. You must mend the skirt near the pocket very neatly, and cover it as much as possible with the trimming. Grenadine always tears on slight provocation, and it is always better to use the pocket as little as possible. You can make a pretty little châtelaine pocket out of pieces of velvet or silk, as follows:—Cut a piece of stout lining the shape of a châtelaine pocket or pouch. Cover this with black silk on both sides. Old silk will do. Then cut your black velvet the same shape, but larger every way. Line it with silk, and sew firmly on to the first portion all round, on the wrong side. Finish off with a tiny bow of velvet at each corner, and suspend the pocket by bands of ribbon to the waist. This sort of pocket looks very pretty in gathered silk of the colour of the trimming of any dress. Madame Goubaud will send a flat paper pattern of this pretty pocket for 6d.]

I have a stone-coloured homespun dress trimmed with brown velvet, writes SOPHY. Would it be bad taste to trim the front of the tablier with bows of brown ribbon? [Brown velvet would be in better taste, but if your ribbon is exactly the shade of the brown velvet, it will not look badly. It would be better to trim the body and sleeves with bows of the same.] Would it be good taste to wear a maize bonnet with the above dress? [Very good.]

LINDA will be glad if Sylvia can tell her what kind of fancy work sells best? [It is very difficult to find a sale for ladies' fancy work, partly because they all do the same kinds, and partly because, instead of trying to do one sort of work particularly well, they do several various sorts indifferently well. There is a scheme on foot for establishing a central dépôt for the sale of ladies' work, to be carried on on commercial principles. If the scheme be carried out, I will tell our Work-room ladies about it, and how to become members. I do not at present know of any particular kind of fancy work that would be likely to sell well.]



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

ADA INGOT will feel obliged if the Editor can tell her when and where Mr. Sothern (the actor) was born; if he is married, and to whom. [Mr. Sothern is married. His wife is a lady unconnected with the theatrical profession. His son, Mr. Lytton Sothern, is also an actor.]

PAULINE writes.—Although I have taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for some time, and like it exceedingly, I have never troubled the Editor before; but seeing how kindly he answers the numerous questions, asked by the subscribers, I venture to trouble you with a few. Will you please tell me the correct way to pronounce, Milan, Genoa, and Alexandria? [Milan, Gēnoa, Alexāndria.] Will you tell me a nice style of doing my hair? which is thin and rather short. I am only seventeen, and do not wish to look any older, so I should like it to be a simple, and a way that does not take long. [Curl it all over.] Is the hair worn in two plaits fashionable for a girl of fifteen? [Yes, the two plaits are tied at the end with ribbon.] Will you kindly answer, in the August number, if I have conformed with the rules. [You have.]

I. A. M. writes.—Will the Editor kindly tell me in the "Drawing-room," if I can use anything to whiten my teeth? [Send to Douglas, Bond Street, for a dentifrice.] Also, what will make eyelashes grow and not injure my eyes? [Golden ointment.] Would the kind Editor also tell me if it is not very peculiar of a lady to clap her hands at a public entertainment? [It is not usual.] Also, if tumblers are not put on a dinner-table, how are people to do who drink water? [A water-bottle and tumbler are placed here and there on the table. Those who drink water use these tumblers.]

NELLIE writes.—I am sorry to be of so much trouble to you; what I mean by the scrap books is this, I mean those that they insert anything in them that you wish to remember, verses of poetry, or anything you wish to collect. I saw one at a friend's house lately; perhaps you will understand what I mean. Now I am going to give up all thoughts of trying to learn anything, as it is not possible for me to learn by myself. I have neither brothers nor sisters to help me; and I can't expect to be always troubling friends, at least, it is not very nice to have to confess to so much ignorance. I am the worst scholar you have; I am of an ambitious disposition; and when I read the articles on girls, they seemed to make learning so easy, I thought it would be no trouble to attain to that standard in learning, but when I begin to try, it seems harder than ever. I wish I was strong enough to attend school, but I must remain ignorant. I am a very good reader, and am very fond of reading. I don't know what sort of a speller I am, but I judge not a very good one. I am sorry I did not keep to the rules last time. [It is a very good plan to keep an extract book. Writing out a favourite passage helps one to remember it. It is also a very good exercise for those who are anxious to improve themselves, as you seem to be. Get Vere Foster's copybooks at once. Read history, and make notes of all you read. Find every place that is mentioned on the map. After you have read two or three pages, shut the book and write it all out again as well as you can remember. If you do not know how to spell a word, go to the dictionary. Give yourself plenty of room in writing, and do not write so closely as you did in writing to me. If you try this steadily, you will be sure to get on. Do not be discouraged if you progress but slowly at first. Do not try to learn French

until you can write good English easily and rapidly. You make very few mistakes in spelling. Write again in a couple of months and say how you get on. Don't give up because it is difficult. Nothing worth doing is ever done without trouble.] I see one of your correspondents wants a recipe for ketchup, so I have sent the enclosed. I had not time to write it down. I see one of your correspondents would copy any verses, songs, we want, provided they know them. I wish she would copy me, Onward, Christian Soldiers, and Always Think Before you Speak.

*Mushroom Ketchup.*—Take the full grown flaps of mushrooms, crush them in your hands, throw a handful of salt into every peck of mushrooms and let them stand all night, then put them into stew-pans, and set them in a quick oven for twelve hours, and strain them through a hair-sieve; to every gallon of liquor put of cloves, Jamaica black pepper, and ginger, one ounce of each, and a half pound of common salt, set it on a slow fire, and let it boil till half the liquor is wasted away, then put it in a clean pot; when cold, bottle it for use.

REINE (July). The lines are from "To Lucrezia, on Going to the Wars," by Richard Lovelace, who wrote in the seventeenth century:—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind—  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

GITANA would feel much obliged if the kind Editor would tell her when a girl of fourteen and her father come into the neighbourhood, are they entitled to call as much as if there were a grown up lady in the case. Or is it proper to wait until the girl has left school? [If there is not a grown-up lady in the household, ladies do not call. If introductions are brought, the girl is asked out to meet other girls, but morning calls are not made till she has left school.] Gitana was early deprived of a mother's care, and finds now, at sixteen, that evil weeds have grown up and choked all the good in her nature; would it be possible to weed them out with perseverance, alone as she is, and no one to help her? [It is never impossible, though always difficult, to weed out our faults. It is doubly difficult for you, poor Gitana, so young, and apparently so friendless. But you must not think you have no one to help you. The best and wisest Friend of all is always ready to help, and perhaps you will cling all the more closely to Him because you have so few earthly friends.] Having seen an advertisement of The Beating of my Own Heart, in your April number, Gitana sent for it at the address, "M. A., Post Office, Atherstone," but her letter has been returned with "not been called for," on the outside.

TWOPENNY writes.—Seeing how kindly you answer the most trivial questions, I have ventured to trouble you about my hair. It is very long and rather unusually thick, I believe, but perfectly straight. Now I see in all the pictures of fashionable coiffures, the hair is

wavy—beautiful, large, smooth waves. Can you tell me how to get this, particularly in front. I find plaiting it at night does not have the desired effect at all, it only makes it frizzy, and using common hair-pins the same, besides breaking the hair. And then, again, I want the waves to begin from the head, not have about two inches of straight hair first. [The effect is produced by crimping-pins. They can be had of Douglas, Bond Street, for 2s. 6d. The hair is made damp with water, and twisted in and out close to the roots.] There is another question I want to ask on the same subject. I have a bald patch on the top of my head a little larger than a shilling, from continually tying my hair there. Since the fashions have changed I have ceased doing it, hoping the rest would make the hair grow, but although I have left off for several months, it looks just the same. Can you tell me what to do? The hair-dresser says it will be all right in a little time, but surely months ought to make some difference. [Mr. Douglas, Bond Street, will send you a preparation to make the hair grow, but it will be some time before the bald spot disappears.] Will you kindly tell me of something new in waterproofs? I am so tired of the old styles but do not know of anything fresh. Do they not make lady's Ulsters, if so, what are they like? I should not like anything that would look fast. I do not want it till the autumn, so, perhaps, if you know of nothing now, you will tell me another month. Please put the probable cost. I am eighteen years of age, and five feet six inches in height. [Ladies' Ulsters do not look at all fast, but they are not very becoming. Complete costumes are now made in waterproof alpaca, with skirt neatly trimmed with tucks, and neat half-fitting jacket.] If you will answer these questions, you will greatly oblige your well-wisher.

AIGUILLE would feel extremely obliged if any of our correspondents would give a few recipes for invalids' puddings, made without eggs. Also what sort of cord is used for hanging pictures besides common blind cord.

H. B. Declined with thanks.

KATE W. presents her compliments to Sylvia, and will feel much obliged if she will tell her next month which is the right finger for the engagement-ring to be worn on, as opinions differ about it. [The third finger on the left hand, the same as for the wedding-ring.] She will also be glad to know how the scarves that are now so much worn, are to be fastened on. [With a bow of ribbon.] She likes the magazine very much, and wishes it every success.

HEDGEHOG would feel much obliged, if some kind correspondent would give a recipe for making Swiss Buns. We have taken your valuable magazine for many years, but never before troubled you with a question.

H. S. H. would be obliged if Sylvia will kindly answer the following questions in the August number. What age should a young lady begin to wear a bonnet? [About seventeen.] Would it look nice to wear a coloured hat, gloves, and scarf, with a white piqué dress to church. [In the country, yes.] I am seventeen, and only five feet in height, do you think I shall be any taller? [Most girls continue to grow after they are seventeen.] What is the medium height. [Five feet four.] I have taken your magazine for some time now, and appreciate it very much.

LILLA would be glad if the kind Editor will answer the following questions. Could custard puddings be served alone? [Yes.] And if so, would any sauce be required? [No.] Would it be proper to serve fruit tarts cold



when one has visitors to dinner. [Yes.] Should the Beau Ideal Embroidery be tacked on things the same as crochet edgings, or how? [Sewed on as ordinary embroidery.] When one has friends taking tea with one, would it be rude to leave the room to put the tea in the teapot? [Yes.] Is there anything that would remove dark, brown spots from the face? [What sort of dark, brown spots?] And will Sylvia tell Lilla if the enclosed silk is of good quality, or is it a cheap thing? [It is a cheap, thin silk.] And what colours would suit best for a person of fair complexion, and very high colour, and golden, brown hair. [Blue, violet, mauve, and lavender.]

ALDITHA. The poem you ask for, "Beautiful Snow" is so touching, and the story of its author so sad, that I give both here; but our readers will kindly take notice, that for the future, when they ask for words of songs, they must enclose stamped, directed envelopes, in which the words can be forwarded to them, if any one copies them out. We cannot, for instance, fill up our space with the words of such silly songs as, "I Really am so Sleepy," for which we were asked in June. Major Sigourney, nephew of the celebrated poetess of that name, was the author of "Beautiful Snow," but for a long time this fact was unknown. The writer had sad reasons for concealing his identity. He had in early life married a Miss Filmore, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe. During their absence rumours unfavourable to her character reached the Sigourney family. The reports seem to have been well founded, for shortly after her return to New York, she showed that the curse of the nineteenth century—the demon drink—had added another name to the list of his victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1853 the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow, in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife. Upon making inquiries, he found his surmises were but too true, and, after claiming the remains, he had them interred in the picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbour of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." What wonder that he hunted the publicity that its authorship would have conferred. The latest effort of his genius was a poem addressed to his only child, and is a touching companion to the first. A few years ago, Major Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself.

#### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Gilding the sky and the earth below;  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet,  
Dancing, flirting, skimming along—  
Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong;  
Lying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
Lying to lips in frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above—  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,  
Whirling about in their maddening fun—  
Plays, in its glee, with every one:  
Dancing, laughing, hurrying by,  
Lights on the face and sparkles the eye:  
Like the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Up at the crystals that eddy around:  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How widely the crowd goes swaying along  
Hailing each other with humour and song;  
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;  
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,  
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—  
Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky,  
As to make one regret to see it lie,  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands  
Of feet,  
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—  
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;  
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—  
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat;  
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;  
Hating the living, and fearing the dead:  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low,  
And yet—I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystal and heart like its  
glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flattered and sought, for the charms of my  
face;  
Father, mother, sister, and all,  
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too  
nigh;  
For all that is on or above me I know  
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful  
snow  
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
How strange it should be, when night comes  
again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate  
brain!  
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,  
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan  
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down—  
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful  
snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow  
Sinner! despair not; Christ stoopeth low  
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment again:  
Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,  
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;  
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear—  
Is there mercy for me?—will He heed my  
prayer?  
O God! in the stream that for sinners doth  
flow,  
Wash me—and I shall be whiter than snow.

S. writes.—Having seen one of your correspondents wishes to know how to prepare skeleton leaves, I forward the following recipe, which I have tried and found quite successful: Dissolve 4 oz. common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add 2 oz. slaked quicklime and boil for about fifteen minutes; allow the solution to cool; afterwards pour off the clear liquor into a clean saucepan. When the solution is at the boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour. Boiling water should be added occasionally, but only to replace that lost by evaporation. A good test is to try them, after boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not rub off easily betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is sufficiently softened, rub the leaves separately and very gently beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed. To make them pure white, put them in a solu-

tion of chloride of lime; a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water, add a few drops of vinegar to the solution to set free the chlorine, or bleaching gas. Do not let them remain in the bleaching liquor longer than fifteen minutes, as it is apt to make them brittle. After bleaching, press them in white blotting paper. Simple leaves are the best to begin upon. Vine, poplar, beech and ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. The best time to gather leaves for this purpose, is from July to September. Never collect specimens in wet weather.

S. R. writes.—Will you kindly tell me how best to dispose of a large number of "Times" newspapers, several years complete? Your recent alterations are a great improvement, I think.

ELLA would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly answer a few questions. Will cutting increase the length of the eyelashes, and is it possible to darken them? [It is said that if children's eyelashes are cut at the tips, they will grow very long, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the saying. I do not know of anything that will darken the eyelashes.] Can red marks be removed from the eyelashes? Is rum good for the hair?

CONTESSA writes.—In renewing my six months' subscription to your esteemed journal, I beg to thank you for the hours of pleasure passed with it, and also to say that each number appears more interesting. It is a journal I would put in my little daughter's hands when she is old enough to understand it, and this is the highest eulogy I can pay you. If Sylvia succeeds in having a musical page in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I could send her occasionally a little music for the pianoforte, which perhaps would please in an English drawing-room, as it does in Italy. I also compose for the guitar very pretty accompaniments for Neapolitan or Venetian songs, those of the popolo, which are simple and wondrously sweet. I mention this because I take an interest in the journal, and if I could in any way add to its interest, I would gladly do so. You give us coloured costumes in your front page, and further on a description of the costumes. Could you not give us the price of each costume ready made by Madame Goubaud? Ladies' in the higher circle of life have no time to make up their own dresses, they have never been taught the art. It would be so convenient to me if you could. [A simple Venetian song, with pretty accompaniment for the piano, would doubtless be valued by our readers; but the guitar is very little played in England. Many thanks for your kind commendation and good wishes. We sometimes buy costumes and other articles for subscribers abroad, and if you should wish for any particular costume, we could have it made and sent out to you. It would be difficult to tell the price without knowing what material you would like, the quality, etc. Madame Goubaud does not supply costumes, only paper patterns of them.]

EDITH would be very much obliged if Sylvia could kindly give her some hints how to do about her baby's baptism. The ceremony is not to be performed in church, but in the house. Should there be cake and wine after the baptism? [Yes.] What kind of wine, port and sherry? [Yes.] As she has no silver tray, should a common one be covered or uncovered, for the glasses? [Uncovered.] Should the cake be cut or uncut? [Cut it in the room.]

B. S. K. writes.—Will you kindly inform me of the address of Messrs. Barr and Sugden. In your June number of 1871, you refer favourably to a propagating case made by them which I should be glad to purchase, on receiving a prospectus from them, and I approve of it. Please reply in your next issue. [Messrs. Barr and Sugden, 12, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.]

## EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

*To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN,  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.*

*(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)*

## RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.

3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.

4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.

5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN's Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.

6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.

7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised

for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.

8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.

9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words, "Lists sent on application."

M. J. has a quantity of pretty songs to dispose of; also "The Quiver" (unbound) for 1872. Open to offers. Lists on application to M. J., 23, Great Homer Street, Liverpool.

M. has 157 crests and monograms, which she would exchange for songs (contralto) or books. Address with Editor.

MISS LAWRENCE has for disposal a large quantity of music very cheap. Send for list to Langdown House, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney.

Carved ivory fan, exchange for foulard silk or light material. Mrs. Meaden, 25, Grosvenor, Bath.

AMARANTHA thanks Sylvia for replying to her last queries, and wishes now to ask if any subscriber has for disposal the back numbers of "Figaro," containing "Autographs." "Amaranthé;" would give their original price

and pay postage. Address, Mrs. G. Pickles, 3, Park View Terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

MISS TURK has some very pretty muslin nightcaps, suitable for "Mamma," made at a London house, very good, simple, comfortable, trimmed with embroidery and lace. Address, Miss Turk, Post Office, Grosvenor, Bath.

*Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged for at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.*

MISS CLYDE, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devonshire, sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, 6 varieties for 12 stamps. She sends a box containing 9 varieties, for 5s.

Correct delineation of character from handwriting. Young Englishwomen, please send 13 stamps to N. N. Address with Editor.

M. L. has for sale a magic lantern, price £10 10s., original price £15 15s.; double lantern, and fittings for gas and lime light complete. Almost new. Address with Editor.

Ivo would feel obliged by an order from any lady for a very handsome wool crochet counterpane, price £5 5s., or antimacassars. Please state colours. Address with Editor.

## NEW MUSIC.

THE amount of new music that is produced month after month by our music publishing houses, seems rather to increase than diminish, and on looking over the large piles that come before us, one feels that it is a matter for congratulation that the average quality of the enormous mass is so good as it is. The proportion of absolutely worthless music, whether vocal or instrumental, is really very small; though, on the other hand, there is very little indeed that rises to the highest level. Great musical composers, like great geniuses in every branch of art, are rare; only one Handel, or Mozart, or Mendelssohn is produced in a generation. Let us be thankful that the composers of the second or even third rank write as intelligently and tastefully as they do. It is to these degrees of excellence that the pieces sent to us this month for notice, almost, without exception, belong; and while we can call attention to no extraordinary effort of genius among them, we can, at all events, conscientiously recommend many of them to such of our readers as are on the look out for an attractive addition to their musical repertory. Foremost among them we would place two transcriptions—one of Beethoven's "Lettre à Elise," a charming and very simple pianoforte piece, fingered, and with marks of expression, added with much taste and judgment by J. C. Hess, and a Minuet of Hadyn in E major, edited by M. de Fontaine; both of these are published by Messrs. Hammond and Co., and can be unreservedly recommended.

A very useful, and at the same time easy and effective set of pianoforte sketches are Gustave Lange's C. Bunte Blätter (Hammond and Co.) All of them are well within the capacity of any ordinary player, and are remarkably tuneful and flowing. We must confess to preferring Nos. 1 and 6, called respectively "On the Lake," and "The Gift," to the

rest of the series; but all of them will repay the not very great trouble of learning. From the same publishers we have a thoroughly good mazurka "Francine," a good melodious bit of dance music, with its especial character well and clearly marked; a very spirited galop "Champagne," by Gustave Biey, which will set the toes of most of our readers going when they hear it, and two fairly good waltzes, "Or et Azur," and "Reve Son," by Georges Lamothe. Our selection of vocal music is somewhat less attractive. Mr. John Cheshire's setting of Byron's famous words, "I saw Thee Weep" (Simpson and Co.), is tuneful certainly, but in every sense commonplace. The composer has by no means "written up" to the evident beauty and pathos of the words. Its principal recommendations are that it is written for a voice of moderate compass, and is easy to sing. Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Honour Bright" (Simpson and Co.) is a setting, not in the veteran song-writer's best style, of some weak words by C. J. Rowe. It is dedicated to Mr. Santley, but it will better suit a tenor than a baritone, as though there are no extremely high notes in it, it lies throughout in the upper register of the voice. The song of the "Lover and the Star" (Simpson and Co.) has the twofold recommendation of being written by the composer of the "Lover and the Bird," and being sung by Mademoiselle Liebhart; beyond these it does not appear to us to have many. From Messrs. Cramer we have a fairly successful, if not very original, setting by Mr. F. Crowest, the author of "The Great Tone Poets," a handy little volume which has achieved more than a moderate success, of some quaint, tasteful words by H. Gerworth. We do not remember to have seen Mr. Crowest's name in the list of song-writers before, but we are glad to be able to congratulate him on this effort, which, for a first one, is highly creditable.



12537

*Mod. 1111. 1890. Paris.*

*Ad. Goubaud & Fils. Ex. Paris. 1890.*

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

MODELLED FOR

The Young Englishwoman







SEPTEMBER, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### IV.—THE IMAGINATIVE YOUNG LADY.

**Y**OUNG ladies, like most other classes of the community, may be broadly divided into two classes—the imaginative and the common-place. We all number good specimens of each order among our friends and acquaintances, and, if we are liberal-minded, find something to admire in each. It is a fact which we must recognize, that common-place people, who have little or none of the fine instinct and ambition which we recognize as imagination, are of very great value in the world. The cool, clear heads which seldom look out of the windows while travelling on the great railroad of life, but keep their eyes on the time-table, know where the refreshment stations are, and never lose sight of their ultimate destination, are the most likely to make a comfortable journey. True, they know nothing and care nothing for the wayside flowers, the flashing panorama of hill and vale, woodland and wold, sunshine and shadow, amid which the journey is performed; but they are safe and cautious, have certainly made no mistakes as to tickets, luggage, and stopping stations, and are quite satisfied if they reach the terminus of life in fair average condition, and without accident. What a vast amount of dull, routine, necessary common-place work there is to be done in the world! And it may almost be considered as providential that there are people fitted to do it well and cheerfully, taking pleasure in it, and priding themselves on their life's labours. To revert to our railroad simile,

it would be a bad thing for us if the engine-driver were to be composing sonnets when he should be looking out for signals, and the guard to be speculating too curiously about "the harmony that is in immortal souls," when he should be taking care of the luggage.

If we estimate the value of anything by the use it is to the world, the simple, honest, common-place nature is very little inferior, if inferior at all, to the more highly gifted. The parable of the talents is exceedingly practical in its application, and involves no theological or metaphysical dogmas. The best person is the one who uses to the best advantage the gifts and opportunities he or she possesses. Very imaginative, ambitious natures fill a great place in history; but the king who rules wisely even a very little kingdom is of infinitely greater value to the world than the Alexander who overran Egypt and Persia, and sighed for more worlds to conquer—that is, to devastate. A good garden contains cabbages as well as bright flowers, and each have their uses, but very appreciably distinct. That is a homely illustration, but there is sense in it. Were we all vegetarians, we should starve if cabbages and other edible vegetables failed, and die miserably among the "roses, and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies," which make the garden beautiful, and which poets sing about; and we should starve mentally and morally if the kindly, homely natures whose range of vision is not very extended, but who see with wonderful

clearness within their limits, and keep straight on unwaveringly in the path of duty, doing heartily whatever their right hand finds to do, were to disappear from the earth. Iago, a base, ungenerous cynic, sneered cruelly at the "chroniclers of small beer;" but if it is necessary—and it is—that small beer should be chronicled, it is a good thing that there are people to do the work properly.

It is the common-place young lady generally who makes home so comfortable for father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and who develops into the kind, useful aunt, or the cozy grandmother. Of course, we presuppose good temper and amiable qualities, without which common-place folks and great geniuses are alike intensely disagreeable—the only difference being that the dull person is likely to be mean and spiteful, while the greater vigour of a more active intellect prompts violent outbursts. But for the present, we leave questions of temper out of the argument. It does not require much cleverness to know that we ought not to be either spiteful or violent: the duty of self-control and the beauty of good temper are quite as well known to quiet, common-place Elizabeth, as to showy, clever, poetical Edith. But we do wish to impress upon Edith that she is not necessarily superior to the other because she has a more vivid imagination, greater susceptibility to impressions, or more eager aspirations. Undoubtedly she is the heiress to greater riches, a wider domain is spread before her eyes, she feasts on the intellectual viands prepared by the great spirits of all ages, she sees visions of glorious gold-paved cities, she hears the faint murmurs of immortal harmonies; but those rich in earthly wealth are not always happier or better than those who are of poorer estate, who live on humble fare, and sleep on hard couches. Happiness is marvellously independent of external conditions in the worldly life, and, intellectually, a single ray of light may give more brightness and strength to the nature than the dazzling, blinding glory of a whole empyrean of suns. Dull Elizabeth may be as happy and as good in her parlour, over her needlework, or in her kitchen making mince-pies, reading her simple stories, or listening to the Old Hundredth by the village choir, as ardent Edith, her brain a-fire with poetry.

Recognizing fully and candidly the claims of each, let us now give a few thoughts to the value and nature of the imaginative faculty. It is a glorious gift, to be used wisely and well. Happy the girl who can reach out into the wide field of thought, and gather flowers; happier still if she can wear them in her bosom, beautifying her heart. Imagination should not lift us beyond the world, but strengthen us in the world. An eminent philosopher of the present day has written a treatise on the use of imagination in science. He tells us that the true philosopher not only accumulates and records observations of facts, but exercises his imagination to suggest probable new relations of the facts he has noted, and to suggest other lines of research; and therein he experiences one of the highest of human pleasures. He hopes that investi-

gations with the as yet unknown will help him better to appreciate the nature and the uses of the facts he is already acquainted with. Greater knowledge will not sweep away that which already exists, but extend it while strengthening it. The value of the imagination is, that it really strengthens the intellect, and widens our perceptions of the real value and capabilities of our daily life. We do not want to fly away to the sun and stars, but the sunshine and the beauty of the stars to come to us.

Imaginative and poetical literature is good; works of art, which collect into a focus wandering and subtle beauties, are good; music, that inexplicable but potent mover of the soul, is good; but good only as they strengthen and raise in our hearts a great contentment with the possibilities of our nature, not a dissatisfaction that we cannot live for ever in a dream.

The mere mock and spurious imitation of this high imaginativeness is what we often hear called "sentimentalism." We are always very much disposed to keep the "sentimental young lady" at a good arm's length. She is plated, not real gold; Bristol paste, not true diamond; machine-made lace, not old Flemish point. Let her weep if she will in a corner over the sorrows of some Araminta of fiction, or gush about a robin redbreast; but she is not likely to do so, for the sentimental young lady likes to show her sympathies in public, so as to impress the common world of crockery with an acute appreciation of her fine old china nature. She may gush into nonsense in her correspondence, be ecstatic about stars and moonlight, domestically sentimental about the straw hats of childhood, and the old kitchen poker of the household, rave about broken hearts, and strew flowers on dead kittens; but she is only sickly sentimental, not imaginative.

The truly imaginative young lady is a being with brains. She reads much, because she takes pleasure in becoming familiar with a wider experience of life than her own surroundings afford, because she enjoys to strengthen her own nature by mental communion with the wise, the good, and the sensitive. Poets, historians, musicians, painters, strike a note to which she feels she can find in her own nature a harmonious if feeble chord.

What we have been arguing throughout this essay is this, that a right exercise of the imaginative faculty gives the most exalted pleasure, but that we may fall into the error of mistaking for it a silly sentimentalism which is only an intellectual weakness; that imagination, like wealth, has its duties and responsibilities; that the ideal is only valuable to us as we can strengthen ourselves by the effort of reaching after it; and that common-place girls, if they are good-tempered, affectionate, and faithful to their lights, are very essential to the well-being and happiness of the world. The world, like a well-made clock, has a compensation balance to rectify possible errors in other parts of the machinery. Imagination may run wild, and do mischief, but common-place people come to the rescue, and keep the world moving as it should move.

THE EDITOR.

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## III.—BUILDING ANEW.

THE new comer opened his eyes wide at sight of Doctor Remy, and the table littered with writing materials; and looked with evident curiosity at the closely-written sheets of the will, the character of which he seemed at once to discover or divine.

"I see," said he, sententiously, nodding his head,—  
"Our last garment is made without pockets."

Major Bergan shivered as if he had felt a chill breath from the mouth of a tomb. It was hard to be so often reminded that he and his possessions must soon part, with small prospect of meeting again.

"If you must quote proverbs, Dick," he exclaimed, peevishly, "pray don't quote such cold-blooded ones as that!"

"How could I help it, when 'it came to my hand like the bow o' a pint stoup?'" answered Dick Causton coolly, with his eyes fixed hungrily on the Major's brandy bottle.

The hint was successful. Bottle and glass were immediately placed within his reach, and he made haste to warm and quicken his age-frosted blood with a deep draught of the potent liquor. It was both strange and sad to see how his eye brightened, his face grew more animated, his figure became more erect, his whole frame seemed to gather vigour and energy, under its influence, while his air became, if possible, more mean and slouching than before. It was as if he felt conscious himself, and knew that any beholder would be sure to discover, that his proper strength and manhood had long since died out of him, and he was now drawing unworthy breath and life from a source of which he was thoroughly ashamed, though unable to do without it.

Major Bergan, meanwhile, briefly explained why he had sent for him, adding, in a tone that was meant to be courteous, but narrowly escaped condescension:—

"I knew that you would be glad to do a favour to an old friend like me, Dick."

"Certainly," replied Richard Causton, heartily; "especially as I suspect that I shall also be doing a favour to my young friend, Mr. Arling. 'He that loves the tree, loves the branch,' you know."

Major Bergan frowned. "I don't see what my nephew has to do with it," said he, surlily.

Dick Causton gave him a look of surprise. "'*De vrucht valt niet ver van den stam,*'" said he, shaking his head. "That is to say, 'The fruit falls near the stems.' It isn't nature for a man to leave his property away from his own blood. It isn't right, either, in my opinion."

"I am not going to leave mine away from my blood,"

replied Major Bergan, austere; "though, if I were, I do not see that it is anybody's affair but my own."

"Nor I either," rejoined Dick Causton, coolly, "unless your dead ancestors should imagine it to be theirs. '*Os demos á os suyos quieren,*' 'The devils are fond of their own'—and so, doubtless, are the saints, if any such are to be found in your pedigree. It is reasonable to suppose that they would all prefer to see their earthly possessions go down in the channel marked out by nature. Anyway, I'm right glad to know that Mr. Arling is to have his rights, some day, fine fellow that he is! I've always had a kindness for him, ever since I first gave him a lift on his way to you."

Major Bergan looked very grim. "Yes, Mr. Arling will have his rights," said he, with stern emphasis,—  
"I've seen to that."

Dick Causton glanced from the Major's face to the will, with an instinctive feeling that all was not right, but could make nothing of either. The one was dark and impenetrable; the other was upside down, from his point of view. Apparently, nothing invited attack but the brandy bottle. That, he was glad to see, was not yet empty.

"I am wasting words," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "'*A chose faite conseil pris,*' 'Advice after action is like medicine after death'—or brandy after one has ceased to be thirsty."

"Take another glass," said Major Bergan.

Dick obeyed with alacrity. The dram was scarcely swallowed, ere a tap at the door announced the arrival of the overseer from "Number Two"—a tall, lank, taciturn Texan, whom the Major had recently taken into his employ, as a short cut to that avoidance of the rice fields which Doctor Remy had recommended.

The ceremonies of signing and sealing the will immediately followed. Dick Causton was greatly disappointed that the document was not read in his hearing, at he had expected.

"Never buy a pig in a poke, nor sign a paper without reading it," said he, as he took the pen into his hand. "How am I to tell what will I really signed, if I know nothing of the contents? However, it's your risk, not mine," he added, hastily, seeing that Major Bergan was beginning to look impatient. And, forthwith, he bent his energies to the task of writing his name in a large, angular, and very tremulous hand; and then shook his head dubiously over the result.

"It looks like nothing that ever I wrote before," he remarked, as he lay down the pen. "But '*Huad er hund*

*om han er aldrig saa broget,* 'A dog is a dog whatever be his colour,' and so, a signature must be a signature though it wriggle across the paper like a tipsy eel. Perhaps I shall know it by that token, when I see it again. But I can't promise."

"I shall know mine," observed the overseer, confidently, as he lifted the pen.

Doctor Remy leaned forward with sudden interest. The name was written in commonplace fashion enough, but it was finished with an odd, complicated flourish.

"Do you always sign your name in that way?" he asked.

"Always."

"It looks very difficult; yet you seemed to do it with much ease. Let me see the process again." And he pushed a piece of paper over to the man, who, gratified to find his skill so heartily appreciated, scrawled it all over with his sign-manual, in wearisome repetition. The paper was then passed from one to another, for a brief examination, and was finally left in the hands of Doctor Remy, who first began absently to roll it round his fingers, and ended by tearing it in three or four pieces, in a fit of apparent abstraction. Nobody noticed that one of these found its way into his pocket as a thing of possible utility, in the future.

He then rose. "I am sorry to be obliged to go so soon," said he, courteously, "but a physician's time is not his own. Good evening, Major Bergan, I am always at your service, and in any capacity. Good evening, Mr. Causton, doubtless, we shall meet again."

Dick glanced at the brandy bottle, and, seeing that it was empty, was taken with a sudden fancy for the doctor's society.

"I'll walk along with you, Doctor, at least as far as our road is one," said he, rising. "Good company makes short miles."

"I came in the saddle," answered Doctor Remy, "but we can be companions as far as the gate, if you like."

Nevertheless, the pair did not separate at the gate. Their conversation had become too interesting, apparently, to both; and Dick Causton continued to walk on by the side of the Doctor's horse.

It was late when he reached his cabin, that night. Very suggestively, too, he reeled across the threshold, and, missing the bed, deposited himself heavily on the floor.

"*Tidt meder man ei did som man vil skyde,* 'A man does not always aim at what he means to hit;'" he muttered, resignedly, merely changing his position for a more comfortable one, and dozing off to sleep.

Somewhere, on the way—or out of it—apparently, he had found a supplementary brandy bottle, and had not left it until it was as empty as the Major's.

It was late, too, when Doctor Remy laid his head on his pillow, that night. And, perhaps, in all Berganton, there was no wearier nor sadder man than he. One

apparently well-constructed plan had just gone to pieces in his hands, without note of warning. Another was now to be built up out of the fragments, pitilessly rejecting whatever had been an element of weakness in the first. Already, its outline had begun to shape itself dimly against his mental horizon. Yet he did not allow himself to linger upon it to-night. With the rigid self-control which he habitually exercised, he put aside disappointment, care, and hope, and soon slept as soundly as if no anxiety rested on his mind, no stain on his conscience.

He was early astir. With the morning light came quickness and clearness of thought. His scheme began to look more distinct and feasible. By way of getting it in hand at once, he tapped lightly at the door of Astra's studio.

He was somewhat surprised to find her before an easel, palette and brushes in hand. She smiled and blushed at his approach.

"I know what you would say," she began, apologetically; "'A Jack at all trades, *et cætera*,' but I really wanted colour for *this* subject." She pointed to her canvas. "Do you recognize it?"

"I can see that those are Miss Bergan's eyes," replied Doctor Remy; "all else is delightfully vague and suggestive."

"And what eyes they are!" exclaimed Astra, admiringly, not without a pleasant perception, too, that she had succeeded wonderfully well in putting them on canvas.

Doctor Remy did not answer immediately. He was regarding the portrait with a gravity that Astra could not understand; unless, indeed, his thoughts were elsewhere. Nevertheless, when he spoke, it was sufficiently to the point.

"Yes, they are very fine eyes," said he. "And Miss Bergan is altogether very pretty—in an uncommon style, too. It is surprising that she has remained heartfree so long."

Astra looked at him with soft, smiling, amused eyes. "Heartfree! As much as I am," said she.

Doctor Remy gave her a questioning look.

"I am not going to tell you anything about it," said she, laughingly. "Use your eyes, sometimes, in watching your neighbours, as I do."

"Who is my neighbour?" asked Doctor Remy, smiling.

"The proper question!" laughed Astra. "In this case, you need not journey beyond this roof, to find him."

Doctor Remy's eyes lit with a sudden, strange gleam. "Do you *know* it is so?" he asked, quickly.

"No, I cannot quite say that; I doubt if she knows it herself yet. But I believe it, all the same."

Doctor Remy watched her absently for some moments, then made a few curt, critical remarks about her work, bade her a cool good morning, and withdrew.

Astra looked after him, with a troubled, wondering expression.

"What has come over him?" she asked herself.



"How have I offended him? Or was it only my fancy that he seemed so cold and strange?"

Before Doctor Remy began his professional rounds that morning, he had sketched in outline the main features of a new plan for the acquisition of Bergan Hall. The minor details he wisely left to the suggestions of time and circumstances.

One of these proved to be very close at hand. As he drove mechanically through the principal street of Berganton, revolving various probabilities and possibilities in his mind, and trying to make some provision for each, he espied Miss Ferrars coming up the sidewalk; easily recognizable, at almost any distance, by her peculiarly mincing and swaying gait. In all similar encounters with the slightly faded maiden—whom he shrewdly suspected of designs upon his bachelor liberty—it had been his wont to slide swiftly past, with a low and deprecatory bow, suggestive of his deep regret that the urgency of his haste denied him the pleasure of stopping to inquire after her health. On this occasion, therefore, she was agreeably surprised to see him rein his horse up to the sidewalk, with the obvious intention of speaking to her. Perhaps her heart beat a little more quickly, as she stopped to listen.

Apparently, however, he had nothing of more importance to communicate than a commonplace enough observation about the heat of the weather, and a friendly caution not to walk far in so fervid a sunshine as was flooding the town with its golden waves. Then, he gathered up his reins, as if to signify that his say was said, and he was ready to proceed. Nevertheless, he lingered a moment longer, to add, carelessly—

"By the way, I ought to acknowledge that you were right and I was wrong, the other day. It is not the first time that man's reason has had to admit the superior correctness, as well as quickness, of woman's intuition."

Miss Ferrars looked both pleased and puzzled. "It is very good of you to say so," she answered, simpering; "but really, I can't think what you allude to."

"When you called at my office, a few days ago," explained the Doctor, "you did me the honour to confide to me your impressions with regard to my friends, Miss Lyte and Mr. Arling. I thought you were mistaken, and told you so. It turns out, however, that the mistake was on my part, not yours. I was really blind—not wilfully so, as you had the charity to suppose. I mention the matter the more readily because it must soon be patent to everybody. Good morning."

And without waiting for a reply, Doctor Remy courteously lifted his hat, and went his way, with a curious smile on his lips.

"That last intimation ensures speed," said he to himself. "Miss Ferrars will do her best to be beforehand with the news. Before to-morrow morning, it will be known throughout the town. Then, I can easily manage so that it shall reach the Major's ears, and—by the help

of my loving commentary—produce the desired effect. Astra must be gotten out of the way, for the present, at least. So must Arling; last night's business convinced me that he is more dangerous than I imagined. The Major deceives himself, but he does not deceive me; his bitterness towards his nephew is nothing more than piqued and smothered affection—affection undergoing fermentation, as it were, and certain to work itself clear and sweet in time. If Arling remains in the neighbourhood, the Major will soon be seizing upon some pretext for a reconciliation. Failing of that, Miss Carice is certain to inherit his estate; just because he wooed—and did not win—her mother, some twenty-five or thirty years ago! No doubt, a marriage between the two would suit him exactly, if he once got hold of the idea. Yes, Arling must be gotten rid of. But how?"

He bent his brows moodily. Some expedient, apparently, soon suggested itself to him, and was immediately rejected with a shake of the head.

"No, not *that* way," he muttered. "I'm determined against actual, point-blank crime, so called—except as a last resource. Besides, it is not necessary; I only want to get rid of him until the Major is dead, and Miss Carice is my wife. There *must* be some way to dispose of him by lawful means, if I could only hit upon it! Really, if there were a Devil, as some people believe, he would strain a point now in my favour! At all events, I think I see my way clear with Astra."

He was silent for an instant; his brow grew sombre with unwonted regret.

"Poor Astra!" he murmured, as he drove into the cathedral-like gloom of the far-stretching pine barren, "I am really loath to give her up! But her chance of the Hall, I see now, is not worth a picayune; and it won't do to trust to the possibility of substituting a manufactured will for the real one, as long as I cannot find out where the latter is deposited. The Major was very close mouthed about *that* matter. No, Miss Carice is my safest resort. Yet Astra would suit me much better on the whole." And once again, looking absently up the long, columned vista of the narrow road, he murmured regretfully, "Poor Astra!"

#### IV.

##### PARTINGS.

THE next day was Sunday. Bergan and Doctor Remy walked home from the church, as they had gone thither, side by side; yet, for a considerable time, neither spoke. If not altogether congenial spirits, they were on sufficiently easy and familiar terms, in virtue of their almost daily association, to allow each to pursue his own train of thought, on occasion, without reference to the other.

"Have you ever had the yellow fever, Arling?" said Remy, suddenly breaking the silence.

"No; it does not visit our western villages."

"Then, I advise you to take refuge in one of them for the next three months. It is certain to visit Berganton ere long."

"Indeed!" said Bergan, with more curiosity than alarm. "Why do you think so?"

"From the weather, the atmosphere, the present type of disease—a dozen indications patent to the eye of experience. Besides, I am informed by a private letter that it has already appeared in New Orleans. Its arrival here is but a question of time, and I assure you that its acquaintance is to be avoided."

"Doubtless; and I shall do my best to avoid it, except by running away."

"You might as well say," answered Doctor Remy, drily, "that you will take every precaution against drowning, except to keep your head above water. Don't be foolhardy, Arling. Yellow Jack has a keen appetite for strangers; that is to say, for all who are not native-born. If he spares any, it is usually the sickly and feeble, not the strong and vigorous. He would consider you a toothsome morsel. Take my advice, and go home, or go north, or take a sea-voyage; do anything rather than remain here during the last of summer and the beginning of autumn. It will be no loss to you. After the first of next month, there will be absolutely nothing for a lawyer to do here but try to keep cool."

"And you?" asked Bergan.

"Oh, I stay, of course. An epidemic is a physician's harvest time. Besides, I have had the yellow fever."

"Then the native-born do not all escape?"

"By no means. Besides, I lost my birthright by many years' absence in Europe. It was immediately after my return that I was taken. Now I may consider myself acclimated."

"As I must be," replied Bergan, "if, as is likely, I am to spend the remainder of my life at the south. Thank you for your friendly warning, but I think I must stay."

Doctor Remy shrugged his shoulders, and said no more. He had merely tried the first and simplest expedient which occurred to him for removing Bergan from the neighbourhood. He was not surprised nor troubled that it had failed; he had expected as much. But there were other and surer means to his end, he believed, at his command.

However, he was not obliged to resort to them. Early next morning Bergan came into his office, with an open letter in his hand and a most anxious face.

"Read that," said he, huskily, "and tell me if there is any hope."

Doctor Remy obeyed, reading the letter not once only, but twice, and looking long and meditatively at the signature. Then he lifted his eyes to Bergan's face.

"Plenty of hope, in my opinion," said he. "I do not attach as much importance as this Doctor Trubie

does to your mother's fancy that she is going to die. It only argues a depressed state of mind, corresponding to a low state of body. Nevertheless, it is well to do whatever can be done to raise her spirits, and I suspect that your presence at her bedside will avail much to that end. Of course, you set out at once?"

"Certainly. Can you tell me at what hour the next train leaves Savalla?"

Doctor Remy glanced at his watch. "In an hour and a half. That gives you ample time—fifteen minutes to throw a few things into a portmanteau, and tell me what I can do for you while you are away; five minutes for *adieux*, and an hour and ten minutes to reach Savalla, in the saddle, with a swift horse."

"If I can find one at such short notice," said Bergan, doubtfully.

Doctor Remy pulled a bell-wire, and Scipio's black head appeared as instantaneously as if he had been attached to the other end of it.

"Saddle the roan, and take him round to the front gate," said Doctor Remy. "Mr. Arling will ride him to Savalla. You will go after him, by the stage, this afternoon. Quick now!"

The head ducked, and disappeared.

"How can I thank you?" exclaimed Bergan, wringing the Doctor's hand.

"By attending to the portmanteau business at once. I will come with you; we can talk while you work. I want to ask something about this Doctor Trubie. Does he keep up with the times—in medicine, that is?"

"I don't know—I believe so."

"H'm; there have been some recent discoveries of great value in the treatment of typhoids, when they run long and low, as they are apt to do. Suppose I write down a few suggestions, which, if there is grave need, you can commend to Doctor Trubie's favourable consideration. Otherwise, don't interfere."

Bergan tried once more to express his gratitude, as the folded paper was put in his hand; but Doctor Remy cut him short.

"If you really want to thank me," said he, "do it by staying away until the sickly season is over; I shall have yellow fever patients enough without you. Indeed, you *must*; having left, it would be suicidal to come back before the first of November. Tell your mother that I said so, when she is convalescent."

"When she is convalescent," repeated Bergan, quickly. "Then you *do* hope?"

"Of course I do. There is every reason for it. Your mother, being a Bergan, has a sound constitution, and an almost indomitable vitality; and she is not yet old. If Trubie makes a good fight, he is sure to win. At any rate, never despair till the breath is out of the body; nor even then, till you are certain that it cannot be brought back."

Bergan could not but feel a pang of self-reproach for his long-smothered dislike and distrust of the man who

was thus loading him with obligations—help on his way to his mother, ready encouragement, and valuable professional advice. It did not occur to him that there is such a thing as doing good that evil may come.

Doctor Remy looked after him with a triumphant smile. "One out of my way already!" he exclaimed. "It would seem that the devil (another name for fate or chance) has helped me."

Bergan next sought Mrs. Lyte and Astra, for a parting word. He found the latter in her studio, sitting idly by a window, with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, and a weary, dejected face that went to his heart. Never before had he seen her otherwise than busy, bright, and earnest; never had she met his look with so faint and transient a smile.

"I am sorry that you are going," said she, sombrely; "sorrow, perhaps, than the occasion may seem to warrant; but I cannot rid myself of a suspicion that this phase of our life and friendship is finished; and who can tell what the next may be? Do you remember our first meeting under the oaks, and the red sunset-light, and the dark sunset-cloud? You interpreted them to mean that we were to know sunshine and shade together, did you not? Well, we have had the sunshine; now it is time for the shade."

"You forget," said Bergan, kindly, "that the cloud was but for a moment, and the sunshine returned."

"No, I remember it well. But the cloud was very dark while it lasted, and the shine was not quite so bright afterward. It was nearer to its setting."

Bergan could scarcely believe that it was Astra who spoke. Hitherto she had been the moral sunshine of the house, felt even where it did not directly fall. Her spirit, in its potency of cheer, resembled the sunbeam which, though it kindle but one little spot on the floor into actual brightness, diffuses its light and cheerfulness throughout a whole room. As every article of furniture, every picture, every face, in the room, is the brighter for the sunbeam, so every inmate of Mrs. Lyte's rambling old dwelling had been the happier for Astra's presence and influence. The sound of her clear, buoyant voice, the thought of her light, busy figure, just across the hall, had always served to quicken and brighten his own energies. It had been very much his wont to bring all his shadows, discouragements, and despondencies, to be dissipated by contact with her breezy activity and cheery hopefulness. What had come over her, that she met him now with such dreary premonition of ill, such persistent dwelling upon the dark side? He looked down upon her with the question in his eyes, if not on his lips.

She understood and answered it.

"It is only a dark mood," said she, passing her hand over her brow, "not an actual trouble—at least, not yet. But forgive me for afflicting you with it now, when you are under the shadow of a real cloud. Let us hope that it will pass quickly. When you reach home, may the sunshine be already there!"

"Thank you. I shall expect to hear from you through Doctor Remy—all of you, I mean. He has promised to let me know how everything goes on here."

Astra lifted her eyes searchingly to his face. Her fine perceptions had not failed to take note of his inadvertent linking together of Doctor Remy and herself, and his quick attempt to conceal it. She divined that he knew her secret. Her eyes fell, and her face flushed.

Bergan took her hand, and lifted it, in gentle, chivalrous fashion, to his lips. "I wish you every happiness," said he, in a tone that said more than the words—"every sunshine, and few clouds. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, withdrawing her hand, yet not without a certain lingering pressure, that seemed even sadder than her face, and that Bergan felt long afterwards. And he left her sitting where he found her.

Mrs. Lyte and Cathie followed him to the door, the one with much quiet sympathy and regret, the other with passionate tears and lamentations.

"He will not come back! he will not come back!" she screamed, wringing her hands, as he rode away; and the mournful cry followed him down the street, like a prophecy of woe.

A little farther on, he discovered that Nix was trotting quietly alongside of his horse. And so intimately had the dog been connected with all his sojourn under Mrs. Lyte's roof, that, in sending him back, he seemed to close the final page of this whole epoch of his life.

His road skirted a retired portion of the grounds of Oakstead. Suddenly he espied Carice, standing on the bank of the creek, with her eyes thoughtfully fixed upon its rippling flow. His sad heart yearned towards her with irresistible force. Glancing at his watch, he saw that there was yet time for a brief, parting word. He flung himself from his horse, threw the bridle over a gatepost, and ran quickly towards her.

"I am so glad to find you here!" he exclaimed, as he drew near; "otherwise, I must have gone without saying good-bye. I am sent for, in great haste; my mother is very ill, and——"

He stopped, his grave face said the rest.

"I am very, very sorry!" putting her hand in his, with quick, earnest sympathy. "When did you hear?"

"This morning. She insisted that I should be sent for, as soon as she was taken ill; she believed that she could not recover. It is the typhoid fever."

Carice's face blanched suddenly. "Ah! that has a fearful sound," she said, shiveringly. "My two brothers——"

Her voice failed, and her slight frame shook with sudden emotion. It was the first time that Bergan had heard her allude to the only sorrow which she had yet known; but the effect of which had been all the more keenly felt, doubtless, because, for her parents' sake, she had shut it resolutely into the depths of her heart, never allowing its shadow to be seen for a moment on the face wherein they now looked for consolation and cheer.

Much moved, Bergan put his arm round the slender tremulous form. At first, it was only the blind, manly instinct of help and support that prompted him; but with the act there came a swift revelation, a great rush of tenderness that almost took his breath away. Though he had never suspected it till now, he knew, in an instant, beyond the possibility of a doubt, not only that he loved Carice, but that he had loved her long.

Carice, on her part, was quick to feel the sudden, subtle change in the character of the support given her, and made a fluttering movement of escape. But Bergan would not let her go.

"Carice," said he, gravely, "if I should return sorrowing, will you console me?"

"If I can," she answered, simply, raising her blue eyes to his face.

"If you can!" he repeated, with a deep, tender intonation,—“oh, Carice! it must be a heavy sorrow indeed that you cannot console!”

As he spoke, the day, which had hitherto been cloudy, suddenly broke into a smile, pouring a flood of golden light on the river, trickling through the boughs of the overhanging trees in great shining drops, and flinging a yellow gleam far down their grey trunks. Wondrous sympathy of Nature with the bliss of two spirits made one,—the tender joy that keeps, throughout the musty years, the freshness and fragrance of its Eden birth! Yet, had the day still held its gloom, it would have been bright in Carice's eyes, and bright in Bergan's. Wherever Love is newly born, it creates a sunshine of the heart, which overflows upon the outward world, and fills it with celestial radiance.

Five minutes later, and Carice was alone by the river's bank, blushing to hear how persistently the little stream kept whispering and singing of what it had just seen and heard. The leaves, too, seemed to be softly talking it over among themselves; and a red bird and a grey one were gossiping merrily about it among the branches.

Still more plainly, Carice's face told the story, when she sought her parents. They saw at once that it was not the same face which had gone out from them an hour before. It had changed as an opening rosebud must have changed in the same time, under the balmy breathing of the warm south wind. Its merely girlish loveliness was over; playing about the mouth, and shining from the eyes, there was a bright and tender smile that seemed gushing from the very heart of awakening womanhood. Never had she seemed so lovely, never so radiant. Looking upon her, it was easy to divine the secret of angelic beauty. The heavenly existences are immortally beautiful because immortally happy.

"Did you engage yourself to him?" asked Mr. Bergan almost sternly, when her brief tale was told.

"Of course not," answered Carice, opening wide her blue eyes at the unusual tone,—“not until you and mamma are consulted. Only we know that we love each other.”

At the same time, Doctor Remy stood smiling to himself, in his office,—a dark, ominous smile.

"I am sure of three months," said he. "And in three months, tact and perseverance can accomplish a great deal."

At the same time, too, Astra rose suddenly from the chair, where Bergan had left her sitting, and begun to pace up and down the room.

"I have been idle too long," she said to herself; "I have let myself dream till my world is peopled with shadows, and I cannot distinguish the false from the true. Work is what I want. Work will exorcise these phantoms, and make my brain clear and strong again."

She stopped and looked fixedly into vacancy, striving to recall a former conception that had been dazzled out of sight in the golden dawn of her love. In a moment, it rose again before her; a great, stalwart, straining figure,—a man struggling up out of the waves that had well nigh worsted him, with a little child on his shoulders.

Quickly she improvised a kind of platform, and brought out her fertile box of clay. Nervously, she fastened her supports together; rapidly around them rose the soft grey plastic material in the rude, rough resemblance of a human form.

## V.

### WITH A DOUBLE HEART.

Now and then, on a summer's day, the air is suddenly filled with minute, swarming insects of the genus *ephemera*. They come unnoticed and unheralded; the air is thick with them ere one is aware; ears, mouths, and nostrils are filled with them, despite all efforts to the contrary; they are variously regarded from the scientific, the poetic, and the moral point of view, or merely as nuisances; by and by, they are gone as they came.

In just such wise, a swarm of rumours prejudicial to the reputation of Bergan Arling suddenly filled the air of Berganton; coming no one knew whence, but quickly circulating everywhere, to be variously met with surprise, doubt, belief, regret, anger, and indifference. It was averred that he had gone home deeply in debt, at least to his good friend Doctor Remy, who certainly deserved better treatment at his hands. It was alleged that he was hopelessly the victim of a depraved appetite for strong drink, although, by the help of the same good friend, he had managed, thus far, to save himself from public exposure. It was affirmed that he had persuaded Astra Lyte into a secret engagement, perhaps for the sake of mere pastime, perhaps with a view to the ultimate possession of the roof which had so long sheltered him, or to the union of his own with Astra's chances for the future ownership of Bergan Hall. Finally, it was shrewdly suspected that, having grown weary alike of the debts, the engagements, and the measure of constraint



which he had hitherto exercised over himself, he had suddenly broken away from all three, with the trumped-up excuse of his mother's illness, and taken himself off, not to return.

Coming, as has been said, no one knew from whence, and having no apparent vouchers, these rumours nevertheless penetrated to counting-rooms and boudoirs, to offices and to bar-rooms, to Major Bergan on his vast estate, and Dick Causton in his narrow cabin, to Godfrey Bergan at his desk, and Carice beside her mother—everywhere, save to the two persons most directly interested; namely, Bergan Arling on his rapid way homeward, and Astra Lyte in her studio.

Astra was hard at work now. Every hour, her clay model grew in strength or symmetry under her rapid touches. Yet her hope of finding clearness and quietness of mind in the exercise of her beloved art, had been woefully disappointed. The phantoms of doubt and anxiety which had haunted her idleness were not laid by her industry, but only held in abeyance until the inevitable moment of exhaustion, or of suspended inspiration, brought them upon her again, with tenfold power to annoy. Do what she would, she could not shut her eyes to the fact that a change had come over Doctor Remy, nor prevent herself from speculating as to its nature and cause. At first, it was only that miserable and dream-like change of look and manner which forbids one to complain, because it gives no lucid explanation of itself to the intellect, however it may disturb and depress the heart. Its effect was magical, nevertheless, in clearing Astra's vision from that soft, transfiguring haze of the imagination through which love delights to gaze at its object, and in giving her occasional glimpses into the depths and intricacies of Doctor Remy's character. Unconsciously, whenever he came near her, she fell to watching his words, his tones, his looks, even his motions and attitudes, for indications of the hidden, inner man, upon whose qualities and tendencies her happiness so largely depended. The object of this scrutiny was too keen-witted not to be aware of it, and too subtle not to avail himself of it to further his own ends. With apparent carelessness, but consummate art, he allowed more and more of his true character to come to the surface; he showed himself scornful toward religion, faithless toward mankind, indifferent and unsympathizing toward herself, in the hope of quickly transforming her affection into disgust, and forcing her to put a speedy end to their engagement. Doing this whenever he met her, he none the less took good care to make it manifest that he avoided her as far as possible.

Under these circumstances, no wonder that Astra grew pale and thin, that alternately she worked as in a fever, or stood idle as in a dream, that her old, cheery alacrity gave place to sombre restlessness, and her glow of happy spirits to pale depression, that, in short, she speedily became so unlike herself as greatly to alarm Mrs. Lyte, who finally appealed to Doctor Remy. He was

only too glad to prescribe immediate change of air and scene.

Mrs. Lyte stood aghast.

"I do not see how I can manage it," said she, slowly. "My income is just sufficient for our present mode of life; there is no surplus to meet the added expense of a health trip."

Doctor Remy mused for a moment. "We will talk over this matter again," said he, at length, looking at his watch; "just now I have an engagement. But trust my assurance that wherever there is a plain necessity for a thing, there is a way to obtain it. Good morning."

Doctor Remy's engagement did not prevent him from repairing straightway to Bergan Hall, whither the rumours already alluded to had preceded him. And so artfully did he work upon Major Bergan's hasty and arbitrary temper as to induce him forthwith to warn Mrs. Lyte of the existence of the forfeited mortgage, and his intention to foreclose at an early day. Be it said, however, in the Major's behalf, that he graciously designed said warning to play somewhat of the part of a blessing in disguise. For, having first shown Mrs. Lyte how completely she was in his power, it was his generous intention to offer her the largest mercy thereafter, even to the immediate relinquishment of every claim against her estate, on the easy condition that she and her daughter should at once break off all relations and engagements with his nephew, Bergan Arling. Thus, he would save Astra from what he was easily persuaded would turn out to be a most unhappy marriage; at the same time that he would gratify a certain odd itching in his fingers to meddle in Bergan's affairs. The whole business was arranged in less than an hour, and Doctor Remy returned homeward triumphant.

Nor was his elation at all shadowed by any thought of the suffering about to be inflicted at his instigation. Men of his naturally hard and forceful character, intensified by long culture of the intellect at the expense of the sensibilities, are apt to take a terribly straight path in one sense, if a woefully crooked one in another, to whatever end they have in view. The feelings of others, where they cannot be made to subserve their purposes, are regarded as so many obstructions in their way; to be pushed aside, or trampled under foot, as the case may be.

Possibly, too, they do not credit others with a greater depth of feeling than they are conscious of in themselves. Certainly, Doctor Remy, knowing nothing by experience, of the tender and sacred associations that cluster around the home of years, was not likely to concern himself about the probable grief of Mrs. Lyte, at leaving hers, except as it might hinder or prevent her departure. For, go she must—at least, for a time—since Astra would not be likely to go without her. His present task was so to smooth and clear the way for them, on the one hand, while he furnished the necessary degree of motive power on the other, that they should be gone ere Major Bergan was aware, or had submitted his terms of compromise to their consideration.

## VI.

## OVERBURDENED.

CARICE BERGAN was gifted with instincts singularly quick and delicate. She had not long breathed the same atmosphere with Astra and Doctor Remy, before she felt it growing heavy around her with some intensity of emotion which she neither shared nor understood. It might be sympathy, it might be aversion; in either case, its effect was to make her feel confused and constrained in their presence. At one moment, she seemed to behold them afar off, as it were, in a sphere of their own, whither she had neither the right nor the ability to follow them; at another, she felt herself standing between them, barring their way to a free and satisfactory interchange of thought and feeling; and again, she believed that Doctor Remy alone was responsible for her discomfort, interrupting, by his presence, the cordial flow of sympathy between Astra and herself. At any rate, it would be a relief to escape from so oppressive an atmosphere; accordingly, she took her departure, leaving the lovers—if such they can be called—together.

Certainly, there was nothing lover-like in the manner with which they faced each other, a few moments after the door had closed behind her. That brief interval had been spent by both in preparation for the crisis which the one knew, and the other felt, to be approaching. Astra awaited it with a mixture of eagerness and dread; she was weary of wearing the checkered tissue of suspense and anxiety; she would be glad to know exactly what was in store for her, even though the bitter fruit of such knowledge should be mortification and anguish. Doctor Remy's face was set and hard; over it a sombre emotion, like the grey shadow of a cloud on a rock, now and then passed swiftly, taking nothing from its sternness, but adding much to its gloom. He looked like a man who, at no slight cost to himself, has braced his soul with iron for the performance of some heavy, but necessary, task. Little as he likes it, he will carry it out pitilessly to the end.

With an inauspicious frown on his brow—none the less dark because it must have been assumed—he now opened the conversation by saying, abruptly—

"Astra, I have heard some very strange rumours of late."

"Indeed!" she returned, with a note of disappointment, as well as of surprise, in her voice. This was but a roundabout road to explanation, she thought; it would have pleased her better had the Doctor chosen a more direct one. She looked round for a chair, and sat down wearily, as if to wait his pleasure with such patience as she could command.

However, Doctor Remy was going as straight to the point—his point, at least—as could be wished. "Perhaps you will be less indifferent to these rumours," he continued, insinuatingly, "when you understand that they concern you, and your good name, much."

A slight flush rose to Astra's face, and her eyes lit; but she kept her seat, and she answered not a word, though Doctor Remy waited a moment, as if he expected her to speak. Seeing her silent, however, he went on slowly, and with seeming reluctance; yet, to a keen and disinterested observer, it might have appeared that he was trying his best to provoke her.

"I once told you that it was not in my nature to trust," said he. "But I have trusted you, Astra, even to blindness, else I should not have been indebted to others for the first intimation of things that I ought to have seen for myself. I should have discovered what sort of game you were playing, before the knowledge was forced upon me at the hands of public rumour. I suppose that I ought to take shame to myself for being so easily deceived—I do; nevertheless, your shame is certainly the greater for having so deceived me."

The flame in Astra's eyes was kindling brightly now, and her breath came quick and short; nevertheless, it was in a tone of the coldest and quietest dignity that she answered—

"I am not quick at reading riddles; be so good as to tell me, plainly, what you mean."

"As plainly as the subject allows," returned Doctor Remy, in a tone that was in itself a taunt. "I mean that the names of Astra Lyte and Bergan Arling are ringing together from one end of the town to the other in a way which, it may readily be believed, is not pleasant to my ears. It is confidently asserted—and believed—that a secret engagement exists between them; that is to say, the lady has long admitted the gentleman to a degree of daily intimacy and familiarity, which she could not with propriety have accorded to any other than her promised husband; some say, not even to him. Mr. Arling has been observed to be in her studio for hours together; he has been seen strolling with her in the outskirts of the town; the twain have been noticed talking earnestly together in that out-of-the-way spot known as the oak amphitheatre. On all these occasions the lady has been observed to be so much the more demonstrative of the two, as to give rise to the suspicion that the gentleman's sudden journey westward has been taken, mainly, for the purpose of freeing himself from entanglements not approved by his better judgment."

As these atrocious sentences fell, one by one, with distinct and cutting emphasis, from Doctor Remy's lips, Astra rose to her feet; the flush on either cheek settled into a vivid crimson spot, in the midst of a deadly pallor; her eyes darted fire; her lips trembled with the rush of an indignation too tumultuous, as yet, for word or action. Noting these signs, Doctor Remy congratulated himself upon the successful progress of his experiment. Already, the lioness was at bay; with a little more provocation, she would think only of vengeance.

He resumed his statement. "At first, of course, I paid no attention to these rumours; my ears and eyes were closed against them by that blind, foolish trust in

you, of which I have spoken. By and by, they came thicker and faster, and in a shape to compel my consideration. I began to understand that the possible heir of Bergan Hall possessed an immense advantage over the humble physician, although it might be well to keep a hold on the latter until the former was secure, and his inheritance certain. By way of two strings to the bow, there might be two secret engagements: I commenced an investigation. I traced the reports which I have mentioned back to their source——"

"You did!" interrupted Astra, with indignation that she could no longer repress. "Instead of sending these foul slanders back down the throats which invented them, you——" She stopped, choked by her bitter sense of indignity and wrong.

"Took the pains to verify them," rejoined Doctor Remy, coolly finishing her sentence. "Every accusation was established in the mouths of several witnesses. Arling himself had spoken frankly, as well as lightly, of his engagement to more than one person."

"It is false, and you know it!" exclaimed Astra. "Mr. Arling is incapable of such baseness."

"Never mind defending *him*," said Doctor Remy, with a curl of the lip. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Astra walked to the door, and flung it wide open. "I have *that* to say," she replied, turning upon him with a look of ineffable scorn, and a queenly gesture of dismissal. "Go!"

Doctor Remy stood for a moment irresolute, with an unwanted flush of shame rising to his brow. The climax had not only come sooner than he anticipated, but in an unexpectedly embarrassing shape—a shape that gave him a sudden, startling perception of the vileness of the task which he had set himself to do. Naturally, he was inclined to be angry with Astra for the action to which he owed this moment of self-recognition; yet, on the whole, it was the most bewitching thing that he had ever seen her do. Never had she attracted him so strongly as while she thus stood pointing him to the door. Her free and noble attitude, the wonderful vividness of her expression, the maidenly dignity of her tacit refusal to descend for one moment to his level, and discuss with him the points that he had raised, thrilled him with involuntary admiration. It irked him to think that he must needs give her up. Was there really no way to keep her, and at the same time win Bergan Hall? He sent his thoughts back over the road which they had trodden so often during the past fortnight, and decided once more that the risk was too great. He must persevere in the course upon which he had entered. Nor did a little present mortification matter, in comparison with hopeful progress. Astra was only helping him forward in the way that he wished to go. How easily the affections and passions of others became the puppets of his will.

Nevertheless, it was not without a softened, almost regretful, tone that he finally said—

"If I go, Astra, you understand that our engagement is at an end."

"Our engagement!" repeated Astra, looking at him with a kind of scornful amaze. "How dare you insult me thus? I was never engaged to you—never!"

Doctor Remy stood aghast. For one moment he believed that her senses were taking leave of her.

"Never!" repeated Astra, with proud emphasis. "I was engaged," she went on, after a moment, in an altered and tremulous tone, "to a MAN, a calm, wise, noble man, not a monster, nor a piece of mechanism. I was engaged to an earnest seeker after truth, a courageous grappler with problems that other men shunned, an honest speaker of his own thoughts and moulder of his own opinions—a man who, though he might be temporarily led astray by the very excess of his virtues of candour, boldness, and integrity, would be sure to come right in the end. He is dead, or he never lived, except in my imagination; *requiescat in pace*. But to *you*—a body without a soul, an intellect without a heart, a will without a faith, a kind of human beast of prey, intent on nothing but the gratification of his own selfish ends—to you I was never pledged. I would as soon have bound myself to a corpse or a calculating machine."

"This is plain talk, Astra," said Doctor Remy, growing pale with anger and mortification. "If you were not a woman, it would be easier to answer it."

"It is not only plain talk, but plain sight," replied Astra. "The scales have fallen from my eyes; at last, I see you as you are. The most that can be said for you, as well as in excuse for my late infatuation (for I would not seem altogether despicable in my own eyes), is that great and rich capabilities have been miserably perverted in your person. A grand soul has somehow been strangled within you. Some hidden canker, beginning I know not when nor where, but to which your surgeon's knowledge ought to have impelled you long ago to put the surgeon's knife, has slowly eaten out everything that was sound and good in your moral system, and left nothing but rotteness. And it is now too late for remedy. If it were not, if there were any hope that I could help to save you by clinging to you, I think I have the strength and courage to do it. As it is, I should only corrupt myself. Indeed, I fear it will be long ere I get rid of the virus of doubt and captiousness which, I find, you have already introduced into my mind, and of which that figure" (she pointed to the statue of clay) "is the legitimate outcome. You have given a bias to my mode of thought, which has already shaken my faith to its foundations, and might, in time (but for the scathing commentary of your life upon your opinions) have destroyed it. Leave me now. We have done with each other."

Perhaps Doctor Remy's good angel, absent from his side for many years, hovered at that moment above his head, with a wistful, almost a hopeful, face. For at last the strong man was visibly affected. Some chance word of Astra's had found a joint in his iron armour, and penetrate

to the living flesh. His lip trembled, it may have been with an unshaped prayer to Astra to make that effort to save him, of which she had declared herself capable; it may have been with a sudden perception of the barrenness of his life, and the valuelessness of its ends, disposing him, for a moment, to try whether any richer realities were to be reaped from an unselfish human affection and an unquestioning heavenly faith.

But not thus easily and quickly was the whole bent of a life to be changed, not thus the holding of the cords of evil to be loosed. Suddenly, between him and Astra, rose a vision of Bergan Hall, with its immense revenues, its ancient and aristocratic *prestige*, the vast power and influence that it would impart to capable hands, the abundant means and leisure that it would allow for scientific pursuits. For if Doctor Remy lived for anything besides himself, it was for science. He had managed to persuade himself that the interests of the two were identical. He had embodied his selfishness, as it were, in a theory, for the development, confirmation, and proclamation of which he believed that he desired leisure and wealth, far more than for himself; and through which he meant to be a benefactor to his race, as well as to wreath his own name with undying laurels. On the one hand, then, was this wide prospect of wealth, freedom, usefulness, and fame; on the other, Astra, and a life of restrictions and limitations, narrowed down to the daily necessity of daily bread. Quickly he made his choice. The angel spread his white wings, and flew upward, never to return!

Doctor Remy turned to Astra, and held out his hand. "Let us part friends," said he.

"Not so," replied Astra; "let us part—as we are to remain—strangers. No need to mock the sacred past with the commonplace civilities of ordinary intercourse. The relation that once existed between us is simply dead, not changed into something else."

"As you will," returned Doctor Remy, after a pause. "At least let me wish you a short mourning and a bright thereafter. Adieu."

He went out as he spoke, closing the door behind him. In his excitement, he used more force than he was aware of, and it fell to with a clangour that reverberated loudly through the large, uncarpeted room, and jarred painfully upon Astra's nerves. She shivered, and her eyes fell upon the clay figure. Apparently, it was trembling with sympathetic emotion; it even bent toward her, as if suddenly endued with life; for one moment, the old fable of Pygmalion seemed coming true, in her modern experience. Then the limbs gave way, the trunk fell forward, down went Bearer and Child together, the faces of each giving her one last, distorted look of malign meaning, ere they crushed into fragments on the platform.

"It is not the only ruin that he has left behind him," murmured Astra to herself, with a sad and bitter smile.

Mrs. Lyte, who entered soon afterwards, instantly discovered the fallen statue, and connected it, though not without a degree of surprise, with her daughter's woe-begone face. For Astra had been wont to bear disaster with more fortitude! Still, this was the largest work that she had yet undertaken; besides, she had seemed so far from well of late. Mrs. Lyte's heart thrilled with motherly sympathy.

"I am so sorry!" she said, pityingly. "Is it an utter ruin?"

"Utter," replied Astra, with dreary emphasis. "But never mind about it now. What has happened to distress you?"

Mrs. Lyte put the letter into Astra's hand.

"Read that," said she, "and see what you can make of it."

It was not without difficulty, under the pressure of her own misery, that Astra made herself comprehend the purport of the document before her, through the disguise of the legal terms wherein it had duly been couched by the lawyer employed by Major Bergan. With enlightenment, however, strange to say, came a quick sense of relief. Here, at least, was a necessity for action; and the trouble which is attended by that is never so great as one which calls only for patient endurance. Besides, how glad would she be to leave Berganton at this juncture, to escape at once from its curiosity, its sympathy, or its censure, to be spared the pain of meeting Doctor Remy's altered face, and the irksomeness of going on with the old life, in the old scene, after it had lost all the old colour and substance. Her face brightened so much, as she looked up from the letter, that Mrs. Lyte gave a sigh of relief.

"Then it is not so bad as I thought," said she.

Astra's heart smote her for her selfishness. She reflected what grief it would cause her mother to be thrust out from the home endeared to her by so many and sacred associations. Her face fell, and her heart sank again. Covering her eyes with her hands, she burst into a sudden passion of tears—a softer agony than had shaken her before, but still so plainly an agony disproportionate to the occasion, that Mrs. Lyte's eyes suddenly opened to the perception of some hitherto unsuspected sorrow. She put her arms round her daughter, and drew her head on to her bosom, as in the days of her childhood.

"What is it, darling?" she asked.

The soft tone, the affectionate touch, the motherly sympathy, were irresistible. Before she well knew what she was doing, Astra was pouring forth all her sad story.

"Oh, mother!" she moaned, as she finished, "if we could only go away—just for a time, at least, until I have recovered myself a little! If we could only go at once, too, without explanations or farewells!"

"We will, my child," returned Mrs. Lyte, soothingly; "that is, if I can manage it."

Then followed a long consultation.



## LETTERS ON POLITENESS AND ETIQUETTE.

TO-DAY I intend talking about one of the most difficult studies in the art of manners, and that is, the art of growing old. Women need to study this art much more than men, though there are many men who would be the better for taking a few quiet hints on the subject. A man is old, at least, ten years later than our sex, and his old age does not make the same difference in him that it does in us. Men have ambition left, and that invades their heart, soul and brain, fills up their time, satisfies their self-love, procures them all the emotions they can desire in this world. We have only devotion, religion, left, if our sentiments survive our youth; or reason, if, more favoured, we consent to take life as it is, and to see things in their true light.

Youth is the most exquisite gift that God gives us. To it belong all charms and every illusion. It gilds with its warm rays the days that flow under its reign. The habit of youth is a sweet one; it costs us much to lose it, and we only feel its price when it has fled. Many women dread the growing old, and only prepare themselves for it by their dread, whereas, they ought rather to prepare for it by reflection. We ought to watch over ourselves so as to clear the sad passage with dignity, and not to leave behind us the trail of ridicule.

The limits where youth ceases and age begins are difficult to assign, and they are not the same for everyone. I know some women who are old at twenty-five, and I have been with others who remained young at forty. But we must never count upon remaining young so long, and we ought so to use the days of grace that Providence grants us that we may not be surprised when the change comes, the change that comes quickly when it does come. One of the most cruel situations in life is to be old before perceiving it.

A Frenchwoman, speaking of one of these situations, says, "Formerly I was much in society with a woman I pitied much. She was scarcely thirty-two; she had been married at fifteen, had a daughter at sixteen, and was a widow before she was twenty. Rather handsome than pretty, her beauty ought to have kept, but it faded like a flower. Her hair grew white, her brilliant complexion faded, she grew fat, she was in fact completely "on the shelf," and had no idea of the fact. We inhabited the same house, saw the same society, and almost always went out together. Her daughter was one of the most charming girls I ever knew. I was a few years older than she was, though very young still, but I could not have been the daughter of her mother. She dressed herself like her daughter, sat with us and waited for the partners, who, alas! did not come. She said sometimes,

bad temperedly, 'How is it that you are always dancing, and I seldom get a chance?'

"Sometimes while she was thus mounting guard over our handkerchiefs and bouquets, she would be obliged to hear compliments about her pretty daughter. But nothing opened her eyes, and she still wore garlands of roses in her gauze dress. One day she asked a new maid who was doing her hair how old she thought her. The maid answered as though she were paying a compliment, 'Madame does not look to be more than forty-five.' The girl evidently thought she was taking off ten years then. Although an intelligent woman, she would never see that, and persisted in accepting nothing but the register of her birth. She was young in years, young in heart, young in mind; but with all that, she was old, older than many women of fifty."

Thus much in order to show that it is impossible to fix a time when age begins, and that you must judge for yourself. There are many ways of doing it. The first is to look at oneself, and take one's mirror for a friend, and not a flatterer. After thirty the study should be begun. It ought to be made, not in the interest of coquetry, but in that of the seemliness and dignity of woman. The symptoms are easy to recognize in the people who surround us, even in the case where the mirror deceives us, they will not deceive us.

If you go into society, you will soon see if your success diminishes. The most virtuous woman in the world knows perfectly well when she is admired; she cannot be offended at any admiration that is only shown by respect. In the street even, a woman guesses if the passers look at her with pleasure.

"Ah, my dear," said a very beautiful woman to me once, "I see I must give in; when I pass, no one turns now."

Mothers have no part or lot in what I am saying now; they find the measure of their beauty in their tenderness. From the moment that their children are grown up, they forget themselves in their children; there is no longer any question about shining—the only question is the happiness and future of their offspring.

When, therefore, you see that admiration and homage diminish around you, know that the moment approaches. You have amongst your "friends," too, some one who, in a moment of expansion, will let escape the words "you were."

That "you were" ought to enlighten you completely; look out for it, it is a landmark; look out for the women too; when they no longer fear you, they will seek you more. All these harbingers of the evil moment should be observed. When you are nearly sure of your

fact, put on all your armour of courage, take counsel with yourself, and cut into the quick.

Everything in you and round you must then change—not suddenly, as if by an impulse of despair, but skillfully, in order that the change may be so insensible that no one shall know when it began.

Accept age at once, and in good faith; put aside all ridiculous pretensions, and be persuaded that, instead of taking years from you, they only add to those you really possess.

Renounce compliments and homages; abandon them before they abandon you; make yourself out older than you are; do not wait to be forced to resign; resign before any one thinks you ought. Leave off dancing when invitations get fewer. If people are astonished at it, so much the better.

If you do not go into society, it is much easier; the abdication is less painful, and the task lighter. Take care to gain in affection and tenderness what you lose in praises. Your husband, your children, all those you live with, will cherish you so much the more as you make their lives pleasant.

As the horizon closes in, the heart ought to enlarge. We ought to give to it all that youth leaves, and it leaves really the best part of us. If happiness is not so intense, it is more certain, more durable, and augments as we approach our end. Then comes, for the best of us, the age of true piety—piety that is severe towards itself and indulgent to others.

After beauty is gone, soul and mind remain, and they can procure pleasures of which no idea can be formed till they are tasted. The goodness of nature is infinite; it spreads itself over the smallest details, and gives to the end of the day all the beauty of the dawn.

When once your decision is taken, everything ought to tend to this end. Renounce the idea of pleasing, renounce it frankly, or rather try to captivate those who approach you by a charm that nothing can take from you, and which will only grow with the years. Serenity of soul shines out on the face, and lends it a second beauty, whose seduction is irresistible. I know nothing more adorable than an old woman. Good, *spirituelle*, gracious, one cannot help loving her. She is sought for, the mind finds what it wants with her, her company was an education. She knows what youth is ignorant of, she tells what she has seen and felt, and her counsels are as agreeable as they are useful. I remember an old lady of nearly eighty for whose company I would have left that of any young person; she enjoyed and appreciated a joke, and often made one herself; she was as eagerly interested in politics as any Member of Parliament, and there was no question in the world of literature that left her indifferent. One day there was a question in her society about a quotation, which some one had raised as to where it came from. She turned to me, and said, "Please reach down the third volume of Pope from that shelf." I did so, and she immediately found the passage, the

reference to which had been forgotten by her young friends.

Women split, as I have told you, on two contrary rocks in this question of old age: they either abandon all care of themselves *en jetant la manche après la coignée*, or they dress themselves in a youthful fashion; and in trying to look younger only succeed in making themselves look older than they really are. The one is almost as blameable as the other.

If we lose our good looks nothing can bring them back; affectation and coquetry only recal to mind their loss, and state it. Still complete discouragement is as much out of place and almost as ridiculous. Old age is never very pleasant to look at—why make it more repulsive? My old lady of eighty used to say, "Each year makes me a year more careful!"

An old lady ought to be scrupulously neat, she ought even to carry it to exaggeration, whilst avoiding youthful dress. There is no need to blush for white hairs; show them, if only from coquetry; never dress up in one of those frightful wigs, nor dye your hair, everything like that adds ten years to your age. Many people insist that old ladies should avoid light colours; I am not of that opinion, if there is no retrospective intention in the choice. If you like pink, wear pink, not in profusion, but enough to brighten; do not condemn yourself to black and brown, if they make you feel doleful. The greatest charms of old age are gaiety, indulgence, kindness. An old lady can rejoice the eyes by an agreeable aspect, rejoice the mind by her souvenirs, and rejoice the heart by her own. A woman's heart may be eternally young, and give her great pleasures if she knows how to direct it, if she knows how to place her tenderness so that it shall give her back what she gives, if she offers to her family, to her friends, the ardour of sentiment that time respects in certain privileged natures. Keep yourself from all paints and powders, as from fire; you can gain nothing by them in beauty, on the contrary, they will make you lose all respect and consideration; and, in short, will make you ridiculous. You will be the butt of women's jokes, and men will fly from you, they will fear your extravagant pretensions, and you will be left alone. I know a striking example of this.

Two women of the same age have chosen two different paths—one has determined to remain young in spite of years and her looking-glass: she paints her face, she dyes her hair, she wears long dresses, and she places herself among the dancers and expects partners.

The other wears her age frankly: she neither affects severity nor carelessness, she likes laughing, she likes to dress herself comfortably and to her own taste, without consulting fashion; her mind has kept every liberty, her memory all its charm; she surrounds herself with youth, she adores beauty—of which the other is jealous. Always scrupulously neat and elegant, she avoids subtleties, and has recourse to no artifice, neither cosmetics nor colours are ever seen on her toilet-table.

The first resembles an old painted doll, a plaything for the public. The other seems to be ten years younger than she really is. In society, the former is left to herself, and the latter is surrounded. Young men and women come to her with confidence and pleasure, sure

of being welcomed with a smile or a hand affectionately held out.

The choice really lies between these two models. I think the choice is not doubtful, and that no woman of sense will hesitate.

## JESSAMINE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

ROY was at the *dépôt* Wednesday afternoon to meet his wife.

"You are not well, I am afraid!" she said, when they were in the carriage that was to convey them home.

"I am not sick, but I have had much to think of and to do lately, and I may look somewhat jaded," he answered. "You left Eunice well, you say?"

"Quite well, thank you! You have overworked yourself in getting the house ready for me. You should have left that for me to do."

"It was not necessary. As it is, you will find much room for alteration and improvement, I doubt not. You were fortunate in meeting with a pleasant escort on your journey. Are you much fatigued?"

"No, but my head aches a little," turning her face to the window.

She was disappointed in her reception. The parting from Eunice had been a grievous trial; the journey filled with mournful thoughts of the past that now lay so very far behind her. In turning her back upon her parents' graves and her birthplace, she seemed to have parted company for ever with the blithe girl who had been born and had grown up to woman's estate, careless and joyous as the swallows that had for a century built their nests in the belfry of the church tower. She had almost forgotten how Jessie Kirke felt and acted. Yet she was thankful that in the midst of melancholy and dazement, her appointed way lay clear and open before her; that she had still a sure staff on which to lean—the hope and resolve that she would do her duty bravely and well in the sphere for which her marriage-vow had set her apart. It was indicative of the generous temper and sound sense that never failed to assert themselves when the momentary tumult of passion had passed, which neither her faults nor the influence of the tempter had warped, that she had never, for one moment, blamed Roy for hurrying forward their marriage. They were "troth-plight," as her Scottish ancestors would have put it. She had said, "If you insist upon the fulfilment of my promise, I will submit to your decision." And she had not said it idly. He had taken her at her word, as he had the right to do, and by that pledge she would abide.

Lonely and tired, the sight of Roy's face in the crowd

of strangers upon the platform of the Hamilton station had cheered her heart like a cordial. She forgot that he was her husband; remembered him only as a noble and faithful friend in whose presence she would be no longer solitary and sad. She was even conscious of a proud sense of proprietorship in the fine-looking, dignified man who was the first to enter the car when it stopped—a consciousness that flushed her cheeks faintly, and quickened her pulses, as she introduced him to the gentleman who had acted as her escort and heard his well-chosen words of acknowledgment for the favour done him. He had not kissed her then—she supposed because there were so many looking on; but after taking his place beside her in the carriage, he might surely tell her that her coming gave him joy; repeat something of the rapturous anticipations that had overflowed his heart in writing his last letter, received by her the night before. His face was very pale, his eyes abstracted, his voice constrained. Anything more unlike the Roy she had known in Dundee could hardly be imagined, without changing the identity of the man. It was not surprising that a qualm of home-sickness weakened her heroic resolutions; put to flight her dreams of forgetting her unhappiness in the sustained effort to be and do all he wished.

Roy saw the struggle and surmised, in part, the cause of it; but what could he say to assuage or encourage? The caresses and fond words with which he had sought to console her in the earlier days of her desolation must, he now saw in the lurid light shed upon his honeymoon by that terrible letter, have aggravated her sufferings.

Professing to be her protector, he had played the part of a brutal ravisher; had torn her—shrinking and crying out against the loathed union she felt would "be a sin—a fearful sin," from her free, happy girl-life, and bound her, soul and body, in fetters more hateful and enduring than manacles of steel. After the first shock of horror and of grief, he forgot the wrong he had sustained in his overmastering compassion for her. And he could not free her! Loving her better than he did his own happiness and life, he was powerless to ensure her peace of mind by restoring her to liberty. Had he been other than the true Christian and true man he was, the distracting anguish of that conviction would have driven him to

madness and to suicide, as a sequel to the fearful vigil that followed the discovery of his real position.

Light came with the morning, and strength for the day. His course was plain—to mitigate the rigours of her fate by such kindly deeds as a brother might perform for the promotion of a sister's welfare; by abstaining from even such manifestations of affection as are a brother's right. There should be no formal explanation until she had recovered from the fatigue of her journey, and begun to feel at home in her new abode. Thus much he could and would do, and await the result.

"What a pretty, pretty house!" exclaimed Jessie, as the carriage drew up at the gate of a cottage on the southern slope of one of the hills on which the handsome town was built.

She had meant to praise his selection of a residence however ordinary its appearance, but her enthusiastic admiration was genuine.

Roy smiled, but not with the glad gleam she looked to see.

"It is good and kind in you to say so! If you can be satisfied here, I ask nothing better or grander."

A tidy girl opened the door, whom Jessie recognized with pleased surprise as a former servant in Dr. Baxter's family.

"Why, Phœbe! This is homelike! How very generous in Cousin Jane to give you up to me!"

"She said you might find me useful, Miss Jessie! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Fordham," replied the girl, dropping a curtsy.

Jessie coloured, Roy thought, painfully, at the as yet unfamiliar name. He interferred to save her further embarrassment in the shape of congratulations.

"You will show her to her room, if you please, Phœbe. And then let her have a cup of tea; she has a headache. Your trunks will be sent up in the course of half-an-hour, Jessie; but I would not advise you to wait for them, or take the trouble of changing your travelling-dress. You must begin your life here by doing just as you choose in such matters."

He met her in the hall when she ran down, ten minutes later, fearful lest she had kept him waiting, and led her into the supper-room, letting her take her place behind the tea-tray without one of the tenderly gallant speeches with which a bridegroom would naturally install his bride in the chair always appropriated by the mistress of heart and home. He was attentive to her wants, and talked as much as usual—perhaps more—in the endeavour to put her at her ease—telling how the flowers upon the tea-table and in her chamber were sent over at noon from Judge Provost's conservatory, that the silver service was a present from the Baxters, the bronze mantel-clock from Fanny Provost, who was very anxious to see her, and resume their old intimacy. Selina Bradley had sent the chased silver butter-bowl, and other Hamilton families had testified their good-will by elegant and suitable gifts.

"I am every day more glad that you spent last winter here," he said. "You do not come as a stranger, have already pleasant associations with our town and its inhabitants, and gained a foothold, I find, in many hearts."

He had unwittingly dealt as direct a blow at the secret panel that hid the skeleton in her heart, as he had at Orrin Wylls' indurated conscience the previous evening.

Jessie had no words in which to reply, sought to conceal her confusion by steadfastly regarding the pattern on her plate—one of a set of china Roy had purchased in Dresden she discovered presently when she remarked upon its beauty.

"I had no idea you had such exquisite taste!" She made a bold attempt to break through the nameless but powerful constraint that kept down everything like easy or merry converse on her part. "I expect to be in a state of perpetual astonishment on that score for a long time to come. I did not know that learned scholars ever condescended to consider such petty details of domestic life as porcelain and carpets."

He put back his chair without replying directly to the compliment, at which, to her mortification, he looked rather pained than pleased.

"If you have finished your supper, perhaps you would like to go over the house," he said, politely. "Or if you are tired, we will postpone it until to-morrow."

"I should greatly prefer going now," catching at the prospect of some mitigation of the growing stiffness.

The survey was a quiet progress, for the most part, certainly not accomplishing the end she had hoped for. Roy said little, and Jessie felt very awkward, as door after door was opened, and she appreciated the thoughtfulness that had ministered to her comfort from first to last, yet was forbidden by the mysterious spell chaining her tongue to thank him who had wrought it all. But when they reached the sitting-room, where the flames were crackling and curling among the wood on the hearth, and her chair and fire-screen awaited her, the home-restfulness of the scene broke down the ice wall. The feelings that had gathered to oppression upon her heart overflowed her eyes and choked her articulation.

"This is too much!" she exclaimed, catching Roy's hand in hers, and gazing tearfully into his face. "Oh! what am I——"

She could say no more.

"The mistress of this room and this house!" responded Roy, in kindly seriousness. "One who has a right to expect every attention I can bestow. This is your sanctum; nobody shall enter it without your permission."

Jessie tried to smile playfully.

"Excepting yourself."

"When you want me, I shall come," was the evasive reply.

"Surely you will not wait."

The remonstrance was cut short by a tap at the door, signalling Mrs. Baxter's impetuous entrance.



"My dearest lamb!" she cried, with a strangled sob, clasping her cousin in her embrace.

"The doctor *would* come the instant he had swallowed his tea," she tried to cover Jessie's emotion and her own by saying, when she could speak clearly, "I told him it was barbarously unfeeling and unromantic, that, according to all rules of etiquette and sentiment, you should pass this evening without the intrusion of company. But he was obstinate. I don't believe you two have the *remotest* conception of his favouritism of you!"

Meantime, the doctor had, in his odd fashion, slipped his hand under the young wife's chin, and raised to the light a strangely agitated face—eyes swimming in tears, forehead slightly puckered with the effort after self-control, and little eddies of smiles breaking up around the mouth. Roy saw in it the whole history of the shipwreck of her heart and life, and her womanly determination to keep the knowledge of the disaster to herself. Would the physiognomist's keenly solemn gaze detect as much?

Neither of the lately wedded pair was prepared for the remark with which he released the blushing Jessie.

"I wanted to see if the heart of her husband could safely trust in her. My daughter, do you know what a good man you have married?"

"Do not raise her expectations to an unreasonable height, my dear sir," interposed Roy, in time to forestall her reply. "And let me thank you, in her name and in mine, for the honour you have done us in this early visit."

The doctor accepted the compliment, and the chair that the host wheeled forward, in profound silence. The conversation had been carried on by the others for several minutes before he again joined in. He was aroused then by his wife's laudations of Orrin's generosity as displayed in his bridal present.

"I don't see how you can take it so quietly," she said to the recipient. "One would suppose pianos were given away every day. And you should value the instrument the more highly because it is the gift of your great admirer and true friend, Mr. Wyllys. I assure you, Mr. Fordham, nothing could exceed his care of and devotion to her—for your sake and in your name, of course—while you were over the seas and far away."

"True friend!" echoed the doctor's driest, most rasping tones. "Humph!"

"Now, my love, I do *implore* that you will not drag forward that most unjust and unreasonable prejudice in the present company!" cried his wife, in a nervous flutter from her bonnet-crown to her boots. "If I have failed to convince you that it is groundless and absurd, oblige me by withholding the expression of it, here and now!"

"My good Jane!" returned the imperturbable spouse—"Where else could the truth be so fitly spoken as in the hearing of judicious friends? I am sorry to say, Mr. Fordham, that my excellent wife and myself do not agree respecting Mr. Wyllys' character and actions."

"Doctor! doctor!" ejaculated the frantic woman, plunging forward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to pluck his sleeve. "You forget that you are addressing Mr. Wyllys' cousin!"

"A candid man, and a fair judge of human nature and motives, nevertheless," her lord went on to say, with a stiff little bow in the direction of the person named. "The only safe rule among friends is candour. It is seldom I attribute sinister purposes to one whom I do not know certainly to be malevolent or hypocritical, but when I declare it to be my firm conviction that Orrin Wyllys—of whom the best thing I know is that he has descended physically from the same stock that produced your husband, my child!"—(this to Jessie) "when I affirm that I believe him to be a wolf who ravens safely and reputably under the cowardly cover of sheep's clothing, I am not, as my dear Jane here would persuade herself and you, the victim of causeless prejudice."

"Dearest, I entreat!" broke in the wife, at her last gasp of distress.

His discourse moved on majestically. There were four knots in his handkerchief already.

"From the moment I heard Mr. Wyllys caution Mrs. Baxter not to allude, in her letter of invitation to our Jessie, to information he had supplied relative to her person, residence, and education, I distrusted the singleness of his desire for the resumption of Mrs. Baxter's intercourse with the family of her early friend. When the invited guests arrived, and I learned that the terms of their previous intercourse entitled him to become her cavalier on all occasions; her preceptor and referee in doubtful cases of conscience and conduct;—when I compared this circumstance with his careless and apparently accidental mention of her to Mrs. Baxter, and his pretended indifference to her coming, I made up my mind that he was particularly interested in her for some reason he did not care to divulge. I believe still that this was the case. I believe that, knowing her to be betrothed to his cousin, he strove, consciously and systematically, to win her from her allegiance. I thank God that he did not succeed; that she has given herself and her happiness into the keeping of a true and honourable gentleman!"

"I am grateful to you, doctor, for your staunch friendship for myself, and your paternal guardianship of my wife!"

Roy Fordham's full, pleasant tones reached Jessie's ears like an angelic benediction through the seething chaos that was swallowing her up.

"I am glad, moreover, that you have, in the present company, introduced the subject of your misgivings regarding my cousin's behaviour while I was away. I appointed him my proxy before I left my betrothed and my native land. The attentions that misled you into doubt of his right dealing were paid in that character. I cannot have you undervalue the 'true and honourable gentleman' I know Orrin Wyllys to be. He is my friend!"

The doctor tugged at his cravat-bow and stared into the chandelier. Mrs. Baxter gulped down all the solicitude she could swallow, and threw all the rest into the deprecating look she cast upon Roy. He stood before his zealous old superior—courteous, kind, but earnest in defence of his absent friend—the model of gallant manliness, thought the abject creature, cowering in the shadow of Mrs. Baxter's chair, half dead with remorse and the dread of additional questioning.

The love of this man she had trodden under foot! forgotten affection and duty to him in the mad, wicked delirium wrought by the wiles of one whom Roy, in the simplicity of his integrity, still accounted honest and faithful. A cheat and a coward Jessie had written Orrin down since that early September day when he confided to her the fact of his engagement, and shrank visibly at the suggestion of Roy's anger at his shameless breach of faith. She stigmatized him now, in the council of her thoughts, as a liar from the beginning. He had manoeuvred, then, to procure Mrs. Baxter's invitation for herself, while he denied to her that she had ever been named between them until after this was sent; had inveigled her away from the shelter of her father's roof and the guard of her sister's care, that he might establish his fell influence over her. Would not Roy, with all his generous trust in his cousin's honour and friendship, compare the doctor's mal-apropos statement with her confession of the change in herself, and arrive at a tolerably correct perception of the truth that would blast her for ever in his sight, as not merely weak and fickle, but forward and unmaidenly?

When the throbbing of her heart would let her listen intelligently to what was going on, the doctor had been beguiled into a dissertation upon Druidistic history, by Roy's exhibition of a paper-weight in the form of an altar, encircled by a wreath of mistletoe, graven out of a bit of stone he had picked up at Stonehenge. His considerate spouse carried him off before one-third of the knots in his handkerchief were untied. Her valedictory, like her salutatory, was a diffuse apology for their intrusion upon the sacredness of the installation-eve.

"But the doctor—dear, blundering man! is amenable to no laws of conventionality," she subjoined, with an indulgent shrug and sigh.

It is questionable whether either of the persons addressed regretted the breach of etiquette. The time had gone by more swiftly and comfortably than if they had been left to themselves. As it was, an embarrassing silence followed the visitors' departure. Roy stood on the rug, facing the fire, motionless and thoughtful. Jessie, trembling in a nervous chill that changed her fingers into shaking icicles, durst not attempt to speak.

Fordham finally came out of his reverie with a start, and turned toward her apologetically.

"You are sadly tired! Our good friends were very welcome, but they have kept you up beyond your strength. May I take you to your room?"

She murmured a disclaimer of the imputation of excessive fatigue, but took his proffered arm, and they mounted the stairs together.

A bright fire burned in the large front chamber, flashed gaily back from the gilt *fleur-de-lis* of the delicately tinted wall paper and the frames of the few pictures. A cosy armchair stood ready for Jessie, with a foot-cushion below it, and the marble slabs of bureau and mantle bore fragile wealth of Bohemian and frosted glass and Parian ornaments.

"Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?" inquired Roy, not offering to sit down. "Wouldn't a glass of wine do your head good?"

"I think not. I need nothing, thank you!" without raising her eyes from the carpet.

"I hope you will be quite rested by morning," he continued, with the same ceremonious gentleness. "I may as well explain to you that, ~~for~~ <sup>foreseeing</sup> how frequently I shall be obliged to sit up late at my studies, I have had the chamber opposite prepared for myself. So I will bid you good-night now."

He held out his hand. She placed hers within it, silently, eyes still averted.

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams!" he repeated, with a kindly pressure of the chill fingers.

An impulse she could not control or define drew her to her feet. "Won't you kiss me, Roy?" she asked, in sorrowful humility.

She did not see how bloodless were the lips that obeyed. The salute was, to her apprehension, cold and reluctant, and, without another syllable, he passed on to the outer door. There he stopped—hesitated, with a backward glance at the drooping figure, standing where he had left her—and returned.

"I had not intended to say it yet," he said, agitatedly. "There have been times when I questioned the propriety of any attempt at self-justification. But I would not have you think worse of me than I deserve for my selfish recklessness in hurrying on our marriage. I received this letter"—giving it to her—"last night. It furnishes the clue to much that I now see ought to have checked my unseemly impatience to claim the right I believed was still mine. This was the communication to which you referred when you pleaded that the contents of your last letter should have hindered my proposal. I supposed, in the haste and excitement of the moment, that you meant the false rumour of your mother's insanity which had been treated of in a former communication, the receipt of which, let me say here, hastened my return. Not that I dreaded insanity for you, but because I gathered from your letter that you were unhappy and a prey to morbid fancies, and I hoped to be able to do you good by diverting these. If this 'last letter' which you hold had reached me in season, your request should have been granted."

He paused to master his own emotion, or to give her opportunity for reply. He may have hoped yet, in the face of the evidence to the contrary, he had had, that she

would retract her declaration. "I love you no longer" might represent that she was possessed by "morbid fancies" when it was penned; that under the sharp tutelage of sorrow, her affections had regained their balance.

She only sat still, her face hidden in her hands. There was a crouch in her attitude that suggested an unpleasant idea to the observer. It was that she *feared* him—his wrath and the results of this explanation. He forgot his sufferings in the desire to remove this apprehension if it existed.

"My only hope now is, that since I know what I should have perceived from the beginning, I may spare you annoyance, if not misery, by consulting your wishes and respecting your repugnances. If I could set you free, I would. My heaviest burden is the consciousness that this is impracticable. But it is my desire that, from this time, you should cease to regard me as your husband, and try to think of me as your friend. For we may still be *that* to each other—may we not, dear Jessie?"

She was moaning as in mortal pain.

"This kindness kills me! I had rather you should say that you hated me!"

"But that would not be true," said the gentle voice. "And henceforward we will be very frank and just in our dealings with one another. We will try, moreover, to put vain regrets out of sight, and to do the duty of the day; to serve our fellows and honour HIM who has some merciful intent in leading us through these dark waters. Now, my child, this subject need never be renewed. Our Father knows our sorrows. To HIM we will look for strength. He knows, too, the sincerity of my sad heart when I say how deeply it afflicts me to feel how much more grievous is your trial than mine."

Folding in his hands she extended in a speechless passion of tears—her lips trying vainly to form a petition for pardon—he prayed the God of all consolation to have her in HIS holy keeping; to give her joy for weeping, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then, bidding her again "Be comforted and sleep," he went out.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"I KNOCKED at Mr. Fordham's door, ma'am, as you bid, and he said that he wasn't well enough to leave his room, and would you be pleased to eat breakfast without him. And he said, ma'am, that you needn't be uneasy the leastest bit in the world, for it's only a cold and sore throat he's got; and, indeed, if I may make so bold as to say it, he's that hoarse I could scarcely hear him at all."

Phœbe eyed her mistress slyly and keenly when she had delivered her message. Although not particularly given to prying and gossip, her curiosity was excited by certain peculiarities in the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Fordham for which the supposition that the master of

the house had "picked up German ways," while abroad did not fully account. They had distinctly separate apartments, carrying the rule of division so far that Mr. Fordham never entered his wife's sitting-room without knocking at the door, and if she invaded the library when he was in, she not only asked admittance in the same way, but apologized for interrupting his studies.

"They are too polite by half!" Phœbe estimated, judging them by her not very extensive observation and experience. "There's Mrs. Baxter will make more fuss over her dried-up atomy of a man in one day, than Mrs. Fordham does about her fine figure of a husband in a year."

She had never seen Mr. Fordham kiss or otherwise caress his bride, or indulge in any of the romping fondling which the lately wedded are prone to forget may be less interesting to spectators than themselves. Yet, she was ready to affirm stoutly that, in her parlance, "they thought the world and all of one another;" that Mr. Fordham studied his wife's inclinations, anticipated her wishes, and ministered to her comfort more than any other gentleman she knew; while "Mr. Fordham likes this," or, "he is not fond of that," were decisive phrases in Jessie's mouth in the conduct of her domestic affairs, and her many devices to make his home-coming at noon and evening an ever-new pleasure, called forth the continual admiration of the handmaiden.

It was a puzzle past her finding out; but here was a test that could hardly fail. The wife should, according to Phœbe's creed, fly on the wings of love and anxiety to the bedside of her sick lord, become his nurse and servitor until he recovered.

To the girl's grieved disappointment—for she was sincerely attached to the whilome "Miss Jessie," and wanted to think well of her in all things—Mrs. Fordham said, composedly, if not coolly, "Very well, Phœbe! bring in breakfast!" and turned again to the window at which she was standing, when the news was brought to her of her husband's sad case.

"I'm right down sorry—that I am!" grumbled the servant over the kitchen range. "I did hope she'd show some feeling for him when he's maybe took for diphtery or quincy, or something else awful; and he such a good provider and well-spoken gentleman, and never so much as raising his voice in a temper with her, but treating her like a queen! I've a mind to slip up myself, and ask what he'll have to eat. These are the beautifullest muffins ever I see! She is a master hand at the like; and I know she made these, as she does all sorts of nice things, because he likes 'em. Queer she never lets on but what I get up the dishes he praises. Mistresses mostly is glad enough to pocket the compliments as belongs to their girls. She's a genuwine lady, and no mistake; but it cuts me to see her so cold-hearted to him. I suppose they're what folks call a 'fashionable couple.'"

While this soliloquy was going on, the subject of it

stood still at the window, gazing into the street. It was a bleak December day. There had been rain in the night; then the thermometer sank abruptly, and by morning the sidewalks were glazed with ice. The earth was black and grim; the clouds, greyly sullen, seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops; and while Jessie looked it began to snow, gently for a while, then so fast that a wavering sheet soon shut out her view of distant objects. The cottage was on a corner, and this being a side-window, looked upon the college grounds on one hand, Judge Provost's house, garden, and lawn on the other. By changing her position never so slightly, the lady could have beheld the balconied front and imposing cupola of the Wyllys' residence, of which the happy pair had taken formal possession ten days before, postponing their bridal tour until spring. "For," as the bride eagerly explained to everybody, "both of us have been everywhere on this side of the water, and winter travelling is an awful bore. To be sure, we've been abroad too, and seen everything that is worth seeing. So we are beating our brains to devise something *recherché*" (pronounced *rechurchy*) "in the way of a wedding trip. And it is so sweet and romantic to come to our own home, right away! Indeed, as I told Orrin, it isn't safe to leave such carpets and furniture as ours unprotected."

Jessie had heard all this fanfaronade, and much more from Mrs. Baxter, but she was not thinking of it now. Nor did she move so as to bring the "new and superb mansion of our popular fellow-citizen, Orrin Wyllys, Esq.," within the range of her vision; only seemed to watch the falling snow, and the few passers-by who dotted the whitening streets at this early hour. In reality, she was speculating upon the meaning of the stillness in the chamber overhead. Was Roy, then, too ill to get up? Was his room comfortable? What attention from nurse or physician did he need? How was she to learn and supply his wants? It would be barbarous unkindness, if he were very sick, to stand aloof and leave the charge of him to hirelings. Yet her personal attendance would be awkward for both. She was not sure that he would approve of it, so fastidious had been his care to excuse her from such offices. He had spoken, in an off-hand way, overnight, of feeling chilly, and apologized for not offering to read the new number of a magazine to her by saying that his throat was sore. Without consulting him, she had made a jug of hot lemonade, and insisted upon his drinking it after he went to his room. He had thanked her with the invariable courtesy that met her every effort to serve him, and "was sure it was all he needed. A most agreeable prescription too!" he added, as he bore off the lemonade. It was a shock, after this pleasant parting, to hear that he was sick in bed. What if he were to be seriously ill? Her heart gave a great bound, then ceased moving for a moment. He was so robust, so full of life and energy, that this could not be.

What if he were to *die*! She too thought of

diphtheria. There had been several fatal cases of it in Hamilton recently. She was pale and faint; her limbs giving way under her as she admitted the frightful supposition. What would she be—what would she do if the strong staff of his protection, the solace of his companionship, were reft from her?

For she knew that, little cause as she had given him in the circumstances attending their marriage, to cherish her as all men should—as some men do the women who love them fervently and constantly, there was hardly a wife in the land who was surrounded by the atmosphere of chivalrous devotion which encompassed her in the secluded life she led as the nominal mistress of Roy Fordham's home. Her deep mourning was a sufficient excuse for declining to enter the gay circle in which Mrs. Wyllys fluttered and her diamonds and husband shone. But Roy saw to it that she was not lonely. The Baxters, Provosts, and others of his friends were often with them during the day, and he spent his evenings, as a rule, at home.

"Will you favour me with your company in the library, or shall I come to your sitting-room?" he would ask, when supper was over.

They wrote and studied together as two friends of the same sex might; talked freely upon all subjects suggested by either,—each watchful that no chance touch should wound the other; make him or her swerve quickly aside lest the next step should be upon the fresh grave that lay ever between them. In all their intercourse, Roy's apparent ease far surpassed his wife's. Cheerful, cordial, always kind and more than kind in manner and language, he yet comported himself as if there were nothing abnormal in this sort of association; as if passion and regret were alike things of the Past, to which he had said they need never again recur. No warmer love-name than "Jessie, dear," ever passed his lips, and after the night of the home bringing, he had never offered to kiss or embrace her. A hand-clasp, night and morning; a smiling bow and lively phrase, when he came in to dinner and tea, were the most affectionate courtesies exchanged. But no distraught lover, at the height of his lunacy, ever studied his mistress's fantasies, sought to penetrate and fulfil her will, as did this quiet and courtly husband that of the woman who had confessed that her heart was none of his when he married her. Flowers, fruits, birds, and books were lavished upon her; passed into her hands through other than his, but were always procured by him in response to some expressed liking on her part, or in accordance with what he imagined were her wishes or needs. Nor was unobtrusive attention to her health less constant. In the same friendly style, he regulated exercise, diet, and work; saw that her habits were not too sedentary, and that she did not expose herself imprudently to cold, damp, or fatigue.

Her review of all this was rapid and circumstantial.

"He deserves all I can do for him. False delicacy nor pride shall keep me back from ministering to the



wants of one who is to me father, brother, friend. I may, at least, wait upon him as an hostess might tend an honoured guest—a housekeeper the master of the house!" she had decided by the time Phœbe set coffee, muffins, and steak upon the table.

Then to the serving-girl's increased chagrin, she sat down, with Roy's vacant chair opposite her, and breakfasted alone.

"Not much of a breakfast to be sure!" said Phœbe, returning at the end of ten minutes, to find the room deserted. "Half a muffin, and a cup of coffee, and she clean forgot to carve the steak! Looks like she was in love—but that can't be!"

"Come in!" said the changed voice that had wrought upon Phœbe's womanly compassion, as Jessie awaited the warrant to enter the sick-room—a faint-hearted lingerer upon the threshold. She buoyed up her courage by remembering that she was the housekeeper who had come for the orders of the day; the diffidence she railed at inwardly, as ridiculous and uncalled for, had no visible effect, except to heighten her colour, and make her carry her head a trifle less loftily.

Already Mrs. Wyllys had been heard to say that, "If Mrs. Fordham were worth a million in her own right, she could not look more haughty and indifferent to people who were richer and better bred. When, as everybody knew, she was a poor preacher's daughter with just money enough to buy her wedding-clothes. Though, pity knows, they couldn't have cost much! Was there ever such awful taste, as not to lighten her mourning to suit the circumstances? Who ever heard of a bride's wearing crêpe?"

There were red spots upon Roy's cheeks, when he saw who his visitor was—probably hectic, for his demeanour was natural. With instant thought of her probable embarrassment, he put out his hand, smiling.

"Ah! Jessie, dear! Good-morning! You are very good to visit a poor fellow in his affliction. For such a throat and head as I have to-day are an affliction. I seldom strike my colours to a common cold."

"This seems to me to be an uncommon one!" Jessie said, feeling his pulse with the practised touch she had learned in her parish-visiting. "You have fever. You ought to have medical advice. Who is your physician?"

"I have never had occasion to call in one since I came to Hamilton. Suppose we 'bide a bit,' as our worthy President says, and if I am not better in the course of an hour or two, we can send for Dr. Bradley. I had a trying day yesterday. Professor Fairchild is sick, and I had some of his classes in addition to my own. It is well this is Saturday. I can lie still, and rest my throat with a clear conscience. Provided"—smiling in her grave face—"provided you do not let me trouble you!"

"Trouble me! you should know better than that! But"—hesitating—"if you will let me say it——"

"Go on! there is nothing you may not say to me," she said encouragingly.

"I do think it would be better to see Dr. Bradley, at once—if only as a precautionary measure."

He started—looked at her intently.

"You are thinking of diphtheria! You ought not to have come in until that point was settled. There may be danger to you. If, through my carelessness——"

He turned his face away, unable or unwilling to finish the sentence.

"I never thought of *that*!" said Jessie, simply. "If I had, I should have come all the same. Whatever may be the doctor's opinion, I shall stay here, and take care of you. It's my place."

She rang the bell for Phœbe, and in Roy's hearing, ordered her to go for the doctor. She would not have her charge suspect that she was unduly alarmed, or believe there was occasion for a hasty summons. Then, she brought a sunshiny face to the bedside, and put a fresh pillow under the hot, heavy head.

"You don't know what a famous nurse I am," she said, blithely "My father"—her voice sinking with the sacred word—"used to say that nursing was a talent, and that I was born with it."

She set to work, forthwith, without waiting for permission. Roy, regarding her silently from his bed, heartily endorsed Mr. Kirke's verdict. Not Eunice herself could have moved more soundlessly, wrought more efficiently to alleviate, so far as she could, the pain and discomfort of his situation. The doctor was at home, and obeyed the call promptly. Roy glanced inquiringly at Jessie when he was announced.

"Show him up!" was all she said, and when he followed Phœbe into the chamber, she met him with high-bred ease as the lady of the house; as the patient's wife, discussed his symptoms; heard, with marked gratification, that her fears of diphtheria were unfounded, and received his directions gratefully and attentively.

"A fine woman, and a most devoted wife!" pronounced Dr. Bradley, at his luncheon table that day. "Let me hear no more gossip about her, girls. Remember!"

"But, papa, they do say they live queerly!" ventured the irrepressible Selina. "Mrs. Wyllys——"

"Is a fool! see that you don't become another in listening to her twaddle!" was the peremptory reply.

Orrin Wyllys, hearing accidentally of his cousin's indisposition, called at noon, and was conducted by Phœbe, by warrant of the relationship, into Roy's presence. The chamber was heated usually by the furnace register, but Roy lay in bed gazing at the glowing pile of coals in the grate. There was a happy ray in his eyes, spontaniety in the gaiety with which he welcomed his guest, that did not accord with the latter's preconceived ideas of the dolor of a sick-room.

"You look like an invalid—don't you?" was Wyllys' second remark. "This is the cheeriest place I have been in to-day. It is what the English call beastly weather, out-of-doors. I don't blame anybody for keeping his bed. I thought you showed me the room across the hall as

yours when you took me through the house, that night 'the last of your *quasi* widowhood.'"

"We changed the arrangement afterward," rejoined Roy, carelessly. "But it is a luxury—isn't it? to lie still on a stormy day, and stare a fire like that out of countenance; especially on a holiday, when there are no phantoms of unsaid lectures to torment one's reveries. I am enjoying it amazingly. I hadn't the remotest conception that being sick was so delightful."

"By Jove! I should think you would luxuriate in it unless you have less brains than I gave you credit for. With an *houri* for head-nurse, too! I say, 'get out of that! I can play the sentimental sufferer as well as you, and I have a native bias for lazy luxury, which you haven't. I dare say, you cunning dog! if all were told, there is some dainty mess preparing for you below stairs—a triumph of conjugal affection and culinary skill, that should be tasted by none but an educated appetite. A Teuton like yourself would be as well suited with bretzels and sauerkraut, washed down by a gallon of lager. I am a devout predestinarian, and here lies the case. I have a canine hunger upon me. I am on my way home to luncheon. Without, 'the day is dark and cold and dreary.' I am *led* to this corner of cosiness and comfort and fairy fare to dispossess you. Impostor! how dare you lie there, and grin at my emptiness and agony! Confess! what did you have for breakfast? What do you mean to devour for lunch? What do you hope to consume for dinner?"

Roy could never resist the infection of this merry banter, seldom indulged in by Orrin except when with him. It brought back their early days—"when you thrashed the big boys for bullying me"—he liked to remind the other when they slept, played, and studied together. Orrin had his foibles, and a graver fault or so, but he was his *friend*, as he had told Dr. Baxter, and the boyish love for his gallant senior was still strong upon him. His laugh now was hearty and mischievous.

"Such a breakfast!" he said. "Gotten up in strict conformity with the injunction—'Feed a cold.'"

"And you will have a fever to starve!" interjected Wylls. "That would be poetical justice! But go on!"

"*Imprimis*," resumed Fordham,—"a cup of Turkish coffee, fragrant and clear. Item, cream toast. Knowest thou the taste thereof? Of real cream toast? light, rich, smooth, that sootheth the inflamed membrane of the throat, and maketh the diaphragm to rejoice exceedingly? Item, broiled chicken—a marvel of juicy tenderness; an omelette *aux fines herbes* which was an inspiration——"

"For Heaven's sake!" Orrin feigned to tear his hair. "If you don't want to be murdered in your bed, hold your tongue!"

Roy was in a paroxysm of laughter; Wylls, scowling horribly, had snatched the poker and was making adroit passes at him, like the cunning master of fence he was, when Jessie, ignorant of the liberty Phoebe had taken,

and supposing her patient to be alone, entered. She had a waiter in one hand containing a silver pitcher and goblet, and a plate in the other, heaped with hothouse grapes. Transfixed with astonishment at the spectacle within, she stopped on the threshold. Her amazement was not lessened when Orrin, replacing his weapon on the hearth, threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his handkerchief.

"A victim of covetousness!" exclaimed Roy, trying to check his merriment.

"Of misplaced confidence!" uttered Orrin, gloomily, removing his cambric, and arising with a show of melancholy composure. "I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well, Mrs. Fordham! I should judge so from your blooming appearance, but having just had a notable lesson in the deceitfulness of outward seeming, I am sceptical as to the evidence of the senses and human reason."

"A dash of scepticism is like vaccine virus—a useful thing where there is fear of infection," said Jessie, not comprehending what had gone before, and not choosing to ask questions of him.

She bowed in passing him, making of her full hands a tacit excuse for the cavalier salutation—a pretext that was transparent to the person she intended to slight. Depositing her burden upon a table, she bent over it, pretending to re-arrange the grapes and stir the contents of the pitcher, that her face might cool before he had a chance to scrutinize it. His presence in this place was odious to her. What had she, in her self-abasement and earnest reachings after a nobler life than he had ever thought of, or aspired to, to do with his masquerading tricks and *persiflage*? His mummery, then and there, was more than heartless—it was an insult to her, with the recollection of her broken vows and blighted life, dogging every thought of possible happiness. Her residence in Hamilton had no severer trial than these chance encounters with him, her husband's nearest of kin.

"Nectar and grapes of Eshcol!" he exclaimed, in a tone of calm despair, referring to the contents of waiter and plate. "You may not believe it, Mrs. Fordham—in fact, I don't expect you to, for it is the nature of your sex to trust and trust again,—but you are nourishing a serpent! a base trickster! yet one of whose want of originality I am ashamed. The interesting invalid dodge is the stalest and flimsiest known to the guild of artful dodgers. Now, if I were in his place——"

"I am heartily glad you are not!" escaped Jessie, against her will to treat him with civility for Roy's sake.

Her emphasis of sincerity was unmistakable, and wrought with various effect upon her two auditors.

"So am I!" laughed Roy, his eyes alight with more than mirth. "The grapes you cannot touch, my grasping friend! They were a present to me, not an hour since, from Miss Fanny Provost—a basketful, wreathed with exquisite flowers. *She* believes in the reality of my interesting invalidism. As for the nectar, give him a sip,

Jessie, please! It is *not* fair that one man should monopolize all the good things of life."

Jessie poured out the draught, without jest or smile; then stood back with a gesture that bade him help himself if he would. She would not be a party to the sport, Orrin perceived.

"A petty, spiteful show of disdain!" he thought, contemptuously. "She is hardly worth a scene!"

To show that he was not repelled or overawed, he advanced a step, took up the goblet with a profound obeisance, stared her in the eyes, and swallowed a mouthful. Roy's shout of exultation, and the uncontrollable grimace of the dupe, moved Jessie to a smile, but she did not speak.

"Witches' broth?" queried Orrin, with the tragical gravity of one who has made up his mind to die like a man.

"So Socrates might have glared and growled!" said Roy. "'The hemlock, jailor?'" mimicking the other's tone. "Not this time, my dear fellow! Only sage tea, sweetened with honey and stiffened with alum—an incomparable gargle, according to such eminent authorities as Miss Eunice Kirke, her sister, and, last and least, Dr. Bradley."

Orrin took up his hat, undismayed to the last.

"Sage tea! I go home a wiser if not a better man! I am glad to see there is nothing the matter with you, Roy, while I lament, as one of your blood and lineage, over your unblushing hypocrisy. Mrs. Fordham——"

"You used to call her 'Jessie,'" interrupted Roy. "I said 'Cousin Hester' yesterday to your bride. Shall I imitate your formal address?"

"No! But my little wife is august in nobody's eyes. Whereas Mrs. Fordham—Cousin Jessie—I beg your pardon! Which shall it be?"

His back was to Roy; his meaning gaze upon herself was, to her perception, audacious insolence. Not daring to resent it in Roy's hearing, she yet obeyed the wifely impulse to seek his protection.

"That is for your cousin to decide. My name belongs to him!" She said it proudly, flashing her wide eyes from one to the other, and moving involuntarily nearer to Roy.

Wyllys caught up the last words.

"His relations should be yours, if the partnership be in good faith, and on equal terms."

"That is for him to decide!" answered she, precisely as before.

"Thank you! I do not shirk the responsibility," said Roy, putting himself in the breach as usual, when he saw her nonplussed or disturbed. "Another sip of nectar, Orrin, before you breast the storm?"

A wry face was the response, and the most fascinating man in Hamilton bowed himself out. As he drew the door to after him, he glanced across the hall. The room Roy had showed him as his was opposite, and the door open. There was fire in that grate also; a lady's sewing-chair in front of it, and a work-box he recognized as Jessie's on the small table beside it. On

the back of the chair hung a linen apron with pockets such as he had seen her wear when engaged in household tasks in Dundee, or gardening. He guessed directly that she had stopped in there to lay it off when she brought up the gargle. That this was her apartment he was sure, when another step revealed a bureau with a ladies' dressing case open upon it.

"Separate apartments!" he mused, picking his steps lightly down the cottage stairs. "Very unsentimental! Very un-American! decidedly independent and jolly. But in this case, what is the meaning of it?"

He believed he had the clue to the mystery before he inserted his latch-key in the door of his—or his wife's—house. Jessie Fordham could not forget that Jessie Kirke had loved him. The decent show of conjugal felicity he had witnessed that day was a hollow crust, below which the lava still surged and seethed. Jessie was more faithful to the one great passion of her life, and less philosophical than he had been ready to believe. Her scrupulous avoidance of him whenever this could be done without awakening suspicion; the half bitter retorts that fell now and then from the lips she would train to the utterance of conventional lies; the indignant sparkle of the eyes that answered the searching appeal of his—what were all these but the ill-concealed tokens of an attachment that had so inwrought itself with the fibres of heart and being as to defy her strenuous attempts to pluck it forth, or keep it out of sight. It was a revelation to him, and a flattering one—one that merited serious consideration.

The devil got hold of him in that hour; sifted him as wheat, bringing all that was base in his nature uppermost. Heretofore, he had shunned everything that could secure for him the reputation of a *cicisbeo*. When a woman was once married, she became an object of indifference to him. He accounted the pursuit of such, a hazardous and flavourless exhibition of Lotharioism which the refined age should frown down. He was not a gourmand or libertine, he had often proudly asserted to himself. Pleasures of that stamp he left to men of grosser tastes and coarser grain. He had meant to allow his cousin all the domestic peace which should honestly fall to his share, and to cultivate amicable relations with his cousin-in-law—Roy's wife, who had given conclusive evidence of intelligent appreciation of himself.

But if Jessie were unhappy; not on terms with her respectable husband, cleverly as both dissembled—if Jessie still loved him—

"*C'est une autre chose!*" he muttered between his teeth, and complacently knocking the snow off his boots upon the marble steps of his "mansion."

His most heartless propositions always sought cover in the facile foreign tongue.

A writer in the last generation defined an egotist to be "One who would burn down his neighbour's house to boil an egg for himself."

Orrin Wyllys was an Egotist.

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

SOME lives, uneventful, so far as exciting incidents are concerned, are valuable on account of the influences they exercise on the lives of others; and the most powerful influences are not unfrequently those which are most gentle and unassuming. Happy the nature which can bear unflinchingly the test of "the fierce light which beats upon a throne," and upon all standing in near relation to the throne, and show no speck or stain on the white surface of its spotless life. Society is influenced, unconsciously perhaps, yet effectively, by such gentle, unaffected, truthful natures, and grows simpler, more earnest and duty-loving by the association. The writers of fairy tales, who tell us how the beautiful princess married the prince she loved, and lived happily ever afterwards, probably never thought of the position in which the lovely heroine might be placed when called upon to be the "bright particular star" of her husband's court, the exemplar of goodness, good taste, courtesy, and fashion, called upon to lead society, and be the model which all the ladies of the state would strive to emulate. It is a trying ordeal, more especially when entered upon at a time when the Sovereign Lady is stricken down by a great grief, and the position of the first lady in the land must in public be occupied by a young girl comparatively inexperienced in court life, and trusting chiefly to her own instincts, quick perceptions, and sincere desire to discharge the duties of her high station. That more than twelve years has now elapsed since the radiant beauty of the Princess Alexandra charmed all English hearts, that she has grown in the love of the English people, and that we all recognize in

her the lady who, as wife, mother, and Royal Princess, combines the qualities most dear to a domestic and loyal people, is a proof that she possesses the high qualities we desire to see in the person of the wife of the heir-apparent to the throne. She claims a place, therefore, among our "remarkable women," whose impress is upon the spirit of the age, although her deeds are not



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"Painted in glowing verses  
poet-wrought  
Upon the golden frontlet of  
all time;  
But gentle, kindly acts of  
womanhood,  
Thoughts that so sweetly shape  
themselves to words,  
That other natures take them  
to themselves,  
And presently engraft them  
as their own;  
As the sweet singing of a  
joyous bird  
Comes back to us in echoes  
from the woods,  
And makes new music from  
the dusky trees—  
A royal nature, not from  
princely state,  
But from untutored sovereignty of soul."

When the Prince of Wales arrived at man's estate, it was a subject no less of political than of social interest that he should contract a suitable and happy matrimonial alliance. No other young man in England of high position had so limited a range wherein to choose; and it might have happened that a marriage which appeared

to be politically eligible, or, at least unobjectionable, might not result in that happiness to the parties most immediately concerned, which only the union of hearts as of hands can ensure. Fortunately public anxiety was soon terminated, by the announcement that love had pointed out the way, and guided to a selection which grave politicians approved, and respecting which any doubts the general public might have entertained were very soon dispelled by the accounts which reached this country of



the beauty and amiability of the youthful grand-niece of the Duchess of Cambridge, the *fiancée* of the Prince of Wales.

The Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise is the second child and eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, now Christian IX., King of Denmark; and, before proceeding further, it may be as well that we should sketch the history of the house which is now so intimately associated with our own Royal Family.

The genealogy of the princely houses of Germany is a complicated subject, and we must be content with a brief outline. The house of Holstein is a very ancient family, thoroughly German by origin and alliances. The Dukes of Holstein traced their descent through the Counts of Oldenburg to the famous old chieftain Wittekind, the Saxon who, in the eighth century, defended his country against the great Charlemagne, and led an army into Frankish territory as far as Cologne, but was at last compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor, and become a Christian—in name, probably, more than in spirit. More than a thousand years ago, then, this renowned ancestor of our gracious Princess was a leader in the great contest between the Teutonic and Frankish races, which has lasted to our own times, and the last sounds of which are still ringing in our ears. The Oldenburg-Holstein family split up into numerous branches, the head of one of which was elected King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in 1448, at the extinction of the old Saxon dynasty. Other branches of the old stock were scattered about, possessing small territories near the Elbe, and on the coast of the North Sea, and Hanover, Oldenburg, and Schleswig-Holstein. One of the princes, Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, married a daughter of Peter the Great, of Russia, and the Livonian peasant-girl Catherine; and their son, a descendant of the Holsteins, ascended the Russian throne as Peter III., but was soon deposed, and most probably murdered, not entirely, perhaps, without the knowledge of his famous, or infamous, wife, the energetic, unscrupulous Catherine, terrible in her wrath, and more terrible in her love, “the Semiramis of the North.”

At the beginning of this century, the branches of the house of Holstein were reduced to three—Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and Holstein-Gottorp. These compound names suggest fusions, and, to us, confusions, which only a German or Welshman could properly sympathize with and understand. The father of the Princess Alexandra belongs to the second named of these branches, being the fourth son of Duke William of Hesse-Sonderburg-Glücksburg.

A little more history, and we will pass to the more attractive features of our subject. In the year 1320 the long line of Scandinavian monarchs who had ruled over Denmark, Norway, and Sweden came to an end with the death of Eric, and henceforth the monarchy of Denmark

was elective. In 1448, Duke Christian of Oldenburg was chosen king, and his descendants occupied the throne until, on the death of Frederick VII., in November, 1863, he was succeeded by Prince Christian, whose daughter had, in the previous March, become Princess of Wales. We are rather precise in noting these particulars, because an extraordinary amount of historical blundering, on the part of those who ought to have known better, was perpetrated at the time of the young Princess's marriage. The poets who celebrated the occasion would insist that Alexandra was a Danish princess, which she was not, even in name, for her father was not then King of Denmark; and that she was a descendant of the Scandinavian sea-kings, who ravaged and reigned in England. She would have had no claim to such a pedigree even if she had been of the royal house of Denmark; for, as we have seen, a German Duke of Oldenburg was elected to the throne in the fifteenth century. So far as authentic history knows anything about it, the Princess of Wales has not a drop of Scandinavian or Danish blood in her veins, and was only a Dane so far as having been born in Copenhagen made her one. Yet Tennyson began his superb “Welcome”—the finest bit of Laureate work ever written—with such a blunder as “Sea-king's daughter from over the sea;” and the Hon. Mrs. Norton published a poetical welcome in the “Morning Post,” which, after calling upon the sea and the ships to do wonderful things, appealed to the Eton boys, when they should grow old, to

“Tell how the child of the northern ocean  
Rode in state as your Prince's bride;”

and the breezes were to

“Murmur, with voices loyal,  
None so fair as the Danish maid.”

Perhaps the greatest blunder in this respect, however, was made by Professor Aytoun, who, as a Scotchman, should have been well up in genealogy, but who, in his marriage poem, addressed the Princess as “the daughter of the far-descended Dane.”

In 1842 Prince Christian married Louise, second daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel, and niece of the Duchess of Cambridge. When the war between Denmark and the German Confederation broke out in 1849, the Prince was the only one of his family who took the Danish side in the dispute, and, in consequence, was looked upon as, politically, an unworthy member; and the meanness of depriving him of his annual allowance as a member of the house of Holstein was resorted to. Reduced thus to comparative poverty, the Prince continued to reside at Copenhagen, where, since his marriage, he had occupied a house of modest proportions, dignified with the name of palace, in the street named Amaliégade, near the Amalienborg Palace, the court residence, in the most fashionable part of Copenhagen. In this house the Princess Alexandra and all her brothers and sisters were born and educated. A few miles out of town, the Prince had a country residence, Bernstorf Palace sur-

rounded by a small park, and in a pleasant rural neighbourhood. This was the holiday place of the children, and here the Princess, by her amiability and attractive manners, gained the affection and respect of the simple country folk, in whose cottages she was no stranger, and who, before her marriage, presented her with a porcelain vase, which, no doubt, she did not consider as one of the least interesting, if among the least in intrinsic value, of all the gifts she received.

In this quiet manner passed the youth of the Princess, differing in few respects from the life of many a young lady in provincial towns. Of court life she knew little, for the court of Denmark was rather peculiarly constituted. King Frederick VII., who came to the throne when she was four years old, had married, at a very early age, his cousin Wilhelmina, daughter of Frederick VI. The marriage resulted in unhappiness, and the young wife obtained a divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and married Duke Charles, the elder brother of Prince Christian. In 1841, Frederick married a second time, Princess Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz being the lady selected. After five years there was another divorce, and the Prince appeared to be resolved henceforth to avoid the matrimonial condition. He took great pleasure in acting as an amateur fireman, and attending one night a conflagration in Copenhagen, was struck with the energy of a very pretty girl, who was handing buckets of water to the men. He addressed her, and an acquaintance commenced. She was Louise Rosmunser, a girl of poor parentage, who had been a ballet-dancer, and who was at that time shopwoman to a dressmaker. In a few days she gave up attendance at the counter, and took up her residence in a pretty little villa just outside Copenhagen. In 1848 Prince Frederick succeeded to the throne, and one of his first acts was to give her considerable estates, and create her Countess Danver. Four years afterwards he married her; and although, of course, she was not recognized as Queen of Denmark, she for several years virtually held that position, exercising great influence over the king, and holding drawing-rooms, at which the nobility attended, the Prince and Princess Christian among them. But the young Princess was never permitted to breathe the atmosphere of the court of Countess Danver—"the Queen-Countess," as she was commonly styled.

Frederick VII. having no children, the question of succession to the throne was agitated in foreign courts, and, of course, intrigues resulted. The old Scandinavian law, which permitted succession in the female line, was repealed centuries ago, and the Salic law substituted. Notwithstanding this, a claim was made on behalf of the brother of Princess Christian, Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, whose mother was the daughter of the late Crown Prince of Denmark. The powerful influence of Russia was exerted on his behalf, he having married a daughter of the Czar Nicholas. But she died, and the Prince showing more independence than Russia thought becom-

ing, he was "shunted," in favour of Prince Christian: who, in a protocol signed in London by the representatives of the great Powers, in May, 1852, was recognized as the heir-apparent, an arrangement by no means agreeable to the Danish people, who—of course, very unreasonably—thought they should have been consulted in the matter. Twice the Rigsdag, or Parliament, refused to sanction the choice; but a fresh election returned a more complaisant house, and the succession of the Prince was accepted. There is no reason to suppose that the country has since had any reason to regret the decision.

When, therefore, the Prince of Wales was struck with the bright beauty of the young Princess, as they strolled together among the ruins of Heidelberg, looking down upon the Rhine, she was not a king's daughter; for Frederick VII. did not die until November, 1863. The announcement that the Prince had chosen as he did was the occasion of sincere rejoicing. The engagement was announced in the Queen's speech on the meeting of Parliament, and a vote of £10,000 a year, and £30,000 in the event of her surviving the Prince, was enthusiastically passed. The Princess, accompanied by her father, mother, and eldest brother, left Copenhagen on the 26th of February, 1863, making an almost triumphal procession, by way of Kiel, Hanover, and Cologne, to Brussels, which she reached on the 2nd of March, being received by the Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, the English and Danish Ambassadors, and the Burgomaster and civic officials of Brussels. After a stay of three days, she quitted Brussels for Antwerp, where the party embarked on board the royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert," escorted by the English Channel Squadron. The night of the 5th and a part of the 6th was spent in Margate Roads; and at noon on Saturday the 7th of March, a day made memorable in history, the royal yacht reached the Terrace Pier, Gravesend. The Prince of Wales was waiting to receive his bride, and, stepping quickly on board, met her at the door of the saloon, welcoming her with a hearty kiss, which was seen by the assembled thousands; and a cheer such as only Englishmen can give told the blushing girl how that salute was taken as a symbol of national welcome. On the pier, little girls strewed flowers before the Princess, who leant on her lover's arm on the way to the railway-station. At the Bricklayers' Arms Station in London, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Prussia, the Count of Flanders, and other royal and distinguished personages, and the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation of London, were waiting to receive her. Then began that memorable progress through London. At least a million of people thronged the streets and house-tops. It was with difficulty a way could be made for the carriages. Once, indeed, in Cheapside, so great was the throng, that the Princess experienced a not unnatural apprehension of danger, as the mighty mass actually stopped the carriage she rode in, and there seemed no passage through that upturned sea of eager human faces. She rode with her father and mother and the Prince of

Wales, who calmed her apprehensions; and soon the yielding crowd gave way, and once again the carriages were moving. The decorations in the City and all along the line of route were superb. It had been proposed that an escort of noble ladies, mounted, and in white riding habits, should have met the Princess; but the difficulty of riding through such a crowd was taken into account, and the idea was abandoned. In Hyde Park the representatives of a hundred volunteer corps saluted the Princess; and late in the afternoon the Great Western Station was reached, and in another hour the Princess was at Windsor, enfolded in the embrace of the Queen.

The marriage took place on the following Tuesday, the 10th of March, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Queen did not intrude her widow's robes into the joyful ceremony, but watched it from her closet near the altar. The honeymoon was shortened to about a fortnight's seclusion at Osborne, and then the young couple emerged into the brilliancy of Royal and Court life.

It is sad to have to add that on the occasion of the rejoicings in the City several lives were lost in the crowd which witnessed the illuminations; but there was no other circumstance to cast a gloom over the festivities.

As time passed on, and the new year approached, it was natural that interest should be felt in the probability of an event of importance not only to the happy young couple, but to the nation generally; but the blessing came to hand with rather amusing precipitancy. On the 8th of January, 1864, the Princess had been watching the Prince and others skating in Windsor Great Park, and on her return in the evening to Frogmore Lodge, it became evident that the expected event was imminent. The chosen physicians were not in attendance, and Dr. Brown, a private practitioner of Windsor, and medical attendant to the Royal household, was hastily summoned. The Countess of Macclesfield and other ladies assisted with their maternal experience, and almost before the

Prince could be informed that he was about to become a father, a little Prince was ushered into the world, the Countess of Macclesfield, it is said, divesting herself of her petticoat to wrap up the illustrious little stranger.

Since then, four other children have added to the happiness of the Prince and Princess, whose wedded life, however, has not been without its clouds. In 1867 the Princess suffered from a rheumatic affection which threatened to contract her leg and make her a cripple. For about a year she was compelled to maintain a recumbent position, with the limb in a splint. Surgical skill triumphed, but for some time after her reappearance in public she walked with a slight limp, immediately imitated by some of those silly persons who are always ready to copy even the infirmities of distinguished people, and the "Alexandra limp" became an object of ridicule.

The Princess bore her long and painful seclusion with courage; but a harder trial was in reserve—the dangerous illness of her illustrious husband in the winter of 1871. During those weeks of terrible suspense, the devoted wife sat watching by the Prince's bedside and rendering those offices of love which none but a wife can make so welcome; and when convalescence came, it was leaning on the arm of his wife supporting his feeble steps, that the Prince once more breathed the open air.

In 1868 and 1869, the Princess accompanied the Prince on an Eastern tour, visiting Egypt, and has made several continental trips. In Court ceremonies her graceful presence has, in some measure, compensated for the occasional absence of the Sovereign. In private life, we believe, we are justified in saying that her amiability, her many acts of kindness, her domestic nature, make her generally beloved. She has schools at Sandringham, and is always ready to give her assistance to any good work; is, indeed, a Royal lady of whom her adopted country may well be proud.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

AS it is an admitted fact that the home in which we live exercises a powerful influence on both mind and body, and as we should like our home to be "a dearer, sweeter place than all the rest," it may not be amiss, before entering into the details of housekeeping, to offer a few hints that may be useful in the choice of a house.

However charming may be the aspect of a pretty home, covered with roses, wisteria, or honeysuckle, it will not be a really pleasant home if the necessary conditions of health have been overlooked; neither can we attain that exquisite cleanliness and purity which ought to be the characteristic of an English home, the place

"Where woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life,  
In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie  
Around her knees, domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

We must be careful in making our choice that the *aspect* of the house is good. As light and sunshine are as necessary to health as air itself, we must try and secure a pleasant aspect, as in a house facing the north, the rooms are darker, colder, and more likely to be damp. We need scarcely remind our readers that a damp house can never be a perfectly healthy one; it not only causes

colds and rheumatic attacks, but, by lowering the tone of the system, predisposes to other diseases. The north walls of houses in the country should be planted with ivy, as it is not only useful in keeping out wet and cold, but the ivy roots will absorb moisture. A good supply of pure water and thorough drainage will be all that is absolutely necessary to health in the choice of a house, but these are as indispensable to the mansion as to the cottage.

The interesting subject of furnishing demands some attention; but as each house requires a different style, as well as a different scale of expenditure, it is obvious that we can only touch lightly on this varied question. One golden rule applies to all—whatever may be spent in furnishing, let everything that is bought be good of its kind, and, in case economy is an object, it will be found very advantageous to deal with the manufacturers, where that is possible. This particularly applies to mattresses, bedding, and all solid furniture. Young housekeepers are cautioned against buying cheap showy furniture, as, however attractive it may appear when quite new, it loses its beauty, and becomes, if not unfit for use, at least a constant source of expense in repairs.

The care and thought given to the choice and selection of paper, carpets, and curtains will be well repaid, as, without the exercise of such care and taste, it will be impossible to give that pleasant and attractive air of comfort and harmony which is so much to be desired.

The choice of papers should depend upon the aspect of the room; for example, if your room has a northerly aspect, you will find it requires a bright paper of warm tone; if papered with blue, green, or greenish-grey, it will have a poor, cold effect that nothing will brighten.

The green-grey paper, with plenty of gold in it, looks remarkably well in a dining-room, as it throws up the gold frames of oil paintings, and does not destroy the effect of the pictures. A rich Turkey carpet with this paper will give all the colour that is necessary.

A charming effect of harmony is produced by suiting the carpets carefully to the paper; as a rule, the carpets should be of richer, darker colours than those chosen for the walls. As it is absolutely necessary that the drawing-room paper be of a pale, delicate tint, nearly approaching white, a very good effect may be produced by the richly-coloured carpet on black ground, newly introduced. If there should be much gold colour in the carpet, amber curtains will look best. If the drawing-room is not very lofty, it will be better to have a narrow gold moulding, instead of the wider border generally used. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that the curtains should be of the prevailing tint of the carpet.

It sometimes happens in arranging a house, we have to deal with rooms that are already furnished, and are unfortunately not always in the best taste. It may be they are only dull and sombre looking; in this case much may be done by a lady of taste who knows the value of a little well-disposed colour. Some bright

needle-work, fresh white curtains, and a stand of tastefully arranged flowers, will do wonders. Most ladies know how charmingly a dark dull-looking toilet may be relieved by means of bright ribbons. The same principle of taste may be applied to the house. The fresh cleanliness which is, or ought to be, indispensable, will add another charm to a well-furnished, tastefully arranged house.

Thus, even in a simple home, there is often to be found a pleasant air of refinement and comfort, due to the taste and industry of the ladies of the house, that is not always to be gained by the most extravagant expenditure.

To obtain and keep up the cleanliness of the house with proper and judicious care of furniture, it will be necessary to choose servants with care. It is better, if possible, to take them from houses, where the mistress is "particular," and where the household duties are carried on with order and regularity, otherwise the young housekeeper will have much to teach, and the servant much trouble in getting into habits of regularity. When engaging a servant, the necessity of keeping all under her charge in perfect order must be impressed on her. Some ladies give a card with the duties and routine work of each day in the week clearly written on it. This is useful to housemaids, as it gives them no excuse for "forgetting," as it is quite impossible a mistress can make a constant inspection of everything. The daily rubbing steel stoves and fenders is often forgotten unless the card acts as a reminder. A short time each morning will suffice to keep steel perfectly bright, but hours of labour will be required if once neglected. The same rule applies to furniture, brasses—in fact, to everything that requires to be kept bright. When engaging a servant, the hour you expect her to rise should be mentioned, and no excuse except that of sickness should be admitted. If the servants are required to rise at six o'clock in summer, they should be allowed to retire to rest at ten o'clock. The excuse generally made, that of oversleeping themselves, should be met by having a bell communicating with their rooms, which can be rung at the required hour.

If early rising be insisted on by the mistress, it will soon become a habit, and the servants will have time to proceed with the work carefully and thoroughly; it is the habit of late rising which necessitates hurry in the work, and too often causes the breakage of valuable ornaments and articles of furniture. Gloves must be always worn in cleaning stoves, fire-irons, etc., as otherwise finger-marks will soil curtains and chairs. It is usual for the cook to clean the dining-room stove, but this is not always the rule, as in families where the breakfast is early and there is much to prepare, the cook would not have time. Before cleaning the dining-room the curtains should be rolled up, all the small articles of furniture placed in the middle of the room, the sofa, arm-chairs, etc., covered with sweeping cloths (large pieces



of sheeting or calico). If the room be dusty and the carpet not too light, tea-leaves are to be strewn all round. The carpet broom sweeping lightly all over, attending particularly to the corners, and with a short brush sweeping under the heavy furniture. When the carpet is perfectly swept, remove the leaves and dust in a dust-pan. They must not begin to dust too soon, as otherwise it will settle again, and the process must be repeated. Everything must be taken off the side-board before dusting, and care must be taken to rub all the interstices of the ornamental work; this is best done with a brush. The picture frames must be dusted with a feather brush. The looking-glasses must be cleaned with a little whiting and water, polished, when dry, with a leather, but great care must be used, the hands being never placed on the gilt frame, or it will be soon tarnished. The same process must be used with carpeted bed-rooms, the greatest care being taken to pick up curtains, and cover sweeping cloths over the beds and chairs. Rooms that require scouring should first have the carpets removed, and then be carefully swept. If the paint requires cleaning, it should be done before the floor is cleaned. The scouring must be commenced at the part of the room furthest from the door. Soft soap is the best to be used. The brush must follow the grain of the wood, not scrub across it, or the dirt will remain in. Plenty of water must be used, and the boards wiped, when quite clean, with a dry cloth. For cleaning oil-cloth it is better to use a little soap, and wipe dry as quickly as possible. No soda must be used, as it softens the paint, and causes it to wear very badly. The best way to retain the colour is to wash it rarely, and polish it once a week with bees-wax and turpentine. This very much improves the appearance, and causes it to wear very much longer.

My young friends will not, I hope, be impatient at these details of domestic work, but we wish to give a little help to those who may, perhaps, be obliged to instruct servants who are ignorant of their duties, or who may require the eye of the mistress to remark the manner in which the work is carried on.

In the matter of house cleaning there is one very important thing that must be strictly watched—that is, that no sleeping apartment be washed or scrubbed late in the day, and that the day chosen be a dry one. The dampness hangs about a room after the boards look dry, and would, in that case, be very injurious to the health of children or delicate persons.

The daily inspection of the larder should be the duty of the mistress of the house, perfect cleanliness being necessary to keep meats and all other viands in a proper state. Much waste of food is caused by neglect of the simple precaution, no gravy or pieces of meat that are stale should be allowed to remain in the larder, as the fresh meat would otherwise very soon be spoiled. With a cook who is trustworthy and knows her business, this will be attended to, but we offer these suggestions in

case of ignorant and incompetent service. Having given some attention to the first simple step of house cleaning, the polishing of furniture must be noticed. Nothing is better than the "French Polish Reviver" for the articles of furniture that have been French polished, and almost all are so now, occasionally used and lightly rubbed with soft cloths, the pristine brilliancy can be well kept up. Looking-glasses require the glass to be lightly washed with whiting and water before polishing with a soft leather.

Valuable china ornaments should not be trusted to an inexperienced housemaid to wash. Many priceless articles of this kind have been ruthlessly destroyed by the carelessness of ignorant girls, who were not aware of their value. It is not easy to be.

"Mistress of herself though china fall."—POPE.]

At all events, it is better not to give our virtue such a severe trial.

I should advise my young friends to put away as many of their pretty ornaments as possible when the drawing-room is to be cleaned. It gives some trouble, but they will have the pleasure of preserving their pretty, delicate needlework, beautiful books, and charming trifles in a state of freshness and beauty not to be found in the ornaments and books left to the tender mercies of an ordinary housemaid. Care ought to be taken of all the pretty things with which a woman so naturally surrounds herself, and which are in a manner part of herself, expressing very often her habits and tastes. They are worthy of care, not only because they are pretty or valuable in themselves, but because they are, in most cases, the tokens of the love and remembrance of dear friends, some of them, perhaps, absent or lost. They may be reminiscences of foreign or home travel, souvenirs of happy days, wedding gifts, birthday presents, even little childish treasures—all have most likely some special value not to be weighed by silver or gold.

We must not forget our music and musical instruments when the drawing-room is to be cleaned and arranged; nothing is more disagreeable to a refined woman than to see dirty finger-marks on her music, or to find, on opening her piano, that the keys are dusty. This unfortunately often happens even when the exterior has been carefully attended to. Music should *never* be left to the housemaid to arrange or put away; these are little duties that a lady can quickly and deftly perform, and thereby have her music fresh and clean, and her piano-keys in the most agreeable state for sensitive fingers.

Having said a few words in a former paper on the necessity of keeping the bed-rooms well aired, I should like to say a few words about the like ventilation of the drawing-room. This is scarcely necessary in the country, where they usually open on the garden or pleasant lawn; but in towns it is too much the custom to keep the windows closed, sometimes in the fear of spoiling the curtains or furniture; and it must be admitted that the

air of a drawing-room that has been so shut up is anything but favourable to the pleasant conversation that should characterise a morning visit. In such an atmosphere the most brilliant, pleasant person would be dull, and even sometimes ill-natured.

After dinner in summer how delightful is a cool, well ventilated drawing-room — not too brilliantly lighted, with a sweet perfume of flowers, and an all-pervading charm of rest and calm; not all the costly furniture in the world could make a room enjoyable unless it is fresh, sweet, and airy. Conversation flags and is dull, and even music seems to lose its usual charm and falls flat on the ear in a close, stuffy atmosphere. This effect is often strikingly exemplified in the afternoon concerts during the London season, when the great works of the greatest masters are being listened to by people really fond of music; but the drowsy, weary expression seen on

most faces tells the truth that they are not enjoying the music as it deserves. Why are they incapable of appreciating its charm? They cannot enjoy it because the air of the place in which they listen is not pure and fresh. This little illustration will show my lady friends that pure air in a house is one of the conditions not only of health, but of that happy state of the mind which enables us to enjoy thoroughly and freely the delights of conversation, reading, and music. Not only will our social enjoyments be heightened by the care we give to the cleanliness and beautifying our dwellings, but we shall reap a still higher reward in the healthful influence on the "workers" of the family. The doctor, so much of whose time is passed in sick-rooms; the merchant, whose time is almost wholly spent in his counting-house, will turn with delight to the refreshing influence of his well-kept, pleasant home.

---

### AN AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

---

THE tenth year of an institution which has been well described as unique, has just closed, and it may interest our lady readers, who have met with many discouragements in the endeavour to obtain University education, if we avail ourselves of the description, in a contemporary, of Vassar College, in the State of New York.

The College is the great American female college—an institution of which the aim is to give to women a collegiate education equal in all respects to that which men receive in our first-class colleges. The act of incorporation declares its object and purpose to be "to promote the education of young women in literature, science, and the arts." The founder—the late Mr. Matthew Vassar—specifies its idea as being "the development and exposition and the marshalling to the front of women, of their powers on every side, demonstrative of their equality with men, demonstrative, indeed, of such capacities as in certain fixed directions surpass those of men." The College is on a farm of about two hundred acres, two miles east of the city of Poughkeepsie, on the eastern bank of the Hudson River, in the State of New York, about seventy-five miles from the city of New York. The founder of this institution, who not only conceived the plan, but pushed it through with his money and personal energy, was, as stated above, Mr. Matthew Vassar, a native of this state, and for many years a resident of Poughkeepsie. He gave the college in all 778,000 dols. Its available property, productive and unproductive, to-day is 875,577 dols. Other donations, mainly of books and apparatus, but not much money, have been made besides those of

the founder. Mr. Vassar made a fortune by brewing, and, having no direct heirs, conceived this noble scheme, and lived to see it in full operation. The charter for the college is dated 1861; and the exercises of the college were begun in September, 1865.

This institution was begun without a theory as to form of teaching, and as it exists to-day it is the result of numerous experiments. With the general idea to found and perpetuate an institution which should accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men, the trustees elected a president (male), a lady principal, nine professors (seven male and two female), and twenty-one teachers and instructors (one male and twenty females). The chairs were mental and moral philosophy, ancient and modern languages, mathematics and natural philosophy, including chemistry, natural history (geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, and physical geography), astronomy, and physiology, and hygiene, English language, including rhetoric and *belles lettres*, music, and drawing, and painting. With this curriculum and this faculty of professors, the institution opened in 1865, with 350 girls between fifteen and twenty-four years old. This mass of material was heterogeneous, the girls having been prepared by various teachers and tutors on various plans, and were in every way different in preparation, and in almost every instance badly prepared. Two years were devoted to organizing this mass, teaching all the branches during all the half-year sessions, and thus gradually developing classes and working the girls into them with some degree of order.

The first organization proper was made in 1867, when there were 352 students. Of these they found four prepared for senior grade, 18 for junior grade, 27 for Sophomore, and 45 for Freshman, there being intermediates among these classes. This gave 94 classified students, in four well-defined classes. The students were further divisible into regular and irregular. The first year all were irregular; but since then the irregulars have decreased in numbers, and the regulars increased by a steady progress. In 1867 there were 386 students—197 regular and 189 irregular. In 1873 the change had progressed until there were then 411 students—370 regular and 41 irregular.

There are now in the institution 420 students, of whom 384 are regular, and 36 irregular. The faculty has been changed only as to the department of languages. Now the ancient languages have a professor, and modern languages are taught by separate instructors or assistants. John H. Raymond, LL.D., is president. The two lady professors are Miss Maria Mitchell, Ph.D., of astronomy, and Helen W. Webster, M.D., of physiology and hygiene. The latter is *ex-officio* resident physician, having in charge the health of the pupils. Since 1865 there have been added three assistant teachers and a librarian.

The preliminary examination of all applicants for the classes includes arithmetic, English grammar, modern geography, and the history of the United States. The curriculum, in general, is given above in the enumeration of professorships. Between admission on the studies just named and the collegiate course there is a preparatory course, which covers two years. To the middle of the Sophomore year the studies are all prescribed, except that a choice is allowed among the Greek, German, and French languages. Latin is a necessary study. A general idea of the curriculum in detail may be had from a selection. Let us take Latin and mathematics. In the Freshman class the Latin includes Madvig's grammar and prose composition, Livy, and Horace; the mathematics, algebra, and geometry completed. In the Sophomore, Latin includes prose composition, Cicero *De Oratore*, Quintilian, Plautus, and Juvenal; the mathematics, trigonometry lectures on surveying and navigation, and geometry with calculus. In the junior, Latin, prose composition, and Tacitus, the mathematics being directed to astronomy. In the senior, Latin, prose composition, and Cicero *De Officiis*, the mathematics being directed to the theory and calculation of eclipses, least squares, and applications in physics.

The degrees are First or Baccalaureat degree, which is given to those who complete the regular course; and the second degree, which is won by those who have taken the first degree, and have passed an examination in studies approved by the faculty as equivalent to a post-graduate course of two full years, the usual essay being also required. The two departments of music and the fine

arts are extra-collegiate, and in this Vassar departs from the ordinary college for young men.

The Commencement exercises, recently held, consisted in the main in giving diplomas of the degree of A.B. to 42 girl-graduates. Dr. Raymond, the president, and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, conducted the proceedings. The exercises consisted of the usual addresses, among which the valedictory is the most important, some essays read, and a poem. Music forms a part of all public exercises, and here, in addition to a band for stated pieces, there were exercises rendered by students of that branch of study. One ceremony seems in some degree peculiar to Vassar—the burial of the records of the graduating class. This is done in this wise: All the records or minutes of the various meetings held during its course by the class, the correspondence of the class as a class, and a copy of their text-book on trigonometry and calculus, are put into a strong copper box, and this box is sealed and buried in the ground at the foot of the class tree.

The feature that marks Vassar as peculiar is one which the sex of the students seems to render necessary—the domestic or family character of the discipline and arrangements. This matter is under the lady principal's care. This officer, in conjunction with the resident physician, always a woman, regulates the lodging, the living, the hours, the diet, and everything pertaining to the habits and hygiene of the girls. The shopping, correspondence, and exercises, both physical and mental, are regulated and managed by this close personality of the governors. The gymnasium is a prominent part of the training, and this is under the management of a suitable director.

Vassar is entirely unsectarian, but moral. The founder especially enjoined as his wish that "all sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be entrusted to the sceptical, the irreligious, or the immoral."

This is in no sense a charity or benevolent institution. The expenses are high. For board, which includes light, heat, and washing, the yearly charge for each student is 300 dols.; for tuition in all collegiate branches, 100 dols. The college course, then, costs 400 dols. a year. The extra-collegiate branches—music and painting, with use of instruments—cost 230 dols. a year altogether. The average annual receipts since the beginning have been 155,000 dols.; while the average annual expenses are 150,000 dols. The library contains 10,000 volumes. The Observatory is made practical; the results of observations and calculations being regularly recorded and kept.

Other movements in the same direction seem to have sprung out of this college. Michigan University and Cornell University first, and with them some of the older New England Colleges have formally opened their doors for the admission of young women, but Harvard College has refused to open its doors to women.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

CONTENDING powers are at war just now in the world of Fashion. A struggle is evidently going on between extravagance, exaggerated trimmings, and eccentric fashions on the one side, and simplicity, that is a plain style of attire and quiet tone of colouring on

more plissés, flounces, or bouillonnés; therefore, and consequently, a forced return to plain straight lines. The price of toilets, thus composed, will not be much less, it is true; but ladies of modest and economical principles will take advantage of such a change to have



512.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL OF 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.

*Paper Pattern, 3s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

the other. Which side is to be the winner, eventually? It would be rather a rash thing to decide this at once. There are, however, promising symptoms on the side of simplicity. Most splendid tissues, plain or brocaded, of wonderful thickness, are being prepared for the winter. Brocaded damasks, double faced, stamped or brocaded velvets, striped or checked, the patterns being formed by satin lines. With such materials, no trimming is possible except lace or fringe; no

their cloth or faille dresses made after the same pattern, and will not be dressed with less elegance on that account.

For the present there is nothing very new to note in the fashions of the day. All our merveilleuses are at watering-places, or by the seaside, where they rest from the fatigues caused by worldly pleasures and occupations. There, again, they cannot make up their minds to pause in that aimless restlessness, which



reminds one of that of the squirrel, which turns the wheel in its cage without one instant's pause, merely for the sake of moving its paws. Few women deny themselves the fatiguing pleasure of changing their dress four times a day, and the consequence is they come back from their summer trip, for the most part, as weary as they were on leaving Paris.

The following are some of the toilets which a Parisian dressmaker has just sent off to some of her fair clients at Biarritz :—

trimmed with two drawn bouillonnés. The second skirt or tunic, of brocaded silk material, is open at the sides, with bows of plain faille. Two pointed lapels finish this tunic, and are tied behind over the skirt; it is trimmed with fringe. Corsage of brocaded faille, trimmed en gilet with the darker faille.

Another, of prune and pale rose-coloured faille. The second skirt, which is rose-coloured, is fastened to the under one of prune faille, all the way down, by a drawn bouillonné of prune faille. The points meet



513.—APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL OF 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

*Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

Dinner dress of pale blue faille; the front part is crossed with draperies of pale blue and of cream-coloured faille; the train, very long and quite plain, is trimmed lengthwise, with quillings of Valenciennes lace and bows of cream-coloured ribbon, corsage laced behind, long waisted, open en cœur, and trimmed with cream-coloured draperies, covered with Valenciennes lace.

Visiting or reception dress of brocaded pearl-grey faille, over plain faille of a darker shade of grey. Skirt

at the back, under a large bow of prune faille, bound with rose colour. Cuirasse bodice, laced at the back, partly prune and partly rose colour, trimmed with bials. This toilet is completed by a small drawn capote, of faille of both colours with bird's wing put on as an aigrette.

A complete costume is of havannah coloured cloth, faille of a somewhat darker shade. Faille skirt, trimmed with one deep flounce, headed with five small plissés.

The tunic is composed in front of alternate bands of faille and cloth. It is fastened down obliquely across the front with small brandebourgs placed very closely together, and finished with passementerie buttons. Corsage of havanah faille. Cloth jacket, slanted off very much from the hips, over a faille gilet; the same brandebourgs are repeated upon the sides of the jacket which they appear to fasten down upon the gilet. Sleeves of cloth and faille, with brandebourgs upon the outer seam.

Robe de chambre of mauve crêpe de laine, trimmed all round with a faille flounce of a deep shade of violet, several times gathered, and coming up as a trimming in front, with a lace quilling.

To this list, which is already pretty complete, we may add a black silk dress, that indispensable item in a lady's wardrobe. The skirt is trimmed with three pleated flounces. Behind, a little on one side, there is a large bow of faille. The front part is trimmed with a double drapery, coming out from the hollow pleat of the train, and fastened on one side. Corsage trimmed with plissé, and black net-work passementerie.

Another black silk dress is made thus. Skirt trimmed round the bottom with narrow gathered flounces cut on the cross, three only in front, five at the back. These flounces are headed with a drawn bouillon, put on with a double heading. The tablier is gathered in front and draped under a wide quadruple pleat, forming the train. On each side of this pleat there is a double lace quilling of white lace, point d'Alençon, and black lace, Chantilly. Cuirasse bodice, quite plain, trimmed as a fichu, with opening *en cœur*, edged with black and white lace to match. Quilted revers of the same black and white lace upon the sleeves. This charming toilet is equally suitable to a young married lady, with the addition of a few coloured bows at the throat and wrists and in the hair, or to an elderly lady. It can also be copied in pearl grey, pale blue, and rose colour, etc.

An elegant toilet for the beach is of nut-coloured faille and nut-coloured and white striped ditto. The skirt is of plain nut-coloured faille, trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce of the striped silk, cut on the cross; next comes a gathered flounce of plain nut-coloured silk, a second striped flounce, and a deep drawn bouillon, striped nut colour and white, cut on the cross, and with both its headings, top and bottom, bound with a bias of plain nut-coloured silk. Tablier, gathered in the middle of the front, of striped silk, trimmed with a narrow nut-coloured plissé. This tablier is draped behind under a bow of nut-coloured faille; upon the left side there is a pocket in the shape of a reticule, fastened with nut-coloured ribbons. Corsage of striped faille, made quite plain, simply piped with the striped faille. Sleeves of plain faille, finished with a narrow striped plissé. Hat of brown straw, sloped over the forehead, trimmed with brown velvet, and at the back, with a wreath of hedges-roses lying over the hair.

Nor must we forget a very stylish and dressy toilet

of two shades of green faille. The skirt is of pale green faille, with a pleated flounce of the same round the bottom, and a bouillon of the darker silk above it. Tunic mantle with double tablier of embroidered net-work, trimmed with embroidered guipure. At the back the tunic is finished in two long wide lapels. Corsage of the darker green faille, trimmed with a plissé of the lighter shade. Over this bodice a fichu of a very new shape falls in long lapels; it is, like the tunic of embroidered net-work, trimmed with guipure.

We have quite adopted English fashions in Paris for children, and that is the reason we seldom speak here of their dress. Little girls up to six or seven years old wear the American frock, pleated all the way down, with very long waist, and wide sash tied half way up the body. Little boys are dressed in the same way up to five years old, after which they wear a tunic and short trousers, buttoned at the side just under the knee. Little girls upwards of seven years old are generally dressed much as reduced copies of their mammas. This, however, is a mistake, for a simple dress is far more becoming to them than the looped-up tunics and tabliers of a lady's costume.

A pretty dress for a girl ten years old is of light blue Indian cashmere. Upon the skirt there are two pleated flounces, trimmed on both sides with narrow white lace, tight-fitting bodice, with long plain basque, and trimmed all the way down with narrow bias of the material, edged on either side with the same white lace, long sleeves with plissés edged with lace.

A more simple one, for the same age, is of ecru beige material. The skirt is quite plain, the bodice is made in the shape of a blouse, fastened round the waist with a belt. There is a double row of brown pearl buttons down the front, and bias and buttons upon the long sleeves. This model is also made of white pique, and, for the beach, of brown holland.

I have also noticed for little girls frocks of striped Oxford linen, ecru and blue, or grey and pink, etc., made in the same way, with long-waisted pleated blouse-bodice and plain skirt. A wide sash of the same material is fastened behind, and is sometimes edged with broderie Anglaise, of which a border also goes round the throat. Such dresses are, to my taste, infinitely preferable to the elaborate toilets which are a trouble and discomfort to a healthy, sport-loving girl of eight or ten years old. As for her head-gear, we should recommend a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with the red worsted braid which does not fade or spoil in the sun and sea-breeze.

The child's best dress should be a white pique, trimmed with broderie Anglaise, also made American fashion. The hat to match, a broad-brimmed Leghorn, trimmed with white faille or black velvet. A feather may be added, but should be taken off whenever rain threatens.

A beige dress for cooler days and a waterproof will complete a most useful and suitable outfit for a girl not yet in her teens.

For little boys, several suits of brown holland, two of white pique for best, and one of some woollen material, will suffice for one month's stay by the seaside. The sailor's hat, with sloped-off brim, is still the most fashionable for boys. I greatly prefer it, at least, to the high-crowned hat, with narrow curled-up brim, which some unfortunate boys are made to wear, much to the detriment of their eyesight and comfort generally.

Ladies' chapeaux are of various shapes, the sloped *paillasson* being still the favourite for the beach and country.

I will describe a few of the most novel models I have seen.

A black straw hat, placed very much at the back of the head; the slightly turned up brim is bound with black velvet. Torsade of black gauze, forming a large bow, fastens on two bronzed wings. A long black feather goes round the crown, and falls at the back.

A brown straw hat, sloping down in front, and turned up behind with a large bow, and lapels of brown velvet under the brim. A fichu of netted brown silk is arranged over the crown, with ends falling at the back. Large golden brown wing on one side.

Black chip hat, of the same shape as the preceding, trimmed with a voluminous scarf of cream-white silk gauze, tastefully arranged round the crown, with a panache of undyed ostrich feathers, very much at the back.

A hat of unbleached *paillasson* straw, trimmed with navy blue Surah foulard. This foulard is arranged in a bias fold round the crown, with large loops at the side, in which nestles a small humming bird. A large bow of the navy blue foulard is also placed under the turned up brim at the back.

A diadem bonnet of black straw, trimmed on the top,

with a broad bandeau of black velvet, two black feathers drooping at the back, and two green wings at the side and under the brim, with a large wreath of field-flowers.

Another bonnet of the capote shape is of white chip, with wreath of Spanish jessamine and monthly roses both over and under the open border. This bonnet is put on very much at the back of the head. In fact, the two extremes are equally fashionable. Dressy bonnets are placed quite at the back of the head; while hats conceal the brow and eyes. The latter are not now trimmed with flowers, but more simply, with velvet or faille, a scarf veil, and a wing or feather.

For the autumn season, some of our good milliners are preparing capotes of drawn silk, real capotes with curtains, but of very graceful shape. But this model requires to be composed with peculiar taste. The capotes are generally made matched to the costume, with which they are meant to wear.

We have also a new coiffure to mention, which is extremely stylish and fashionable. It is the *Aonda* coiffure, composed of a scarf of spangled gauze, artistically twisted in oriental style, quite at the back of the head, with coques of faille and bronzed cherries forming the heading of the pins with which the coiffure is fastened on. The hair should be arranged in rouleaux in front, and in long curls behind.

Large pins, with gold, silver, or steel heads, are also much used to fasten the hair, not only with this style of coiffure, but with more simple ones. Large ear-drops to match, complete the parure. As for bracelets, the portebonheur still reigns supreme, and is made in all materials more or less costly, from plain wood to gold enriched with precious stones.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

**NO. 1. VISITING DRESS OF GREY CHEVIOT.**—Short train skirt, with deep flounce at the bottom. This flounce is trimmed with two crossway bands of blue faille, piped, with a darker shade. Tunique with square-cut tablier, divided at the sides, and drawn up in pleats behind, trimmed with crossway band of net faille, piped with the darker shade. Pocket at the side, trimmed with flat bows of ribbon to match. Cuirasse, with peplum-shaped basques, trimmed to correspond. The fronts are turned back with revers. Bonnet of grey felt, the brim bound with dark blue, with torsade of pale blue damassée silk, with tinted roses; the crown trimmed with blue silk, and grey feathers.

**NO. 2. COSTUME OF LIGHT-COLOURED CASHMERE.**—Short train skirt, trimmed up the front with bouillonné, with double-ruched heading on either side. At the back it is trimmed with a flounce, headed by bouillonnés. Tablier pointed at the side, drawn up at the back with bows of black ribbon, with pouff of the cashmere. The edges are bordered with a flounce of black faille, and a bow of black ribbon is placed upon the extremity of the point. Drawn pocket, trimmed with cord and tassels. Cuirasse bodice, striped with black braid. Drawn sleeves of black faille, with cornet of cashmere, and band of black faille.



514.—DRESS OF GROSGRAIN.

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d. ; Flat Pattern, half-price ; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

514.—DRESS OF GROSGRAIN.

Dress of grosgrain and poult-de-soie. The skirt is slightly trained, and is trimmed with alternate plain bands of the material and rows of graduated shell pleatings. The bodice and tablier are in checked grosgrain, trimmed with handsome lace.





515.—TOILET OF BATISTE ECRU.

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

515.—TOILET OF BATISTE ECRU.

The principal novelty of this graceful toilet is the lace of batiste écreu, embroidered with blue silk, which is introduced on the skirt between closely pleated flounces on the back breadths, the front being left perfectly plain. On the tunic and jacket the lace is introduced in vertical stripes, with frills to correspond with those on the skirt. At the back an écharpe of blue grosgrain.

## SYLVIA'S LETTER.

WHILE thinking over what my letter should be about on this broiling August day, I have been watching the people pass the window, and comparing their dresses as regards coolness and heat. I have come to the conclusion that colours have a great deal to do with the effect; they give an appearance of coolness or the reverse, whatever the reality may be. A stout lady passed by, wearing creaking boots, and the very sound sent a little wave of heat over me. Soon after comes a refreshing vision. It is a girl of about twenty, dressed in white muslin, soft and clear. It has never been washed, and it is not stiff. It is relieved by a few bows of the very palest pink ribbon. A wide brimmed straw hat, trimmed with the same, almost removes the necessity for a sunshade, but the young lady holds one of silk, lined with pink. Her gloves are not too tight, and her boots do not creak, and there is only a pale pink flush on her cheek, which looks as if its home were there. In other words, whether she feels cool or not, and it is scarcely possible that she can, she looks so. There is a lady in black silk; how hot she looks! The dress is particularly elegant, but it is longer than the usual walking length, and consequently makes such a dust that she is obliged to hold it up—quite a labour on such a melting day! Perhaps she is in mourning, and obliged to wear black? No, for she has brown kid gloves on, and a white and rose parasol. She could scarcely have chosen a warmer dress, and the dust lies in thick folds in every corner and line of the trimming.

I have come to the conclusion that grey is a cool colour, but that "stuff" materials are warm wear. A girl passes in a stuff costume of grey trimmed with grey. It is a pretty dress, but does not seem to be a cool one, for its wearer seems very hot. But may it not be owing to that enormous mass of hair which covers her head, neck, and part of her shoulders, and is in its turn partly covered by a bonnet almost as large, with its fluttering ends of ribbon and lace, and garniture of feather and flower? Impossible for any one to feel cool under the weight of several pounds of head-dress. As if to verify this conclusion, there comes past a young lady whose plentiful brown hair is simply bound round and round her head, high above the forehead, and well raised from the neck. She wears a coquettish little hat of lace, and a grey linen dress, with a loose jacket of the same material.

The coolest colours are mauve, lavender, green, blue, and pink, in their lighter shades; and they are still cooler when deftly mixed with white. White is cool, but requires something to soften it—black lace, for instance. Scarlet is hot, we may remember that a blind man said that to touch scarlet always reminded him of the sound of a trumpet; yellow not so much so, and the neutral

colours carry out their neutrality in this respect, depending for character and effect on their accompaniments. Pale grey is always pleasant to look at in hot weather.

Our correspondents are always asking about new styles for arranging the hair, so we present them with this, which is graceful and unexaggerated. The hair falls in a plait at the back, and is interspersed with bows of ribbon at the top. It is very much *crêpe* in front, and



worn low on the forehead. It is strange that the further back bonnets are worn, the more the hair is dragged forwards. Bonnets are now worn very much at the back, and the hair invades the eye-brows. Hats are coming to the front again, which is sensible. "May their shadow never be less!" We want all the shade we can procure this hot weather.

It is fortunate that the season is over, and everybody—ah! not quite everybody—can rush away from these burning streets. Yes, the season is over, as *Punch* says:—

A season of polo, and poker, and balls,  
Of wet garden parties—passed yawning, indoors.  
A season of making most wearisome calls,  
And enduring returns from more wearisome bores.  
A season of mirth and success to a few,—  
To many a season of failure and pain.  
A season of yearning to see something new,  
A season of seeking for pleasure in vain.  
O Season of Slavery! why do we shrink  
From breaking the fetters that bind us to thee?—  
Good gracious! it's time to be off to the Rink!  
I promised the Dashes to meet them at three!

After a whirl such as this, sea-breezes ought to be agreeable things.

Do any of our readers ever take a little bit of fancy work to the neighbourhood of the "sad sea waves?" Here is a pretty little flower-basket, which is easily made.



The shape is cut out in cardboard in four pieces, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom. These are sewed together, and covered with silk. The handle is then cut out; it is quite straight, and is sewed on to the sides. The rosettes are made of folded ribbon sewed on a foundation. The basket looks equally pretty covered with coloured calico, or scraps of percale left over from a dress and the rosettes in tape to match.

To those who prefer crochet or tatting, I may recommend WALTER EVANS' cottons.

The ACME Glove gives good wear, and is well cut in superior soft kid. Post-Office Orders are to be made payable to JANNINGS AND SON, 16, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Several who have bought them on Sylvia's recommendation have expressed their approval of them. The price is 2s. 9d. per pair, with single buttons; 3s. 3d. with double.

I receive many letters asking for advice on cosmetics, so I think it better to touch on that difficult and dangerous subject here. We ought all to do our best to make ourselves look as nice as we can; and it is difficult to draw the line where this attention to the person verges on "seeming to be what we are not." Some there are who rush into one of the two extremes. At one end we have the nuns of the "Bernardine Benedictine" order, who were clothed as coarsely and meagrely as possible, who possessed all garments in common, and who considered, as Victor Hugo tells us in "Les Misérables," that to "use a tooth-brush was to take the first step on a ladder whose last was at the gate of the infernal regions." We quote from memory, and imagine that the original sentence was couched in somewhat stronger terms. With these we need hardly say we do *not* agree. The time we spend on our fashion article each week is sufficient proof

of the contrary. Then at the other end we have those ladies, old, young, and middle-aged, who apply to the successors of M<sup>de</sup>. Rachel to be made "beautiful for ever," who use enamel and rouge in such enormous quantities, as seriously to injure the skin, and to whom hair-dyes eventually become a daily necessity. These are the two extremes; sensible people pursue a middle course in this as well as other matters. To begin with the *chevelure*; they do not hold pomade in utter abomination. They know that some hair requires it, not only as a beautifier, but in order to keep up the strength and fineness of its texture. Hair-wash, too, they advocate where the manufacturers can be depended on; and rightly, for some of these have a most beneficial effect on the hair and skin of the head. They try shampooing, and ever after the first trial have it performed regularly twice a week. As to cosmetics, they totally disapprove of those containing injurious and poisonous ingredients, and trust to clean water, good soap, fresh air, moderate exercise, regular diet, and a good conscience, for the colouring of lips and cheeks, and the brightening of their eyes. Some cosmetics there are, we believe, which, in reality, contain only a most innocent and useful infusion of various liquids, and which may with advantage be applied to a skin devoid of clearness, or given to freckles. Doubtless these may be found beneficial, but we pin our faith to the above recipe. At the same time, care should be taken to make the best of and preserve the advantages bestowed by nature. We have seen good teeth destroyed by want of care; nothing so well repays a little trouble as the teeth.

Complexions ought also to have a due amount of care expended on their preservation.

How often does one see an elderly lady with rubicund cheeks and (low be it spoken) *nose*, who declares that when she was her daughter's age she had exactly the same lovely colour! Why, then, did it not subside into softened but still comely tints, instead of thus concentrating its forces into the most objectionable part of the countenance? Because its owner took no care of it, used bad soap and hard water, came in out of a cold wind and sat down opposite a hot fire, took to heavy dinners or "little suppers" as she grew older—I have seen a complexion change beyond recognition in the half hour after dinner—and thought it good for her health to take her drives without the protection of a gauze veil in winter weather, when the wind was cold enough to bring tears to her eyes.

We may all be excused for taking such harmless precautions as our imaginary character neglected, for we want to look nice as long as we can. Even if we live to be quite old, we would rather be beautiful old ladies than ugly old ladies, and I have known old ladies who were more beautiful than they ever could have been as young girls—not with beauty of feature, but the superior beauty of expression united with softness of colouring.

SYLVIA.









513.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL 2 TO 4.  
*Paper Pattern, 2s.*



517.—FRONT VIEW OF 516.



519.—APRON OF BLACK GROSGRAIN.  
*Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d.*



520.—ILLUSTRATION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.

## DRESS FOR THE BALL



541. LACE FIGURE.

*Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d.; Plot Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOUBAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

this come a deep pleat, stitched down top and bottom with narrow-piped frillings. Tunic of Madras plaided fancy material, with bias folds of peacock faille, forming in front a tablier, which is draped at the sides and back, and finished by two lapels pleated and joined together by bows of faille. Cuirasse bodice of the fancy material, piped with faille, and trimmed with bias folds of the same, forming a plain collar and revers, edged with a tiny frilling. Sleeves, also of the fancy material, with revers to match those of the bodice, and finished with faille bows.

Another very pretty dress is of Surah foulard, striped green and rose-colour, over a white ground; the skirt is

ornamented with two flounces, which are increased in size at the back, and are finished with very narrow plissés cut on the cross. The tablier forms large pleats, superposed in front; at the back the two ends are crossed; the end which is passed over is finished quite short, with a bow; that which is passed under is longer, and forms a loop; the tablier is edged with a piping and fringe of all the colours of the foulard. Corsage cut the cross-way of the material, so that the stripes form a V pattern in the middle of the back and front; round basques, slit open a little behind and trimmed



522.—FICHU—Price as 521.

like the tunic, with piping and fringe. Collar and cuffs of the material cut on the cross, finely gauffered and edged with fringe. Revers to match round the bottom of the coat sleeves.

A tasteful costume for a little girl twelve years old is of blue foulard and creme cashmere. The foulard skirt is trimmed with fine narrow gathered flounces, piped top and bottom; the tablier, of creme cashmere, is draped behind under a large bow of blue ribbon, and is trimmed with a frilling, edged with narrow silk fringe to match.

Cuirasse bodice of cashmere, with small puffings of foulard, following the outline of the shoulders, and coming down in front to the bottom of the basque, which is finished like the tablier, with a frilling and fringe. Bows of blue ribbon



down the front and also upon the sleeves, which are trimmed to correspond with the bodice. Bell-shaped hat of white straw, trimmed with a wreath of bluebells and heather.

Excepting a few very eccentric shapes, which we should not care to describe, or our lady readers to wear, there is nothing very new in chapeaux this month. The flat-shaped capote of Leghorn straw or French white chip, wreathed



523.—COSTUME OF BLACK GROSGRAIN (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 4s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME GOURAUD, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

with flowers, is the dressy bonnet par excellence. It is worn at the back, so as to show the front hair. The chapeau for demi-toilette, for excursions, and the beach or country is quite different. It is high-crowned and sloped very much over the brow, while turned up at the back with wide coques of faille or velvet ribbon. In front there is a torsade and a feather, or a cluster of flowers. This chapeau is generally made of black straw or chip. For the seaside, a gauze veil is added, which is long enough to be thrown round the neck as a scarf.



What are still worn, and will be till late autumn, are dresses of self-coloured lawn and batiste, combined with the same materials striped more or less widely, and trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, or with plissés. This is a very pretty and elegant style. For instance, on a dress of white and rose-coloured striped batiste are placed strips of Mechlin lace, between each plissé, which is itself edged with a border of the same.



524.—COSTUME OF BLACK GROSGRAIN (BACK).—Price as 523.

The tablier is still generally preferred to other modes for batiste and lawn dresses, though for silk materials the trained dress opening over an under-skirt, or the robe à quilles are now considered more stylish.

For the seaside the Watteau blouse is both elegant and convenient. It is trimmed with faille bows, and may be worn with a dress either of the same material or different. Stripes of different widths combined in the same toilet are now more fashionable than checks or plaids.

**No. 512. DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL OF NINE TO ELEVEN YEARS.**

Skirt, tunic, and bodice of striped grey woollen cloth, trimmed with pleatings of a checked pattern, bound on each side with red piping. Echarpe of the same material. Frills and cuffs of pleated muslin.

**No. 513. APRON FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF SEVEN TO NINE YEARS OLD.**

Apron of black grosgrain silk with half-bodice, trimmed with frills of the same material. The frills should be carefully fringed out about half-an-inch in depth.

**Nos. 516, 517. DRESS OF ECRU COLOURED TOILE DE LAINE.**

Skirt, tunic, and bodice of ecru coloured toile de laine. The skirt is slightly trained, and has a deep closely-pleated flounce, graduated in front. Tunic of the same material, very long in front, and open at the back, where it is tied below the pouf with a cord and tassels. Several rows of white braid and a deep fringe complete the trimming of the tunic. The jacket bodice fits closely to the figure, and is trimmed to correspond.

**No. 518. DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF TWO TO FOUR YEARS OLD.**

Dress of bright blue poplin, the skirt entirely untrimmed; the bodice trimmed with revers of the same material, vandyked in front, and bound with blue grosgrain silk. On the shoulders, and at the waist, bows of blue grosgrain. The vandykes are edged with deep guipure lace, and a narrower lace is introduced round the neck, and on the sleeves.

**No. 519. APRON OF BLACK GROSGRAIN SILK,**  
scalloped round the edge, and finished off with a narrow border of passementerie, and designs in appliqué of black silk.

**No. 520. ILLUSTRATION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN.**

Jacket of black and white striped vigogne, trimmed with black grosgrain silk and guipure lace.

**Nos. 521, 522. TWO FICHUS.**

**No. 521.**—Fichu of black cashmere, trimmed with black guipure lace, and border of beaded passementerie. Hat of white straw, with grosgrain ribbon and flowers.

**No. 522.**—Fichu of black Sicilian cloth, trimmed with guipure lace, and a crêpe fringe, and a beaded passementerie border.

**Nos. 523, 524. COSTUME OF BLACK GROSGRAIN AND BATISTE ECRU.**

Trained skirt of black grosgrain silk, arranged in narrow flounces of the same material. Polonaise of batiste ecru, very long at the back and in front, and open at the sides. The polonaise is prettily trimmed with guipure insertion and fringe of the same shade.

**No. 525. EMBROIDERED KNITTING BASKET.**

The basket itself consists of an oval piece of fancy straw, eight inches broad and twelve long, with straw handles, embroidered in chain stitch with black wool, and in point russe with red, blue, and black wool. The straw part of the basket is then fitted with side pockets, and with a bag of bright blue cashmere; the latter is drawn up by means of a blue silk cord passed through the hem. Between the side pockets and the bag there is an opening left for the knitting-needles, which is finished off by a narrow hem, drawn up by elastic. The basket is lined with blue cashmere, and a double strip of the same material is introduced beneath the embroidered handle. See Illustration.

**Nos. 526, 531. EMBROIDERED NECK REST.**

The cover of this pretty cushion is of brown satin, quilted in diamonds, and ornamented with two strips of embroidery, 2½ inches broad. No. 531 gives the original size of the embroidery, which is executed with berlin wool, and filoselle in cross-stitch. The colours required are maize silk, red, green, black, and white. The cushion is finished off with silk cord and tassels, which are chosen to correspond with the embroidery or the satin ground.

**Nos. 527, 528. BABY'S SWATHING BAND.**

This band requires a strip of white Java canvas 70 inches long and 6 broad, embroidered in a slanting direction with tatting cotton, in point russe, and edged with button-hole stitch. When the work is so far completed, crochet round the edge as follows: alternately 3 double, 1 purl of 3 chain, and 1 double in the first stitch. The band is then tied with white tape.

**No. 529. ORNAMENTAL SACHET OF BLUE SATIN,**  
lined with scented wadding and cardboard, and ornamented with small white buttons. The sachet is edged with white silk cord, arranged in loops, as shown in our Illustration. Inside the sachet, which is lined with blue satin, ribbons are introduced, through which the laces, handkerchiefs, etc., are passed.

**No. 530. FLOWER STAND WITH CHAIN AND HOOK.**

The framework of the stand consists of black polished cane, and we give in our supplement of to-day the pattern of the cardboard sides. When the cardboard is cut out it is covered with silk, which has been previously embroidered with purse silk in satin stitch and point-russe. The stand is then fitted with bronze chains and a hook, and when the ferns and flowers are tastefully arranged, and the stand suspended from the ceiling, or before the window, our fair readers will be repaid for their time and trouble.

**No. 532. SQUARE FOR COVERLETS, ANTIMACASSARS, ETC., IN RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET.**

Materials: Ecru coloured Russian braid with single row of loops, and white crochet cotton, medium size. Arrange the braid in a double square, according to Illustration 532, fastening the pieces together with great care. The centre design is crocheted separately as follows: 1st round: \* 15 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 9th chain stitch, 4 double in the 4 previous stitches, 1 slip stitch in the next free stitch, repeat 3 times from \*, 1 slip stitch to close. 2nd round: \* 2 double, miss 1, 1 slip stitch, 4 double, †, 1 double in the loop of 4 stitches made out of the 15 chain, 4 chain, 4 long treble where the 1 double was worked, 3 chain, repeat twice from †, then 1 double in the same loop, 4 double, miss 1, 1 slip stitch in the 1st slip stitch, taking in all the stitches between, so that only the upper part of the 1st slip stitch remains free, 1 double, repeat 3 times from \*. At the end, 1 slip stitch, fasten and cut the thread. This completes the central figure. Then for the 4 sides of the square, with 18 loops on each side of the braid, proceed as follows: 3rd round: \* 1 treble in the 2nd loop, 15 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop, then 1 chain, 1 treble in the next loop (the upper parts not yet drawn up), 1 treble in the next loop, the upper parts to be drawn up together with those of the last treble, 1 chain, repeat from \* 3 times, 1 slip stitch to close. 4th round: 5 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, 3 times alternately, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, \*, then miss 2, 1 treble, 15 chain, joining the 6th and 11th to the central figure, as shown in the Illustration, 1 double in the last treble, 1 chain, 15 times alternately miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble (not drawn up), miss 5, 1 treble, the upper parts to be drawn up with the last treble, twice alternately 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, then 18 chain, join to the centre figure (see Illustration), then 1 double in the last treble, 2 chain, twice alternately

miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, repeat twice from \*, then miss 2, 1 treble, 15 chain, joining the 6th and 11th to the centre figure; 1 double in the last treble, 1 chain, 4 times alternately miss 2, 1 treble, 1 chain, then miss 2, 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 slip-stitch in the 3 chain that formed 1 treble, 6 slip stitch, 18 chain, joining the 8th to the 2 upper parts of the last treble but 2, and the 13th to the centre figure, 1 slip stitch in the last slip stitch. Then follow the little corner squares with 3 loops on each side: 1 treble, \*, 1 chain, 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 treble, the upper parts to be drawn up with the last treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, repeat 3 times from \*. Fasten, and cut the thread. Then follow the oblong spaces with 18 loops on each side, 1 treble in the 2nd loop of the long side, 1 chain, †, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the 1st stitch, 3 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 double in the 1st of the 2 chain, twice alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, repeat 4 times from †, then 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 treble in the next loop to be drawn up with the last, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 treble drawn up with the last, 16 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble, joining the 3rd, 6th, 9th, 12th, and 15th to the centre of the 3 chain between the opposite purls, then 1 chain, 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 treble to be drawn up with the last, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble (not drawn up), 1 treble to be drawn up with the last, 1 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st treble. Fasten, and cut the thread. The outside of the square is finished off with a row as follows: alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, but at each corner of the square 3 treble separated by 1 chain between each are required to prevent the work from being too tight.

#### No. 533. CROCHET EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN.

Commence with 8 chain, join, and form a circle. 2nd row: 12 double. 3rd row: 3 chain, and work 4 treble on the chain, 6 of these are made, and the outer border is chain stitches with picots.

#### No. 534. LACE FOR WASHING MATERIALS, UNDER-LINEN, ETC. CROCHET.

Along a foundation-chain of the requisite length crochet as follows: 1st row: \*, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 slip stitch in the first stitch, 1 chain, 1 treble where the last was worked, 7 chain, miss 8, repeat from \*. 2nd row: \*, 1 treble in the centre of the 7 chain, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 treble where the last was worked, 7 chain, repeat from \*. 3rd row: \*, 1 treble in the centre of the 7 chain, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 treble where the last was worked, 3 chain, 3 purl, 1 double in the third chain stitch before the purls, 3 chain, repeat from \*. 4th row: \*, 1 double in the centre of the centre purl, 1 chain, 1 purl downwards (take out the needle from the stitch, put it in the first of the 5 chain, and pull the stitch through), 1 chain, 1 purl, 11 chain, 1 double in the 5th of the 11 purl, then in the loop of chain † 1 double, 3 chain, 3 treble, 3 chain, repeat 3 times from †, then 1 double in the same loop, 1 double in the 4th of the 11th chain, 3 chain, 1 purl, 2 chain, 1 double in the centre stitch of the centre purl, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 purl, 5 chain, 1 purl, 2 chain, repeat from \*. 5th row: \*, 1 treble in the first of the 3 chain after the 3 treble, 1 chain, 3 purl, 1 treble in the third

of the chain stitches before the next 3 treble, 1 chain, 3 purl, 1 chain, 1 treble in the first stitch after the next 3 treble, 3 purl, 1 chain, 1 treble in the chain stitch before the next 3 treble, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain between 2 purl, 1 purl, 1 chain, repeat from \*.

#### Nos. 535, 537. PURSE CROCHET.

We recommend this pretty purse to our fair readers, especially on account of its excellent fastening. It is not sufficient to push aside the rings, as in ordinary purses of the kind, one must be initiated into the secret of its fastening, which is quite new. Materials required: blue purse silk, steel rings, and steel beads. The centre part of the purse consists of a strip of crochet 6 inches long, worked in treble stitch, and crocheted on to the end pieces, each of which has a pocket which is so arranged that it can only be opened and shut by means of the centre strip of treble stitch. For these two pockets make a chain of 83 stitches, and in connection with it crochet a double chain of 88 stitches, as follows: 2 chain, pass the needle downwards through the left side of the first stitch, put the silk round the needle, and draw it through, twist the silk once more round the needle, and draw it through the two loops already on the needle, \*, draw the thread through the left part of the last stitch, twist the silk round the needle, draw it through both stitches, and repeat from \*. The pocket at the other end is made like the first one, and the thread is fastened and cut off. For the first pocket fasten on a new thread, and crochet 1 treble, then alternately 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, repeat 41 times, joining between the 7th and 8th trebles of the centre strip, so that it hangs out on the right side (see Illustration 535), and forms a loop. This forms the beginning of the pocket, and of the flap. Of course there must be room enough between the two treble stitches for the strip to move freely. Then crochet for the 2nd strip of the centre part a double chain as before, and for the pocket at the other end 42 treble, with 1 chain between each in the 83 stitches of the single chain foundation, joining as before described between the 35th and 36th stitches, consulting carefully Illustration 537. Fasten off the thread, and cut it close to the work. Then follow 17 rows like the above, joining as required by the Illustration. A row of double crochet is added to strengthen the lower parts of the work. Two steel rings are then passed over the work, and a fringe of steel beads is added to the pockets and flaps, as shown in Illustration.

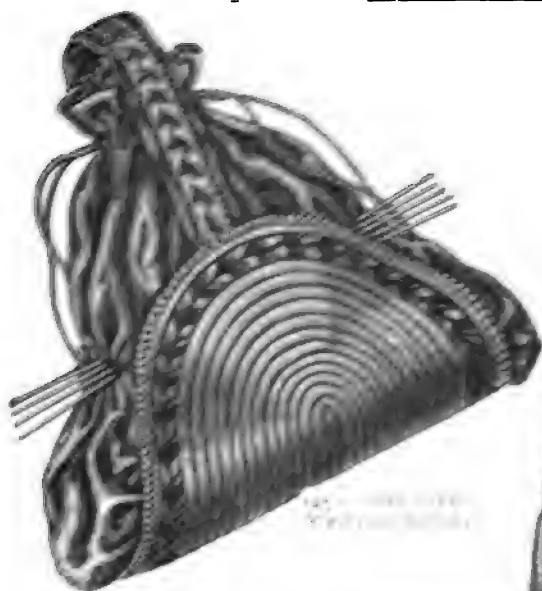
#### No. 536. EMBROIDERED CRAVAT END.

Trace the design carefully on tracing paper, over which place a layer of mull muslin and fine Brussels net. Go over the outline in the usual way, work the Venetian bars and embroider the outlines in overcast stitch. Cut away the net and muslin according to the Illustration, and put in the lace stitches, and finish with button-hole stitch round the edge.

#### No. 538. LAMBREQUIN DARNING ON NETTING.

This effective design is embroidered on a ground of straight netting with cotton or strong thread in point de toile.

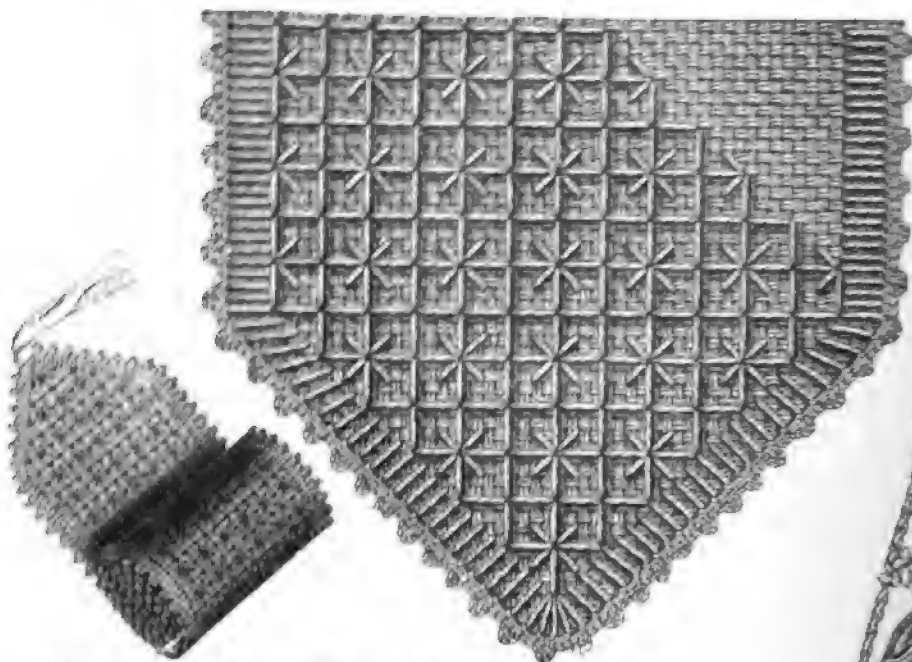




525.—BAG WITH  
DRAWING STRING.

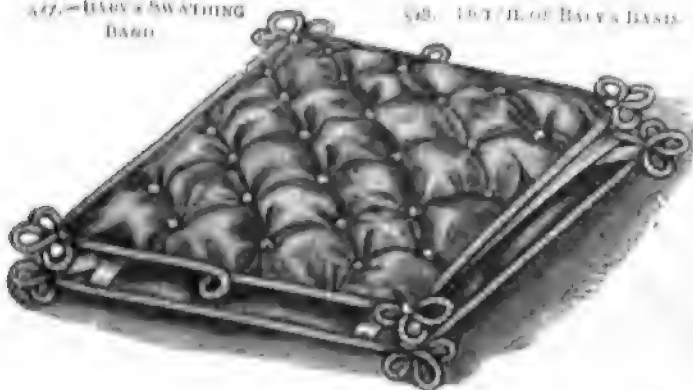


526.—DRAWING NECK REST.



527.—BAG & SWATHING  
BAG.

528.—BAG OF BAY'S BASK.

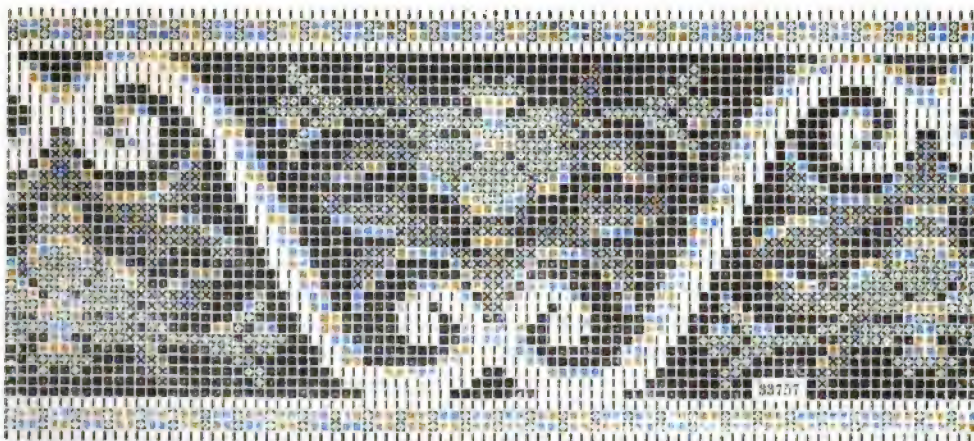


529.—ORNAMENTAL SACKET.

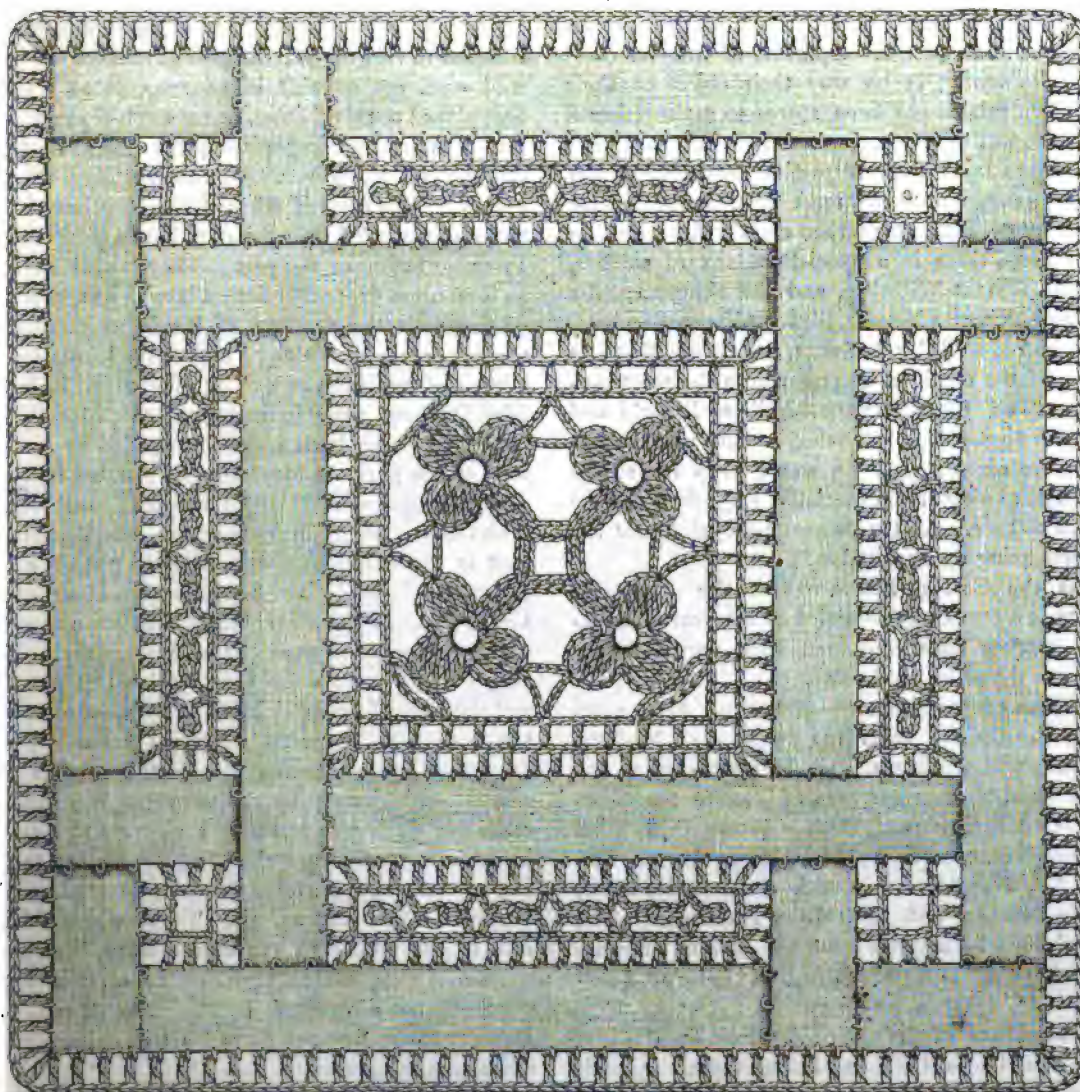


530.—FLOWER STAND.





531.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED NECK REST.



532.—SQUARE FOR COVERLETS. —Worked in MESSRS. WALTER EVANS & CO.'S Crochet Cotton, No. 8.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

ONE is fain to congratulate the Messrs. Gatti upon their confidence in the excellence of their wares when they commence their series of Promenade Concerts in such intensely hot weather as that through which we have just been passing. A Promenade Concert at Covent Garden is not, at any time, precisely the place where one would expect to find a cool temperature; in a season like the present the heat becomes almost unbearable. Still, in spite of the heat, vast crowds every night avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by Messrs. Gatti of hearing a popular selection of good music by the best artists at popular prices. This, we take it, is the "platform" of the spirited entrepreneurs, who have now commenced their second series of these concerts. That the public is to be educated, by means of them, to an appreciation of the higher developments of musical composition is, evidently, in no way their object or their intention. No pains have been spared to get together a splendid band, half of the performers in which take high rank as soloists upon their respective instruments, and to whom the execution of the most abstruse music ever written would be little more than child's play; and, in addition to these, there is a special phalanx of soloists, including the famous Wilhelmj, and the almost equally famous Mdme. Norman Neruda, Signor Alfonso Rendano, the pianist, and Herr Jules de Swart, the violoncellist; to say nothing of the vocalists, among whom the most prominent are Miss Edith Wynne, Mdles. Bianchi and Cristino, and Signor Fabrini, who, by the way, would be all the more acceptable if he would drop the stupid fashion of Italianising the respectable English name he is warranted to bear. At the present time these are the only concerts going on in London.

Both at the Crystal Palace and at the Alexandra Palace there is a temporary cessation of musical performances, and outdoor fetes combined with varied indoor attractions are the order of the day.

The English opera season, which has just been commenced at the Gaiety, under the auspices of Madame Blanche Cole, will, doubtless, gain in popularity as the heat of the weather decreases. In addition to the directress, who is a host in herself, there is a thoroughly good working company, comprising Mr. George Perren, Mr. Ledwidge, Mr. Nordblom, Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Miss Lucy Franklain. The operas which have been given up to the present date are Wallace's "Lurline" and "Maritana," and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

The performance of the perennial "Fille de Madame Angot," at the Opera Comique, has no feature about it which calls for especial notice beyond the capital acting

of Madame Pauline Rita, as Clairette. The part of Mdlle. Lange falls to Mdlle. Cornélie d'Anka, who has often had occasion to prove herself a sufficiently acceptable representation of it.

At the Olympic, the well-known and ever popular "Ticket of Leave" has been revived, and has met with very deserved success. In spite of all its manifold absurdities, the play must always prove an attractive one. The characters are strongly, if somewhat roughly drawn; the story is clearly and intelligibly told; it abounds in striking and dramatic situations, and is full of variety. Virtue is rewarded, and vice is satisfactorily, if somewhat tardily, laid by the heels and punished, after the most orthodox fashion, while the sympathies of the spectators are always enlisted upon the side of right and justice. In addition to this the play has the advantage of being very well cast, not so well in all respects as when it was first played at this theatre, some twelve years ago, some few of the most important parts being held by their original representatives. Foremost among them is Mr. Henry Neville himself, whose impersonation of the good-natured, easily-led Bob Brierley, is as fine as ever it was. Frequent acting of the part has not misled Mr. Neville, as it so often does other actors, into an exaggeration either of the distinctive features of his impersonation, or the various points for which he must have learnt to look for a burst of applause, as a thing of course. Then there is Mrs. Stephens, a simply unapproachable Mrs. Willoughby, though she has been somewhat spoiled by her past success in the part, and introduces a number of weak jokes and "Malapropisms," which are utterly out of harmony with the part as originally written. Still there is so much that is good, that one can afford to put up with a large amount of "gag." Mr. Soutar retains his original part of Green Jones, and his lively little wife is the representative of the young scapegrace, Sam Willoughby. The other actors are new to their parts, at least at the Olympic, and the best of them is Miss Fowler, who makes by far the best May Edwards we have seen. This lady's advance in her profession is something upon which she may most deservedly be congratulated, it seems but the other day when she was only a clever and bustling burlesque actress, and now she has come well to the front as one of the best actresses we have in modern domestic drama. The part of the Tiger, which Mr. Atkins used to play with such remarkable force, is now assigned to Mr. Anson, whose performance of it is thoroughly good—if not altogether equal. The Tiger, as Jem Downey in the first act, or in his true colours in the last, is a better impersonation than the Tiger "in his city get up." Mr. Joseph Eldred is a fairly good Melter Moss.

and Mr. C. Harcourt does his best with the part of Hawkshaw, but he wants the repose and coolness which Mr. Horace Wigan made such an essential feature of the detective's manner. Judging from the enthusiastic way in which the play is received, it may fairly be expected to keep the stage for some time to come, if it will be consistent with managerial arrangements.

At the Globe a short season has been commenced by Madlle. Beatrice and her comedy company. Their *pièce de résistance* is Mr. Campbell Clarke's clever adaptation of the "Monsieur Alphonse" of the younger Dumas, entitled "Love and Honour." The fair manageress, of course, plays the heroine, and she is efficiently supported.

At the other houses, such of them that is to say as

are open, the bills are much the same as they have been for some time past.

"Nemesis" appears to have taken a new lease of life at the Strand. And at the Vaudeville "Our Boys" preserve their juvenility as fresh as ever.

The Alexandra Palace at Muswell Hill is continuing its prosperous career. Every promenade concert has proved very attractive, and the afternoon performances of standard comedies by such admirable artists as Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, and Mr. Compton, thoroughly well supported, have drawn large and appreciative audiences to the splendid palace on Muswell Hill.

At the Crystal Palace there has been no lack of enterprise, and the beautiful grounds are now in capital condition.

## MEMORY.

WHAT a wonderful faculty is memory, and how inestimable a blessing is what is usually understood to be a good memory. How greatly are the comforts and advantages of life dependent upon it! In most cases a good or bad memory is the measure of the difference between success and failure. The student in any branch of art and science is painfully aware how much his memory is taxed for his advancement; and in a degree, more or less urgent, the same must be felt in every employment and engagement in every department of this world's business, even the most humble. A bad memory is a drawback, a good memory a blessing.

All persons, it must be admitted, are not in this respect gifted alike. There is as much difference in the original constitution of the mental faculties in the case of different individuals as there is in the physical powers and formation. Still the mental faculties are susceptible of just the same improvement, under proper treatment and exercise, as the bodily powers. The two chief means by which memory may be improved, are the cultivation of habits of attention, and the exercise of the power of association. Of course, all education—all mental culture—tends to the development of this faculty, and no one can say to what extent it is capable of development. Examine it how we will, it is a mysterious and wonderful treasury which appears to have no limits of capacity; but the more it is made to store, the more it seems capable of storing. This is true of memory in its ordinary connection with the cultivation of the mental powers; for there is a kind of memory which seems limited to particular

subjects, though upon such subjects its powers are more striking and marvellous. Memory of this sort is said to be combined with very little judgment. This is undoubtedly frequently the case, but not necessarily so. The poet's assertion—

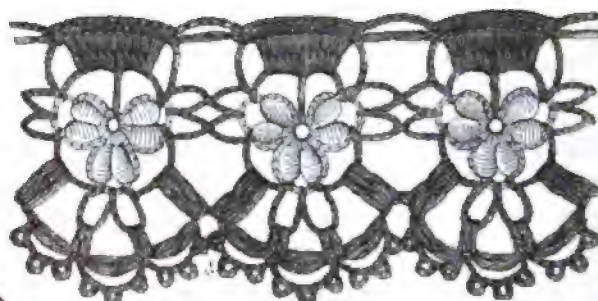
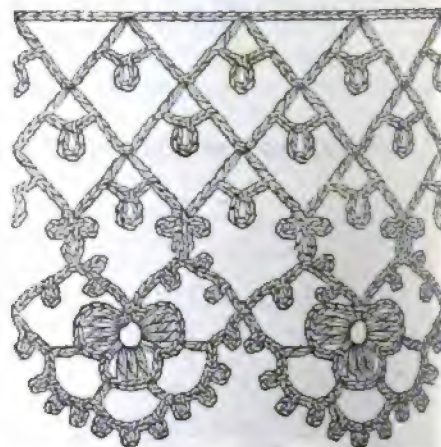
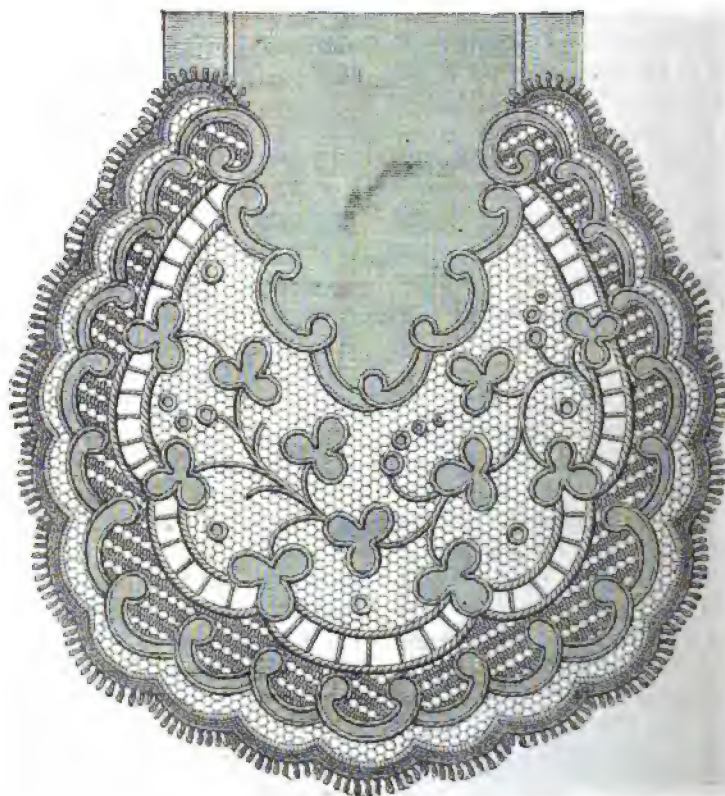
"So on the mind, where memory prevails,  
The solid power of understanding fails,"

unless it be taken in a qualified sense, is certainly not borne out by fact; for men of the highest mental endowments have been remarkable for the strength of their memory upon particular points. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, in the city of Agen, in the lovely valley of the Garonne, was born Joseph Scaliger, of whom Sir William Hamilton says that, "Taking him all in all, he was the most learned man the world has ever seen." Now Scaliger's memory was prodigious, he learned all Homer by heart in twenty-one days; all the other Greek poets in four months, and all the Greek prose writers in two years. Casaubon writes of him, "There was no subject in which any one could desire instruction which he was not capable of giving. He had read nothing (and what had he not read?) what he did not forthwith remember; there was nothing so obscure or obsolete in any ancient author, Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, with regard to which, when interrogated, he could not at once give a reply. He was at home in the history of all nations and all ages, the successions of government, the affairs of the ancient church; the properties, differences, and names, whether ancient or modern, of animals, plants, metals, and all natural objects,





535.—PURSE CROCHET.

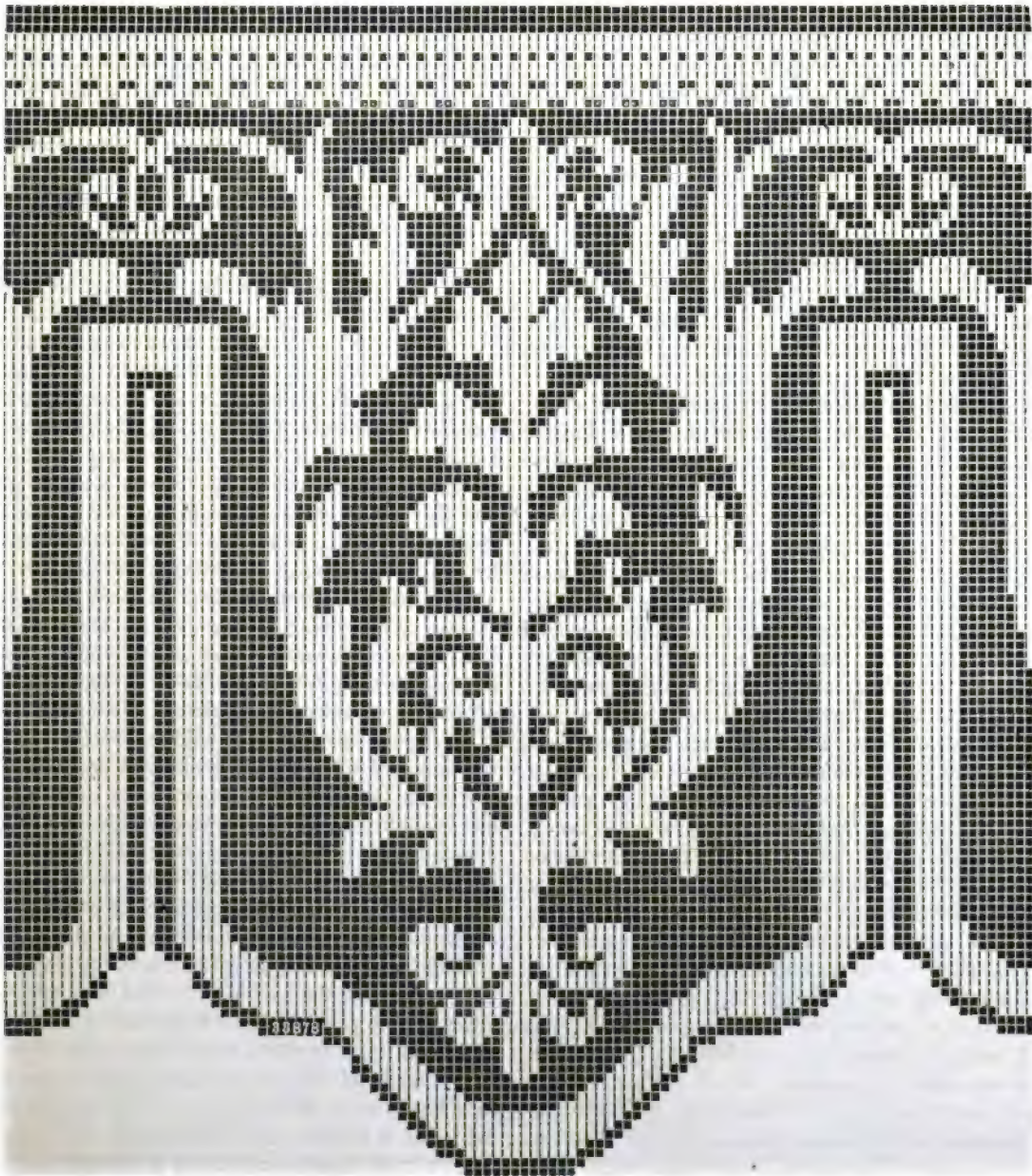
533.—CROCHET EDGING.  
Worked in MESSRS. WALTER  
EVANS' Crochet Cotton,  
No. 16.534.—LACE FOR WASHING MATERIALS.  
Worked in MESSRS. WALTER EVANS' Crochet  
Cotton, No. 16.

536.—EMBROIDERED CRAVAT END.—Worked in MESSRS. WALTER EVANS' Mecklenburg Thread, No. 4.





537.—DETAIL OF PURSE CROCHET.



538.—LAMBREQUIN DARNING ON NETTING.

he knew accurately; with the situation of places, the boundaries of provinces, and their division at different times, he was perfectly familiar. He had left untouched none of the severer studies in science. So extensive and accurate was his acquaintance with languages that if, during his lifetime, he had made but this single acquirement, it would have appeared miraculous."

Leibnitz, the great metaphysician, also possessed a most singular memory. His biographer, Bailley, says, "He made extracts from every book he read, and added to them whatever reflections they suggested, after which he laid his manuscript aside, and never thought of it more. His memory, which was astonishing in its powers, did not, as in most men, feel itself disburthened of the knowledge which he had committed to writing; but on the contrary, the exertion of writing seemed to be all that was requisite to imprint it on his memory for ever." The historian Niebuhr, another great man, was gifted in a similar way. It is related of him that in his youth he was employed in keeping accounts in one of the public offices of Denmark; and that, on one occasion, when part of a book of accounts was accidentally destroyed, he undertook to replace it from memory. Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, could perform in the dark arithmetical operations, such as multiplication and division, to almost any extent, and extract the roots of numbers to forty decimal places. The anecdote is told of him, that in February, 1671, at the request of some foreigner, he proposed to himself one night in bed, a number of fifty-three places, and found its square root to twenty-seven places; and without even writing down the numbers, he dictated the result from memory twenty days afterwards. Dr. Leyden possessed the faculty of memory also in a singular degree. Abercrombie says of him, "I am informed, through a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with him, that he could repeat correctly a long Act of Parliament, or any similar document, after having once read it. In his case there was a singular peculiarity which rendered the gift somewhat troublesome; so that, to a friend who was congratulating him on his talent, he replied, that instead of an advantage, his memory was often a source of great inconvenience; and he explained this by saying, that when he wished to recollect a particular point in anything that he had read, he could do it only by repeating to himself the whole from the commencement until he reached the point which he wished to recall. Now, all these we have mentioned were great men—men of genius, independent of this particular faculty; but there can be no doubt that their powers of memory contributed very mainly to their greatness.

Special gifts of memory have not unfrequently been possessed without apparently conferring upon their possessors any other distinction. In all such cases we cannot help thinking that a great talent has been wasted, through indolence or ignorance of the advantages to which it might be turned. The gift is often found where one would least expect it. Mr. Moffat, the missionary, relates

an interesting anecdote which came within his own experience. He had been preaching a sermon to a large number of African savages. The sermon was a long one, and when he had finished, his hearers divided into groups, as he imagined, to discuss the subject of it among themselves. "While they were thus engaged," says Mr. Moffat, "my attention was arrested by a simple-looking young man at a short distance. The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found to my surprise that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity; imitating, as nearly as he could, the gestures of the original. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital; and seeing him soon after, I told him he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. His only reply was, at the same time touching his forehead with his finger, 'When I hear anything great, it remains there.'"

It is reported of Seneca, the father of that Seneca who was the tutor of the notorious Roman Emperor, Nero, that he could repeat in order any two thousand names or words that might be read to him, and that on one occasion he repeated in reverse order two hundred unconnected verses that some of his fellow-pupils had recited in the presence of their own preceptors. The celebrated Marc Antoine Muret, professor of philosophy and civil law at Rome, towards the end of the sixteenth century, says that he always discredited this story until he had an opportunity of testing its accuracy in the case of a young Corsican student in civil law residing at Padua. This young student, whose name was Molino, laid claim to the same power as the ancient rhetorician, and one evening in a public saloon at Padua, and in presence of a considerable number of distinguished persons, it was agreed that Muret should put him to the test. At the time and in the place appointed, Muret began with the aid of an assistant who wrote them down, to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjointed as well as connected, until he wearied himself, his assistant, and the whole company—all were tired except Molino, who appeared as alert as ever, and demanded more. Muret, however, and the company present declared that they should be perfectly satisfied if only he could repeat one half of what had been written down. After a brief pause, Molino began, and not only repeated the words in their exact order without the slightest hesitation, but he afterwards repeated them backwards. He then began again by giving every word at the odd numbers, that is the first, third, fifth, and so on. He declared that he could repeat them in any order asked, and to the extent, of thirty-six thousand words. Marvellous as it

may seem, there is no reason to doubt the account, for it is both well attested and confirmed by more modern experience; only recently a similar case though illustrating the power of memory, and a somewhat different way has reached us from America. It is reported by Mr. W. D. Henkle, State Commission of the Public Schools in Ohio, who put the claimant to a long examination, and satisfied himself as to the correctness of his statement. At the time of his examination, Daniel McCartney was about 53 years old, having been born in Pennsylvania in 1817, and his first interview with Mr. Henkle took place at Salem Columbiana county, Ohio, in June in 1870. His health had always been good, except that his sight was exceedingly defective, and this appears to have interfered with his general education. In 1830 his eyes were operated upon by Dr. Brooks, but with no beneficial result. However, in 1862 he discovered that he could see large print, which he was enabled to read by holding a book about two inches from his eyes. McCartney's claim was that he could remember the day of the week for any given date since the first of January, 1827, a period of over 42 years, and that he can remember what kind of weather it was, and where he was each day during that long period of upwards of 15,000 days. McCartney was employed in turning the wheel of the press in the printing office of the "Salem Republican," and Mr. Henkle tells us that when he examined him, he used for his own guidance the "Ohio House Journal," which gives at the head of each page the day the week, as well as the day of the month. "His answers," he says, "were prompt and correct, in one case

correcting an error of the printer." At subsequent interviews Mr. Henkle tested the accuracy of his memory as to McCartney's own employment, and the chief events that occurred on different days from the year 1827 to the close of the year 1867, and with the same satisfactory result. We could illustrate this subject by numerous other striking and well authenticated instances; but these are ample both to indicate the capacity and the versatility of memory. It is impossible not to recognize in such cases the natural gifts, and at the same time it is impossible to say how much is due to acquirement: that something is due to art is quite certain, for there is a mental process hard to be explained, but generally admitted by all persons who have ever laid claim to extraordinary memory. The faculty of association, no doubt, has much to do with it, for it is certain that with the exercise of the faculty all the different systems of "Memoria technica," or "Mnemonics," as they are termed, are connected; the principle upon which they are founded is the selection of a number of objects, which, whether of themselves or by reason of their order of selection, are more easily remembered than those which it is our wish to remember. Those who wish to improve their memory should cultivate habit of association—they should study facts in relation to each other, and connect times and places with facts. They should learn by heart long pieces of poetry and prose also. It is far too much the fashion in the present day to ridicule learning by heart, and in the so-called cultivation of the intellect to leave the memory to take care of itself.

---

### GONE AWAY.

---

I KNOW a quiet country town,  
By which a river falls and flows;  
And in the dell and on the down,  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square grey house of stone,  
I never think of but I sigh,  
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,  
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,  
A fairy figure used to grace;  
I know an eastern window, where  
Was wont to watch a fairy face.

I thread the narrow winding street,  
I linger in the lonely lane,  
Which once were trod by fairy feet,  
That will not tread their path again.

I love that quiet country town;  
It is to me a sacred place;  
And as I wander up and down,  
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,  
And still the busy river flows;  
And still among the shining grass  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and grey,  
And there the new-mown meadows lie  
She used to gaze on day by day,  
In faith, and dreaming reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face.  
That little window gapes forlorn;  
And on me, as I haunt the place,  
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

## NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.

IN our August number of *THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN* we notified our intention of giving to our readers each month, an article upon specialties for the household, the toilet, or the work-table, that we can procure for them, and that are likely to be of use. So many people take this month for their trip to the country or sea-side, that we shall devote our attention to matters of dress, and particularly to those articles of attire that are serviceable for sea-side wear.

We do not remember that we have ever had anything prettier than the hats this season. The large, broad-brimmed, coarse straw ones, are particularly becoming to youthful faces. Some of black straw, lined and trimmed entirely with white muslin, suits very fair or very dark girls, but, as a rule, it is much more effective to have the brim lined with black silk or velvet. These hats we can now procure for our subscribers in white or black straw, lined and trimmed with muslin, Valenciennes and flowers, or with coloured silk scarves at 5s., lined with silk or satin for 6s. 6d., or with silk velvet at 8s., and we are sure that it would be impossible to get a hat in really good materials for less.

Another thing we cannot do without (particularly on the beach) is a sunshade, or, better still, a small umbrella. The tussore sunshades are very cheap and pretty, but the silk lining must match in colour the dress with which they are used, and they are of no service at all for a sudden shower of rain; whereas, a small umbrella can be used with any dress, and answers equally well for either storm or sunshine. Very elegant ones are now made with ebony handles, with initial letters of silver, the top of the handle being cut into the shape of the letter. These are 13s. 6d. each, and there are others which answer every purpose, of good twilled silk, with very pretty handles, at 8s.

The costumes of light woollen materials, plaid and plain, or what is more fashionable, in quiet, plain colours, such as grey and havane, trimmed with the new fringes of two contrasting colours, such as red and black, brown and blue, etc., are not expensive. They vary in price from £1 10s. to £3 10s., and they are very useful as walking dresses; but undoubtedly the cheapest and most serviceable of all dresses for steamboat or railway travelling, or for sea-side wear, is a serge. After all, nothing really is much more becoming than a well-made dark blue one, trimmed with black. Here we can most highly recommend a specialité in one of these dresses, made with plain skirt and trimmed with a good many bows of black braid, with tablier and cuirasse trimmed to correspond, at a guinea and a half. These are exceptionally cheap dresses, and they can be had in black serge for mourning.

It is cheaper to buy a dress of this kind ready-made than to buy the material and have it made by a dress-maker, but the light woollen materials that can be so often used to make up with an old silk dress, for instance, are better and cheaper bought by the yard. We have seen some of very good texture in the best colours at 1s. So much help is now given one by paper models in cutting out dresses, and the labour so wonderfully lessened by sewing machines, that many of our young lady readers probably make some of their dresses at home. With cheap materials, when sent to a dressmaker, the making very often costs more than the dress. A very good plan is to have one's pattern cut and fitted (this can now be done at 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden), and this done, half the difficulty of making a dress is over.

I was shown the other day an exceedingly pretty dress of pale blue silk, mixed with silk in blue and white stripes. The skirt was covered in front with folds of the two silks, and the train was formed by a broad Bulgare pleat of the striped silk, with lined bows of the plain the whole way down the centre. The price of this, in any colour, was six guineas.

Most elegant Juive tunics and Russian blouses are made of the damassée silk, which can be had in all the new colours at 5s. a yard. These can be worn over black silk or white muslin dresses, but they look prettiest over a plainly made dress of silk of another shade of the same colour. Fichus made of the same, trimmed with fringe to match, are very pretty, price from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. The Tyrol glove is a great success. Very soft and flexible, without buttons, it can be so easily drawn on and off. Another recommendation is that they are not costly, at 2s. 6d. a pair. The large black fans so much used are greatly reduced in price; we were shown some very good ones the other day at 2s. 6d. The gold and silver dog collars are still very fashionable, and they make a very pretty finish to high dresses, worn over the linen collar. They vary in price from 3s. to 10s., and the belts are made to match for a guinea each. Charming little novelties we have seen in the way of fan-holders, Jeanne d'Arc ceintures, etc., but of these I shall speak in a future number.

Orders for any of the articles I have mentioned should be accompanied by a remittance.

It is specially with a view of being useful to those who live in the country that arrangements have been made, which enable us to supply the articles without delay and all letters addressed to Madame De Tour, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will meet prompt attention.

LOUISE DE TOUR.



## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

A MOURNER would be glad to know if a black velvet bonnet, jacket, or dress could be worn in mourning for a parent after nine months. [Yes.] Could they be worn trimmed with crape or black ribbon? [Yes.]

KATE writes—Will the Editor kindly tell me if a "Ladies' Working Society" is formed? A friend told me she had seen an account of something of the kind in "The Times," but not having read it carefully, could not furnish me with particulars. I believe the object of the society is to enable ladies to sell their work advantageously. I shall feel much obliged for any information on the subject. I hope I am not too late for next month's magazine. [There is an Association of the kind at 27, North Audley Street, and I believe another is about to be started.]

MERRY likes the pattern of the lady's travelling cloak so much, that she wishes to know if she could have a waterproof made just like it. [A waterproof in grey or dark blue cloth would look very well made in this pattern.] Merry suggests some patterns of underlinen which would be of great use, as it is so easy to trace them from the Diagram Sheet. [Merry will find that we have responded to her suggestion.]

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER having a piece of bright scarlet cloth, is desirous of making a pair of watch-pockets; and would be greatly obliged if the Editor will shortly give a pattern to be worked in black and gold cord, or filoselle. We will give this, if possible.] And would also be very much obliged if the Editor or any of its numerous correspondents can tell her the best way to spatter cardboard with leaves pinned on it.

Will Sylvia kindly tell ANNIE whether children's dresses are made plain or gored? as she cannot tell from illustrations. [Slightly gored.] ANNIE is very fond of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, and has taken it in from its commencement, and has been helped many times in making up dresses, etc., by its clear instructions. Would it be troubling Sylvia too much to give a pattern of a little girl's walking dress, suitable for

a child five years old? [I do not know whether we can do this or not, but Madame Goubaud, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will supply you with a paper pattern for 3s. 6d.] And knowing Sylvia's kind instructions she gives to others, ANNIE ventures to ask how to modernize a dress she has had five years, but not much worn, as she has been in mourning. The dress is blue silk (long), no panier, but jacket, with basque all the way round, and bell sleeves. [You do not give the number of breadths, nor the exact length, so it is difficult to give advice. I should think you had better either cut it walking length, trim the sleeves coat-shape with what you cut off, and wear under blue cashmere polonaise, or keep the skirt long for evening wear. Get a black lace tablier and jacket to wear over it, and make the sleeves Marquise shape; that is, straight to the elbow, and trimmed with frills.]

ALICE will be obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following questions in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for September. What material would look nice and be also serviceable for autumn and winter wear, over a black quilted skirt, which is quilted 24 inches all round, and what shape for tunic, and what sort of trimming? [Black cashmere looks best over quilted silk or satin. The tablier-tunic will be the safest shape to have, the tablier not too long. The trimming may be silk fringe or Yak lace. Kindly leave space for replies in your next. Quilted skirts will, I fear, be very common next autumn and winter, but really good ones always look well.] ALICE hopes quilted skirts will not be out of fashion this year, because hers has been worn very little. ALICE has been a subscriber from the first, and has not asked a question before now. She would be very pleased if Sylvia could give a pattern of a half-fitting walking jacket, with coat-sleeve, in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for September. Please try.

NELLY writes—Will you kindly give me your advice once more? I have a maroon merino dress (pattern enclosed) which I have been wearing for the last three winters. I am sadly afraid nothing can be done with it, for the front breadths are so very much stained. The skirt is gored, and very full, with a 4-inch flounce, and a smaller one above it; the tunic is rather short in front, but long and full behind. The bodice is tight-fitting, the sleeves come only to the elbow, with a deep frill. If you can only suggest something to make it look respectable for afternoon wear, I shall feel so much obliged. As it is so much stained do you think I had better have it dyed, and what colour? Please answer in next month's magazine if possible; and allow me to add, before closing, that I must compliment you for the kind way in which you answer your numerous correspondents' questions, and the very good ideas you give them for altering their dresses. [Maroon will only dye brown, black, and perhaps dark green. You can conceal the stains by turning the back of the tunic to the front, and if this is not sufficient, take a half breadth from the skirt, make into closely-pleated frills with which to trim the part uncovered by the tablier. The front of the tunic will make ruches for the back.]

NELLIE writes—I shall be so grateful if you will kindly explain in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN how the Bulgarian fold is made; is it arranged in the dress, or made separate, and then

laid on? [Two plain breadths are left at the back. These are folded in four large pleats, which may or may not be basted down the whole length of the skirt, according to taste.] 2. When people are in mourning for a parent ought they to use mourning paper when writing to relatives and for how long? [As long as they are in mourning.] I like THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN very much, and as this is the first time I have had the courage to write, I shall be so much obliged if you will answer my question in the September number. The paper-patterns I have found very useful, as they fit so well. I hope I have kept to the rules.

LENA writes—I have taken the liberty of intruding upon the Editor so far, as to ask if he could not soon give a cut-out pattern of a sleeveless jacket with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, as they are so fashionable, I am sure it would prove acceptable to many of your readers. Are white muslin ties fashionable this summer? I hope you will find space to give replies to my queries. [Silk ties trimmed with lace are the most fashionable this summer. We have given many patterns of sleeveless jackets, but will soon give another.]

SHALDEN wishes to know if Madame Goubaud can send her a worked specimen of the pattern of the carpet, etc., in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN of this month, that she could judge of its effect in ordering the wools. Shalden has hitherto found flat patterns ineffective; of course she would pay postage, and perhaps, if she liked it, purchase the commenced piece instead of plain canvas. An answer in the Work-room department will be looked for in the number. [Madame Goubaud, on being referred to, replies that it would take some days to work one of the sections of the pattern mentioned, to say nothing of the cost of wools and canvas. Shalden will therefore perceive that unless she orders the specimen and is prepared to pay for it, she cannot expect to have it done expressly for her, with the risk of having it returned on Madame Goubaud's hands. If Shalden wishes to order it, she must mention what size she wants the specimen to be, whether suitable for a portion of a carpet, or cushion, as this would of course make a great difference in the charge.]

MILLIE would be glad if Sylvia could tell her what to do with a violet silk dress, long, rather soiled, no tunic, or polonaise, but jacket body, spoilt in the making, too short in the waist. Millie has a sleeveless jacket beaded. Can Sylvia suggest anything, with a little expense, to make it into a fashionable dress, or at least wearable? Knowing how kind Sylvia always is, Millie has ventured to ask. This, if possible, will Sylvia please answer this next month. [Get a beaded tablier, or bead one yourself, and wear it with your beaded sleeveless jacket over the violet silk.]

Mrs. P. would be obliged by any of the readers of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, letting her know what is the best stuff for a riding-habit for going abroad in, so as to combine strength with lightness. Also, how many servants, besides my nurse, should I take along with me? What is the best book on household management for abroad in a new settlement, and also on the management of children; and where could I get them?

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**RULES.**—1. All letters for insertion in the following month's issue must be forwarded before the 8th of each month to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

2. Letters must be written on one side only of the paper.

3. Name and address must be sent in full, though neither will be published where a *nom-de-plume* is used.

4. Letters for the Drawing-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Work-room or the Exchange Column.

5. No charge is made for replies to questions. It is open to all.

W. S. has a set of old china, it has but one mark, that is Neale and Co. upon the bottom rim of the teapot. Twelve cups are without handles, and six coffee cups have handles. The twelve saucers and two plates are the same shape; there is also a small flat plate, perhaps a stand for the teapot. Will Sylvia kindly say if it is English, and about what date? Can any one also name a way to get rid of ants. They are at the roots of rose trees on the lawn; the drive is alive with them, and they are working through the kitchen floor. Please excuse one more question. How can I have a correct copy of the family arms? We are of the second branch, is there not a slight difference for us? I want to give my daughter a correct seal. [This pottery is English, and is of the same date as Wedgwood. Neale and Co. pirated all Wedgwood's improvements. The date is about 1770. You had better apply at the Herald's College for a correct coat-of-arms.]

NELLY would feel obliged to Sylvia if she would answer her a few questions in "Our Drawing-room." 1. Is there a portion in any cemetery set apart for Dissenters alone, which is unconsecrated ground, or alike for Churchmen and Dissenters? [In all public cemeteries there is a portion unconsecrated, set apart for Dissenters, who do not believe in the consecration of the ground.] 2. In the word neither should the e or i be accented? There is an anecdote of two Yorkshire boys who were disputing this point, and referred the matter to an old man who was coming along the road, "Measter, should we say either or ither?" The man's answer was, "Ayther will do," and he was right in the main, if faulty in pronunciation.] 3. Could the Editor give a page of music, or a song occasionally in the place of "Dramatic and Musical Notes?" [We have already announced that music will be given every month with THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.]

MUSICIAN writes—Would you advise me to get a piano on the three years' system? And where would be a good place to get one? [Where you get it matters less than that it should be by a good maker. Hopkinson, Broadwood, Brinsmead, etc. C. Jeffreys, 67, Berners Street, keeps pianos for hire on this system, by several different makers.]

E. G. writes,—Dear Sylvia, seeing how kindly you answer all questions in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, I want to know if you will give me some advice respecting a sister who wishes to be a governess. She is fifteen years old, and we cannot decide where to place her to become a certificated teacher. Some say put her in an elementary school, and others in a college. I believe you gave addresses in a recent YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, of different colleges for ladies, but have it not. If you will send them and advise me about placing her

somewhere, I shall be much obliged. I have enclosed stamped address if you will reply by return of post. [I cannot reply by post, especially after having given all the information you require in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for July. The list of colleges and elementary schools is too long to be repeated here. You will find all information as to expenses, etc., also, in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, p. 390.

M. H. sympathizes very much with Nellie, and she has great pleasure in sending the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and trusts Nellie will grow up one of the most faithful of that "mighty army."

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who has gone before.  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe,  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who has gone before.

At the name of Jesus  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Like a mighty army  
Moves the church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod.  
We are not divided,  
All one body we;  
One in hope, and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Christ  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
Gainst that church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honour,  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

BERNICE will be very glad if Sylvia can tell her (in next month's number, if possible) a nice way of using up finger biscuits, having about two pounds, and not knowing what to do with them. [Pour boiling milk on them. Cover till cold, then mix with a fork till smooth. Put in a quarter of a pound of washed and dried currants, same of raisins, with a little sugar, spice to taste. Fill the dish with custard, and bake.]

LILLA would be greatly obliged if the kind Editor will kindly answer the following questions in the September number of his magazine. Should cream be served with rhubarb, plum, currant, and cherry tarts? [Yes, also powdered sugar.] Is it necessary to baste every kind of meat with lard? [Some meat is sufficiently fat to roast without dripping or lard.] Ought a young couple with £300 a year have proper egg spoons, or do people in that position usually use tea spoons? [I should think they might afford themselves "proper" egg spoons.] When one has pickles on the table should a plate be put under the jar to hold the fork on? [Yes, or a glass dish. Pickles are served in a glass pickle-bottle, not a jar.] When one is introduced to people should one bend low, or would it be enough to bend a little of the head? [If you will try, you will find it impossible to bend a little of the head. You should bow when introduced, if you do not shake hands. And when one is staying at an hotel, and happens to meet persons that are strangers to her, would it be enough for her to bend her head slightly when passing them? [Quite enough.]

EDA will be so very much obliged to Sylvia if she will answer the following questions in the next month's issue of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. When a gentleman is introduced to a lady should she offer to shake hands with him, or what should she do or say? [Usually, one only bows on being introduced, but "circumstances alter cases. If you expect to be on intimate terms with the gentleman, you will shake hands. If he is an old friend of an old friend, you will shake hands. If you expect him to be but a passing acquaintance, you will merely bow.] When a lady meets a gentleman friend, should she offer to shake hands with him, or should she only bow? [It is impossible to give advice without knowing the circumstances and the degree of intimacy. The only general rule I can give is "shake hands with friends, bow to acquaintances."] Is it proper for a lady to walk out alone with a gentleman to whom she is not engaged? [Mrs. Grundy thinks not.] Is point-lace worn on bonnets? [Yes.] Is there a dictionary published with the full pronunciation of all the words in the Latin language? Eda has tried to get one, but could only get them with the words accented. I believe the Eton Latin Grammar gives the pronunciation of the words.] Eda hopes Sylvia will kindly give the answers in the September number, as she wrote two months ago, and has been waiting until now for an answer. She addressed to the Editor, did he not receive her letter? [I have never before received a letter from Eda.]

MABEL W. will thank Sylvia if she will kindly tell her how to clean a gold German filagree brooch, without lessening the deep yellow colour so fashionable. She would also be glad if some one would tell her how to turn Christmas cards to some pretty and useful account as mementos of the remembrance of kind friends. Will the Editor kindly let her know in the September number, whether blackberry wine can be made without yeast? She has a very easy receipt which she is afraid to try, as neither yeast nor barm are used, nor is it boiled, but a quart of boiling water is added to each gallon of bruised fruit. She wishes much to try some this year, if the Editor will let her know his opinion. M. W. is one of his oldest subscribers, and seldom troubles him. Rub gently with soap and soft water, with a soft old tooth-brush. Dry by shaking the brooch in a bag of sawdust. For blackberry wine it is not necessary to boil the fruit or to use yeast.

Press the juice from the fruit, and cover with a cloth while it ferments. At the end of two days, skim and add a pint of water to each quart of juice, and about half a pound of raw sugar. Leave for twenty-four hours in an open vessel, skim and strain, cask, and bung up. A bottle of brandy added at this stage is advantageous. Bottle after six months.] Please do not forget to send some useful hints on church decorations in the December number, as we are much in need of such here, and they generally come too late.

Can Sylvia tell BESSIE the name of the companion poem to "Beautiful Snow?" is it "Beautiful Child?" [Yes; I give it here.] Does she know if it is set to music? and if so, by whom? [I do not know if it has ever been set to music.]

#### BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,  
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?  
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—  
A poison Upas, or innocent thyme—  
A spirit of evil flashing down  
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—  
Or gliding up with a shining track,  
Like the morning star, that ne'er looks back.  
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,  
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,  
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,  
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,  
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam;  
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine  
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?  
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet  
years

With rainbows of hope through mists of tears;  
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile,  
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given  
A gleam serene—not of earth, but of heaven;  
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,  
Would thou could'st ever thus be young;  
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,  
From stair to hall thy voice is heard;  
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,  
With flowers thy curly head around,  
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,  
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be,  
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;  
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,  
And of sorrow and shame become the bride;  
Shivering, quivering, through the cold street,  
With a curse behind and before thy feet,  
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;  
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky—  
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—  
Oh keep from evil my beautiful child.

Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,  
A warbling cherub of joy and love;  
A drop on eternity's mighty sea,  
A blossom of life's immortal tree;  
Floating, flowing, evermore,  
In the blessed light of the golden shore.  
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom  
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom;  
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,  
And His love protect my beautiful child.

NO would be much obliged to the Editor if he would tell her if the eldest in the family should have her visiting cards printed Miss —, or No —? [Miss Sarah Jones, or Miss Ann Smith, as it may be.] When you call at a stranger's house should you send your card in by the servant who answers the door? [Certainly not.] Or should it merely be left when the person is not at home? [Yes.] Also could you or any of your correspondents kindly favour me with the words of a song called "Happy

be Thy Dreams?" I cannot conclude without saying how much I like your magazine. I consider it useful for almost every variety of work, etc.

BLUE BELL would be much obliged if Sylvia would tell her how to do her hair up. She is sixteen years old, and about 5 feet 3 inches in height. Dark, and rather short hair. This is the first time she has asked a question; if not written according to rules, will you tell her with the answer to her question in your next number? Do you think she is too young to have her hair done up, and is it directed right? [We give several styles in this number. You are not too young. Please write on only one side of the paper.]

ADAIRETU begs to give Silla the title of the song she asks for. It is "Nora O'Neal," one of the Christy's Minstrels. Words and music by Will. S. Hays.

SILLA would be grateful if the kind Editor would answer the following questions in the September number of his magazine. Is there 18 always inside rings when they are 18 carats? [Yes.] Should glasses with stems or tumblers be used for spirits? [Punch glasses have stems.] Should a bed without curtains have a foot valance? [Yes.] Should bread, rice, and batter puddings be served in the dish they were baked in, or turned out? Silla finds it impossible to turn them out nicely. [Bread and rice puddings should be served in the dish they were baked in. Batter pudding is turned out sometimes.] Should jars with lard be covered with something? [Yes.] Should anything be put in grates in the summer? [Yes. There are many different kinds of ornament. Plain white, with fern leaves is the prettiest.] What kind of pictures would look best for a drawing-room? Silla's is not very expensively furnished, but she wants to have everything in good taste. [If you write again, please leave enough space for replies.] Should cheese be put on the table on a plate with a d'Oyley under it, or how? [In a cheese-dish, with cover.]

Mrs. K. will feel obliged if Sylvia will answer the following questions by return of post. Enclosed is a stamped envelope. Will Paramatta without crape be sufficient mourning for best for children thirteen and eight, on the death of an uncle, and alpaca for every day? [We cannot answer letters by post. The mourning you mention will be quite sufficient.] Should a child of eight wear black stockings? [Yes, with a black dress.] Can linen collars and cuffs be worn, if not, what in the place of them? A little muslin or tarlatan narrow frilling, with a black hem. It is sold by the yard.] Will a black chip hat trimmed with crape be sufficient for a grown-up person on the death of a brother? [It will be deep enough mourning.] Is crape a necessity? [For the death of a brother, yes.]

MEGGIE would feel very much obliged to the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN if she would tell her why she has not received the ferns from Jessie Clyde, to whom she wrote about two months since, and enclosed six stamps. [Miss Clyde will probably reply in the next number.] Please can you tell me what style of hair would suit me, as I have a high forehead; age sixteen; height, 4 feet 11 inches. [The hair is worn down on the forehead now. Wear the Catogan coiffure.] Will you please explain what the Catogan style of hair is? [I gave full instructions in the March number.]

MATERFAMILIAS will be glad if the Editor of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN will be kind enough to inform her in the September number whether the collection of letters on the subject of the "Chastisement of Children," which appeared some few years ago in the form of a separate pamphlet, is still in print, and if so, what amount she must remit in postage stamps to secure its delivery by letter post. [These letters are out of print.]

Can any of your correspondents tell SCOTA

where to find the line quoted in last month's magazine, "They also serve who only stand and wait?" [It is the last line of "Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness," which is so beautiful that I give it entire, as you do not seem to have met with it before.

#### MILTON'S SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my life is spent,  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide;  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need

Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JET wishes to know to whom she should apply if seeking a situation as clerk in the Post Office Savings' Bank. How can she get to know the standard of required knowledge, is there a "syllabus" published that she could obtain, and where? As this employment was mentioned in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for May, she hopes you could give the required information.

ANONYMA writes—Would any young lady tell me of some nice difficult music for the pianoforte. I have learned Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, and find them quite easy after playing over once or twice. Is 5 feet 4 middle height, or above it? [Middle height.] Are white muslin scarfs fashionable on hats? I mean sailor hats. [White or cream-coloured gauze is fashionable.]

NELLIE writes—I again take the liberty to address you, which I hope you will excuse, as I want to ask a few more questions. With your kind permission I sent a letter last month, but I do not see either the letter or answers in the magazine. I mention it in case you did not receive it. I sent it some days before the roth. [You will find the answers in the July number.] I did not mind so much about the letters as the answers, as I expect it would not be suitable for your columns. Allow me to reply to a query by Cactus respecting matrimony cake. I do not know whether she wants the receipt or not; I send it in case she does. Make a nice short crust, say three-quarters of a pound of lard to a pound of flour; then take a large plate, and roll out a nice thin crust and lay it on the plate, cut it even round, and then spread currants, peel, and sugar, roll out another crust, and lay on that currants, etc., and then another crust, finish off with icing on the top crust. If made properly, it is very rich and suitable either for tea or supper; cut in slices an inch and a half across. It was generally used at those ceremonies in former times, hence the name. I have several good recipes, which I shall be pleased to send if you require any. Many thanks to an Old Lady; to J. H., A. L. S., an Old Subscriber, J. Daisy, for giving me the words of the hymn. Can they kindly send the words of—

"Deep in the gleaming glass,  
She sees all past things pass."

Also—

"Let the sweet heavens endure, not close or  
darken above me,  
Till I am quite, quite sure that there is one  
to love me."

Where could I procure the coal-tar soap?  
[From any chemist.] Could you tell me the  
price of the Proteus Corset? [We will find

out. It may be had of Mr. Williamson, Leighton Buzzard.] And the price of Cash's mere frilling? [Various prices. What width do you require?] And what is it suitable for? [Trimming underclothing.] And what is the price of the Very Button, at what a dozen? If you will kindly insert this in September I shall be very much obliged. Wishing you every success, I must close, begging pardon for this long letter.

RUBY.—The song of this name is by Virginia Gabriel. Ask for it through our Exchange Column, or send for it to Robinson, Musical Circulating Library, Strand. The following would suit your voice,—“I've a Home in Cloudland,” Sir Julius Benedict. It is difficult to choose songs for anyone else. Send to Robinson for a list of pretty mezzo-soprano songs.

THEO.—The following is, I think, a complete list of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels. She began her career as a novelist, I believe, by writing a prize story on Total Abstinence. “East Lynne,” “The Channings,” “Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles,” “The Master of Greylands,” “Verner's Pride,” “Within the Maze,” “Lady Adelaide,” “Bessy Rane,” “Roland Yorke,” “Lord Oakburn's Daughters,” “Shadow of Ashlydyat,” “Oswald Cray,” “Dene Hollow,” “George Canterbury's Will,” “Trevlyn Hold,” “Mildred Arkell,” “St. Martin's Eve,” “Elster's Folly,” “Anne Hereford,” “A Life's Secret,” “Red Court Farm.”

Will some of the correspondents of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN kindly give S. R. G. the receipt of Genoa cake. She has never seen it in any cookery book, and so much wants to know how to make it. Would you or some of your subscribers also give a receipt of Crystal Palace pudding?

ENRICHETTA writes,—I should be so glad of Sylvia's advice as to my style of dress. I have a hundred pounds a year to dress on and pay my travelling expenses. I have to be careful as we travel every year, and go into society. I have no maid, but my mother's sometimes helps me with my hair, etc. I have not time to make many things for myself, though I sometimes manufacture fichus, ruffs, and other trifles. I am now twenty-eight years old. Do you think I ought to make any difference in the style of my dress on that account? As you may gather from the above explanation, I dress according to my own ideas, not according to those of a dressmaker. So I come to you for advice, Ought I to dress *older* now than I did when I came out? [You must make a

difference. You could not, for instance, go to a ball in white muslin, as you doubtless did when you were eighteen. Your whole style of dress should bear more signs of elegance and care than was necessary when you came out.]

#### THORNS.

There is no rose without a thorn,  
No sunbeam but casts a shade;  
And the brightest hour and the fairest flower  
Will still be the first to fade.

No sparkling wave as it breaks on shore  
In a smiling shower of foam,  
But murmurs for aye of the mournful day  
That made many a desolate home.

There is no joy, but a bitter drop  
In its cup will ere long be found,  
As a thought of pain may be awakened again  
By the most melodious sound.

Oh! why when we long for unbroken joy,  
Under skies for a time so bright;  
Will a voice still say “Tho' 'tis fair for a day,  
The clouds are but out of sight?”

E. G.

[Light and Shade” declined with thanks.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN,  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.

3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.

4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.

5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for

every additional four words, except in case where the address is published. The insertion in these cases, is free.

6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.

7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Lace, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.

8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.

9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words: “Lists sent on application.”

A. G. S. has a quantity of songs for sale or exchange, all in good condition. List sent on application to A. G. S., Bridger's Hall, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

M. F. H. has several songs and pieces to sell, or exchange. Send for list to M. F. H., Miss Rose, Falkingham, Lincolnshire.

BELTRAN has a quantity of modern music in good condition for disposal; also books to exchange. Send for list. Address with Editor.

E. T. B. has clear MS. songs from 6d. “Douglas,” “Oh, Fair Dove.” Long list for stamped envelope. Wanted dog collar, plated necklet, for opera, words and music, “Madame Angot,” value 7s. No cards. 15, Powderham Terrace, Teignmouth, Devon.

Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged for at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.

Correct delineation of character from handwriting. Young Englishwomen, please send 13 stamps to N. N. Address with Editor.

A. G. S. has a very handsome pattern of a beaded tablier and cuirasse body for sale, price 2s., quite new. No post-cards. Address, Bridger's Hall, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

MISS CLYDE, Northdown Lodge, Bideford, Devonshire, sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns, 6 varieties for 12 stamps. She sends a box containing 100 roots, 9 varieties, for 5s.

ILLUMINATING CLUB, with professional critic. Good members wanted. Send stamped envelope to M. K., Post Office, Malvern.













NOVEMBER, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### VI.—THE YOUNG LADY IN LOVE.

WE feel some delicacy in entering on this subject : for love, like great sorrow, is almost sacred ; and advice, or even suggestions, may appear intrusive. But the love period of a true woman's life is the most important portion of her mental existence ; and a period, too, which needs reflection, discipline, and self-control, to avoid many dangers and ensure many blessings.

Why love should be what it is, what it always has been, and no doubt always will be, is one of the many mysteries by which we are surrounded. It is different from affection and from friendship, while uniting some of the characteristics of each of those sentiments. It is certainly not always—indeed, very seldom—a matter of preference dictated by reason ; but it is the selection by an overpowering instinct of some one person who is, for no reason that can be defined, but by an impulse which over-rides every other consideration, dearer, and, magnified by the eyes of love, more heroic and fascinating, than any other in the wide world—to be lived for, hardly lived without ; to be died for, and to be died with.

This universal passion, this masterful impulse, which has been the same in all ages, which is scarcely ever experienced a second time in any man or woman's life, must be a great elemental force in the mental world. It stimulates, elevates, strengthens, and ennobles the whole character. It makes the boy a man, the girl a woman, by developing a mental life heretofore latent ; it makes

the weak, for the time, strong ; the mean almost generous and noble. "Base men," says Shakespeare, "being in love, have then a nobility in their nature more than is native to them ;" and assuredly the time of love, when there is such an awakening of the more ardent qualities of our nature, is not the time when low and ungenerous motives are most likely to influence our thoughts and actions.

One-sided love is imperfect love. Marriage, which is the heaven-appointed result of love, consists in union of two ; so love, which comes first, is a voluntary, informal contract, which requires two parties. True love is the affinity which brings two souls together, each to depend upon, and be elevated and strengthened by union with the other. If one loves, and the other does not—to use a familiar, perhaps undignified, but forcible phrase—there is a mistake somewhere, and an effort of will must be made to reconsider the validity of the emotion. Then love must be conquered ; it is an anomaly, a positive without a negative. There is nothing respecting which human nature is so easily deceived as the reciprocity of love ; and nothing in which the consequences of a mistake are more disastrous. A young girl, herself sincere, incapable of duplicity, meets with a young man who appears, by some mental process which she cannot and does not care to define, to be the *beau ideal* of all that is admirable and lovable in man. Her maidenly reserve

almost shrinks from the new idea which has taken possession of her mind; but she is tremblingly conscious of happiness in his presence, and of unhappiness in his absence; and her candid, transparent nature cannot conceal from his observant eyes that he is an object of peculiar regard. He, too, may experience a responding impulse, but also he may not, and flattered by the effect he has created, allow himself to offer attention very commonplace in the eyes of other people, but of the deepest import to her. If she is one, a marriage with whom might, in the estimation of a merely worldly nature be desirable, he may proceed to more explicit declarations, simulating the devotion she really feels; and then comes marriage, and the eyes of the poor girl are opened to the deception of one-sided love. She is a wife in name, perhaps receiving respectful attention and decorous kindness; but where is love?

It is not strange or cruel—it is, indeed, natural, and one of the highest exercises of affection—that parents and her friends should endeavour to use their influence to make the girl see more clearly. They may know that the man of her choice is unloving, if not otherwise unworthy, and in all affection warn her of the consequences of the match she is making. When such warning is given, evidently in a spirit of affection, it should not be disregarded; and love is not so strong in its shackles that they cannot be thrown off by all except weak and irresolute natures.

Where love is really mutual, it is the strongest of all bonds. Marriage does not change its nature, but develops it, by adding more certain knowledge. Love walks by faith; marriage is a life of certainties. Happy the youth or maiden who finds the life partner to be what the ideal of courtship promised. Each learns from the other; each has a keener comprehension of the nature of the other; each has a noble ambition to be more like the other. The husband's character is modified by emulating the womanly tenderness, sincerity, and devotion of his wife; she becomes stronger and more calmly resolute by association with him.

This is the true union which love should foreshadow; if it does not, it is a sham love, a self-deception, which should be torn out of the heart, however great the pain. But it does foreshadow it, and if it is really the mutual love

of two human beings drawn together by mysterious but all-powerful affinity, it cannot be rent asunder without a destruction of the spiritual life. "Prudent" parents who "pooh-pooh sentimentality, and who do not believe in broken hearts and nonsense of that kind," and insist that their daughter shall cast off one and accept another, from their point of view more eligible, are simply setting up their own short-sighted wills against one of the pre-eminent facts of the moral government of the world; and the result is shown in the cold, loveless, conventionally decorous, but at heart hateful, unions; or, worse still, the open rupture of all ties.

The "broken heart," the blighted life hidden in an early grave, appears much more frequently in fiction than in real life; but the withered heart, the heart that bears no fruit of love, is unfortunately common. The body lives long enough, perhaps, to see a cheerless old age, with no happy memories, no sympathy and affection ripened by years; but the inner heart of cheerful, hoping, trusting love died in youth, and ever since there has been a concealed mourning over its grave.

Love is not to be talked about, to be displayed like a new dress or ornament, not to be expressed to confidantes, or to "gush" in letters and poetical quotations. It is very much between two people, and of very little interest to anybody else, except to those to whom the happiness of the young lovers is of paramount interest. It is a treasure locked in the heart of hearts; if paraded much, most probably it is a sham, not a real jewel.

Love has been called a divine madness, because it is so predominant in its influence; but the epithet is misapplied. Madness is a perversion of the faculties; love a luxuriant development, not a morbid growth, which will be absorbed into and strengthen the entire mental fabric. Girls in love—and young men, too—should remember this, that in loving now they are preparing for what is to come. They are on the first flight of an ascent, and the future will be affected by the present. Loving glances, tender words, mutual confidence for a season, are not all of love. There is a future as well as a present; and to ensure the happiness of the future, there must be patience, prudence, resolution to bear and forbear, which qualities are not cold, hard antagonists of love, but its truest safeguards and supports,

THE EDITOR.





## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## XI.—TOO LATE.

IN those days, there was a pleasant spice of uncertainty about Southern journeyings. Cars, steamboats, and stages ran in happy independence of each other and the time-table. The traveller never knew at what point of juniper swamp, or pine barren, or cotton plantation, he would be set down to while away some hours in botanical or ethnological investigations, if his mind were sufficiently at ease, or in chewing the bitter cud of impatience, if it were not. Defective machinery and lazy officials laboured mightily together to miss connections, and wherever human inefficiency came short, down swept a hurricane from the skies, and strewn the roads with prostrate trunks of trees, through which the cumbrous stage-coach had literally to hew its path.

More than one such delay attended Bergan's progress southward. Under their teasing friction, the shadowy anxiety with which he had set out, increased to a positive weight of alarm. Reaching Savalla on the twelfth evening, he stopped neither for rest nor refreshment, but looked up a horse, flung himself into the saddle, and set off towards Berganton at a rapid rate. Outside the city limits, however, he was forced to slacken his pace. The night was dark, no faintest gleam of moon or star tempered the black obscurity of the tree-arched and swamp-bordered road. Compelled thus to feel his way, as it were, it was near midnight when he came upon the outlying fields of Oakstead. Reluctantly he told himself that an interview with Carice, to-night, was out of the question; she and all the household were certain to be fast asleep, it was doubtful if even the faintest outline of the darkened dwelling would be discernible through the murky night. He had no choice but to ride on to Berganton.

Scarcely had he reached this conclusion, when a radiant window shone vision-like through the trees; a little farther on, and the cottage, though yet distant, came full into view, through an opening in the forest, brilliantly illuminated from roof to foundation as for a festivity of extraordinary magnitude. Even the surrounding lawn was lighted up into the semblance of day; and in its remotest corner, a group of negroes, dancing to some strain of music inaudible to the wondering spectator, looked fantastic enough for the unsubstantial images of a dream.

For a moment or two, Bergan suspected his jaded senses of playing him false, as a step preparatory to taking leave of him altogether. There was something too congruous to be real, between this gay scene of festivity and the picture presented by Doctor Remy's last letter,—a dull, silent, house, its master a feeble, exacting con-

valescent, its mistress and daughter worn out with anxiety and watching. An intuition of some unlooked-for calamity seized him. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed over the mile that intervened between him and the cottage, at a scarcely less furious rate than that with which Vic had borne him over the same road—how well he remembered it!—just one year ago. He did not suspect that he was now to taste the bitterest consequences of that ride.

In a very few moments, he rode through the open gates of Oakstead. Here, he found the avenue to the house encumbered with teams and saddle-horses, tied to every tree and post. The every-day aspect of these sleepy animals was like a bucket of cold water to his excited imagination. Strains of dancing music, too, came to his ear,—flutes and violins, none too well played, sent forth the notes of a popular air. Plainly, he had been a fool to connect the thought of calamity with anything so exceedingly common-place as an evening party. If Godfrey Bergan chose to call in his friends and neighbours to dance over his restoration to health, who should gainsay him? Convalescents had their fancies, and must be humoured.

In this cooler frame of mind, it naturally occurred to Bergan that he was in no fit condition to face a festal throng. His appearance, thus way-worn and travel-stained, would be scarcely more timely than that of the Ancient Mariner to the wedding guest. It would look as if he, too, had a tale of horror to impart, and Carice might be unpleasantly startled,—Carice, who little imagined him so near to her! At the thought, a strange, indefinable thrill and shiver passed over him, hard to define as either pleasure or pain.

After a moment's consideration, he dismounted, and walked quietly round to the spot where the negroes still kept up their lively dance. One of them, Bruno by name, stood a little apart, a smiling spectator of the merriment that he was too old to join. It was easy to touch him on the shoulder, without attracting the notice of the rest. The negro turned, and instantly recognized Bergan; but his exclamation of surprise was cut short by the young man's significant gesture, and he silently followed him to a spot equidistant between the cottage and the dancers.

"All well, Bruno?" was Bergan's first inquiry.

"All berry well, Massa Arling. You's welcome back, sah. But I'se sorry you's too late for de weddin'."

The *wedding*,—the word fell almost meaninglessly on Bergan's ear, so intent was he on satisfying himself that

his late anxieties had been groundless. "And Miss Carice," he went on, "is she quite well, too?"

Bruno smiled. "Yes, massa, I 'spec so, tho' she do look mighty pale and peaked, dese yere last weeks. But dey mostly look so at sich times, I s'pose. She'll be better when de weddin's ober, and all de fuss and durry."

This second mention of "the wedding" penetrated to Bergan's understanding, and awakened a faint emotion of surprise.

"The wedding!—whose wedding?" he asked.

Bruno opened his eyes wide in astonishment. "Why, don' you know, sah? I thought you'd come on purpose. Miss Carice's weddin', to be sure."

It was Bergan's turn to look more than astonished, confounded. "Miss Carice's wedding!" he repeated, as doubting the trustworthiness of his own ears.

"Yes, sah, to Doctor Remy, sah. Dey had——"

Bruno stopped short in alarm. Bergan's face had grown deadly pale, his blank stare was that of a man who neither saw nor heard. For a few merciful moments, he was simply stunned with the suddenness and severity of the shock. Too soon his benumbed senses began to revive, he put his hand to his head, where a dull, heavy pain was beginning to make itself felt; mechanically he sat down on the grass, and his breath came hard like that of a man stricken with apoplexy.

With a delicacy not uncommon in his race, Bruno turned his eyes away. A trusted servant of the household, he had seen Bergan and Carice together enough to be able to divine something of the state of the case.

Slowly, one by one, Bergan's thoughts came out of chaos, and ranged themselves into something like order. This, then, was the reason why Doctor Remy had so persistently discouraged his earlier return to Berganton, and allayed his anxiety with plausible statements respecting Carice and her father,—that he might supplant him in her affections. But why? It must be taken as evidence that he had estimated the Doctor's character more correctly than he knew, that it never once occurred to him as possible that love for Carice had been the Doctor's motive; yet, considered solely as holding the reversion of the Oakstead estate, her hand was scarcely worth the labour and treachery it had cost.

There was so little to reward investigation in this direction, that Bergan's thoughts came back to his own blighted hopes, and here he was pierced with the sharpest pain that he had yet felt. The treachery of the Doctor was as nothing to the faithlessness of Carice. Two months—yea, two days ago, he would have staked all his hopes for time and eternity on her truth. Fair and delicate as was the cast of her beauty, and sweet and gentle as was her manner, there had always been a certain quiet steadfastness about her, which was one of her most potent charms. All hearts felt intuitively that they might safely trust in her. What subtle or powerful influence

could have been brought to bear upon her, to make her so belie herself!

He looked up. "Bruno, how long has this been going on?"

The negro did not quite understand, but made shift to guess what was meant.

"De engagement, sah? since October, I b'lieve."

"And how long has Doctor Remy visited here?"

"Oh, a good while, 'bout eber since you went away. But after Massa was took sick, he come oftener, ob course—ebery day, sometimes two, tree times a day. Massa got so—'pendent on him, like, he couldn't bear to have him out ob de house, one time."

Bergan fell into thought again. He began dimly to understand something of the sort of pressure to which Carice had been subjected, and the motives that had governed her,—not that he held her exonerated, by any means—only she was a little less culpable than she had seemed at first. But if she had sinned, poor child! how miserably she would be punished! What a sterile soil, what a chill, unfriendly climate awaited this delicate flower, in Doctor Remy's hands! It was as if a lily should think to root itself in a rock, or a rose expect to bud and blossom on an iceberg. Besides—why had he not thought of it before?—to-morrow, perhaps, in two or three days at farthest, Doctor Trubie would be here, with authority, if it seemed good to him, to take this man, *her husband*, into custody as a murderer!

Bergan's was the fine strong temperament, which rises to the greatness of a crisis. With the necessity of action, the chaos of his mind began to clear itself. "Bruno," he asked, suddenly, "does—Miss Carice love this man?"

Bruno looked surprised, as well he might, at the question; but there was something in Bergan's tone that made him answer at once, and frankly, "I don' know,—de servants do say she done it to please her father."

Bergan laid his hand impressively on the old negro's shoulder. "Bruno, I must see her at once. Her happiness—more than her happiness, the honour and peace of the whole family—is at stake. Find some way to let her know, quietly, that I am here, and that I *must* see her for one moment. Hurry! there's no time to waste."

Bruno was so thoroughly mastered by Bergan's earnestness, that he started swiftly towards the cottage, without a word. As he ascended the piazza steps, however, he began to be appalled at the difficulty of the task that he had undertaken. Looking into the window, he saw Carice standing at the farther end of the long parlour, with her bridesmaids clustered around her. He could neither get at her, nor she escape, without challenging a good deal of wondering observation. While he stood hesitating, Godfrey Bergan came out into the hall, and caught sight of his troubled face.

"Well, Bruno, what do you want?"

"I—jes' wanted to speak to Miss Carice," stammered the negro.

The request was an odd one at that moment ; still, Mr. Bergan might have been moved to grant it, as the whim of an old and faithful servant, if the negro's disturbed face and faltering tone had not excited his suspicions that something unusual was on foot. "What is the matter?" he asked. "What do you want to speak to her for?"

Bruno was wholly unprepared for this question. Vainly he racked his brains for a plausible answer, but nothing better rewarded his efforts than—"I jes' wanted to speak to her, dat's all;"—a reply so little congruous with his frightened face and voice, that Mr. Bergan's suspicions were confirmed. He stepped out on the piazza, and closed the door behind him.

"Now, Bruno," said he, sternly, "I want to know what this means. Come, no shuffling; tell the truth."

Bruno's self-possession gave way entirely. "I—I—I—it's only Mr. Arling."

Mr. Bergan started. "My nephew, Bergan Arling, do you mean?"

"Yes, massa."

"What—where?"

"Out dar, under the larches, massa."

"And he—he dared to ask for my daughter?"

Mr. Bergan's voice shook with anger. Bruno tried to explain, not very coherently.

"He didn't mean no harm, massa, I'se *sertain*. He said her happiness and all you'se happiness was at de stake."

"Did he!" muttered Mr. Bergan, scornfully. "Hark you, Bruno, not a word of this to anybody—to *anybody*, mind you! Now, go back to your dance,—I'll see Mr. Arling."

Bergan's impatience had brought him from under the larches to a point commanding a view of the path to the cottage. He was both surprised and disappointed to see his uncle instead of Carice! nevertheless, he came frankly forward to meet him, holding out his hand.

Mr. Bergan took no notice of the friendly offer. "How dare you show yourself here?" he began, in a voice quivering with rage. "How dare you insult my daughter with your presence at this time? Have you not done harm enough already?"

"Uncle," replied Bergan, gently, "I know not what you mean. I have never harmed Carice that I know of, and now I came here to save her, if it be not too late. Oh! uncle"—and here his calmness began to fail him, and his voice grew eager—"do not, *do not* let this marriage proceed,—at least, not until you have heard my story, and have satisfied yourself of the real character of this Doctor Remy!"

"What have you to say against his character?" demanded Mr. Bergan, icily.

Bergan felt the full disadvantage of his position. It was a heavy charge that he had to make against a man of Doctor Remy's standing, without documents or witnesses—nothing to substantiate it but his single assertion. Besides, to say truth, there was nothing to allege against

Doctor Remy but Doctor Trubie's suspicions. He hesitated, and his hesitation was not lost upon his uncle; neither was the want of assurance with which he finally spoke.

"Uncle, there is great reason to believe—or, at least to suspect—that Doctor Remy is a—murderer; the murderer of my brother Alec."

Godfrey Bergan stood in silent scorn. The accusation struck him as too extravagant, too baseless, to be seriously discussed. His nephew must be drunk or mad to make it. And, now that he looked at him more narrowly, his face was haggard and his dress disordered enough to befit either condition.

Bergan saw the impression that he had made, and a cold, sick despair crept over him. "I beg of you, uncle," he exclaimed, vehemently, "as you value your own future peace of mind, put a stop to this unhappy business, ere it be too late."

"It is too late now," said Mr. Bergan, impatiently, "Carice is already married."

"Must she, therefore, be left in the hands of a murderer? Save her, at least, from further contamination. If you will do nothing else, call her, and let her decide the matter for herself."

"Impossible," answered Mr. Bergan, decidedly. "Carice has already borne and suffered too much; her nerves are in an exceedingly sensitive state; this story would kill her, I verily believe. If you really have her happiness at heart, go away quietly, and leave her to the care of the husband she has chosen."

"Chosen?" repeated Bergan, bitterly; "*has* she chosen him, or has she only been forced to wed him?"

Godfrey Bergan's eyes lit. "You forget to whom you are speaking," said he, coldly. "Enough of this, my patience is exhausted. I have listened to your drivel longer than it deserves. The quicker you take your leave the better."

Bergan drew himself up haughtily, and his eyes flashed back an answering flame. "My patience is also exhausted," said he. "I have begged and pleaded long enough. I tell you now, uncle, that I will not go until I have seen Carice, if I seek her out among the wedding guests."

Godfrey Bergan set his teeth hard. "Will not?" he repeated, angrily. "*Will not!* I will have you to understand, young man, that there is neither *will*, nor *will not*, on these premises, but mine. On my soul, if you do not go, and quickly, I will call my servants, and have you put off from the place as a drunkard and a vagabond."

At this threat, the hereditary temper, scotched in Bergan's heart, but not yet killed, reared its evil head aloft, and sent its deadly poison burning through all his veins.

"Call them," he retorted, in a voice deep and low as a distant thunder peal, and lifting his clenched hand on high,—"*call them*, if it so pleases you! Their blood be on your head, not mine."

Godfrey Bergan was no coward, yet he might well stand aghast at the unexpected fury of the tempest that he had evoked. Moreover, to put his threat in execution, he now saw, was to court that publicity which he specially desired to avoid. He stood irresolute, questioning within himself how best to deal with the emergency.

He was saved the trouble of a decision. While he still hesitated, Bergan's hand fell by his side, his eyes softened, and a spasm of anguish passed over his face. "God forgive me!" he murmured, shudderingly—"I, too, was a murderer—in heart!"

He bowed his head on his hands. Woeful was the inner conflict. Within his soul, the "black Bergan temper" was gasping out its last venomous breath, with the clutch of a firm hand on its throat. Agonizing were its death-throes. They ceased at last. It would never trouble him more.

Godfrey Bergan, standing by, saw something of the struggle, yet did not understand it in the least. "A drunkard's aimless wrath!" he said to himself,—*"quenched in its own fury."*

So carelessly does the world construe the deeper soul-conflicts that come under its observation!

Bergan lifted his head, and his face was ashy pale. "I go, uncle," said he, hoarsely, "since that is your wish. In all that I have said, though said never so unwisely, I assure you that I have had only Carice's happiness at heart; and I pray God that you may not have cause to rue it, to your dying day, that you did not listen to me!"

He turned and plunged into the darkness, not knowing whither he went.

## XII.

### ESCAPED.

GODFREY BERGAN stood motionless for some minutes. His nephew's persistency had irritated his nerves, if it had not convinced his understanding. Nor was he altogether unimpressed by the solemnity of the young man's parting words. Though he had not condescended to state the fact to Bergan, it was still true that he had exacted what he considered to be very complete and satisfactory evidence, touching the correctness of Doctor Remy's antecedents, before giving him his daughter. Yet it was only after he had recapitulated this evidence to himself, point by point, and had also taken into account the Doctor's late brilliant achievements, present high standing, and promising prospects for the future, that he could rid himself of a certain chill weight of responsibility, which seemed somehow to have been flung upon his shoulders by Bergan's last sentence.

On entering the cottage, he met Carice in the hall, encircled by her bridesmaids. He was half pleased, half startled, to see that the singular listlessness, amounting to a degree of apathy, which had characterized her for

some weeks, had given place to a certain tremulous agitation. A round red spot burned on either cheek, where of late the bloom had been both rare and faint; and her eyes were bright and wistful almost to wildness. With a sudden impulse of tenderness, he put his arms round her, and pressed her to his heart.

"Father," she whispered, with her lips close to his ear, "am I dreaming or mad? I have heard a voice in the air—Bergan's voice. I was standing by the window, and I heard it distinctly—no words, only tones—pleading, pleading, until I thought they would break my heart. Then all at once they changed to anger—fierce, bitter anger! And they ended in despair! Father, what could it mean?"

"My child," said Godfrey Bergan, after a pause—and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice—"you are very weak and nervous, and these wedding gaities have been too much for you. Go to rest, and sleep away your fatigues and your fancies together; joy cometh in the morning. The wife of Felix Remy will hear no voices in the air. Good-night."

He unclasped his arms, and her bridesmaids, again clustering round her, led her upstairs in triumph.

But no sooner had they freed her from her bridal garniture—the veil's soft mistiness—the robe's heavy, satiny folds, the fragrant orange-blossoms, already beginning to fade!—than she put them gently aside.

"Bid me good-night now," she said, with quiet decision. "I am very tired, and I want to be alone for awhile. Rosa will do the rest."

There was something in her tone which forbade remonstrance; quickly the door shut out the fresh, young faces, and snowy, fluttering robes.

*Was she, as she desired to be, alone?*

Alas! no. The image evoked by that "voice in the air" had followed her across the threshold, and still faced her with sad, upbraiding eyes. Instinctively she threw herself upon her knees to exorcise it by the spell of prayer. She rose from her knees but little comforted.

For the delirious disquietude that had taken possession of her had its physical, not less than its mental, side. The long overstraining of the delicate nerves, the long overburdening of the heart that knew its own bitterness, were fast reaching the point beyond which must needs come fever, or insanity, or death. Nature—often the wisest of physicians, when left to herself—had sought to work restoration by means of the apathy aforementioned, wrapping her mind and heart as with quilted armour; but the events of this night had pierced quite through the soft sheathing, and set every nerve quivering with pain. Unable to remain long in one position, she soon began to pace restlessly up and down the room. She was dimly aware that Rosa had come in, and was waiting her commands; but she never once looked to see with what a disturbed and doubtful face the young negress was regarding her.

Getting weary at last of her monotonous march to



and fro, she went to the window, and leaned out to bathe her fevered temples in the cool night air. Suddenly she cried out—

"Rosa, see! Is not that a light in the old Hall?"

"Yes, Miss Carice, it's just that," answered Rosa, impressively. "It's in Mr. Arling's room. He's here."

"Here!" Carice started, and turned round with eager, expectant eyes.

"No, no," Rosa hastened to say, "not *here*—at least, not now."

"Not now!" repeated Carice, wonderingly. "When was he here, then?"

Rosa hesitated for an instant, and then flung herself at her mistress's feet. "I will tell you," she cried, vehemently; "master may kill me, if he likes, but I *will* tell you! Mr. Arling was here not much more than half an hour ago!"

Carice smiled,—a strange wan smile, with no spirit of mirthfulness in it, but something of gentle triumph, as well as relief. "It was no fancy, then," she murmured, softly.

Rosa went on, "I was walking down by the river—with Tom, you know—when I thought it must be getting late, and you might want me, and so I took the short cut through the larches. And who should I see standing there but Mr. Arling, and your father coming to meet him! So I slipped back behind the trees, meaning to come round the other way; but I caught a few words, and then I listened;—I couldn't help it, Miss Carice, if I'd died for it. For Mr. Arling began to beg and plead that your father wouldn't let your wedding go on, if he cared anything about your happiness. He said there was something dreadful against Doctor Remy,—oh! Miss Carice, I don't like to say it, but I think you ought to know,—he said he was a"—sinking her voice almost to a whisper—"a murderer."

Carice's eyes dilated with horror. "A murderer!" she gasped,—oh! no, no, Rosa; you could not have heard him right!"

"Indeed, I did," rejoined Rosa, firmly. "That's the very word he used,—more than once, too. At least, he said there was great reason to believe so; and he begged your father to wait until he could make sure about it. Oh! Miss Carice, I never did like Doctor Remy, but I always liked Mr. Arling, and I don't believe he'd say a word that wasn't true. Do pray wait, as he said, until you can find out the whole truth, before you have anything more to say to the Doctor. Lock your door, and say you're sick—I'm sure you look as if you might be—and I'll promise to keep him out, if he were ten Doctor Remy's."

And Rosa set her teeth and clenched her hands, in a way that promised much for her valour in the cause of her young mistress.

"Rosa," said Carice, suddenly, "I am going to the Hall. I must see Bergan, and hear what he has to say; then I can decide what it is right to do."

"And so I would," rejoined Rosa, approvingly. "Just let me slip this dark wrapper on you, and wind this scarf round your head, and well over your face,—so;—why, your own father wouldn't know you, if he were to meet you! Now, we'll be off."

Carice hesitated. "No, Rosa, that will never do; our absence would be quickly discovered. You must stay and keep the door."

"But, Miss Carice, you can't go alone!"

"I can, and must. It is the only way to prevent discovery. Remember, no one is to be let in, upon any consideration, until I return."

"Let me alone for that," responded Rosa, emphatically. And having seen Carice safely down the steps from the upper piazza, and watched her light form till it was lost among the trees, Rosa returned to mount guard over the door of the deserted chamber.

Godfrey Bergan had been unaccountably shaken by that brief meeting and parting with his daughter, in the hall. Watching her slender form as it toiled up the staircase, with the languid step that betrays a heavy or a reluctant heart, he sighed to think with what a graceful alacrity she had used to flit upward, as if lifted on invisible wings, her happy smile seeming to make a little illuminated space about her, like the light which is seen irradiating angelic forms, in old pictures. A sudden burden of despondency fell upon his heart, whereof he understood neither the purport, nor whether it bore reference to her or himself, but only knew that it quite unfitted him for playing the part of a gay and gracious host to his guests. Seeing Miss Ferrars coming toward him, with her stereotyped smile, an impulse of flight seized him; and hastily stepping through one of the long windows, he soon found himself once more under the sighing trees, which were swaying to and fro under the first breathings of a rising wind.

The night was no longer dark. Here and there, a star looked through the broken clouds, and lighted him to the river's bank, down which he walked slowly; torturing himself, as he went, with that weary after-birth of doubts and questions, which often follows hard upon the accomplishment of a cherished purpose. Had he done well in wedding Carice to the Doctor? Had he not done wrong in refusing to listen to Bergan, at least with courtesy and calmness? Was it barely possible that there could have been some small grain of truth at the bottom of the young man's turbid story. What was the meaning of that odd, wild look in Carice's eyes? Had he been thrusting himself, as it were, into the awful place of Providence, only, by reason of his human short-sightedness, to work irremediable ruin?

At that moment, a dark, slender woman's figure hurried past him, toward the ruined foot-bridge, which was near at hand. "One of my brother's servants, who has stolen over to dance with mine," he said to himself, turning idly to watch her progress.

To his utter amazement, at the further end, he seemed to see her cast herself deliberately into the water !

Godfrey Bergan was a practised swimmer, and, after the first motionless moment of astonishment, he threw off his coat, plunged into the stream, which, at this point, was neither rapid nor deep, and swam rapidly towards the spot where he had seen the body disappear. Here the water was scarcely up to his armpits ; in a few moments, he had caught the floating garments, and borne the lifeless form to land. The heavy head fell back on his arm ; the scarf trailed away from the white features ; he recognized Carice !

With a thick, muffled cry of horror, the father sank upon his knees, not so much of devotional intent, as crushed under the double weight of his physical burden, and mental anguish.

"O God ! have mercy upon us !" he ejaculated, brokenly,—*"I have driven my child to suicide !"*

### XIII.

#### THE WAY STOPPED.

BERGAN ARLING, on quitting his uncle, had flung himself into the surrounding darkness, without aim, without hope ; conscious only of an intolerable burden of grief and despair. Coming to the river, he had mechanically strode down its bank. Mechanically, too, he had crossed the foot-bridge, when it came in his way ; and was scarcely aware that its last rotten plank, on the Hall end, had given away under his feet, and that he had narrowly missed being precipitated into the water. In due time he found himself standing before the deserted mansion, looking up to its dark front with eyes just beginning to be capable of intelligent vision, and acknowledging to himself that, though his path had been but blindly chosen, it had brought him to a fitting goal.

"A ruined home, and a ruined life," he murmured, with a kind of bitter mournfulness,—*"they will suit each other well !"*

The door was locked, but there was a dilapidated flight of steps leading to the rotten upper piazza, and the window of his old room yielded readily to pressure. The lamp, too, was in its remembered place, and, having lighted it, he threw himself into a chair, to sum up the record of his past life, and strike the balance.

Hark ! was not that a cry from the direction of the river ? He leaned out of the window, and listened attentively ; but the sound—if sound it were, and not the simple product of his own disordered fancy—was not repeated. Nothing was to be heard save the low sough of the rising wind, and the melancholy voices of the trees, as one solemn old oak-top leaned toward another, and talked mysteriously of some woeful event that it had witnessed—perhaps a century ago, perhaps later—or re-

counted drearily the long list of human sorrows and sins and retributions stored up in its dreamy old memory. There might have been heard, too, in its further talk, if only the ear were fine enough that listened,—something of patience born of sorrow, and blessedness wrenched from the hand of suffering ; of lofty hopes blossoming out of the ashes of despair, and fair, new temples, vocal with the anthem of glory to God and good will to man, built over and out of heaps of ruins. A few words, too, might have been added of love—human love—as the crowning grace and gladness of a man's life,—the delicate carving beautifying the arches, capitals, and pinnacles of the temple, the thick greenery softening its sharp outlines, and the odorous blossoms rooting themselves in its angles and hollows ; but neither its strong foundations, its majestic walls, nor the upward spring of its spire,—and never, in any sense, the object of its rightful worship.

Perhaps Bergan heard something of all this ; at any rate, that cry from the river, whether real or imagined, had broken the thread of his review of the past, and brought back his mind to the question of the future. What was to be done ? Leave Berganton, of course. The place was not wide enough to hold Carice and himself, with comfort to either. If her marriage had been brought about in the way that he suspected, the sight of him would scarce conduce to her peace ; while the sight of her, in her new relation, could only cause him useless pain. Moreover, he had seen, from the first, that Berganton afforded little scope for talent ; none whatever for ambition. And, now that his life seemed likely to be limited to its public side, and to have no sweet, compensating domestic one, he felt the necessity of directing its course to some quarter where there was room for proper expansion.

Happily, the way was open. Only a short time ago, he had received a most favourable offer, which he still held under consideration,—an invitation to enter into partnership with an eminent lawyer of Savalla, beginning to succumb to the infirmities of old age, and likely, ere long, to surrender to him all the active business of the firm. Nothing could suit him better. Here was scope for all his talent, employment for all his energy. He would be near enough to Berganton, too, for any good name that he might win to reach thither, and clear away whatever prejudice against him still lingered there ; yet not near enough to be necessarily brought into contact with its inhabitants.

So much for the future ; what of the present ?

First, he would see Mrs. Lyte and Astra, bid them farewell, and arrange for the removal of his effects. Then he would hasten to Savalla, to do the last kindness that it was in his power to do for Carice, even though it would seem to justify her father's late incredulity and contemptuous treatment,—namely, meet Doctor Trubie, and dissuade him from any further proceedings against Doctor Remy. There was still room for a doubt that the latter was the murder of Alec Arling—let it remain

for ever a doubt! No weapon should be lifted against him, that must needs fall most heavily upon Carice!

It was grey dawn when this conclusion was reached. The stars were fading from the sky, as a hint that it was time to extinguish his lamp. The east showed a broad rim of light,—only a silver one now, but with some mystic intimation of the gold to which it would soon be transmuted. Was any similar change beginning to show itself in Bergan's heart?

If so, he was in nowise conscious of it. His mind having attained to a comparative degree of composure, his body began to press its claims upon him with some pertinacity. It was twenty-four hours since he had taken food, and nearly double that time since he had slept; this, too, on the end of a long, tedious journey, and while undergoing sore anxiety and distress of mind. No wonder that his head was aching furiously at the temples, and seemed to have a ponderous weight on top, nor that he had a sensation of dizziness at times, while a blinding mist came before his eyes.

He prepared to leave Bergan Hall. That, too, was to be henceforth, so far as he was concerned, a thing of the past. It had given him needful solitude and shelter in his hour of deep despair; it had been the fittest possible place wherein to take leave of the old life and its shattered hope; but for the new, it had nothing to offer,—except, perhaps, a warning. The stream of active, expansive, beneficent life must for ever flow away from its faded splendour, its crumbling massiveness, its dusty traditions and aristocratic genealogies, and its corrupt feudal laws and customs, as well as from that moral ruin, its selfish, tyrannic, besotted master. Together, they might well be likened to a half-buried, decomposing corpse; showing still, through the overspreading mould and fungi, some faint trace of its former grace and nobility of shape and feature, but chiefly impressing the spectator with the carelessness of its exposure and the unsightliness of its decay.

And yet, how strong a hold, after all, had both master and mansion upon his heart! Some time, surely, when he should have won fame and fortune enough to be above all suspicion of self-seeking, he might come back to visit them, and see what could be done for both.

With this thought in his mind, he was about to quit the room as he had entered it, by the window; when a light knock on the door arrested his attention. Almost immediately, Rue entered, and bade him good morning.

"How did you know I was here?" was Bergan's first startled inquiry.

"I heard you when you came," she answered, quietly, "and I knew your step. I always spend this night in the old house; it is the anniversary of your mother's wedding; and she comes back to me in all her youth and beauty, and the rooms light up, and flowers sweeten the air, and there is music and dancing, and the sound of gay young voices; and then, all goes out, and I remember that earth grows dim as heaven draws near. Yes, Master

Bergan, I heard you when you came, and I should have come to you at once, only that there was something in your step which told me you came with a heavy heart, and would not like to be disturbed. It is lighter now?"

"A little, Maumer; though it is heavy enough yet."

"And nothing will lighten it but time; and that means the Lord, for time is the Lord's servant, and does His will."

"You know, then——" began Bergan, and stopped, unable to finish the sentence.

"I know much, Master Bergan; more than you think. Many voices come to whisper in the old blind woman's ear."

"Do you know," asked Bergan, suddenly, "why Doctor Remy has married Carice?"

"Certainly: to make himself master of Bergan Hall. The more fool he! Rue could have told him it was written on the stars that it should have another and a better master; and the stars do not lie. But I am sorry for Miss Carice; I would have saved *her* if I could, but there the stars were silent."

"I could have helped the stars in that matter, if I had known," thought Bergan. But he only asked, doubtfully, "How should Doctor Remy expect to get the Hall by marrying Carice?"

"Because your Uncle Harry has made his will, giving it to her. Never doubt me, Master Bergan, I know what I am talking of; and when I tell you that you shall yet own Bergan Hall, and all the gold that is hidden in it, and every foot of land that belongs to it, you may believe it as implicitly as if it were written in your Bible."

Bergan shook his head; the Hall had ceased to have any value in his eyes, as a possession of his own, or any place in the future that he proposed to himself. Apparently, Rue understood his silence as well as if he had spoken, for she did not press the subject.

She next inquired into his plans, and he explained them to her, as far as they concerned himself.

"It is well," she said, after a moment of reflection. "You could not stay here, of course; you would be eating your heart out in this dull place. Do your duty in the path that lies so straight before you, and trust God for the rest."

As he quitted the old Hall it occurred to him how strangely events were repeating themselves. Once more, Rue stood in the doorway, in the grey light of the dawn and promised him its future ownership; once more, he took the road to Berganton, leaving behind him one phase of his life, and entering upon a new one.

Arrived at the hotel, he learned that the horse, which he had left at Oakstead on the previous evening had been sent to the stables, with strict injunctions that he should be notified accordingly immediately on his arrival—the friendly act, no doubt, of old Bruno.

Here, too, he first learned the absence of Mrs. Lyte and her family—a piece of information which he received with much unmistakable surprise and wonder, that the

landlord, who, like most of the Berganton folk, had suspected him of some connection with their departure, was constrained to believe him innocent.

There being now nothing to detain him in Berganton, he ordered his horse for an immediate return to Savalla. First, however, he went to the breakfast-room, but found that he was unable to eat; food was like ashes in his mouth; the most that he could do was to swallow a cup of coffee.

That ride to Savalla remained always a horrible nightmare in his memory. Sometimes he was riding through the darkness of infinite space; sometimes through whirling trees, over a road heaving as with the throes of an earthquake, and seemingly interminable. Now and then, his senses seemed slipping entirely from his grasp, and were only dragged back by the convulsive effort of an iron will. Reaching the office of the Pulaski House, where he was well known, he just managed to hold them together long enough to scratch a few lines on a sheet of paper, and give directions for its delivery. Then, with a wan smile of relief, he relaxed his hold, and let them slide swiftly away into oblivion.

Two days later, Doctor Trubie, arriving at the same hotel, according to previous agreement, was met by the information that Mr. Arling was lying dangerously ill with that fever which guards, like a flaming sword, the gates of the sunny South; and the letter was put into his hands. Tearing it open, he read:—

"I charge you, by everything that is sacred, to take no further step in the business that brings you here, until I recover, and we can consult together; and, if I die, I charge you, as you would have me rest quietly in my grave, to take none at all. "BERGAN."

Doctor Trubie flung down the letter with a most disgusted face. "To think that Roath should escape me thus!" he exclaimed, discontentedly. "That is, to be sure, if Bergan does not recover. He *shall* recover!"

Upstairs he sprang, two steps at a time. But, once in Bergan's chamber, his heart failed him. The patient lay in a stupor that seemed very near of kin to death. Two physicians stood by the bed, and the first words that met his ear were, "No hope!"

---

## PART FOURTH.

### A NEW FIELD.

---

#### I.

#### RECOVERED.

RARELY does a man go down to the verge of the grave, and look into its profound and pregnant depths, without carrying from henceforth traces of the journey. His views of life will be truer, if not sadder, for ever after-

ward. The laws of moral perspective, though they do not change, will be better understood; so that objects at a distance are no longer dwarfed to the understanding, however they may appear to the eye. Character becomes the central "point of sight," toward which duty continually draws converging right lines, by the aid of which happiness, fame, and wealth fall into their proper places, and assume their true proportions.

Bergan Arling was seated in his office at Savalla. At first sight it might seem that he was little changed, but a closer inspection would have awakened some surprise that the lapse of little more than a year could have changed him so much. The youthfulness had gone out of his face—that half-eager, half-wistful look, which says so plainly, "The world is all before me, where to choose;"—it was now the face of a man among men, who had found his place and his work, who had grappled with many hard problems, and solved some; who was accustomed to deal with serious subjects in a serious way, and who had withal a definite rule and object of life. In short, it was informed with a positive and noble individuality, born out of suffering, and not yet wholly oblivious of the pangs that had given it birth, but certain, in good time, to attain to the fulness of an inward joy, which, having a deep well-spring of its own, would be little dependent upon the ebb and flow of outward circumstance.

Nor had the year been fruitless of exterior results. Scarcely had Bergan mastered the details of his new office, when his partner, Mr. Youle, was taken sick, and he was left to conduct its affairs pretty much alone. Several cases of importance being in hand, he was thus afforded a rare opportunity to achieve a rapid fame. His reputation already overshadowed that of many of his legal brethren, who had greatly the advantage of him in years and experience.

From the first, he had made it an invariable rule never to speak against his clear convictions of right; and it was curious to observe what an influence the knowledge of this fact was beginning to have upon the community. The cause which he embraced, however hopeless its aspect, always commanded a degree of respect, and was watched with a certain reservation of judgment, in consideration of his acknowledged integrity of purpose: while, as a necessary sequence (from which Bergan, in his humility, would have been glad to escape), the cause which he was understood to have declined was apt to be pronounced suspicious in the popular judgment, however it might go in the courts. So certain is the talent which is known to be conjoined with a pure aim and an upright life, to win, soon or late, high place and strong influence, even in a world that disallows its very principle of being! The visible fruits of righteousness commend themselves to all lips, whatever is thought of the root from whence they spring.

Bergan's desk was littered with papers, but his eyes were studying only the opposite wall, half in abstraction, half in perplexity. Nor did their expression alter much



when the door opened, and he rose to greet Mr. Youle, who came in slowly and feebly, leaning on a cane. He was of medium height, with grey hair, a thin face, and a kindly blue eye; and it was easy to see, was on the best of terms with his talented young partner. No room in that ripe intellect and gentle nature for so ignoble a passion as jealousy!

"There, that will do, Arling," he said, humorously, when Bergan had helped him carefully to a chair; "the old gentleman is as comfortable as he's likely to be—or deserves to be, for that matter. Well, how goes on our case?"

Bergan shook his head, with a faint smile. "Very badly, I should say—if anything can be said to go badly which is so entirely in the hands of Providence. I confess that I can make nothing of it."

Mr. Youle looked grave. "I warned you in the beginning," said he, "that there was not a reasonable peg to hang a line of defence on."

"But I believe the man to be innocent," rejoined Bergan. "And," he added, smiling, "I warned you, in the beginning, that I should never advocate a cause which seemed to be unrighteous, nor refuse one that seemed to be just, though the one should offer me a fortune in fees, and the other not a cent."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Mr. Youle. "And I must admit that your two rules have worked miraculously well thus far; we have lost but one case, I believe, since you came into the office. Well," exclaimed Mr. Youle, when he and Bergan had finally succeeded in escaping from the congratulations of friends on the issue of a trial in which the acuteness and earnestness of Bergan had secured the acquittal of an innocent man, "I must say, I never saw such a sudden turn of events as that, in all my legal experience." And after a moment he added, with unusual gravity, "It does seem as if the blessing of God were with you and your two rules, Arling."

"I hope so," rejoined Bergan, quietly, "for I have learned that I can do nothing worth doing without it."

"I really think," mused Mr. Youle, "if I were to live my life over again, I would adopt your plan. I am afraid that I have helped to save many a scoundrel from deserved punishment, as well as to rob an honest man, now and then, of his just rights; and when one comes to look back on it all, from the stand-point of my age, it does seem as if one might have been in better business. Yes, I believe you are right, Arling; and you have my cordial consent from this time forth, to keep on as you have begun. I confess I thought it was a freak, a whim, at first, that would soon give way to the temptations what we usually call the necessities—of actual, steady practice; but I see that you have a solid principle at the bottom which there's no shaking. Nevertheless, Arling, you can't expect that your judgment is going to be infallible—that you will never mistake the guilty man for the innocent one, and *vice versa*."

"I do not expect it," answered Bergan, seriously. "Errors in judgment, I take it for granted that I shall make, being mortal; but errors in will, I mean to do my best, with God's help, to avoid."

A plain carriage, with a trim African on the box, was in waiting when the two gentlemen descended the court-house steps.

"Come, Arling," said Mr. Youle, in a tone of command rather than invitation, "go home and dine with me; there are several things I want to talk to you about."

Bergan hesitated; it was easy to see that the plan did not commend itself to his taste.

"Never rack your brain for excuses; they won't serve," pursued Mr. Youle, with good-natured peremptoriness; "I mean to take you with me, whether you will or no. It is time for you to overcome your morbid dislike of society; besides, you will see no one but my own family."

---

## II.

### NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

"WELL, Coralie," said Mr. Youle, an hour later, as he preceded Bergan into the drawing-room of the fine old family mansion that had been the home of the Youles for many years, "bring out your laurels, I have brought you a conquering hero."

"Oh! it is Mr. Arling; he is very welcome." And Coralie, who had seen Bergan two or three times in her father's office, greeted him with marked cordiality, and gave him her small, soft hand.

It is odd how strong a resemblance can co-exist with perfect dissimilarity of features and complexion. Though she was very lovely—this Coralie Youle—and with a blithesome and bewitching loveliness all her own, Bergan had never been able to look upon her, nor could he see her now, without some deep, keen pain, as from an unhealed wound. There were tones in her voice which reminded him of one that he would hear no more; and she had ways and gestures which continually awakened memories not yet softened by distance into lines and tints of perfect purity and peace. And yet, what an irresistible, subtle charm in her was this very power to pain him!

"You said that Mr. Arling was a *conquering hero*, papa," she went on, turning to Mr. Youle. "Have you gained the case, then, after all? That is wonderful indeed! How did it happen? Tell me all about it."

Nothing loath, Mr. Youle gave a sufficiently graphic account of the scene in the court-room, taking occasion to lavish no small amount of hearty encomium upon Bergan's share in it.

"How I wish I could have been there to see!" exclaimed Coralie, when the recital was ended, her cheeks

glowing with sympathetic excitement; "it sounds like a chapter out of a novel, rather than a bit of real life. Mr. Arling does, in truth, deserve the laurels of victory; and, by the way—Diva! where are you?—here is some one who is worthy to give them to him."

No one had noticed, until now, that a lady was standing in the window, half concealed by the curtain. But, as she came forward everything else seemed to fade out of sight, for the moment, and leave only her standing there alone in the clear, cold light of her marvellous beauty.

Before this, Bergan's ideal of proud and queenly beauty had been painted with dark hair and eyes; he now saw reason to change it at once and for ever. The lady was the most perfect blonde that he had ever seen. Her hair was of the palest brown, with only a faint gold light in it; her eyes were blue or grey, he could not tell which at the moment, nor would he have been less puzzled after a much longer acquaintance; and her complexion was fair and colourless, almost, as marble; yet never had he beheld anything so stately, so proud, so calm, and—it must needs be said—so cold. She came forth from the shadow of the curtain as Galatea might have done, had she been endowed with life only, not with love.

Worthy she might be to crown a victor, in right of her queenliness, but the laurels from her hands, Bergan thought, would be very chill!

"Miss Thane!" exclaimed Mr. Youle, "why, this is a surprise, and a most pleasant one. It is seldom that you allow any of us to see you here except Coralie."

"Because my visits are usually morning visits," replied Miss Thane, in a low, yet singularly musical monotone, that harmonized perfectly with her face, "when I know that you are sure to be better engaged than in gossiping with me."

Mr. Youle slightly raised his eyebrows, in good-humoured recognition of the possibly careless, possibly studied, ambiguity of this explanation; but he let it pass without comment, as Coralie hastened to present her guests to each other.

Bergan bowed low, with the graceful deference which always marked his bearing towards women; but Miss Thane was guilty of no waste of civility. She slightly inclined her head, vouchsafed him a single glance out of her wondrous eyes, and coolly turned back to the window, to lose herself, a moment after, in a fit of abstraction.

Miss Youle—Mr. Youle's maiden sister, and the mistress of his household since his wife's death, many years ago—now appeared, clad in a thick black silk, that rustled like a field of corn in the wind, and dropped Bergan her stately, old-time courtesy.

At dinner, Bergan was inclined to be somewhat silent at first. Lonely dweller in offices, hotels, and restaurants, that he had been for the year past, he had half lost the habit of conversation; besides, Coralie's tones continually swept the chords of association in a way to thrill him

with a sombre mixture of pain and pleasure, and keep his mind confusedly vibrating between the present and the past. But he was too conscientiously courteous to allow himself long to remain a dead weight upon his hosts; and, though it cost him an effort, he was soon talking with the old ease and fluency, enriched by a profounder thoughtfulness, and a subtler play of imagination. In his hands, commonplace subjects discovered hidden treasures; while loftier themes gleamed and glowed like stained windows seen against a golden western sky. Miss Thane lost something of her apathetic manner, after a while, and paid him the compliment of listening with attention, if not with interest. And opposite to him was Coralie's listening, speaking face, full of such quick comprehension and sympathy, that he could scarcely help being beguiled into a fuller, freer expression of thought, opinion, and feeling, than he would have believed possible an hour before.

But was it not Miss Thane's subtle management, rather than Coralie's sympathy, which finally led the talk into the sombre channels dug by human disappointments, losses, and failures, and kept it there until they had returned to the drawing-room? Then Bergan said, by way of dismissing the subject:—"But all these things are to be looked at as materials, not results. Happy the prophetic vision which sees the perfect form of the Future rising from the chaos of past and present!—as a sculptor sees before him, not a rough block of marble, but the finished statue,—an architect, not shapeless heaps of stone and mortar, but the grand completed temple."

"Let him but look far enough," rejoined Miss Thane, "and he can behold a sadder phase,—the statue broken and defaced, the temple overthrown and prostrate; once more a rough block of marble, and shapeless heaps of stone."

"Nay," replied Bergan, "it is at that very point that Prophecy should spread her whitest wings, and soar to the temple not made with hands, and the jewelled walls of the city let down from the clouds. Miss Coralie," he continued, glancing at the open piano, "do you sing?"

"Not much; I play mostly. But Miss Thane does. Dear Diva, won't you sing for us?"

Miss Thane looked at Bergan, but he said nothing. If he had added a word to Coralie's entreaty, the chances are that she would not have sung. But since she had only Coralie to oblige—Coralie, who alone seemed to have found the deep way to her heart, and to whom she rarely refused anything—she went straight to the piano, took the first music that presented itself, which happened to be Rossini's "Cujus Animam," and began to sing, not only with perfect method—that might have been expected—but with exquisite feeling. Her voice was a rich contralto, deep and broad as a river flowing to the sea, and bearing the listener whither it pleased. There were tears in the eyes of her auditors when she had finished, and would have been, doubtless, had she sung anything else,

for the quality of her voice touched that point of perfection which, in this world, gives a pleasure closely akin to pain.

She waited a moment, but no one spoke; then she put her fingers again on the keys, and, looking far out into the evening dusk, sang a dismal, hopeless dirge, which Bergan felt intuitively to be her own; and which wrung his heart with passionate longing and pain. She would sing no more.

Yet no one could talk after those heartbreaking strains. So Bergan quietly took his leave.

Coralie wound her arm round her friend's waist, and

drew her to the window, to watch him down the street. "What do you think of him?" she asked.

"I think—that he has a genius for conversation," replied Miss Thane, coolly.

"Oh, Diva, you know that is not what I mean. How do you like him?"

"I like no one—but you. I think I might respect him in time. As for you, little one, take care you do not like him too well."

"Why?" asked Coralie, blushing.

"Because he has buried his heart—the best part of it—in somebody's grave."

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

TO most young housekeepers it is found to be a difficult task to manage the expenditure of her household, so as to give a liberal and comfortable supply, and yet avoid waste and extravagance. If this much desired end is to be attained, it must be undertaken with some courage and persevered in with a great deal of steadiness. A system of wasteful expenditure alternating with economy bordering on meanness will be productive of great discomfort to every member of the household.

One is sometimes surprised to see people whose incomes are tolerably good, and whose tastes do not seem to be expensive, living with a total want not only of refinement, but even of comfort. This may often be traced to careless, wasteful housekeeping, and a general want of order in the habits of the family. It is perhaps one of the most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory ways of frittering away an income, and is too often caused by the want of knowledge, or want of care of the mistress of the house. No matter what the income may be, it is necessary to fix a sum for the housekeeping expenses, to which sum they should be strictly limited.

A lady of intelligence who will give it some care and attention can soon learn how to get the best value from the sum at her command; but to do this it will be necessary to know pretty accurately what quantities ought to be consumed—for example, long experience of several housekeepers. Give me the average consumption of meat to be half a pound a day each person (including ladies and children). Now, if the butcher's book shows in a month an excess of this quantity without the excuse of company, it may be concluded there is some waste, or that the joints are not well chosen. The same rule must be observed in butter, eggs, and groceries—in fact, in all articles of daily consumption we need, perhaps, except bread, the amount of which cannot be so accurately defined, as the quantity consumed varies so much with each person.

A daily visit should be paid to the larder before arranging the bill of fare for the day. The cook should be directed to mince, hash, or currie any cold meats that are required to be used. All bones should be put into the stock pot, and dripping should be dissolved in boiling water; then when cold it may be fit for use in frying. If care is taken by the cook to put all bones into the stock pot, excellent soup may be had with a very small quantity of soup meat. Any fine dripping, such as veal or lamb, can be clarified so as to be excellent for pastry, but as all these things require time it will be better to pay the visit to the larder and give the orders for dinner as early as possible in the day.

The store-room will be the next care, and from it all that may be required will be given out.

A store-room should be airy, cool, and, if possible, dry. The latter quality is particularly valuable, as otherwise it will be impossible to keep preserves. It should have shelves, hooks, and some nets, to keep lemons, oranges, etc. It is a good plan to have a pencil and book in which to enter all that is given to the servants. The date and quantity noted, so that the time they have lasted may be seen at a glance. Once a week the servants' supply of butter, tea, and sugar should be given. Care should be taken to have the preserves, jams, and pickles in a cool, dry part of the store-room. Cakes and biscuits must be kept in tin cans.

Soap should be bought in quantities if much is likely to be consumed in washing at home, as when cut in squares, and dried gradually, it lasts very much longer. It is advisable to have stores of rice, sago, tapioca, and macaroni, as they will keep good a long time. Coffee cannot be stored for any length of time without losing flavour, unless it is unroasted; but almost all other groceries may be kept in a dry place without injury. While on this subject, it may be well to give instructions for making jam, which holds an important place in the store-room.

An enamelled or iron preserving pan is to be preferred to one of brass or copper, on account of the injurious action of the fruit acid on the latter metals.

The fruit should be gathered in dry weather, otherwise the jam will not keep. A coarse white sugar, at fourpence per pound by the loaf, will be the best to use. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Damsons, however, will require a quarter of a pound more.

The great secret of preserving well is to boil sufficiently long and sufficiently quickly. When the fruit has been picked from the stalks and weighed, put it into the pan, with the sugar, and boil quickly, stirring it continually with a wooden spoon, and carefully skimming off the froth as it rises. As some fruits require longer time than others, no rule as to the exact time can be given, but it may be seen when the jam has been boiled sufficiently by putting a little on a plate to cool. It will form a firm jelly if quite done, and may be put into the pots, which must be kept uncovered for a day before tying down. Tissue paper, saturated with white of egg, or spirits of wine, may be laid on the top of the jam, but stout brown paper should form the outer covering.

When it is possible to get fruit cheap, it is advisable to make a plentiful supply of jam, as it is much more wholesome for children and young people than the too frequent meal of bread and butter.

Black currant jam is so valuable for colds, hoarseness, and sore throat, that every housekeeper will like to have a good supply. Dissolved in hot water, and taken at bed time, it is an excellent remedy for a cold.

Lemons will be useful for many purposes, particularly for making excellent puddings and cheese-cakes in winter. They should be bought in early spring, and hung in nets, in which they will keep good for a considerable time. With the store-room well provided, the housekeeper can command very pleasant varieties in the way of sweet dishes, which would have been impossible had not the necessary ingredients been at hand.

In ordering dinner, if the family be large, there is the nursery dinner, or luncheon, to be considered, and the task of providing for a large establishment is often much easier than that of managing for a small family, where economy must be studied. It is better in either case to plan the dinners beforehand, as they may be much better economized. Large joints are much better value, and contain more nutriment than small ones, and if not over-roasted, may be used, minced, curried, or made into rissoles. The bones of beef will make excellent soups, which may be varied in flavour.

As too much animal food is found to be less wholesome than a varied diet, puddings or pies should form part of the plainest dinner. Milk puddings, with rice,

tapioca, or macaroni are excellent, as also are puddings of finely shred suet and flour, with any fruit that may be in season, but these must be made with care, and very well boiled.

Stewing meat with vegetables is an excellent and nutritious method of cooking it, and very economical, as the less expensive parts of beef can be made tender and delicious. Many people visiting the continent have been delighted with the homely dish the French call "pot au feu." Nothing can be more simple, few simple dishes more nutritious and wholesome—only a piece of beef (it need not be a prime part, but should be rather lean) put into water just lukewarm, with vegetables of every kind that can be procured, nicely trimmed, and a bunch of herbs, etc. This must be simmered (never boiled) for three hours, carefully skimming it very frequently. The result is, a piece of very tender meat, excellent vegetables, and (if the meat has been kept from boiling) a delicious soup, clear and bright as sherry.

Many simple and excellent French dishes might be used in English households with much advantage to the health, and their method of cooking vegetables ought to be studied by all good housekeepers. Soups are very little used by middle class English houses, except at ceremonious dinners, and it is a great pity, as well made soup is a most nutritious article of food, and one that admits of almost endless variety. It ought to form an important part of the diet of young children, combining, as it does, meat, bread, and vegetables, in a light and digestive form. When the nursery dinner is ordered, the cook should be told to be sparing of eggs in the puddings for that meal, as a very wholesome pudding either of rice, tapioca, bread, or macaroni, may be made with one egg, and it is more digestible for children or delicate persons.

After the stores have been given out, and the dinner arranged, the housekeeper must make a note of all that is required in the house, and enter all the payments she may have made into her day-book. A strict account of all expenditure must be kept, as otherwise no accurate knowledge of housekeeping will ever be acquired. The book must be balanced every day if possible, and the weekly or monthly settlement of accounts adhered to if convenient, as it is much more easy to check the expenses when the settlements are regularly made. It is not advisable to give servants the power of ordering articles for consumption. If not able to see the tradespeople yourself, send a written order.

The regular discharge of these little household duties will soon become quite easy, and even pleasant; and the young housekeeper will be well repaid for all her trouble in seeing her family well managed, happy, and healthy, a result which will be mainly due to her thoughtful care and intelligence.



## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## ELIZA COOK.

THE subject of the present biography is a lady who has built up for herself a name which will long be uttered with feelings of love and admiration. Her writings are popular wherever the English language is spoken, and we are as likely to hear them quoted and sung in the backwoods of America, or in the bush of Australia, as in the midst of civilized society at home.

Eliza Cook is the youngest of a family of eleven children; she was born on the Christmas Eve of the year 1818. Her father was a respectable tradesman in London Road, Southwark: if we are not mistaken, his business was that of a brazier.

Our heroine early showed signs of great mental activity, especially in the direction of imagination and poetry. She was an eager devourer of fairy tales, and such-like nursery lore, and would sit a whole evening in the chimney-nook sighing over the sad fate of the Babes in the Wood. Her mother—a woman of superior intellect—encouraged Eliza's growing faculties; instead of, as a practical work-a-day mother might have done, decrying both poetry and imagination as mere moonshine.

When Eliza was about nine years old, her father retired from business, and took up his abode for some time at a small farm in St. Leonard's Forest, near Horsham, in Sussex. The rural scenes and pursuits of this quiet retreat greatly assisted the development of her poetic taste. Mr. Cook was rather an eccentric character, it is said, and his eccentricity did not take the form of cramming the heads of his children with school-learning. On the contrary, he let their intellects look pretty much after themselves, and discouraged books in every form.

This eleventh child of his, however, was bent on reading and cultivating her mind. She borrowed books, and in the perusal of them stole many an hour from midnight and repose.

She now began to write poetry, expressing her earnest thoughts and generous feelings in stirring song. "My earliest rhymes," she says, "were written from intuitive impulse, before hackneyed experience or politic judgment could dictate their tendency." Many of her poems, since well known, were composed before she had reached the age of fifteen—among them may be named "The Star of Glengarry," "Lines to my Pony," "I'm Afloat," and "Charlie O'Ross." Besides these, there were about a score of others, which, one day, when in a fit of mortified temper, she consigned to the flames.

But her excursions into the ideal world were rudely interrupted for a time. Her mother died. This was a severe blow, for Eliza's attachment to her mother was profound. Her love for her and her devotion to her memory have indeed all along formed one of the prominent features in Miss Cook's character, and one which links itself closely with her inner life. The holy



ELIZA COOK.

expression of filial love, the devotion, reverence, and gratitude with which she mentions a name so hallowed, and embodies the recollection of one so dear to her heart, form some of the most delightful traits in her poetry. Let the reader only turn, for example, to "Stanzas to a Bereaved One," "Mother come Back," and those touching verses of "The Old Arm-Chair."

Deprived of her much-loved parent, the young girl was thrown back upon her intellectual pursuits. She

diligently studied the works of our great national poets, and gradually recovered her usual cheerful tone of mind.

In 1835 our poetess was induced to collect her juvenile pieces for publication. They were published in that year, under the title of "Lays of a Wild Harp: a Collection of Metrical Pieces, by Eliza Cook." A modest preface concluded by promising, that "Should this, my first offering, be received in a manner evincing it not entirely worthless, I may chance some future day

" ' To sweep the silver strings again,  
And strive to wake a nobler strain.' "

This little volume, the fruit of such early years, met with a sufficiently favourable reception to encourage the authoress to further exertions. She wrote several new poems, and sent them anonymously to various journals—namely, the "Weekly Dispatch," the "Metropolitan Magazine," the "New Monthly," and the "Literary Gazette." The respective editors, judging from the style of her writings, concluded at once that she was one of their own sex. Indeed, the Editor of the "Literary Gazette" praised her poems as the production of a gentleman who reminded him of "the style and power of Robert Burns."

These verses being well received, our heroine's destiny was from that time fixed, as she herself tells us, "to teach in song much that she had learned in suffering."

Though she had sent verses to several periodicals, the first-named, the "Weekly Dispatch," had the good fortune, in the end, to secure the monopoly of her compositions. For the history of her connection with this journal we are indebted to a gentleman long on the staff of the "Dispatch," whose courtesy we have here much pleasure in acknowledging.

Eliza Cook's first contribution to the paper was a song, which appeared, with the initial "C." appended, on the 27th of November, 1836. The chorus, beginning,

" Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,  
That hangs o'er peasant and king."

was very characteristic of the writer.

On the 8th of January, 1837, another poem appeared, also signed "C." It was called "The Heart that's True," and was more sentimental than the first one.

The following week appeared a version of "Jim Crow," at that time a highly popular ditty, sung at every street corner. There was no initial appended to this song—apparently, Miss Cook, who wrote it, did not think it worth preserving.

Other poems followed at short intervals, amongst them being a *jeu d'esprit*, hitting at Morrison's pills, then prominently before the public in connection with an action for libel.

In May, 1837, another initial was added to the signature—it was now "E. C." This was first appended to "The Old Arm-Chair"—one of the very best of Eliza Cook's domestic poems, and one which is enshrined in many a heart.

In almost every week's issue of the "Dispatch"

there was now an "E. C." poem; and in July she addressed some really powerful and feeling verses to the young Queen, who had just ascended the throne. They began—

" Lady, perchance an untaught strain  
May little suit a Royal ear,  
But I would break my harp in twain  
Ere aught it yield be insincere."

Naturally enough, the curiosity of the reading public as to the authorship of these poems regularly appearing in a newspaper of such great circulation and influence was excited. The proprietors, too, were anxious to get acquainted with the real name of their contributor. An intimation to this effect was inserted in the "Dispatch."

Our poetess, who by this time had removed from the country, and was residing with one of her brothers in the neighbourhood of St. George's Road, Albany Road, Walworth, near the Surrey Canal, saw the intimation. She replied to it, telling who she was.

The proprietors of the paper were not slow in communicating what they had thus learned to the public. On the 17th of September, 1837, the following lines appeared amongst the "Answers to Correspondents":—

"In reply to a great many inquiries, we have to state that the author of the songs and poems which during the last six months have enriched our columns of 'Facts and Scraps,' is a young lady named Eliza Cook. The highly favourable reception which these truly poetic effusions have experienced from the public, renders it hardly necessary for us to repeat an opinion already given in this journal, viz., that they are marked by genius of a high order. They are rich in originality, feeling, and expression, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, the lady is destined to occupy a distinguished station among the metrical writers of our country."

Eliza Cook read this editorial notice with deep emotion. Her calm estimate of her own powers was confirmed by the writer. When she learned that others thought her verses worth something, and that they gave delight to old and young all over the country, she was roused, she tells us, to enthusiasm. "Then was I made to think," she says, "that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine Humanity, and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered that I held power over the affections of earth." Visions of a brilliant poetic future arose in her mind, and she resolved then and there to devote all her talents to the cultivation of poetry.

The proprietors of the "Dispatch" did more than indulge in compliments and favourable criticism. They sent the young writer a handsome pecuniary acknowledgment. This was an additional stimulus to exertion; it is well-known that both poets and prose-writers work best to the jingling of money-bags.

From this time Miss Cook was a regular contributor

to the paper, poems from her pen appearing almost every week. All the best known of her compositions were first given to the world in the columns of the "Dispatch." We may mention, as examples, "The Englishman;" "The Mother who has a Child at Sea;" "Old Dobbin;" "Old Pincher;" and the "Old Straw Hat."

Business relations soon became those of friendship. Our poetess was invited to Ingress Abbey, in Kent, the seat of Alderman Harmer, the principal proprietor, at that time, of the "Dispatch." The Alderman had a granddaughter, to whom she became warmly attached, and her visits to the Abbey for a long time were very frequent.

There are some people who, unhappy themselves, cannot bear to let others be at peace, and it is a well-known fact that, live as you please, you cannot escape calumny. The poetess's intimacy with the family of the Alderman did not escape the notice of a few of those miserable beings. They ridiculed it, and in the scurrilous prints of the day—and they were scurrilous, with a vengeance, then—indulged in insinuations of the most absurd kind. One of the fraternity, a clever versifier, vented his malice, by weekly parodying Eliza Cook's poems, appending her name, and making the parody anything but complimentary to the poetess.

No doubt this worse than ill-natured proceeding was a source of great annoyance to Eliza Cook. Then, why speak of it again, at this time of day? Just for this reason, that the reader may see that brilliant lives are made up of shadow as well as sunshine, and that in a high station in literature or anything else, one is, as some writer has said, only a more conspicuous mark than ordinary for envy to shoot at.

In 1839 Mrs. Osgood, the American poetess, met Eliza Cook in London. She thus describes her: "Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her—a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl of about twenty, with a face very intelligent. Her hair dark brown and very luxuriant, her eyes grey and full of expression, and a mouth indescribably sweet."

A volume of poems was now projected. It was published in London in 1840, under the title of "Melaia, and other Poems." Melaia, the principal piece, is an eastern tale of the attachment of a dog to his master. There is a generous tone and much kindly teaching in the story, and it abounds in fine passages of poetic power and noble sentiment. This volume of poems was handsomely illustrated, and met with great success, not only in England but in America. The author was now universally recognized as a writer of sound and enduring fame.

Our poetess went on writing for the "Dispatch," and her name became more and more widely known, till at last it is no exaggeration to say, she was one of the most popular women in England. When her portrait was published, it was with the utmost difficulty that the supply kept pace with the demand. Its circulation extended over the whole kingdom, and the likeness—a very bad one, by the way—was carefully framed and reverently

hung on countless walls. Such a popularity is worth having. "To be loved for one's work!" says Emile Souvestre, "that is the praise which brings gentle tears to the eyes, and makes the heart throb deliciously." And the full meaning of the words of the French writer must have been felt by Eliza Cook, when in an humble cottage in an obscure hamlet, she came upon her portrait, and saw it numbered among the most precious of the household gods.

Eliza Cook now resolved to start a weekly periodical under the title of "Eliza Cook's Journal." It was something in the style of the still popular "Chambers's Journal," and the first number appeared on Saturday the 5th of May, 1849. In her opening address the poetess assures her readers, "While venturing this step in the universal march of periodicals, let it be understood that I am not playing with fortune at 'pitch and toss,' in a desperate or calculating mood of literary gambling, nor am I anxious to declare myself a mental Joan of Arc, bearing special mission to save the people in their noble war against Ignorance and Wrong. . . . I am only anxious to give my feeble aid to the gigantic struggle for intellectual elevation now going on, and fling my energies and will into a cause where my heart will zealously animate my duty."

The Journal attained to considerable popularity. It appealed to the middle classes of society. It showed an intimate acquaintance with their wants and feelings, their ways and habits of life, and a true sympathy with all the better parts of an honest Englishman's character, especially his love of hearth and home, and wife and child. But the health of the editress failed, and the more penetrating of readers did not take long to discover that she was not particularly well qualified for editorial duties. Nature has been very sparing in turning out characters possessed of all the thousand and one gifts and graces necessary for the successful occupation of the editor's chair.

Unfortunately, the establishment of her periodical led to a misunderstanding between Eliza Cook and the proprietors of the "Dispatch," in which hitherto—in spite of considerable temptations to do otherwise—she had given almost all her poetical pieces to the world. In 1850 her connection with the "Dispatch" entirely ceased.

On the 25th of November, 1854, "Eliza Cook's Journal" appeared for the last time. The last number was the 291st, and it formed the conclusion of the first part of the twelfth volume. There was "A Word to my Readers" from the poetess, at the end.

"It would be as ungrateful," she said, "as unseemly, if I breathed no farewell word to those subscribers who have so generously patronised my earnest though trivial efforts in the cause of simple poetry and popular progression. I shall not say much, for the subject I am communicating is too painful to dwell upon.

"Suffering of an unusually severe character attacked me soon after the commencement of my 'Journal'; but I

endured and laboured with, I trust, a brave heart and patient spirit. After sleepless nights, morning has found me at my desk—trembling in frame, but firm in purpose; and, without a shadow of pretence, let me say that I have worked less with the desire of gaining my daily bread than with the wish to be of use to my fellow-creatures. I am at length compelled to yield to circumstances, and must retire—at least for a time—from the field of literature."

She held out a prospect of her again undertaking literary pursuits, should her health admit of it; but from that time her pen lay idle for many years.

In 1859 a new and cheap edition of the works of Eliza Cook was brought out. "I have long," said the poetess, "had an earnest desire to present my writings to the public in a form and at a price that would place them within the reach of the many, and on the promptings of this desire I have foregone propositions for an expensive work, feeling that I shall derive much greater pleasure from seeing my poems widely circulated, than from any increase of pecuniary benefit."

In the following year appeared "Jottings from my Journal," but this was but a reprint of the poetess's prose contributions to the defunct periodical.

An elegant illustrated edition of her poems came out in 1861, and then we lose sight of Eliza Cook till 1864, when her "Diamond Dust" appeared. This was a collection of sparkling sentences and commendable maxims, original, selected, and adapted. Like all collections of the words of the wise, it is a pleasant book to take up at odd moments. The reading is disjointed, but the reader is thick-headed indeed if he is not edified.

Our heroine in the same year published a small volume entitled "New Echoes, and other Poems." It contained some very characteristic pieces, but nothing which so affects and captivates the heart as a few of the household favourites she had previously written—poems such as the "Old Arm-Chair," "Home in the Heart," "The Last Good-bye," and "I Miss Thee, my Mother."

A literary pension was now—we are still speaking of 1864—conferred upon Miss Cook. It was only £100, a very small reward of merit, when we think of the happiness she has given to thousands, and of her contribution to the stock of healthy English literature.

Four years now passed by, and in 1868 the "Weekly Dispatch" was transferred to other hands. Eliza Cook's once familiar name appeared again in its columns. She only, however, contributed three or four poems. Rest, it may be, had rusted her poetic powers. Her writings, at any rate, were noticed to lack the old glow of enthusiasm. Perhaps she observed this herself. She laid aside her pen with a sigh. Ill-health was against the pursuit of her vocation.

But Eliza Cook may well be satisfied. "A single lyric," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is enough to give a name, if one can find it in his soul, and finish it in his intellect." Miss Cook has done more than that; she

has given us half a dozen lyrics which will endure as long as the language they are written in.

She has the pleasure, also, of knowing that her writings are known and admired in foreign countries. Two volumes of her poems have been translated into German by Carl Hermann Simon, and many of her pieces have been translated into French.

The next event, and the last for the present to be told in connection with our heroine's life, is that one fine morning, two years or so ago, the newspapers startled us with a very circumstantial account of the termination of her earthly career. But not all the reports in the world can make one die before one's time. Eliza Cook's health, it is true, was far from good, but she was then more alive than a great many of us perhaps ever are, and living, as she does still, in a pretty little house near Wimbledon. Some other Eliza Cook had died; a sharp-witted reporter had jumped to the conclusion that she was *the* Eliza Cook, and so the mistake had arisen.

The characteristics of Eliza Cook's poetry are great freedom, ease, and heartiness of sentiment and expression. She makes you feel at once that her heart is in all she writes; that she gives full utterance to the depths of her soul—a soul that is in sympathy with all that is pure and true. "She evidently," says one writer, "has no regard for conventionalism, but presents, without fear, her own actual thoughts, and yet never transcends the limits of taste and delicacy." Her language appears to have flowed spontaneously into rhyme, for there is hardly a trace of labour or study in her poetry.

The following estimate of our poetess, as a writer, is from the pen of Frederick Rowton, in his "Female Poets of Great Britain"—"By the simple force of genius alone," says this writer, "and without any aid from adventitious circumstances, Miss Cook has pushed her way into the front ranks of female talent, and stands acknowledged as one of the most attractive writers of song in our literature.

"If I may venture to express plainly my estimate of Miss Cook's powers, I would say of her that hers is one of those strong, truth-seeking, fearless souls, which, disdaining the aids of artificial refinement, and careless alike of censure and applause, present their thoughts in their first shape to the world, and give free, bold utterance to every sentiment and feeling that they experience. There is no bowing to established opinion, no deprecation of criticism, no respect for conventionalism, in Miss Cook.

"Miss Cook has, I think, the boldest spirit of any poetess in our language. The subjects of her verse, the thought it embodies, and the language in which she expresses herself, are all of the same free, sinewy, large, and massive nature. There is no timidity, no reserve, no rounding off in her poetry; but all is plain, terse, energetic, and muscular. It might all have been written by a man, and not better written either. She has a man's sense of freedom, a man's sceptical spirit, a man's wide, grasping,



general original vision; and to these qualities she adds the quick, instinctive perception, the pure love of beauty, the ardent, sensitive affectionateness which so eminently distinguish women.

"Among the prominent characteristics of Miss Cook's genius, the sound, healthy, cheerful nature of her

philosophy stands with the first. Female writers too often indulge in pensive, melancholy, morbid views of life, and thus tend to lower rather than heighten our estimate of humanity and nature. But Miss Cook is for making us happy. The bright side of our destiny is what she loves to dwell upon."

## JESSAMINE.

### CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Roy returned his cousin was with him.

Mrs. Wyllys launched herself into the hall at the sound of their voices, her bright azure train "wide spread;" her arms extended like the yards of a ship.

"My darling!" casting her entire weight against his chest, a hand upon each shoulder, and putting up a tight knot of a mouth for the kiss marital. "What an eternity you have been absent! I have been ever so uneasy about you!"

She re-entered the sitting-room, hanging by her clasped hands upon his arm, and warbling in her thin falsetto,—

"Now you have come, all my fears are removed,  
Let me forget that so long you have roved!"

It was not in human nature, even such a gentlemanly nature as Roy's, to remain unmoved by the spectacle. His risible muscles were still rebellious when he invited Orrin to seat himself near the fire, and observed in tones that would waver, despite politeness and pity, that "the night was very cold."

An awkward little pause ensued. Orrin's chair was at Jessie's right hand, and he turned slightly in that direction while stooping to warm his hands at the blazing hearth, as if expecting some hospitable demonstration from her. She folded her work as neatly as if handling satin instead of flannel, laid it within her basket and set it back, and, with a word of apology, left the room to order refreshments for the guests. On her return, she entered from the parlours, that she might more easily reach a divan on the opposite side of the hearth from Orrin. Hester was whispering to her husband, and Roy, whose seat was next that Jessie had taken, glanced down at her with a smile of cheerful greeting, as she made the exchange. She met it with eyes that well-nigh destroyed his composure. Mournful to wretchedness; appealing to supplication, they seemed to lay her soul open to his regards; to ask of him—was it succour or forgiveness? it could not be affection!

She, at least, ought to have known Wyllys too well to imagine—if she thought of him at all—that the silent by-play would pass unnoticed and uncomprehended by him.

In his bachelorhood, the expression of aversion to his proximity, and the mute resort to her husband's protection, would have amused and incited him to the exercise of more potent fascinations. But Jessie's demeanour, of late, had irked him unreasonably. He could have supported an overt show of vindictiveness better than the dignified indifference that baffled his attempts to re-establish their confidential relations. Manœuvre as he might, and as he did, he could never see her for one instant alone, and this, he was sure, was not accidental. Upon one pretext or another, he called at the cottage at all hours—most frequently when he knew Roy was engaged in his professional duties. "Mrs. Fordham begged to be excused," occasionally; oftener kept him waiting below until the, to him, inopportune burst of Mrs. Baxter into the parlour, or Fanny Provost's entrance through the side-porch next her home, prevented a *lête-à-lête*.

He could not believe that she had taken her, whom he swore at inwardly as a "chattering cockatoo," into her confidence in a matter so delicate as her unextinguished passion for himself, but it was plain that the coincidences which damaged his plans were somebody's work. For a while he derived some compensation for his disappointment from the additional evidence thus furnished him by the short-sighted novice in scheming, that her shyness was the fruit of cowardice; that lively coals of love for him still lurked beneath the ashes with which she would fain keep them smothered. But his best powers of *finesse* had not elicited a flash from these. Adroit references to scenes and words which she could not recall without emotion, if the wonted fires were still there, had produced as little visible effect as did his ardent protestations of cousinly attachment. She treated him as she did a dozen other gentlemen—neither worse nor better. Mortification and amazement at his non-success were but human. Displeasure and the inclination to retaliate upon the instrument of his discomfiture were unprofessional, and the display of them impolitic to the last degree. That he admitted these feelings, was to be accounted for plausibly only upon the hypothesis that contact with the sour whey of his wife's temper had not improved his

own. In times past, he had been too rational, as well as too firmly entrenched in his self-appreciation, to descend to serious meditation upon the practice of a quality so vulgar, and usually so unremunerative, as revenge. Two whole months had gone by since he laid his plans of advance upon the fortification of matronly propriety and womanly pride, and he had not gained an inch that he could discover.

It was fortunate for Jessie's self-respect that in her harshest judgment of his motives and character, she never surmised what was his present purpose. With her natural propensity to blame herself for the sins others committed against her, she would have leaped to the inference that he had seen warrant, in her former indiscretion and inconstancy, for the belief that neither moral nor religious principle would serve her successfully in resisting his declaration of undiminished attachment; that she who had played false to the lover, would be unfaithful to the husband, if a similar magnet were presented to her vacillating heart. She saw, indeed, that he courted her notice and friendship; believed that she read in his conduct lingering fears that she might yet betray his perfidy to Roy, if she were not propitiated by such sugar-plums of attention as other women liked. The conviction of his cowardice had dealt the heaviest blow at the idol that crumbled into common dust on that September day. All vestige of godhood had departed beneath the shock. A brave man might sin; a good man might, under extreme provocation, be cruel. The caitiff who slunk away, whining, at sight of the lifted scourge which should punish him for the crime he could not deny, must forfeit love with esteem.

Wyllys' mood, at sight of the rapid signal or query that passed from husband to wife, was the exact reverse of amiable, and he was not pacified by Hester's conduct. Hitching her chair close to her lord's, she stroked his hair and beard, smiling affectedly, in amorous languishment, at her lately-purchased vassal, and purred like a cat. So soon as he could decently seek deliverance from the absurd situation, Orrin slipped from under the crawling fingers, and began to examine the books upon the centre-table.

"Isn't he looking well?" said his tormentor to Roy, showing all her prominent teeth in the affectionate leer she sent after him.

"Very well. His health has always been excellent, I believe," rejoined Roy. "Although his active habits have hindered the gain of so much as a pound of superfluous flesh."

It hurt him to see his gay and gallant clansman in the humiliating position of a led bear, at the mercy of a marmoset, but he could not be anything but civil in his own house.

"Oh, oh! Don't hint at the possibility of his ever getting *fat*! I think lean people are just *too sweet*! I wouldn't have him altered by the change of a single hair in his moustache. Women ought to think their husbands perfect, oughtn't they, Cousin Jessie?"

"If they *are* perfect!" was the reply.

Mrs. Wyllys accomplished a compound toss of her head; her ear-rings fairly jingling, and the flowers in her sandy braids and frizettes quivering like aspens in an east wind.

"That is rank heresy! Love that isn't blind is no love at all. I wouldn't give a fig for the constancy of a wife who could detect the slightest flaw in the man she has promised to love, honour, and obey. Would you now, Mr. Fordham?"

"If you would have my candid opinion, I should prefer intelligent and discriminating esteem to blind adoration," was the courteous rejoinder, at which the lady bridled.

"I might have expected some such answer in this staid, matter-of-fact household! Now, Orrin and I—"

"You are true to your *penchant* for Mrs. Norton, I perceive!" Orrin interrupted her, unceremoniously, looking across at Jessie. "This is a handsome English edition of her poems."

"Yes; I have had it for several years."

"Is that an implication that you would not procure it now, if you did not possess it?"

"I imply nothing, except that she is popular with most young girls."

"Woman, then, in her maturity of mind and affection, grows out of the taste for the 'female Byron'—for that is Mrs. Norton's *sobriquet* in the literary world?" he said interrogatively, and in suave deference to her judgment. "What some contend poetry should be—the lyrical expression of passion—sounds extravagant to one who has studied life for herself. Must this be so? Are there no recesses far down in the heart where the dew will lie all day? Because we have learned to think in sober and weighty prose, must we blush to remember that our souls once melted through our eyes as we sang 'Thy Name was Once the Magic Spell,' or read 'The Tryst,' and 'I Cannot Love Thee?'"

"I have a song, called 'I Do Not Love Thee,'" interposed Mrs. Wyllys. "It is just the sweetest thing you ever heard. Let me see! How does the air go?" humming. "I Do Not Love Thee! No! I Do Not Love Thee!"

"I am tempted to doubt the decline of your admiration for our poetess," pursued Wyllys to Jessie, with royal disregard of his beloved's vocalization. "The book opens of itself at the last-named poem."

"Do read it aloud, lovey!" begged Hester, eagerly. "I should so like to hear it! And he *does* read poetry so exquisitely!" to the Fordhams. "It is just perfectly delightful to listen to him! I tell him that was the way he captivated me, with his reading and his singing. They are *too sweet*!"

"Let us have it, Orrin!" said Roy, good-humouredly, desirous to relieve him from the saccharine shower. "I never read it, I think. But I was always 'matter-of-fact,' as Mrs. Wyllys has already discovered. Perhaps

the 'lyrical expression of passion' had less hold upon my adolescent imagination than it generally has upon impressible youth."

He resigned himself patiently to the hearing of an ultra-pathetic love-song.

Jessie knew every line of the poem already. She had said it over to herself, scores of times, last summer, tossing wakefully upon her pillow at midnight, until the pine boughs seemed to have caught the rhythm; or pacing the garden walks with hurrying feet; or hanging over the railing of the rustic foot-bridge. But she could not help listening, as the cunning modulations of the reader drew out the simple fervour of each line.

A steely-blue ray shot from beneath his eyelashes in her direction, as he turned a leaf. She did not see it. Perfectly still, yet attentive, she had leaned her head against the high back of her husband's chair, and was looking straight before her.

"The cold disgust,  
Wonderful and most unjust,"

found no expression in attitude and feature.

The reader's voice mellowed; the emphasis of suppressed emotion was more artistic and effective.

"Seems to me that I should guess  
By what a world of bitterness,  
By what a gulf of hopeless care,  
Our two hearts divided are.

And I praise thee as I go,  
Wandering, weary, full of woe  
To my own unwilling heart,—  
Cheating it to take thy part,  
By rehearsing each rare merit  
Which thy nature doth inherit;  
How thy heart is good and true,  
And thy face most fair to view;  
How the powers of thy mind  
Flatterers in the wisest find,  
And the talents to thee given.  
Seem as held in trust for Heaven,  
Labouring on for noble ends,  
Steady to thy boyhood's friends,  
Slow to give or take offence,  
Full of earnest eloquence.

How, in brief, there dwells in thee  
All that's generous and free,  
All that may most aptly move  
My spirit to an answering love."

"Wasn't it too funny that she didn't give in to such splendid fellow?" queried Hester, sniffing away the emotion she had tried to sop up with her laced handkerchief. "I never can hear dear Orrin read without crying, no matter what the subject is. I couldn't have helped falling in love with him, I know. It was queer, now!" fretfully, as she saw Jessie's countenance. "I don't see what there is amusing about it!"

Jessie held her head erect—a movement full of spirit and gladness—and laughed. It was no mirthless sound, but a ripple of real joyousness.

"Very queer," she answered, merrily. "Mr. Wyllys, we must call upon you to explain the phenomenon. You evidently understand it. You read the poem *con amore*."

She sprang up to serve her guests from the waiter Phœbe had placed upon the table. Roy followed her.

"They tell me you make a delicious article of domestic wine, Mrs. Fordham—of elderberries, or grapes, or currants—or something," said Mrs. Wyllys, bent upon patronage at every turn. "I hope you are going to treat us to some of it now."

"They are mistaken!" returned Jessie, the merry ring yet in her voice. "I never attempted anything of the kind. The best substitute I can offer you for the beverage you had promised yourself is Rhenish or Marsala, which Mr. Fordham procured abroad."

"I can answer for her, I believe, Mrs. Wyllys, that her efforts in that line have been confined to the brewing of flax-seed lemonade and sage tea!" chimed in Roy.

Whereat Jessie laughed again, as she had not done at Orrin's adventure with the gargle.

Wyllys arose to receive a glass of wine from her hand, and, in taking it, looked steadily, reproachfully, passionately, into her eyes. They sustained the scrutiny without quailing, a glint of roguish defiance playing within them, and her lips curling at the corners, as she turned away. He had a misgiving then that his power over her was at an end. This was not acting, but the flashing of a stream where the sunshine reached to its bed; was filtrated through pure, sweet waters. If she were disenchanted, he knew whom he had to thank for it. He could have hated his Hester for the over-fondness that had made him ridiculous to optics which erst surveyed him with timid and worshipful reverence, as Semelé may have regarded high Jove.

He was not sorry he had wedded as he did. He had too just an appreciation of the inconveniences of living beyond one's means; the difficulties that environ a man of expensive tastes and a moderate income, and the thousand goods of wealth, to regret the investment, which had assuredly yielded more than cent. per cent., whether he estimated either the affection or the money he had put into the speculation. He was wise in his generation. Hester was the richest spoil that had ever been laid in his way, and he had not hesitated as to the line of duty. But he did wish she had not wheedled him into this visit, that she might have another opportunity to play the fool herself, and force a like part upon him. Jessie's laughter had stung him unreasonably, and in his avarice of the praise of his kind, he grudged the loss of a moiety of Roy's affectionate admiration.

Fordham did not return to the sitting-room when he had escorted his guests to the outer door. He bade his wife "Good-night" in the hall.

"Must you work to-night?" she asked, imploringly. "I meant—I hoped—that is, I thought we would have a pleasant chat over my fire."

Her manner was agitated, her eye restless; but he

scarcely noted this, or that she stammered strangely in preferring the petition.

"Don't tempt me!"

He would have made his answer playful. It was a sickly show, and repulsed Jessie more effectually than sternness would have done.

With a burning blush, she dropped the hand she had laid lightly on his sleeve; murmured an apology, and hurried upstairs, forgetting that she had intended to sit for a while longer in the lower room. In her own chamber, she walked the floor in an agony of shame and despair.

"He would never have my love now, if it were offered him!" she said, wringing her hands. "He knows me too well! The glamour of that happy love-summer has gone! gone! To-night, I feel further off from him than ever. He despises me as I deserve! But righteous punishment is as hard to bear as unjust condemnation. And I have suffered so much and so long! I could have been wholly frank with him, if he had but gone and sat with me ten minutes—if he had been *himself*, instead of shrinking from my touch—rejecting my companionship."

"The book opened of itself at that place!" Roy was thinking at that moment. He had been to the sitting-room for the volume, carried it into the library, and re-read the poem again and yet again, detecting what he imagined was a tear blister on the second page. "What can I do? What course is left to me save that which I am pursuing? Am I still odious to her?"

The girl at the spring smiled down upon him from the wall; seemed to hold out the green leaf-cup for his acceptance. He could see the glisten of the water upon it; fancy that he heard in the stillness the tinkle of the bright beads as they fell into the basin. The eyes that gave back her look were very patient, but just now it was a patience that had in it much of the weariness of hope deferred.

"I have put a cup of bitterness to your lips, my bird of beauty!" was his unselfish lament.

Mr. Wyllys "had builded better than he knew" that evening.

"I wouldn't be as cold-blooded as that woman, for all the gold of Golconda!" exclaimed Hester, before the steps of the Fordham cottage were cold from the touch of her Parisian gaiters.

"Maybe you mean diamonds," said her husband, curtly. "It is a safe plan not to use terms unless you are certain they are correct."

"Gold or diamonds, it makes no difference! I don't pick my words when I am out of patience. It's precious little she has of either commodity, I guess!" laughing spitefully.

"Take care of that rough place in the crossing," cautioned Wyllys, in a less acrimonious tone, thus reminded what store his spouse possessed of the valuables specified, and, by inevitable association of ideas, of his profitable investment.

"She frets me always!" continued the sweet creature, hanging, according to custom, basket-wise upon his arm. "This evening she was positively rude. How provokingly she laughed at that sweet piece you read so divinely that I was in tears all the way through. You meant it for her, I could see well enough, you smart, sly, creature! And it served her just right! I as good as told her she did not care a snap for her husband, before you came in. And she took it as coolly as if I had paid her a compliment. It is *awful* what seared consciences some people have. I take to myself the credit of having seen through her from the beginning, when that horrid old matchmaker, Mrs. Baxter, who always puts me in mind of a grinning hyena, was trying to put her off on you. As if you would have married a girl who was next door to a beggar! What is it, petty?"

"I trod on a pebble!"

He had almost flung her arms from their hold. For he remembered the story he had told Jessie in the conservatory, of the woman who was married for her money, and gloried in it.

"What a pity!" gabbled his owner. "I am morally certain that she married Mr. Fordham, poor fellow! to get a home. If that isn't disgustingly immoral—a perfect sale of one's self in the shambles, as you may say, I don't know what is. To be sure, your cousin is one of the very quiet, non-exacting kind, and I *hope* doesn't suffer as you would, darling love, if she were your wife!" pinching his arm with her claw-like fingers. "For you and I are *such* turtles, dearie!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

SPRING was forward in Hamilton that year. Mrs. Baxter, walking on the presidential portico at noon of a bright day in the third week of April, complimented the extraordinary benignity of that usually coy month, by sporting the first white dress of the season.

A knot of irreverent students collected about the window of one of the college dormitories, catching glimpses of her snowy draperies fluttering from pillar to pillar of the porch, made merry over profane pleasantries, touching "flourishing almond trees" and "antique angels."

"Wonder if she wears that red flannel night-cap to ward off the rheumatism!" said one, directing his puny arrow of wit at the "individualizing" scarlet scarf, now wound into a turban about her classic head, the silken fringes sweeping her shoulder.

"It is a piratical flag!" rejoined another. "And there! she is signalling some poor wretch on to his doom!"

The Lady President had waved her handkerchief to some one in or near the college, and halted at the top of the front steps to receive him.

"Who is the latest victim?" asked those in the rear



of the party, as the foremost craned his neck to peer upon the campus.

"One who is able to take care of himself," was the response. "No less a personage than his Royal Highness."

This *sobriquet*, let me explain, was applied to Professor Fordham in no unkind or depreciatory spirit by his classes. Originally intended as a play upon his Christian name, it grew into popular esteem as descriptive of their pride in his manly carriage and knightly demeanour. The quintette at the window watched him with interest and admiration now, as he strode along the gravelled avenue leading to the President's house.

"He would march up to the cannon's mouth in the same style," commented the chief speaker. "Did you ever see better shoulders?"

"Did you ever see a better *man*?" interrogated the fifth of the group—a grave senior, who had not spoken before.

And to the honour of the watchers, as of the watched, be it recorded, that a hearty acquiescence in his verdict followed the question.

The goodly man found abundant favour, likewise, in Mrs. Baxter's eyes, as she invited him to enter her abode.

"Will you walk into my parlour?"  
Said the spider to the fly,"

sang one of the graceless rascals in the dormitory, as a commentary upon the, to them, dumb show.

It was to Fordham anything but dumb. Mrs. Baxter was excruciatingly voluble in excusing herself for "what you must, I am certain, regard as an unparalleled liberty, my dear Professor!" she continued, when he was seated.

"I am gratefully at your service whenever you can make use of me, madam," was the reply, which was more sincere than professions of the kind usually are.

Mrs. Baxter's genuine love for her young cousin, and her numberless acts of neighbourly kindness, had greatly endeared her to Jessie's husband. Her peculiarities of manner and phraseology weighed nothing with him when compared with her sound principles and generous heart.

"Thank you! I knew I might make the venture with you! My own mind being ill at ease, I could not resist the impulse to waylay you and unburden"—making as though she would clutch her heart, then sprawling both hands, her arms widely divergent lines from her heaving bust—"unburden myself to you, as the person most likely to sympathize with and ameliorate my anxieties—I had nearly said my maternal anxieties. And, indeed, Mr. Fordham, I could scarcely love your dear wife more if she were, in truth, my child. Dear to me, as the representative of the beloved friend of my youth, she has enhanced that partiality a thousandfold by her own worth and loveliness. This is my apology—this and the solicitude to which I have referred, for what may appear to you indelicate interference with your domestic affairs."

The polite interest with which her auditor had received her prefatory remarks was supplanted by uneasiness, instant and intense, as he perceived the drift of her speech. He had made a motion to rise when the words "your dear wife" passed her writhing lips.

She hindered him with outstretched hands.

"Not that there is any cause for new and immediate alarm," she hastened to assure him. "But I was in to see her this morning. She keeps bravely up when you are at home, I dare say."

"She never complains. I have had my apprehensions that the untimely heat of the weather has been prejudicial to her strength. Her appetite is variable, and she is paler than she was in the winter, but I attributed——"

"Yes, of course!" interrupted Mrs. Baxter. Once bent upon a harangue, she was about as easily checked as a Yellowstone geyser in full play. "I am not surprised that your fears have not been awakened. I taxed her to-day with having deceived you as to the extent of her lassitude and depression. I surprised her lying on the sofa in her room, with the traces of fresh and copious tears upon her cheeks. She tried to laugh me out of my fears by talk of nervousness and hysteria, and would doubtless have succeeded, such are her spirit and address—but, Mr. Fordham, her precise likeness in look and manner at that moment to her sainted mother sent a poignant fear through my soul! Far be it from me to censure the dead, but I have always maintained—I shall ever believe that my precious Ginevra's life might have been spared—prolonged for years—had her husband conferred with those who were conversant with her idiosyncracies—spiritual and physical. Although—I will reveal to you, my dear sir, under the seal of a secrecy you will see the expediency of respecting, what I have never lisped to her daughter, or even to the best of husbands and men, Dr. Baxter. My cousin, Ginevra, carried a blighted heart to Dundee when she went thither as Mr. Kirke's bride. An unfortunate misunderstanding had alienated her from one to whom her girlish affections were given. It is needless to enter into particulars. It is enough to say that they had loved and they were parted. She had not seen or heard from him for two years, most of which time she had passed abroad; indeed, she believed him to be the husband of another when she accepted Mr. Kirke. I own to you that my instinct and my reason opposed this fatal step. I expostulated with her.

"Jane!" said she (you can imagine how Jessie would utter it!) 'say no more. My resolution is taken. This is a good man, and he loves me! In this union I shall—I may find rest, quiet, and, in some measure, peace. I have been storm-tossed until I have no strength left for struggling!'

"Upon the eve of her marriage, the man whom she loved returned and sought an interview. I was with her in her chamber when his card, requesting this favour, was handed her. At sight of the familiar characters the buried love sprang up alive, strong, importunate! It was

a fearful scene—that resurrection! What should she have done?"

"Confessed all to her promised husband!" came low and sternly from the man's heart. "He would have resigned her to her lover without a word of blame. I knew Mr. Kirke well. I do not speak unadvisedly."

"Such was my counsel. But she would not heed it. She refused to look again upon the face of him whose heart was breaking with love and vain regrets, and went right on to her bridal. And her daughter, if subjected to a like test, would act as she did."

"You say that Jessie is not well?" said Roy, shortly.

There were limits to his fortitude. He could not hear other lips tell what would be Jessie's action were an abhorrent marriage forced upon her by conscience or honour.

"In my estimation, she is very *far*"—arms again divergent—"very far from well, even taking into consideration the provocatives to languor you alluded to, just now. Furthermore—and again let me *beg* you to receive this intimation in the spirit in which I offer it!—furthermore, she is homesick for Dundee and her sister. I adverted to them casually to assure myself that my views on this point were correct, and her eyes filled again directly.

"I had hoped to see Euna this month," she said, "but the change in the college vacation, abolishing the intermediate, and making one long term instead of two short ones, has prevented it."

"But when I remarked, 'I wish Eunice could pay you a visit, were it only from Saturday to Monday!'" the loyal wife (such a staunch advocate as you have in her, Mr. Fordham!) took alarm.

"Indeed, Cousin Jane, no one could take kinder care of me than Roy does!" she said, warmly. "He spoils and pets me beyond reason, and when he is in the house, I desire no other society."

"But, my precious girl!" I remonstrated; "he cannot be with you all the time!"

"I wish you had seen the smile with which she replied, 'Ah! but I have the memory of his goodness to live on in his absence!'"

"She is true and fond, Mr. Fordham! Nevertheless, she does need change of air and scene. Her mother pined herself into an untimely grave in her longing for a sight of her old home and the faces of beloved ones."

Roy was silent; his eyes downcast, his lips whitening with the pressure this story had brought to bear upon him. It was not so much the consciousness that, in sending his wife away, he would rob his life of repression and self-denial of the little sunshine left to it, as the thought that she was sickening of his companionship—could not live and grow in his shadow. This was the naked truth, disguise it as she might from her cousin—deny it to herself as she probably did. In every point of Mrs. Baxter's description he recognized this terrible sense of bondage, crushing spirit and life; heard, even in her tribute to his

loving watchfulness over her health and bodily comfort, the plaint embodied in the poem he had learned by heart:

"Like a chained thing, caressed  
By the hand it knows the best,  
By the hand which, day by day,  
Visits its imprisoned stay,  
Bringing gifts of fruit and blossom  
From the green earth's plenteous bosom  
All but that for which it pines,  
In these narrow, close confines,  
With a sad and ceaseless sigh,—  
Wild and winged Liberty!"

With a deep inspiration which was the farewell to more hopeful dreams than he knew, until then, he had nursed, he collected his senses to reply.

"It was my intention to take Jessie to Dundee in June, at the beginning of my vacation. She set the time herself—I can see, now, in compliance with what she believed were my wishes. But she shall go at once. I thank you for your more than friendly concern for her, your frank dealing with me."

He arose to go. The lady scanned his face somewhat uneasily. There was something there that foiled her penetration.

"You understand, my dear sir, that *nothing* would have tempted me to intermeddle in this affair, were the case precisely what you have supposed. But there is an undercurrent, Mr. Fordham, the effect of which I can trace, that seriously complicates anything like hysterical depression. And loving the child as we do, as every one does, it behoves us to watch her warily, minister to her intelligently as tenderly. The affection between the sisters is unusually strong, and we should remember that the dear lamb has known no other mother."

"I have offered, several times during the winter, to take her to visit Eunice. We were to have gone at Christmas, but Jessie had a severe cold that confined her to the house a fortnight."

"I remember! To be *quite* sincere with you—not that I consider it a dangerous symptom—but I *wish* she were rid of that little hacking cough. She makes light of it. Says it is nervous, or from the stomach. But I do not like it!"

She attended him to the portico, disclaiming, cautioning, and thanking him, gesticulating through it all—as the wickedest of the wicked quintette of observers had it—"like a lunatic windmill." They espied no change in the Professor's gait or air. He walked firmly, head erect and countenance composed. And their distance from him was too great to allow them to note the want of colour in his complexion.

He entered his own house more slowly than he had trodden the pavement. Jessie had fallen into the habit common to wives who hail their husbands' return as cheering events, of meeting him in the hall, sometimes at the front door. She appeared from the sitting-room, while he was hanging up his hat and dusting his boots.

He was particular in all that pertained to personal neatness.

"Your step sounds weary," she said. "It is very warm, really debilitating, to-day—is it not?"

During his brief answer he surveyed her narrowly, the dread that had been gnawing his heart all the way home sharpening his vision in the search for signs of debility and disease.

She, too, wore a white dress, but a black grenadine shawl was folded over her chest, and Roy's eye rested aghast upon the thin hand that held it together. What had he been thinking of not to discern the inroads of the destroyer in this, and in the finer oval of her face; in the slight cough that succeeded her question, and the hurried breathing he could hear in approaching her? If his awakening should have come too late!

"I believe I have the Spring fever," he said, affecting to suppress a yawn. "This weather puts one in mind of country delights; makes him crave the smell of the freshly upturned earth, and the sight of green and growing things."

"Then take a look at my conservatory," she returned, playfully, leading the way to the open bay-window.

The sill, without and within, was crowded with plants. She had been at work among them for an hour, and they were in their freshest trim. The pruning-scissors lay upon the shelf, and, taking them up, she clipped a sprig of heliotrope, another of mignonette, a rose bud, and a bit of citron-aloes, bound them together with silk from her work-basket, and offered them smilingly.

"Thank you. They are very sweet, very beautiful! How does the jessamine thrive?"

"Not so well as it should—ungrateful little thing!" touching the leaves of a stunted vine which was honoured with a china flower-pot and the sunniest stand in the window. "I am afraid it cannot flourish in this high latitude. It needs warmer earth, less fitful sunshine. Or, it may be, that I am killing it with kindness," she added, shaking her head pensively.

Roy detected another meaning in her thoughtfulness. Ungenial influences, unwelcome assiduity of attention, were sapping her vitality, and the analogy between her lot and that of her fading favourite was wearing upon her imagination.

"We will try again."

He had to clear his throat before he could speak. Jessie smiled slightly, with no misgiving of the communication that awaited her. She even stooped to pick off a few withered leaves that had previously escaped her notice. The two were side by side within the recess; so near together that the warm breeze blew the light folds of the wife's dress over the husband's arm; but she recked no more of the wretchedness kept down by his strong will than if a thousand leagues of ocean divided them.

"I have been thinking seriously all the way home of taking you to Dundee, and leaving you in Eunice's charge for a time," continued Roy, presently. "You are not so

rosy and light-footed here as you were among the mountains. And the sudden variations of our climate affect the human Jessamine also! You should have a change, and without delay."

"I am very well—entirely contented!" she interposed, reddening vividly.

"You are kind to say so!" gratefully, "But there are other reasons why you should anticipate the date originally set for your visit to your old home. Eunice has been very self-denying and patient, and she should have her reward. While you are regaining health and strength, winning back your lost roses, you can accumulate a plentiful supply of seeds and roots of all descriptions, besides studying floriculture with your sister—if it be true, as you would make me believe, that she excels you in skill. For in your absence I shall have a real conservatory built back of this room, and our long-talked-of oriel run out here."

Jessie made a desperate effort to jest away the discussion.

"Oh! as to the oriel, I have quite abandoned the project since Mrs. Wyllys told me—having learned from the Provosts that we meditated something of the sort—that oriels had 'gone out entirely; that no stylish house nowadays is disfigured by them.' The only thing resembling the obsolete excrescences that would be admitted into a modern 'establishment' is a mullioned window, my good sir! I should never hold up my head in Hamilton again if I were to offend so boldly against the rules of art governing the best society!"

The toss of her head and her tones were Mrs. Orrin's to the life. But Roy had hard work to smile. In his state of mind, badinage was like jesting over a death-bed.

"Mrs. Wyllys must look the other way, then—at the majestic proportions of her cupola, if she likes, for the oriel is to be a fact next month. The work will be better done if I am on the ground to oversee operations, and it would not be pleasant for you to remain in the house while it is in confusion, not to mention the risk of taking cold from the damp walls and the open room, while the wall is down. It will be a convenience all around, you see."

"If you really think that I will be in the way——"

"I did not say that!" The correction was so prompt as to sound sharp. "But my judgment tells me that the plan I suggest is the best for both of us. My mind will be easier with regard to you if you are safe and happy in Eunice's care."

Jessie had turned her face quite away, and seemed to be gazing at some object in the street.

"I see!" she said, finally. "When do you wish me to go!"

"Whenever it suits your convenience. If you desire my escort, we had best leave Hamilton on Saturday of this or the next week."

"I can travel alone easily if it is not convenient for you to leave your classes. If you go on Saturday you

lose Monday also. This is Tuesday. I can be ready by Thursday morning. If the change be as needful as you suppose, the sooner it is made the better. As to an escort, a lady needs none when there is no change of cars."

Roy pinched the succulent stems of his flowers until the perfume was hot and sickly. How impatient she was to be gone! She had gasped when he opened the door of escape from her cage, as if she already saw "wild and wingéd liberty" beyond.

"You do not think it necessary to notify Eunice of your coming then?" he inquired.

"You can telegraph on Thursday morning, when you are fairly rid of me. Euna is always at home, and always ready and glad to see me. My visit will make her very happy."

The rising tears broke through her assumed lightness. She struggled to drive them back, and failing, walked abruptly from the room.

And thus the question was settled.

Jessie began to pack that afternoon; working so diligently as to be wan and appetiteless by supper-time. Fanny Provost and her betrothed, Lieutenant Averill, who was in Hamilton on furlough, called in the evening. Warren Provost and Selina Bradley came in afterward, and the hostess revived visibly in their society. Her eyes and colour were brilliant; her laugh ready; her repartee pointed and felicitous. The young people, regretting the near prospect of her departure, fell to rallying her upon her partiality for country life, and she defended the preference with spirit. Then, at Fanny's earnest request, she told the authentic legend of Dundee and "auld Davie," appearing to forget herself and her slavery (thought Roy), in her enthusiasm.

"The women fought too!" ejaculated Selina, when it was finished. "They were made of different stuff from me, or any other young lady of this generation that I know. I go into convulsions at the sight of an empty gun."

"They were warring for home and freedom!" rejoined Jessie. "To avoid captivity I would fight in the open field in the ranks. And so would you. But the love of liberty is oftener a passion with us mountaineers than with lowlanders."

She caught her breath strangely—something between a sob and a laugh—which she tried to cover with a cough.

"A sad and ceaseless sigh!"

repeated the haunting demon in Roy's heart.

The hilarious talk went on, unchecked by his occasional fits of abstraction. Jessie was like another being in the anticipation of liberation.

"Heartlessly cheerful!" said Selina, with her usual aptitude for making unlucky observations.

"One would think you two were tired of each other already!" she subjoined. "And you haven't been married more than half a year! I shall tell this to papa. He raved over your mutual attachment and your devoted attentions to Mr. Fordham when he was sick, Jessie!"

"Say, at the same time, that she does not go of her own accord," said Roy, "but because I try to be as careful of her health as she was of mine. Although, if you had ever visited Dundee, you would not be scandalized by her desire to revisit it."

Fanny, observing Jessie's quick, hot flush and averted eyes, and divining that something was ajar, came to the relief of the hardly pressed couple.

"Did Jessie ever tell you, Mr. Fordham," she said, in her liveliest tone, "of the astounding poetical effort put forth by her admirer, Mr. Lowndes, the rich student, they used to call him, entitled, 'Jessie the flower o' Dundee'! The graceless youths of his class set it to the good old Scotch tune of that name. It was in a different metre—very uncommon, I believe, and the fun of the joke was in fitting the words in, after the manner of 'Ancient Uncle Edward.' I will get you a copy, and Warren here shall teach you how to sing it."

## BEYOND THE STARS.

THERE is a place, the great star-gazers say,  
In distant space wherein is always light;  
No shadow falls there, darkness is unknown,  
There time is not, where is no day or night;  
Unchanging, steadfast, glowing, it exists  
Far, far beyond unnumbered stars unseen,  
A luminous sea too bright for eyes of flesh,  
That only Thought can reach of things terrene!  
Oh, is it there they go who leave this earth,  
Our loved and lost, winging a flight sublime  
'Mid shining worlds, and o'er the paths of suns,  
Into the glory of that cloudless clime?  
What wonders there are hidden? Shall the sight,  
Obscured by earth, with vision clear behold  
What here was dim? Learn life is but a veil  
Interior brightness briefly to enfold?

Why fret we then, o'er unaccomplished aims?  
Why grieve for opportunity ungained?  
Why mourn o'er limits to the soul's pursuits?  
Why weep o'er gifts by circumstance restrained?  
In that illumined peace, that boundless depth  
Of timeless lustre, finites disappear,  
And infinite development of power  
May bless for ever in that shining sphere!  
And still beyond, oh, still beyond this light  
Some unimagined splendour there may be,  
Some glory that unto this radiance seems  
As noon to darkness here! O mystery  
Of unconceived creation! Shall we grow  
Through immortality in worth and grace  
To suit such grander realm, till life shall glow  
Fit loveliness in each supernal place?



## WOMEN AND MUSIC.

AMONG the Fine Arts, it would probably be a difficult matter to find one more eminently fitted for woman's capacity and study than music (a fact clearly borne out by the prominence she already holds in this over any of the other arts), or one with which she is so closely allied as with this. The history of all ages and nations shows her inseparably connected with that apparent necessity of existence which each nation regards, or has regarded, as its music, whether these be civilized or barbarian races of mankind; and it would indeed be hard, perhaps impossible, to sever the tie, or to think of music without the aid and presence of the other, even did we wish to do so.

At first glance, then, it would seem that woman has held her own with this art; though, upon a more attentive examination, it will be found that, in a sphere eminently fitted for her, and for which Nature has richly endowed her with points of advantage denied to man, she has failed in an enormous degree to make anything like the progress she is capable of, and which is so completely within her grasp. How this has come to pass, even to the present day, it is hard to conceive. Her progressive policy is carrying her in every direction save the one most suited for her, which man monopolizes.

Music is a field that could, and should, be most successfully worked by women. It is an art and calling far more consistent with the character and qualities of women than of men—the latter, comparatively speaking, so naturally inferior in the higher qualities. Truth, purity, tenderness, simplicity, and such like virtues, are akin to music, and these are found highly perfected in woman; hence her fitness to transfuse them in the art.

Physically speaking, there is not the least obstacle in the way. Its following calls for no more amount of physical power than a healthy woman naturally possesses, so that no fair objection could be raised on this score; indeed, it must be acknowledged that, in this respect, she has the advantage of man. Her fine, long hand and pliant, lissom fingers, her easy and flexible wrist—all essential aids to brilliant execution—would be of inestimable service in many branches of the art, to acquire which, and to keep in perfection, demands with man an enormous amount of regular practice. Again, the susceptibility of woman's nature is far greater than that of man, while the exquisite *finesse* of her whole frame would assist her materially in this art. The gradations of tone, too, would be far more perceptible to a trained female's ear.

Notwithstanding all this, however, woman has as yet

done very little with music, compared with all that she might do; and nothing more has she done than she has been driven to do. Man, the lord of the creation, from the beginning till now, has desired music for his pleasure and satisfaction, and woman has been called upon to furnish him with this necessity. Hence it is that, in all ages and nations, she has been so directly associated with music—not by reason of her own exertions, but by sheer desire to satisfy her lord's cravings. In support of this, one has only to refer to the accounts of travellers, who all agree in this servile part which, in many foreign countries, woman plays in respect to music, even to this day. With the ancients it appears to have been much the same. The discoveries of tombs, slabs, and monuments prove this. Women, far more frequently than men, are depicted playing on all the then existing instruments—the *kinnor*, the *netel*, the *kissar*, the *toph*, the *shophar*, the *azor*, and many others. From this are we to make the deduction that woman was more expert and proficient in the art, such as it was, than man? Hardly this; for if so, why has her expertness and proficiency retrograded? Where are the recorded names of any great female musicians, or of women inventors of instruments? More probable is it that she was driven to associate herself with it, especially in times of war, in the absence of her ability to do more. Had she been allowed to follow it, more for her own pleasure and amusement, more as a peaceful accomplishment than an incentive to war, to have made it more consonant to her own nature, to have been less a slave to it, her position in respect to music now must have been totally different from what it is. This, however, has not been the case, and woman has grown to disregard an art she might adorn.

On the past, however, it is useless to dwell. There is a future, a bright one too, which holds out brilliant prospects to woman if she will but bring herself to see how much more she can accomplish in the vast arena of this art. The field is boundless, the directions varied and interesting, bestrewn by the way with odorous flowers breathing more and more beautiful and exotic perfumes to entice her along the road.

Of the first direction open to her, we shall say but little against woman. It is the vocal—had it not been for which, she would have held a far less exalted position in regard to music than she now occupies; in fact, no place at all could be assigned her. Happily, however, this has not been the case. Here she has shone splendidly; and she will do enough in this branch of the art, if she will but continue her past glorious career, and leave a host

of Malibran's, Catalanis, Sontags, Grisis, Titiens, Pattis, and a host of others, for future historians to look back upon. What visions such names bring! Where is the woman who needs more fame, admiration, more of everything, in fact, than these names command—names which reach the furthestmost corners of the earth, where those of kings and princes are neither heard nor thought of. This must still be the first and foremost direction for woman to look. It is one absolutely her own to the end of time. No man can wrench it from her, or encroach upon her ground. Its distinctive quality for ever effectually bars him from associating his name with it. For these reasons, therefore, every moment of time that can be spared should be devoted to the cultivation of her singing voice.

As instrumentalists, another road women can take. Here is a splendid branch of the art for her to turn to, and one in which she can, if she wishes it, gain equally as brilliant laurels as she has in the first one referred to. What reason is there that she should not associate herself largely with this branch? Where is she unfitted for it? What instrument cannot she be taught to play? With one exception, the pianoforte, the whole of this wide field has been nearly neglected. Surely, before long, they themselves will see the error of this, and remove so vast a defect; for in no one's hands does the remedy lie but in their own. With the pianoforte they have made a very respectable place, but not so good an one as they easily might, considering their natural advantages. Mesdames Schumann, Essipoff, and Goddard are probably the foremost of living female pianistes, but neither of these are up to the standard of Bulow or Halle. Nevertheless, would that we had more than three in the list of such perfection as these talented ladies! Below the standard of these artists, among what may be called second-rate pianists, it would be no long task to cite their names, so few are they. However, we will not now stay here, but proceed to ask why the study of other instruments has been so much neglected. Why have the organ and harmonium, both instruments she could well manage and excel upon, been neglected? Thus with keyed instruments it must be acknowledged she has done too little; but when we come to "strings," where does she vanish? What is the obstacle here? Why have all classes of stringed instruments been so carefully avoided by woman? Are they beyond her reach, too difficult to manage, or totally unfitted for her? If so, how about Madame Norman-Neruda, and Mdle. Vittorine de Bono, whom all readers of this probably have heard? Does the violin seem out of place under the magic bow of Madame Neruda? Does she, as a woman, ask for or receive any allowance from her audience before commencing a solo? Is she anything save one of the foremost of living violinists, male or female? No.

Seeing, then, what woman can do with so difficult an instrument as the violin, surely we cannot be wrong in premising that she can attain equally as high a place with

the viola, the violoncello, and the double-bass; and before long we sincerely hope to see this realized. Other instruments—the flute, oboe, clarinet, and the whole of the brass family—we admit, offer but little inducements to her to take up; but if ever it should happen that some ingenious device is hit upon to moderate the labour, instruments like the cornet, horn, etc., demand, no possible objection could be raised against her adopting either of them to study. Such an idea might have appeared monstrous but for events of late. That high barrier to progress—prejudice, received a serious shock when the Lady Orchestra from Vienna was here. The recent performances of the Dames Viennoises clearly prove that nothing disagreeable or very novel connects itself with a female orchestra, and, moreover, that a high degree of perfection can be reached by one. These ladies performed with remarkable taste and precision, and produced some charming effects, in spite of the evident inferiority of their instruments. Besides strings, there was one bassoon and oboe, one clarinet, two flutes, cymbals, and drums, in this much-to-be-admired combination of feminine skill. It is proof positive that women can do more as instrumentalists if they really have a desire to.\*

Thirdly, another direction women fail to see open to them is that as composers. What has she achieved here? Simply nothing, beyond enough to justify us in more strongly urging the claims of this walk of the art on her notice. She has completely shut herself out from trying her strength here. Harmony and counterpoint, or even their rudiments, have never been regarded as a necessary part of a girl's education, even among the wealthy; hence the result. In these days of learning and advancement, however, this should not be the case much longer. Women should really devote themselves to this healthy and beautiful science, this seventh heaven of the art, and strive to contribute some worthy scores to the world's great *repertoire*. It can be done, and the reader is referred to her latest achievements at composition to prove this—works, by the by, which are by no means to be cried down as meaningless. Those specially referred to are, first, a Concerto in A, from the pen of Alice Mary Smith; "Evangeline," by Virginia Gabriel; and the many compositions by Miss Agnes Zimmerman—all of which, we can safely say, would not be unworthy the signature of any living male composer, whoever he may be. Selections from the Concerto have been performed at the Crystal Palace concerts, by the British Orchestral Society, and at the Norwich Festival of 1872; and at every hear-

\* Since writing the above, its author has witnessed in the London streets the performances of a brass band, the instrumentalists being all females. The skill and ease with which they played was astonishing. Such an addition to our street-music is not unwelcome, if only it gives an impetus to a more liberal adoption of the various members of the orchestra. Apart from this, frantic cornet-players and other brass instrumentalists may learn a wholesome lesson in witnessing the unassuming manner in which these girls and women play, and the *standards* they impart to their performances.

ing opinions were unanimous in its favour. Of "Evangeline" we may speak as high, while all are more or less acquainted with Miss Zimmerman's charming compositions. What further proof, then, need be given of woman's power to grasp this science? We hope to see harmony and counterpoint a recognized feature in the education of the daughters of the wealthy. What a fitting occupation it would open to them! There would be nothing *infra dig.* about it; nay, on the other hand, what admiration would not the possession of such an accomplishment command? In schools the rudiments of the science should be taught to boys and girls too, and then we should have more native talent.

As teachers, too, woman could find much to do upon properly qualifying herself in one of the branches indicated. It is not necessary to dwell upon her greater fitness to teach her own sex, the preference many girls

have to a lady teacher, if a good one can be found, and other equally plain reasons. We must conclude.

If the theories of some are upset by what has been said, generally it will be admitted that woman could follow music more than she now does, in every branch. We sincerely hope she will raise herself up here, and, before many years, have made a perceptible stride in the right direction. The National Training School for Music—when we get it!—should educate girls in *all* the branches of music, and not confine them alone to singing and the pianoforte. This will tend to unite the future relations of women and music. Still, the best and safest way to do a thing is to do it oneself; and woman had better continue her progressive policy in this direction, and then we may hope some day to see far closer relations than now exist between women and music.

C.

---

### SYLVIA'S LETTER.

---

IN the "Work-room" this month will be found many questions as to the shapes of jackets and bonnets for the coming season, and the general style of dress that will prevail. Though this information is always given in our letter from Paris, I may say a few words on the subject here, for the benefit of those who prefer to hear what will be worn in London to reading of what is worn in Paris. Sometimes there is much difference between the two, and it is quite possible to order a bonnet from Paris, and find that it is "nowhere" in the race of fashion.

Felt bonnets and hats will be the most fashionable this winter. The shapes vary very much. Some of the bonnets are very stiff and formal-looking in the hand. Others are of a pretty, long, oval shape, fitting closely to the back of the head. But invariably the trimmings are high in front and low at the back. Velvet, silk, lace, and feathers are the principal trimmings. Birds will be used more than flowers, which, with the exception of chrysanthemums and winter berries, are unseasonable. The undyed ostrich feathers, in brown and grey, are much used in trimming the brown and grey felt hats. Cream-coloured felt will be worn, but this will be reversed for occasions when a very handsome walking or driving costume is necessary.

The hat or bonnet must match the costume. If a brown beige dress is worn, let the hat be of brown felt. If a stone-coloured homespun, trimmed with brown, compose the dress, the hat should be of stone-coloured felt trimmed with brown, or of brown felt trimmed with stone-coloured silk or velvet. Some hats are made rever-

sible, so that by turning the back to the front, they may be worn as bonnets. This is a convenient style where economy has to be studied, and where a bonnet is necessary for church.

Silk or velvet forms the prettiest binding for felt hats, but sometimes a kind of braid or gimp is used that looks very well.

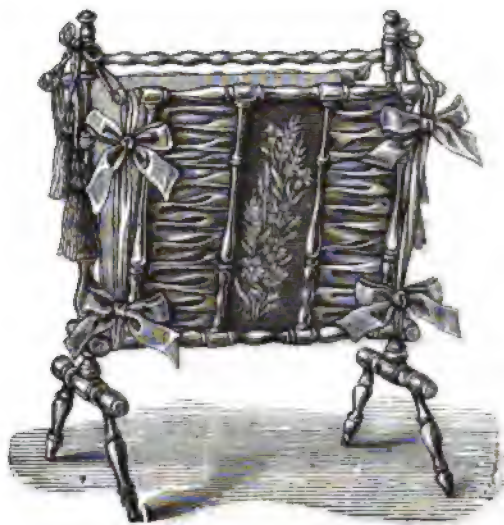
Dresses are worn still tied back. Tabliers are not so long as they were, and there is an indication of a return to the tunic style. The over-skirt is long at the back, slightly draped, but not bunched up. The ends fall over the train, and the favourite trimming seems to be tape fringe. There could scarcely be a prettier or more graceful trimming than fringe, and the wavy tape fringe looks pretty on any material. The colours for next season are extremely dark, almost black. Dark purple, dark blue, dark green, and deep claret, look like black in the shade, and only show the colour in a side light. The effect is very handsome, especially in silk, velvet, or velveteen. When the bonnet or hat is made to match, these costumes are infinitely ladylike and becoming, if a trifle sombre.

Jackets will be worn long; in fact, they are paletots. Cloth will be much used for them, and the favourite shape seems to be tight at the back and with loose fronts. Fur is the principal trimming—all the varieties of fox, beaver, otter, and sable. Sealskin jackets will not be worn, but yield the *pas* to silk or cashmere lined with squirrel, and trimmed with fur or not, at will. The long circular cloaks of silk or cashmere lined with squirrel will be very fashionable again this winter. They are expensive, but

extremely comfortable, and not too heavy to be worn when walking.

It is very difficult to combine lightness with warmth in our winter costume. One is too apt to suppose that a material must be warm because it is thick, but very often superior warmth may be found in a light material which is all wool or silk. The eider-down quilts and skirts are simply invaluable as being at once warm and light. For comfort and health they are equally to be recommended. I hope to return to this subject in my next letter.

Apropos of warm clothing, I may revert for a few moments to the comfortable garments for winter wear produced by MESSRS. SKINNER, 1, Cox's Court, Little Britain. These are the Albani Saxony flannel vests, knickerbockers, and petticoats. They are made in two qualities, in white and scarlet. The best quality is in a superior flannel, thoroughly shrunk, and the lower quality from a medium flannel. They are all embroidered. The knickerbockers and petticoats are made both with plain



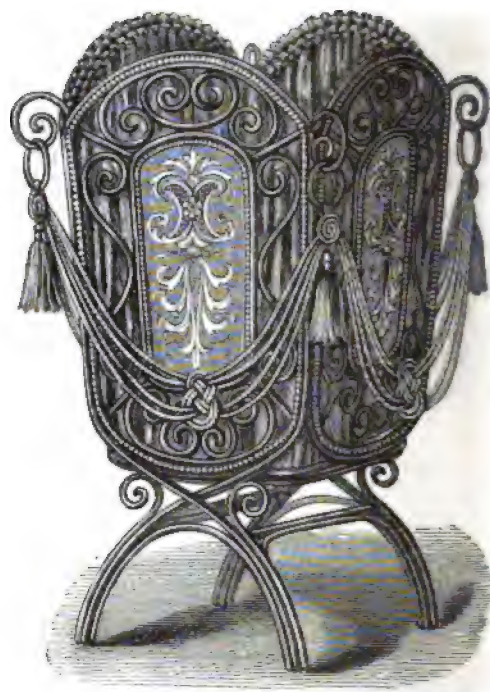
NEWSPAPER FOLIO.

and shaped bands. Messrs. Skinner's Albani specialties resemble home-made goods. They are neatly finished, full sized, and really well made, the cut and finish being especially studied. The tournures of this well-known firm for the coming season are designed to throw the skirt out at the back only. The Bohemian, the Half-Dudley, the Dudley, and the Sunderland are made in a superior camlet. The Dudley model is made with three partitions, and can be made larger or smaller in either part to suit the wearer—a very ingenious idea.

I have been requested to mention that during the rebuilding of 308, High Holborn, MR. EDWARD TANN will carry on his paper collar business at 114, High Holborn, close to Southampton Row.

We shall soon begin to make our Christmas presents a subject for consideration. Those who like to put their own work on their presents must commence them in

good time. It is sometimes difficult to think of suitable presents for brothers, fathers, and other gentlemen friends.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

so I give illustrations of a few useful and pretty articles that may be approved of. The first is a newspaper folio,



CARD-RACK.

for keeping a file of newspapers. It is very difficult to keep newspapers and magazines tidily until they are ready



for binding, so these folios are found extremely useful. The stand of gilt cane is fifteen inches high, and eighteen broad. The folio is opened and closed by means of cord and tassels of blue wool and silk, and is ornamented in the centre by a strip of embroidery on black satin. The cornflowers are worked in satin stitch with three shades of blue purse silk, the wheat-ears with gold thread and maize purse silk. The leaves, grasses, and stems are worked with green shaded silk, partly in satin stitch and partly in point russe. The embroidery has on each side crossway puffings of blue satin. Lining and bows of blue satin.

The next is a pretty waste-paper basket, the framework of which is of polished black cane, ornamented with gold studs. This frame is lined with folds of dark green taffetas, and has four panels of cardboard, covered with green cloth, on each of which is worked a design

with gold thread and green purse silk in satin and over-cast stitch. Round the inner edge of the basket is a box pleating of green taffetas, and through the cane ring on each side is passed green silk cord, which is looped up here and there with tassels.

This dainty card-rack may be entirely made at home by those who have a taste for carving in wood. It is carved in common wood, and then stained brown. It has three partitions for the reception of the cards. The lower part of the case has a needle cushion attached, of which the cover is embroidered on brown taffetas in point russe with yellow purse silk. The cushion itself is filled with emery, and edged round with brown silk cord arranged into a bow at the top, and finished off with four tassels of brown silk.

We hope to give some other pretty designs in our December number.

SYLVIA.

## LAVENDER.

HOW prone we are to hide and hoard  
Each little token love has stored,  
To tell of happy hours;  
We lay aside with tender care  
A tattered book, a curl of hair,  
A bunch of faded flowers.

When death has led with pulseless hand  
Our darlings to the silent land,  
A while we sit bare oft,  
But time goes on; anon we rise,  
Our dead being buried from our eyes,  
We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sang,  
The little flute whose music rang  
So cheerily of old;  
The pictures we have watched them paint,  
The last-plucked flower, with odour faint,  
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverent care  
The robes they, living, used to wear;  
And painful pulses stir,  
As o'er the relics of our dead,  
With bitter rain of tears, we spread  
Pale purple lavender.

And when we come in after years,  
With only tender April tears  
On cheeks once white with care,  
To look at treasures put away  
Despairing on that far-off day,  
A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gathered them,  
These fragrant flowers—now every stem  
Is bare of all its bloom.  
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here,  
To lend our relics sacred, dear,  
Their beautiful perfume.

That scent abides on book and lute,  
On curl and flower, and with its mute  
But eloquent appeal,  
It wins from us a deeper sob  
For our lost dead—a sharper throb  
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the long ago,  
Its love, its loss, its aching woe,  
And buried sorrows stir;  
And tears like those we shed of old  
Roll down our cheeks as we behold  
Our faded lavender.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WE have already spoken at some length of the fancy materials which are the novelties of the season. We said they were extremely pretty and varied, but we must add that plain, self-coloured materials possess no less than figured, matelassé or

beautiful of all woollen tissues. However tempting the new and stylish fancy materials of the season may appear, the self-coloured have the great advantage of being quiet and ladylike, and also that of being not only more durable in texture, but also more likely to



623.—CHAPEAU "MASANIELLO."

MADAME DE TOUR will supply these Bonnets at a reasonable price.

This pretty and fanciful coiffure owes its name rather to the trimming than to the shape. The bonnet itself is merely a slight modification of the "Pamela," trimmed with a triangular scarf of netted purse silk; in the original a rich maize colour, the scarf is edged with knotted silk fringe of the same colour, and arranged on the bonnet as shown in the illustration. Below the brim a strap of black velvet, on which is a half wreath of daisies. The same flowers are introduced in clusters, and falling sprays on echarpe above the brim and at back.

brocaded fabrics the favour of ladies of elegance. Cloth, merino, and cashmere are still preferred by a large number of them for winter toilets. Indian cashmere especially, for it well deserves its reputation of being the most durable, softest, and altogether most

continue in the fashion, while more fanciful fabrics are but the caprice of a season.

Indian cashmere can be had in all shades of colour, and is equally suitable for walking or indoor costumes, robes de chambre, children's frocks, visiting toilets.

and even for evening dresses if selected of light tints, such as cream, pearl-grey, pale blue, or rose-colour. There are various qualities of Indian cashmere, that of fine texture is more especially appropriate for draperies over velvet or faille skirts, and tunics for home wear either in the *Moyenage* or *polonaise* style, and also for morning dresses in the *Watteau* or *Princesse* style which are lined throughout with quilted silk. The stronger quality, called double cashmere, as

match. We will now give the description of some very new and tasteful mantles which we were shown at the *Grand Magasin du Louvre*.

First an ample, loose plisse of black *poult de soie*, entirely lined with fur, the side-pieces forming wide sleeves. A handsome and very deep border of silvery Siberian fur, all round the outline, and a *passementerie* trimming with silk and silver cord upon the upper part, on the back and fronts. This is a most



624.—BONNET OF CLAY-COLOURED FELT.

Bonnet of clay-coloured felt, with raised brim lined with brown velvet. Bows of velvet and pale yellow asters rest upon the hair. Ostrich feathers of the same shade as the velvet, grosgrain ribbon of a paler tint than the felt, ecru coloured lace, and a spray of asters at the back, complete the trimming.

thick and durable as this cloth, and much warmer, composes charming *Princesse* dresses, looped up over a velvet skirt. Tunics of this style are often finely braided with silk *soutache*, combined with gold or silver. Nothing can be more elegant for a dinner or evening toilet than such a tunic of some pretty light shade of colour, and richly braided; it should be slightly draped up on one side with a silk and gold cord, and tassels suspending a reticule bag of embroidered velvet or faille, and edged round with a handsome fringe to

handsome and comfortable mantle for driving to the bois or to pay visits on a cold day.

Next we admired a velvet *paletot* trimmed round with a border of curled black ostrich feathers, forming a heading to a deep edging of black silk guipure lace. The trimming is finished upon the fronts and sleeves, with wide bows of black grosgrain ribbon. A long ornament of rich silk *passementerie* is placed down the middle of the back, and terminates in a wide bow of ribbon.

Another velvet mantle, of a small shape, is fitted to the waist at the back, and loose in front. It is trimmed with a deep border of long-haired skunk's fur, above which runs a handsome pattern of silk passementerie. A fourragère of silk cord is placed across the left side, and droops in a number of large passementerie tassels over the sleeve. Wide sleeves, trimmed with fur, and lined, as well as the rest of the garment, with slightly-quilted silk.

A third black velvet mantle is also fitted to the back, but with the fronts much longer, and Dolman-shaped sleeves. It is trimmed with wide natté, black silk braid, edged on either side with narrow black marabout fringe put on lengthways, and finished with a pretty fringe of fluffy silk balls, and a deep border of black silk guipure.

A tunic mantle of black Sicilienne is cut in the *Princesse* shape, buttoned all the way down in front, and trimmed with very rich open-work, passementerie, and black silk guipure. Large *aumonière* pockets are placed upon the fronts, and trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon. They are gathered up at the top under the bow. A passementerie ornament, placed in the middle of the back, falls to the waist. Coat sleeves, with deep *parements*, trimmed with passementerie and lace, and a large bow of ribbon. This model is also made of black velvet, and is most elegant to wear over a coloured silk dress.

In cloth mantles there are also very pretty models, such as the *Colibri*, of silver-grey cloth. This mantle has long square-cut fronts, slanted off from the side to the back, the back piece being much shorter, and rounded. This is a very favourite shape this winter. The model we speak of was trimmed with a pretty fancy pattern of silk braid woven with silver, and edged with silvery Siberian fur all round. Semi-wide sleeve ornamented to correspond. Other models are black, trimmed with black and gold braid and dark fur.

The Russian *paletot*, loose and long, of black cloth, is trimmed in a square over the chest, with wide silk bias and silk braid of various widths. The sleeves and pockets are also trimmed in the same manner.

The *Chasseresse* is a half-fitting *paletot* of Russian grey marine blue, or dark maroon cloth, with short square *basque* at the back, and long pointed fronts. It is trimmed all round with fur. The sleeves are semi-wide. A large bow of fringed grosgrains is placed upon the square *basque* at the back.

The *Visite* (newly revised and modified) is almost tight-fitting behind, and semi-loose in front; the fronts are long and pointed, the back rounded at the bottom, the sleeves very wide and open. The model we noticed was of fine black cloth, with very rich braid pattern and fur border all round. It was lined with silk. The *Visite* is also made of velvet, trimmed with passementerie and fur, or silk guipure. No jet appears upon the new mantles, but braid and passementerie in profusion, to

which is often added a small quantity of gold, silver, or steel.

Another cloth jacket is rather short all round, and half-fitting. Its chief characteristic is the sleeve, which is cut quite square, at right angles. The trimming consists of five or seven rows of narrow fancy braid and a fur border all round.

Cloth jackets are extremely fashionable this year for *demi-toilet*, in black, braided with black and gold, in dark blue, braided with blue steel; in grey, with silver; in brown, with brown and gold. The edge is finished with a narrow fur border.

The felt bonnet is matched to the cloth jacket, and trimmed with braid to match. Several rows of braid are placed round the crown and upon the front border, and are finished with small bows, fastened by buckles of metal, to match with the braid. A feather may be added at the back, and a small bird is placed upon the *bandeau* of faille or velvet inside.

The felt bonnet and cloth jacket are worn with all dresses of woollen material, and we notice that such are very much in favour this year. Silk dresses are worn only for very dressy *toilets*, for visits of ceremony, grand receptions, or evening *parure*. Black silk is the only exception, and is frequently worn with a tasteful cloth jacket, nicely trimmed. For very elegant and out-of-door *toilets*, however, the velvet or grosgrains silk mantle is of course more suitable.

A nice way of having a dress of silk or of cashmere, or other soft woollen materials, made up, when one does not care to wear a tunic, is as follows:—Have the skirt cut plain and gored in front, full and pleated at the back, and slightly trained. Then round the bottom one fine *plissé*, and one gathered flounce headed with a *bouillonné* and frilling; repeat the whole trimming once more over the back and sides only, finishing on each side with a long bow and *lapels*, and leaving the front of the dress plain. Make the *cuirasse* bodice with very deep plain *basque*, and repeat the trimming round it, in smaller proportions.

Such a *façon* is far more becoming to ladies of a somewhat stout figure than the tunic, while the latter is extremely well suited to tall, slight figures. As for the *Princesse* dress, as we have already said, it requires a very good figure to look well, which is perhaps the reason why it has never succeeded in being universally adopted by the female community.

As felt bonnets are best in harmony with cloth jackets and woollen dresses, so are velvet bonnets more suitable with velvet mantles and silk *toilets*.

Very pretty *capotes* are of black or coloured velvet. The front border is more or less turned up or sloped off; the crown rather high, and finished behind with a small pleated curtain.

For instance, a black velvet *capote* has a sloped-off border, showing a large *torsade* of pale blue satin, with spray of white roses inside; *torsade* of blue satin and



black velvet round the crown, and two white feathers drooping over the curtain.

Another capote is of grey velvet, with bandeau of pale rose-coloured faille inside, and cluster of three roses on one side; silver-edged grey silk braid round the crown. Two grey feathers are fastened behind and turned back

over the crown. A large bow of rose-coloured faille shows from under the pleated curtain.

A third, of black velvet, is trimmed with black silk braid edged with gold, and a black feather outside, and with a bandeau of black velvet, and a very small, brilliantly-plumaged humming-bird inside.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

### 1. COSTUME IN HAVANE CASHMERE AND MAROON VELVET.

Short train skirt, mounted in a Bulgare pleat, and trimmed at the bottom in front with a pleated flounce, headed by a band of velvet. The tablier, which is cut in seven pieces, is composed first of a broad band of velvet, which forms the centre, drawn on either side, where it is joined to three pieces of cashmere, placed one above the other like three tabliers. The edges of these are scalloped and embroidered, and they are drawn up behind with a bow of velvet. Cuirasse of velvet, with cashmere sleeves with velvet cuffs. Hat of white felt, bound with maroon velvet. Torsade of Havane ribbon round the crown, with feathers to match behind.

### 2. COSTUME OF BLACK FAILLE AND CASHMERE.

Short train skirt, plain behind, and trimmed in front with a pleated flounce and drawn bouillonnés. Tablier tunic of cashmere formed of two pointed pieces, trimmed with a pleated flounce of faille, and band of black velvet embroidered in steel beads, with broad revers of the same down the fronts. This tunic, which crosses in front, is draped behind with long loops of the cashmere. Double-breasted bodice of velvet, also embroidered with steel beads, with sleeves of faille with velvet cuffs. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon and blue feathers.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

### LADY'S WINTER JACKET.

THIS pattern is in seven pieces—front, back, two side-pieces, collar, and upper and under portions of sleeves. The pattern is illustrated on page 645.



### Morning Robe.



625.—MORNING ROBE (BACK).

*Paper Pattern, 4s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

### 625.—MORNING ROBE OF BLUE AND GREY FLANNEL.

Morning Robe of blue and grey flannel. The back breadths arranged in large pleats. At the neck a collar of blue grosgrain silk, finished off with a bow in front of blue and grey grosgrain ribbon. The same trimming

## Morning Robe.



626.—MORNING ROBE (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 4s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

626.—MORNING ROBE OF BLUE AND GREY FLANNEL.

is continued down the front, and on the sleeves. Below the waist at the back are bows and ends of the same colours. On the left side a pocket of flannel.



## HOME MILLINERY.

THERE could scarcely be a more favourable time for a girl to begin manufacturing her own bonnets and hats than the present. In the first place, the favourite material is felt, which is pleasant to work upon; in the second, the colours are so subdued as to leave little scope for making mistakes in selecting and assorting; in the third place, flowers and leaves are now so exquisitely made as almost to form a complete trimming in themselves; and, in the fourth place, feathers are much worn, and a small tip hides many a fault that would otherwise be apparent in the trimming.



Also, silk is much easier to arrange upon a bonnet or hat than the stiff ribbons that used to be worn, such as we now see sometimes on charity children's bonnets. (Why charity children should always wear ugly bonnets is one of Charity's cold mysteries.)

Could anything be much easier to trim than this hat

of the present fashion? *En parenthèse*, our readers may remark that hats are now worn low on the forehead. The hat is of steel blue felt bound with dark blue velvet. The brim is raised at the back, and an écharpe of figured net and lace is wound round the crown and falls low over the back. Sprays of autumn leaves, berries, and two dark blue ostrich feathers are arranged on the écharpe. In front, a blue shaded wing.

We will suppose a beginner about to trim this hat. The first thing to be done is to bind the brim. A piece of the velvet must be cut on the bias, about an inch and a-half in width, the right side of this is laid upon the upper side of the brim of the hat, and carefully stitched to the brim at about a quarter of an inch from the edge the whole way round. Care must be taken not to have a join in the velvet in the front of the hat, as any inequality, however slight, is very apparent over the eyes. The velvet is then turned over and under the brim, and is turned in and fastened down with long stitches slipped between the velvet and the felt. This is easily done on felt, but is rather more difficult on straw. The next step to be taken is to line the crown; a piece of soft silk, same colour as the felt, may be used for this purpose, tack it in all round the crown, turn in the silk, having hemmed the inner edge for neatness' sake. Then comes the interesting part—the outside trimming—the first proceedings requiring neatness and regularity, but not necessarily taste or dainty arrangement.

The brim must be raised at the back before arranging the scarf of net and lace round the crown, it may be pinned in position for the time. The scarf may be quite plain in front where the feathers and leaves will cover it, but it must be loose and full wherever these do not come. At the back it may be gracefully puffed in and out among the berries and leaves, and then allowed to fall in a long end over the hair. The leaves are then pinned on the side, leaves and berries in front, over the stems of the ostrich feathers and the root of the wing. When all is arranged to taste, a few firm stitches must be put in to keep all in place. The feathers especially must be firmly fastened at the stems and lightly tacked down at the back, otherwise they are apt to blow about ungracefully. After this, there only remains to sew a short piece of elastic to one side of the hat with a button on the end of it, with a loop of elastic on the other side, and the hat is completed.

Next month, we shall try our 'prentice hand on a bonnet of rather more elaborate style.

IRIS.



## NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.

**W**INTER is nearly upon us, and it is high time we began to think of warm clothing. In the shops piles of eiderdown quilts and petticoats, costumes of dark colours and heavy materials, rich dark sealskins, and fur lined and trimmed cloaks and jackets, have taken the place of the delicate summer fabrics and bright-coloured dresses.

I notice a great many black dresses, and they will be very much worn for dressy toilets made in faille and cashmere. They cost from 5½ guineas. The costumes I mentioned in our September number, of black and white plaid mixed with black silk or other black material, are the height of fashion, but for the winter wear they will be made with cashmere instead of alpaca. In serge dresses which we continue to supply from 1½ guineas, brown ones are pretty, and make a change from the everlasting blue.

I have seen some pretty ones made in two shades, the tunic and cuirasse of a light shade, and the skirt and trimmings of a darker one, and another of dark shade of brown with only the trimmings of a lighter shade.

Silk jackets and cloaks lined and edged with fur are very fashionable, and thick-ribbed cloth jackets, either black or dark blue, are generally trimmed with fur. The price of them is from 2 guineas. We can procure them in all shapes; but for young ladies a simply made tight-fitting jacket, double-breasted, bound with fur and with deep cuffs and turn-down collar of the same, is prettier than anything else. Hats are always made to match the dress, and felt ones trimmed with feathers are most generally adopted. Two pretty ones, I may here describe. One of dark green, trimmed with a netted scarf, fastened at the side with an aigrette and plume to match.

Another of white felt is edged with silver braid, and has a band of violet velvet fastened with a silver buckle, and a long white ostrich feather falling over the crown. The prices are the same as those quoted before, from 1 guinea to 2½ guineas. Bonnets are now made of beaver as well as felt, and are trimmed with velvet and feathers instead of flowers.

Felt petticoats are greatly improved by being trimmed with bands of another shade, of the same colour, put on with a great many rows of stitching. These cost from 12s. 6d. each.

I have been shown a very good and useful travelling bag, at a very moderate price, 1 guinea. It folds up, and holds almost as much as a portmanteau, but is much easier to carry. It is made in black solid leather, with divisions, and fitted with straps and pockets. Speaking of bags, I may mention that the aumonières of black velvet with silver mounts and chains, are more fashionable than any others. These cost from 10s. 6d.

The Jeanne d'Arc ceintures look very well over black or dark silk dresses; they can be had from 3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. each.

To those of our readers who do not already possess a sewing-machine, we can now recommend one at a very moderate price, £4 4s. This will hem, fell, gather, braid, quilt—in fact, do every kind of work that a sewing-machine can do, upon the finest linen or the stoutest cloth. The 4 guineas includes silver plated hammers, ditto self sewer, guide, braider, needles, reels, set of tools, and box with handle.

For hand sewing, there is a new needle which much lessens the labour, from its peculiar shape. I can send sample packets of 100 free by post for 1s. Flowers are now brought to great perfection, and are not nearly so costly as of old. I can always send these to our readers if they will let me know exactly what kind they want, or send a description of the dress with which they are to be worn. I have often found more difficulty in getting a good flower or good gloves at a country shop, than in almost anything else. So often a new flower will quite alter a bonnet, and I shall always be pleased to give any suggestions as to what is prettiest and most suitable.

Gloves are still worn long, particularly for evening dress, and these we can procure in good kid from 3s. 6d. Neckties are still large, and are made of matelassé or damassé silk, or of what is still more fashionable crepe lisse. Those made of this pretty material in black, trimmed with Valenciennes, are very elegant and look charming with coloured silk dresses. Their price is 4s. 6d. each. Perhaps the most elegant things in lingerie just now are fichus. They are made in endless variety of muslin, lace, insertion, ribbon, flowers, etc., and make a simple black silk dress look quite dressy and stylish for evening wear. They vary in price according to the lace used, size, etc., but very pretty ones can be had from 10s. 6d.

LOUISE DE TOUR.



627.—CHILD'S WATERPROOF.  
Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.



628.—PALETOT FOR BOYS.—Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.



629.—PALETOT FOR CHILDREN.  
Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.



630.—A NEW DRESS FOR CHILDREN.  
Price of Pattern, 2s. 6d.



631.—CHILD'S CHEMISE.—Paper Pattern, 1s. 6d.



632.—FRONT VIEW OF 627.



633.—NEW PALETOT.—Price of Pattern, 2s. 9d.





635.—BACK OF A NEW WATERPROOF.  
The Front will be seen on the Pattern Sheet.  
*Price of Pattern, 3s.*



634.—FRONT OF MANTELET.



636.—ANOTHER NEW WATERPROOF.  
Back will be seen on Pattern Sheet, with  
full description.



637.—BACK OF MANTELET.  
*Price of Pattern, 2s. 9d.*



638.—SHORT HALF-FITTING PALETOT.  
*Price of Pattern, 2s. 9d.*



639.—FRONT VIEW 638.



640.—VISITING TOILET.

*Paper Pattern, Costume, 5s. 6d.; Jacket, 2s. 9d.; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

640.—VISITING TOILET.

Dress of grey Irish poplin, trimmed with flounces and crossway bands of a lighter shade. Confection of black cloth, the basques of which are stole-shaped in front, and round and short behind, trimmed with broad braid and fringe.





641.—ANOTHER VISITING TOILET.

*Paper Pattern, Costume, 5s. 6d.; Jacket, 2s. 9d.; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

## 641.—VISITING TOILET.

Dress of black faille. The slightly-trained skirt has at the bottom a gathered flounce with drawn heading, and above that a band drawn *en biais*. Square-cut tablier, simply trimmed with a gathered flounce. Tight-fitting jacket of black velvet, the basques rounded behind, and long and pointed in front. It is trimmed with a narrow pleating of black faille, and above that with a crossway band of the same put on with tiny silk buttons. A pleating of the faille carried from the front over the shoulders, simulates a hood behind, and is finished with a bow of black ribbon with long ends.





642.—GIRL'S NEW COSTUME (FRONT).  
*Price of Jacket, 11s. 6d.*



643.—BONNET OF CREAM-COLOURED FELT.



644.—BLACK VELVET BONNET.  
*These New Bonnets can be had from MADAME L. DE TOUR, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



645.—GIRL'S COSTUME BACK.—*Price of Pattern, 3s. 6d.*





646.—CHILD'S CONFECTION.  
Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.



647.—ANOTHER CONFECTION FOR CHILD.  
Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.



648.—MORNING CAP OF WHITE  
MULL MUSLIN.

MADAME L. DE TOUR supplies  
the above at a reasonable price,  
30, Henrietta Street, Covent  
Garden.



649.—ILLUSTRATION OF OUR CUT-OUT PATTERN (BACK).



650.—FRONT VIEW 649.

**Nos. 627 & 632. WATERPROOF MANTLE FOR CHILDREN OF FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD.**

Mantle of dark grey cloth, with waistband, and pocket on the right side. The back is arranged in box pleats. Horn buttons are employed on the sleeves and pocket, and to fasten the mantle.

**No. 628. PALETOT FOR BOYS OF FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD.**

Paletot of light brown cloth, bound with braid, and trimmed with large horn buttons.

**No. 629. PALETOT FOR CHILDREN OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS OLD.**

Paletot of dark blue reversible cloth, with trimming of narrow black worsted braid, and black grelots. Below the back of the waist loops and ends of black grosgrain ribbon.

**No. 630. DRESS FOR CHILDREN OF THREE TO FIVE YEARS OLD.**

Dress of dark blue serge, piped with cashmere of a lighter shade. Echarpe of the latter material. At the neck the serge is turned down en revers, below which is a double row of buttons covered with blue cashmere.

**No. 631. CHILD'S CHEMISE OF FINE LAWN,**

Trimmed with embroidery and fastened on the shoulders by means of a button and buttonhole.

**No. 633. NEW PALETOT OF DARK BLUE BOUCLE CLOTH, WITH COAT SLEEVES.**

Collar, deep cuffs, and pocket flaps of black velvet. Large buttons covered with black velvet are arranged on the pockets and down the front of the mantle.

**No. 634 & 637. MANTELET OF DARK BROWN VIGOGNE, WITH WIDE SLEEVES.**

Trimming of passementerie and crepe silk fringe. The mantelet opens rather low in front with a knot and long ends of grosgrain ribbon of the same shade. Similar bows and ends at the back and on the sleeves.

**No. 635. WATERPROOF MANTLE OF DARK GREY CLOTH**

Arranged at the back with close pleats, which are strapped across by broad black braid. Trimmed with horn buttons. Sleeves trimmed to correspond. The front view will be seen on the pattern sheet.

**Nos. 638, 639. SHORT, HALF-FITTING PALETOT OF BLACK BOUCLE CLOTH, WITH MODERATELY WIDE COAT SLEEVES.**

Trimming of beaver skin and figured worsted braid. Across the front, and at the back of the neck, loops and tassels of passementerie. Turned-down collar of beaver skin.

**Nos. 642 & 645. SMALL, TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT OF STEEL BLUE CLOTH**

Trimmed with black silk braid, shot with silver, and with large horn buttons, ornamented with mother of pearl. The braid is arranged to form a collar, finished off in front with bows and ends of black grosgrain ribbon.

**No. 643. BONNET OF CREAM-COLOURED FELT,**

With turned-up brim, lined with dark green velvet. A cream-coloured brocaded ribbon is wreathed round the bonnet, and an ostrich feather of the same colour is placed above the brim. On the hair is a bright shaded wing, and a pale yellow rose. A rose with leaves is also placed on the left side of the brim.

**No. 644. BLACK VELVET BONNET,**

With écu-coloured lace, and Damascus ribbon of the same shade. A cluster of roses, leaves, and berries rest on the hair, and one small rose is placed above bows and ends of black grosgrain ribbon at the back of the bonnet.

**No. 646. CHILD'S CONFECTION.**

From a model of Madame Day-Fallette.

This, like most vêtements intended for children, is made of white cloth. If preferred, it can be made in grey or maroon, but the white looks best. The back is drawn in in a pleat at the waist, and it is quite plain in front. The hussar sleeves are long and straight. The trimming consists of blue silk braid of two widths put on in brandebourgs.

**No. 647. CONFECTION FOR A CHILD.**

From a pattern of Madame Day-Fallette, 15, Boulevard de la Madeleine.

This model is a very simple one, and is made in either grey or white cloth. The pattern upon it is embroidered in royal blue silk. The double pockets at the sides simulate aumonnières.

**No. 648. MORNING CAP**

Of white mull muslin, with écharpe at the back. The trimming consists of pink grosgrain ribbon, with bow and ends at the top, and pleated frill of Valenciennes lace.

**Nos. 649, 650. PALETOT OF BLACK REVERSIBLE CLOTH,**

With wide collar and trimming of black fur. A broad black braid is introduced in bands and loops on the paletot and sleeves, and is trimmed at the back, and wrists, and down the front with large jet buttons.

**No. 651. SWINGING HAMMOCK. Netting.**

These hammocks are being introduced in rooms, verandahs, and arbours, and are made as follows: A special netting needle shaped out of a thin, smooth piece of wood (see Illustration 656), a mesh  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad and a quantity of sufficiently thick string are required for the netting. Every knot is ornamented with a tuft of scarlet wools; several ends of wool, each two inches long, are placed within the knot before it is drawn up, and then wool and string are drawn up together. A cylindrical piece of wood  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, is threaded through the first row of netting the short way of the work, and at the long way, a thick cord or rope is threaded through every stitch. This rope is arranged in loops at each corner of the netting, and serves for hanging up the hammock. The netting may vary, of course, in size, but always retains its oblong form.

**No. 652. A PRETTY BORDER**

For a handkerchief, worked with point lace braid.

**No. 653. FRINGE OF FINE BLACK SILK CORD**

Worked in a knotted pattern, and finished off with tassels of black purse silk, each tassel having a centre of narrow black corded ribbon.

**No. 654. A PRETTY BORDER FOR USEFUL PURPOSES.**

Satin stitch, worked on nansook muslin.

**No. 655. EDGING FOR WASHING MATERIALS.**

Satin and Overcast Stitch.

This design is embroidered on a ground of nansook, batiste, or mull muslin, in satin, overcast and buttonhole stitch. The Venetian bars are then put in, and the outer edge scalloped and buttonhole stitched.



**No. 657. LACE CORNER FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.**

Trace the design on tracing paper, over which place Brussels net and cambric; go over the outlines with embroidery cotton, and arrange the point lace braid according to the Illustration. Then work the outlines in overcast and buttonhole stitch. The anchor is filled up with plain stitch, and the pattern joined together by Venetian bars. The outer edge is then finished off with a pearl edging, and the net and cambric are cut away from the embroidery where indicated.

**No. 658. JET INSERTION,**

For trimming mantles, etc.

**Nos. 659 & 661. STAND FOR GARDENING TOOLS.**

As the winter draws on, much of our gardening will be reduced to tending the plants and flowers in our drawing-rooms, and it is for such a purpose that the stand, of which we give an Illustration in No. 659, is intended to be used. The frame is of polished cane, with sides and foundation of cardboard, covered with strong grey sail-cloth or canvas. In front, the case stands about 8 inches high, and at the back 12 inches. The cardboard for the foundation is cut, of course, to fit the frame, and is joined to the side-pieces by narrow strips of dark red leather, as shown in the Illustration. The outside of the canvas is embroidered on the design given in Illustration No. 661. After tracing the outlines upon the canvas, work the berries in satin stitch with red wool, the tendrils and stems in satin and overcast stitch, with brown wool, and the leaves in interlacing satin stitch, with green wool of various shades. The handles are made of a strip of leather, through which are passed canes covered with canvas. The inner sides of the case are fitted with small straps to contain the necessary implements.

**No. 660. EAR-RING.**

This ear-ring is made of black cut bead, threaded on fine wire.

**Nos. 662, 664. CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVES OF BATISTE,**

With collar and cuffs of white lawn. The cuffs are arranged in close vertical pleats at the back, and fasten with two buttons. The collar has at the back high pleats of different width; in the front the corners are turned back above, a bow and long ends edged with closely pleated frills.

**No. 663. SQUARE FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.**

Mignardise and Crochet.

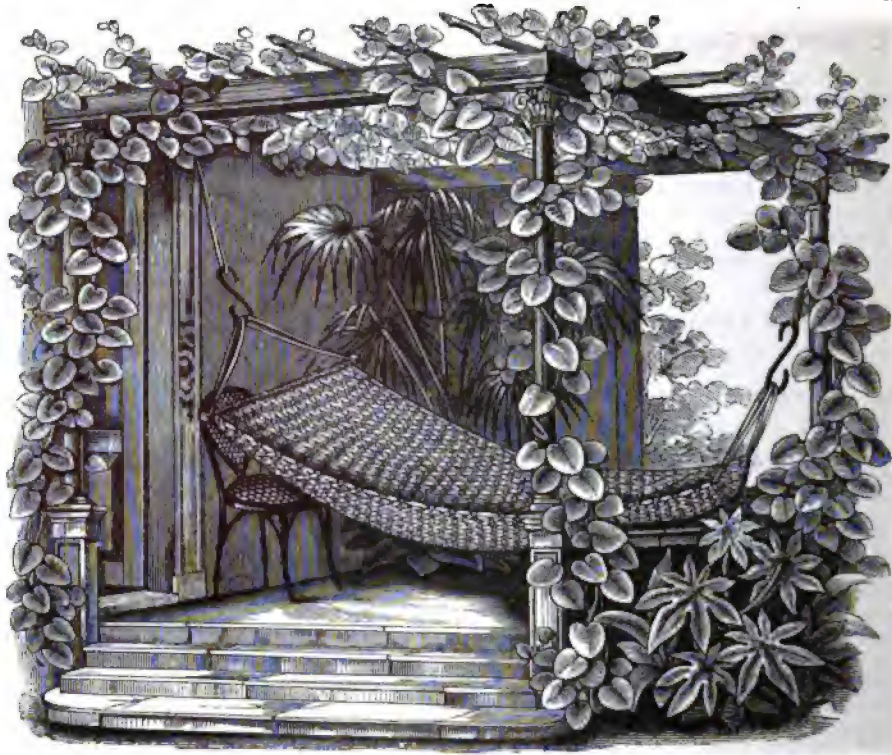
This square is begun in the centre with 6 stitches closed into a circle with a slipstitch. 1st round: 7 chain, the first 4 to form 1 long treble, then 7 times alternately 1 long treble, 3 chain in the circle. Every round is closed in the usual manner with a slipstitch. 2nd round: 7 times alternately 9 chain, 1 double in the next long treble, 4 chain, 1 long treble. 3rd round: 7 times alternately, 7 chain, 1 double in the centre stitch of the scallop of 9 chain, then take a piece of

mignardise braid and proceed as follows. 4th round: 1 double\* joins to the first loop of braid, 7 double, 7 chain, miss 1 loop, join to the next two loops, 3 chain, 1 slipstitch in the 4th of the 7 chain, 1 chain, join to the next 2 loops but two of the mignardise, 5 chain, 1 slipstitch in the 11th of the 16 chain, + 5 chain, join to the 2 next loops but one of the mignardise, 5 chain, repeat 3 times from +, then 1 slipstitch in the 10th of the 16 chain, 5 chain, 1 slipstitch in the 4th of the 16 chain, 7 chain, join to the next loops but 2 of the braid, 3 chain, 1 slipstitch in the 4th of the 7 chain, 3 chain, 1 slipstitch in the 7th double, 7 double in the 7 chain, join to the next loop but one of the braid, 1 double, repeat from \* 3 times. Cut off the mignardise and fasten the ends on the wrong side of the work. 5th round: along the other side of the mignardise. Begin at the seventh loop before a hollow, \* 7 times, alternately 1 double, 2 chain, then 1 double in 3 loops together (at the hollow), twice alternately 2 chain, 1 double, then a bar of 6 chain, join to the corresponding double stitch (the last double but one in the hollow) going back along the bar 6 double in the 6 chain, 1 slipstitch in the next stitch, twice alternately 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop of braid, then a bar of 12 chain, join to the corresponding stitch on the other side of the work (see Illustration), 12 double along the 12 chain, 1 slipstitch in the next stitch, twice alternately 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop of mignardise, 1 bar of 18 chain, join to the corresponding double crochet stitch (see Illustration) along the 18 chain 18 double, 1 slipstitch in the next stitch, 2 chain, 10 times alternately 1 double in the next loop, 5 chain, repeat 3 times from \*, but in the 3rd repetition instead of the last 5 chain, 3 chain, 1 long treble, in the 1st double of the round must be crocheted. 6th round: \* 1 long treble in the 3rd double by the next bar, 4 times alternately 3 chain, 1 long treble in the same double, the upper part not yet drawn up, 1 long treble in the next double but 2 of the bar, the upper parts to be drawn up with those of the last long treble, then three chain, 1 long treble in the same stitch, 1 double in the centre stitch of the next scallop of 5 chain, 9 times alternately 4 chain, 1 double in the centre stitch of the next scallop of chain, repeat 3 times from \*. 7th round: 4 chain, the first 3 to form one treble, then alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1.

**No. 665. LAMBREQUIN FOR WORK TABLE, ETC.**

This beautiful design is embroidered upon a ground of grey cloth, underlaid with white Brussels net. Trace the outlines of the design upon the cloth, leaving the space required for the embroidery on the net, and scallop the edge of the cloth as shown in the Illustration. Then on the upper flap of the lambrequin sew on the grey soutache and gold cord, the latter is sewn on with black silk. The rest of the embroidery is worked in interlacing buttonhole stitch, knotted stitch, and point russe, with blue silk. The embroidery on the net is worked with pink and blue filoselle in satin stitch; the tendrils and stems being worked with green silk in overcast and feather stitch. The stamens are embroidered with yellow silk in knotted stitch. The lower part of the net is kept in place by the scallops of grey soutache and point russe embroidery of blue silk.

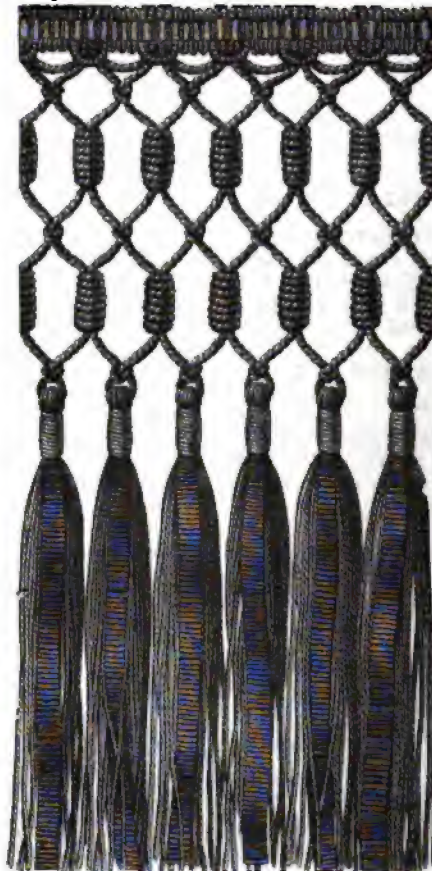




651.—SWINGING HAMMOCK IN NETTING.



652.—BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

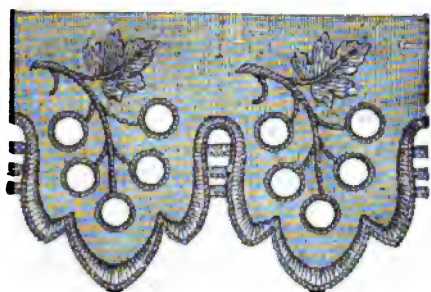


653.—FRINGE OF FINE BLACK CORD.

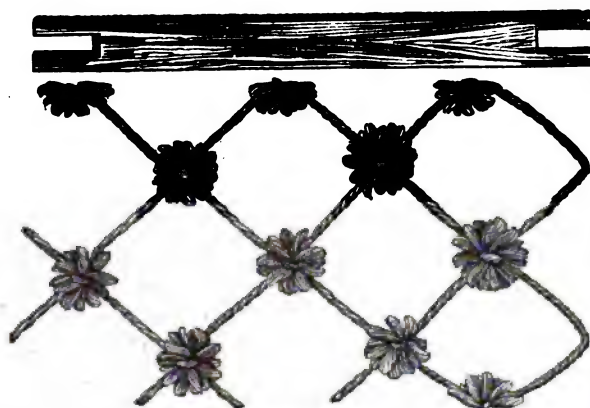


654.—BORDER FOR USEFUL PURPOSES.

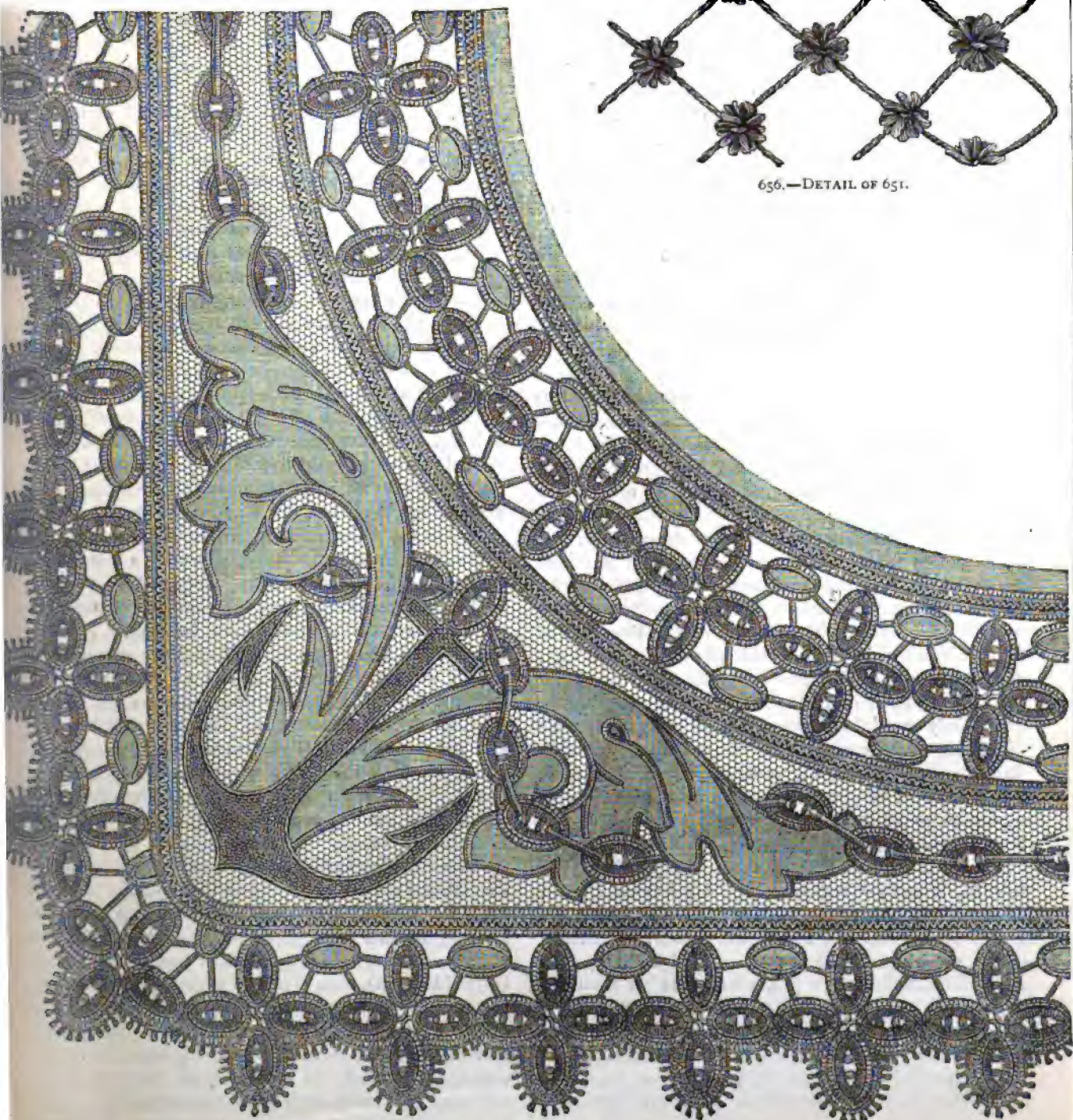




655.—EDGING FOR WASHING MATERIALS.



656.—DETAIL OF 655.



657.—LACE CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AS conductors and readers of a publication in which ladies are particularly interested, and which deals with fashions in costume and other matters of social importance, we may be expected to sympathize with the family of the founder and proprietor of a Berlin magazine of a somewhat similar character. The gentleman referred to, Herr von Schafer-Voit, having amassed a large fortune, and honourably distinguished himself as a public man, was raised to the rank of nobility. His son held a commission in a regiment of Cuirassiers, won the decoration of the Iron Cross by his bravery, and died a soldier's death at the battle of Vionville. His sister, a young lady of beauty and most attractive manners, engaged the affections of Count Friedrich Eulenberg, lieutenant in one of the crack regiments, and a marriage was arranged. His aristocratic friends and some of his fellow officers informed him that as he was making a *mésalliance* by uniting himself with the daughter of a man who, whatever his present position and high character, had at one time been engaged in commercial pursuits, they felt it necessary to "cut" him. Deeply feeling this insult, the young Count challenged several of them, and also complained to the commandant of the regiment, Colonel Von Atten, who took part against him. The Count very rashly sent him a challenge, for which, as a breach of military discipline, he has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a fortress. The Emperor has been appealed to; but although the members of the royal family make little secret of their private sympathy, "discipline must be maintained," and to prison, undoubtedly, the young lover will go. We trust the beautiful and wealthy Fraulein von Schafer-Voit will be faithful, and, when the year is over, reward her too sensitive lover with her hand.

Etiquette is, of course, a matter of great importance, and no lady or gentleman would like to make the mistake of bowing at the wrong time or shaking hands with the wrong person. But shaking hands, supposing that all proper rules of etiquette be observed, is scarcely considered to be in itself an improper proceeding. It has been reserved for a Frenchman, the Abbé Defourny, to discover that hand-shaking, as practised especially by the English, is morally reprehensible. He has even asked the Pope to reprove the practice; but that amiable old gentleman has returned an evasive answer. The Abbé calls for "a reprobation by ecclesiastical authority of a most disrespectful usage which comes to us from the Freemasons, and which consists in shaking by the hand, à l'Anglaise, the body of the person whom it is intended to salute." He wishes to substitute an inclination of the head, and a pious ejaculation for the touch of the hand, and by that means to "re-establish respect in families, and to inspire Christians with a horror of sedition and war."

It is probably our insular stupidity which prevents our seeing the connection of ideas no doubt clear enough to the estimable Abbé; but as to the free use of religious phrases, and the utterance of sacred names every time we meet a friend, we think such language would grow into disrespect if lightly used, and we recalled a command of some authority about not taking names in vain. Altogether, we prefer the hand-shaking.

It would seem that the Italian brigand of the "Fra Diavoli" type, gentlemanly in manners and dress, fascinating in conversation, who makes a bow of the most engaging fashion when asking for money or any little valuables travellers may chance to have about them, is not quite extinct. At any rate, a very dashing brigand of this class, one Capraro, whose "gay recklessness and savage generosity of character made him the idol of his younger followers and the natural leader of the older ones," has been shot by a party of soldiers, sent to attempt his capture. He lived in a cave, of course—all poetical brigands do—and in the cave were many images of saints and madonnas which, as Dr. Johnson once remarked, "showed the rascal had good principles." When captured, he wore a jacket and pantaloons of black-coloured cashmere, a flannel shirt of a livelier tint, high boots of white leather, and, slung over his shoulder, an excellent binocular field-glass of long range and elegant manufacture. Round his neck was a gold chain with guard, to which was attached a silver watch; while on his finger he wore a massive gold ring, with "Vincenzo Capraro" engraved on it. Two pocket-books were also found upon him, one of them with his name artistically embroidered in gold. This picturesque gentleman, who fought desperately even after receiving a formidable wound, could no doubt have sang "Gentle Zitella" almost as charmingly as did Wallack when he played Massaroni in "The Brigand" fifty years ago, and set the hearts of sentimental young ladies palpitating, and made the song very popular. We rather regret to add that the attractive Capraro was, with some of his associates, something more than suspected of a tendency towards cannibalism.

The marvellous progress of Japan in the arts of civilization, and the eagerness they exhibit to adopt the social customs of the western world, are shown in a very interesting manner by a Japanese young lady, Miss (we really do not know the proper title in Japanese for a young lady) Ude Tsuda, who, in a letter to the "Japan Gazette," makes some suggestions she considers well worthy of adoption. First of all, she proposes that all the population of her native country should be immediately converted to Christianity—a most desirable thing, no doubt, but certainly attended with some slight difficulties. Then she recommends an increased importation of scissors.



What effect that commercial development would produce we cannot possibly imagine; but as Miss Tsuda appears to think it a matter of great importance, we willingly defer to her judgment. Then comes a suggestion, no doubt the result of great reflection on the necessities of the case—the introduction of the American custom of wedding breakfasts. Here our far-seeing Japanese friend is utterly beyond us. We have had no experience of wedding breakfasts in America, but we know that in this country they are generally very agreeable; that the presence of charming young ladies in scarcely less charming costumes exerts a mollifying influence even on the hardened hearts of confirmed old bachelors, and sometimes stimulates them to unwonted flights of eloquence; but we have generally suspected that the gushing geniality evaporated very quickly after the throwing of the last white slipper, and it never occurred to us that any very amazing effect was produced on our political or social institutions. That only shows how ignorant we are, compared to the Japanese Miss Ude Tsuda, whom we should greatly like to listen to (if she would kindly speak English) at the next meeting of the Social Science Association.

Here is a little marriage anecdote from Kansas, a western state of America, where, perhaps, eligible young ladies are scarce. A Miss Alice Carson not only had two strings to her bow, but went so far as to accept two gentlemen, a Mr. Kretzer and a Mr. Holt, and to arrange

with each the same day and the same place for the wedding ceremony. In that part of the world a bridegroom brings his own minister, so that what would be impossible here was quite possible there. Mr. Holt arrived first, and married the young lady, to the great astonishment of Mr. Kretzer, who arrived just after the irrevocable words had been said. At first, it seemed that a fight was inevitable; but, on second thoughts, the disappointed lover seemed to think the lady was no great loss; and it is quite possible that other people may think so too.

This chat leads us to mention one or two fashionable weddings which have just taken place. Major Sterling has married Viscountess Clifton, and the ceremony was honoured with the presence of the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Prince Leopold. The wedding took place at St. John's, Willow Road. Lord Castlereagh was united to Lady Theresa Talbot, eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in the private chapel of Alton Towers, Staffordshire. There was a very large gathering of distinguished friends, and more than a thousand of the Earl of Shrewsbury's tenants attended to show their respect. Captain George Canning Talbot has been united to Miss Edith Mary Brocklehurst, niece of Mr. Dent, of Sadeley Castle, Gloucestershire, in the chapel of which venerable and most interesting edifice the ceremony took place. There were great rejoicings in the neighbourhood, and the generally quiet town of Winchcombe was in a state of intense excitement.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

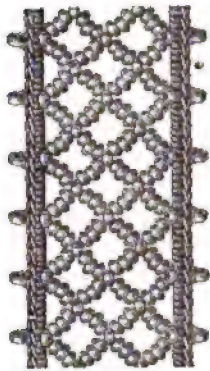
SHAKESPEARE has done well of late. With Signor Salvini at Drury Lane and Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum, the greatest of all dramatists has been drawing audiences—and, moreover, audiences which fill the treasury coffers. This is quite an exceptional result for Shakespearian representations, as many lessees know too well. Why this should be so in Shakespeare's own country it is hard to explain, unless, indeed, we draw our deductions from a comparison of two recent representations of "Macbeth"—one at Mr. Bateman's house, with Mr. Irving as Macbeth, and Mrs. Crowe, *née* Miss Bateman, as the Lady; the other at the Queen's Theatre, with Mr. Ryder in the principal rôle, supported by a Lady Macbeth whose name would scarcely be known were it mentioned here. Of the *ensemble* at the Lyceum little need be said, while as to Mr. Irving's delineation of the principal character, opinions may differ on some minor points; but the most scrupulous critic must admit that as a whole, the representation is a new and unhackneyed reading, worthy of the same actor's Hamlet, and one by which dramatic art will be enriched. At the Queen's Theatre we learned that there are Macbeths and Macbeths. Mr. Ryder's impersonation was stiff, heavy, and

stereotyped. With the exception of Mr. Edgar's Banquo, the rest of the *caste* may be dismissed as incompetent to a degree, judging from our point of view. Here must lie the secret of Shakespearian success or failure, so far as managers are concerned. Siddonses, Keans, Fechter, Irvings, and Salvinis are not common, but one such is a *sine qua non* for a successful representation of Shakespeare's great plays; and we should prefer not hearing another line of the bard's, to having it put before us by novices who have hardly recovered from the first rules of elocution.

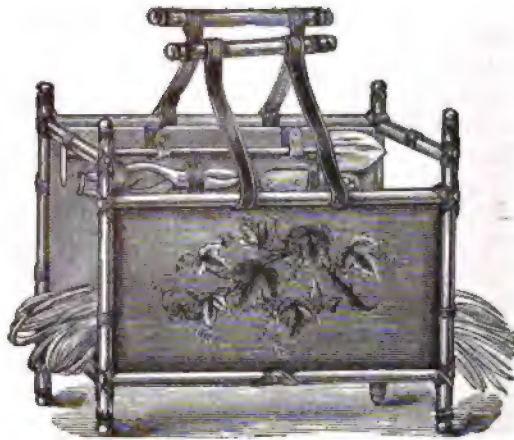
A pretty farce, entitled "The Doctor's Brougham," is playing at the Strand Theatre. As usual, it is of French extraction, and differing but little from the ordinary type of such pieces. M. Marius is the chief personage, and raises no little mirth by his somewhat exaggerated earnestness of purpose.

At Drury Lane, Boucicault's great drama, "Shaughraun," continues to please; while at Mr. Buckstone's, in the Haymarket, Mr. H. J. Byron's new comedy, "Married in Haste," is being received with great enthusiasm.

The Opera Comique has opened yet again—this time under the guardianship of Mr. F. C. Burnand, of "Happy



658.—JET INSERTION FOR TRIMMING  
MANTLES, ETC.



659.—STAND FOR GARDENING TOOLS.



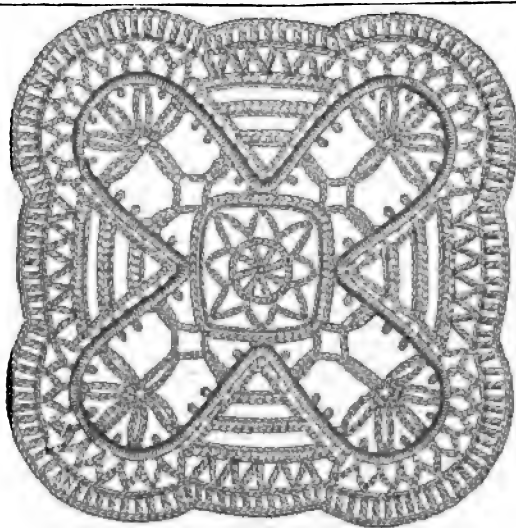
660.—EAR-RING.



661.—DETAIL OF STAND FOR GARDENING TOOLS.



662.—CHEMISETTE.



663.—SQUARE FOR ANTIMACASSAR.



664.—SLEEVE.



665.—LAMBREQUIN FOR WORK TABLE, ETC.



Thoughts" celebrity. There is this author's new comedy, entitled "Proof Positive," playing with "terrible success," as the critics used to say of Gay's "Beggar's Opera." Miss M. Oliver and Mr. George Clarke are very happy in their respective parts, and altogether we think Mr. Burnand may congratulate himself upon the *caste* he has brought together.

The Royal Park Theatre (late the Alexandra) has also opened its doors, and is dividing its stage between laughable farce and opera-bouffe. Miss Emily Soldene is the great attraction, in her original character of Drogan in "Geneviève de Brabant." Whether Fortune will shine more favourably on this theatre under its new name, remains to be proved. The management certainly deserve success, for they have made the theatre as comfortable and pretty as we could wish.

"East Lynne" has been revived at the Globe, but the performance calls for no particular notice.

The new historical play, "A Crown for Love," has not fulfilled all that was expected from it. *Apropos* of this, Mr. Tom Taylor promises another play with a plot from history. It will carry the title of "Anne Boleyn."

Music still holds the stages. At the Criterion Theatre Lecocq's opera-bouffe, "Fleur de Thé," is being given in an English garb, Miss Sudlow and Messrs. Fisher and Marshall sustaining the principal, and somewhat difficult, parts with much success. Opera-bouffe also reigns supreme at the Philharmonic Theatre. Offenbach's sparkling "Les Georgiennes" is just now being performed with a vigour and crispness truly delightful. The orchestra is in excellent condition, and Offenbach at Islington has the good fortune to be not only effectively, but intelligently, played.

The great Harvest Festival at the Crystal Palace went off with considerable *éclat*. The choral arrangements, under Mr. Barnby, were admirably carried out, and gave far more satisfaction than the solos, which were hardly audible. The great building presented a beautiful appearance, with its appropriate decorations of corn, cereals, flowers, and fruit, from Messrs. Sutton's great store at Reading.

English opera has ceased to exist at the Princess's. We sincerely hope that Mr. Carl Rosa's venture proved a success, about which, however, we have grave doubts. The interest soon died out; and now Mr. Santley and the rest of the company are off to the provinces. Of the recent performances little mention need be made. "Faust" went off smoothly, and the same may be said of Cherubini's "Deux Journées," which seems scarcely so well adapted for translation as an Italian opera.

The production of Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle" calls for a few remarks. This opera was Balfe's stepping-stone to fortune. It was produced for the first time some forty years ago, when Alfred Bunn, surnamed "The Poet Bunn," was the lessee. How such a successful issue came about it is hard to tell, for all who know or have seen the "Siege of Rochelle" are aware that,

from beginning to end, it is little more than a parcel of nonsense. For some reason, however, best known to himself, Mr. Carl Rosa revived the work, and with little better result, we fear, than to impress upon musical folks of to-day the fact that it could never start the fame of a Balfe now-a-days. On its most recent revival, the "Siege of Rochelle" had the advantage of an excellent *caste*, but we fear the exchequer results were anything but favourable, notwithstanding this advantage. The *caste* included Mr. Aynsley Cook, as the Count de Rosenberg; Mr. H. D. Bates, as the Marquis; Mr. Santley represented Michel; while Mesdames Cook and Gaysford gave the respective parts of the Princess Euphemia and Marcella. The singing and acting of all these offered but little ground for fault-finding; while Mr. Santley's rendering of the charming ballad, "When I beheld the anchor weighed"—Henry Phillips' old song—needs a word of special praise. Our popular baritone sings this song as no one else can sing it, and to hear this performance is alone worth a visit to the Princess's, and the sitting out of an opera which in many parts is flimsy and weak to the extreme. We must not omit to state that the opera had every chance afforded it for a successful issue. The scenery, the band, the chorus—everything—was perfect. The truth is, that Balfe's music is wedded to an undramatic drama, to which, unhappily, it does not give wings. Admirers of Balfe, however, must not be downcast; greater musicians than he have failed to scale such an Olympus.

At the tiny Royalty Theatre, in Dean Street, Soho, Mr. Charles Morton now holds the reins of management. The bill of fare still contains opera-bouffe, represented by Offenbach's "La Perichole," and this is followed by Sullivan's "Trial by Jury." Of the recent performances of the former work little need be said. Madame Dolaro still acts and sings with her accustomed skill and taste; the other characters, too, are creditably sustained. In Sullivan's dramatic cantata, the names that deserve mention are those of Mr. F. Sullivan, the learned Judge; Miss Vernon, the Plaintiff; Mr. Connell, the Usher; and the Foreman of the Jury, Mr. Husk. The chorus, too, is excellent, and so is the band under Mr. Simmonds' direction.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts continue to be popular. Herr Wilhelmj has been surprising the visitors with his feats of manipulation in such pieces as Bach's Chaconnes, and some Chopin and Wagner paraphrases, etc. The selections from Verdi's latest opera, "Aida," have given great satisfaction, and they reflect no little credit upon Signor Arditi, by whom they were arranged expressly for these concerts.

At the Crystal Palace, the Saturday Afternoon Concerts are drawing large audiences. No blame can be attached to Mr. Manns for his selections—they are as varied and as fair as they possibly could be. On one Saturday we have a work of Bach's early days, and on the following one we get a symphony or a movement by some living writer. All schools, too, are justly represented. Only recently



we enjoyed a programme with Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, representing France; Hugh Pierson's Symphonic Prologue to "Macbeth," fulfilling the same duty for our own country; and, lastly, the German element in the shape of Beethoven's wonderful Concerto No. 4 in G, for pianoforte and orchestra. This latter work brought forward Mr. Charles Hallé, who returns to us with his marvellous executive powers as fresh and brilliant as they ever were. Of recent vocalists at Sydenham we may note the first appearance of the sisters Badia, who promise to become public favourites.

The musical season of 1875-6 may now fairly be said to have started. Mr. Chappel's Monday Populars are shortly to begin; the Alexandra Saturdays are now going on; one of Mr. Carter's "grand oratorio performances," as he terms them, has already taken place; Mr. Bache has commenced his recitals, and the Sacred Harmonic Society promise to begin shortly. Yet, where is Mr. Barnby's Albert Hall Choir? Do Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. intend starting some more daily concerts? We should say their answer to this question would be "No!"

## SOMETHING TO DO.

### WOMEN AS TRAINED NURSES.

"A woman is a Nurse by Nature."—THEODORE PARKER.

THE profession of certificated nurse is one which is open to none of the objections which make nearly all women recoil with disgust from the idea of having women educated for surgeons or physicians, and at the same time it is a profession for which they are eminently suited, and more especially so when possessed of the culture, gentleness, and pleasant manners of a gentlewoman. I propose to give here the gist of a sensible and practical leading article that appeared in a daily paper some months ago on this subject. After noticing what an excellent thing it is to train up in hospitals a race of hospital nurses of higher character and more professional knowledge than the majority of the order, the writer calls attention to the want of a class of professional nurses, with thoroughly competent training, with manners and general education qualifying them for the work, to attend the sick in private families. There cannot be a greater blunder than to suppose that the women of every family can do all that is required for a patient in case of sickness, under the doctor's orders. The nurse's work requires less ample and large knowledge than that of the physician; but it needs appropriate knowledge just as much; and it would be as reasonable to fancy that a father or brother could and ought to prescribe for a sufferer as that a mother, wife, or sister should necessarily be able properly to nurse him. If knowledge were not wanting—clear apprehension of the doctor's orders, capacity to observe, appreciate, and report correctly a change of symptoms, intelligence to avoid serious mistakes, such as untrained nurses constantly commit—the very fact that they are so near and dear, so terribly interested in the result, deprives them of the calm self-possession and steady will essential to good nursing. A doctor prefers to call in other advice for his own family; and yet a doctor's duties are not half

so delicate and trying as a nurse's. The constant presence in the sick-chamber, the fearful strain on the nerves produced by the combination of a demand for incessant intellectual vigilance, presence of mind, wakefulness and physical energy, with a bitter, gnawing anxiety preying upon the heart and brain, render the task of the amateur nurse the heaviest that woman can be called on to perform, and leave us no cause to wonder that when no longer sustained by necessity of exertion women so generally break down under its effects. A patient is better nursed by a professional, if she can be trusted to do her duty with professional zeal and earnestness equal to that of the doctor, and better cheered and refreshed by the visits of relatives who have not been worn out in spirit by watching and labour, and are not, therefore, struggling all the time to repress their feelings and control their tendency to hysterical tears.

The difficulty of procuring such nurses is then pointed out. There are establishments that profess to train them; but few indeed that give the requisite period of training, and not many that get the right material. The private nurse needs much higher professional knowledge and aptitude than the hospital nurse. The latter sees the doctor at the bedside twice a day; she can call in the resident medical officer whenever there is a critical change; all she has to do is to be obedient and vigilant. But the private nurse sees the doctor generally once a day, and cannot send for him if a change takes place. She must be competent to act rather on the spirit than the letter of his orders; and to do this she must understand both the disease and the treatment; the meaning of particular symptoms, and the course which the physician is pursuing. A year's training is not sufficient for such a nurse; and she requires a higher theoretical instruction than the

ordinary nurse. To profit by this she must be originally a woman of education and intelligence, and this is the very class of women who, at present, are too apt to think that no profession but that of teaching is open to them, and that by accepting any other they would lose caste. But the "Standard" goes on to say "that a first-class nurse like Miss Nightingale or Miss Lees holds a rank hardly inferior to that of a distinguished physician. A lady trained under one of these for three years or so, competent as she would be by that time to undertake the most difficult charges in her profession, would hold a position on which no woman could pretend to look down. There are scarcely any nurses of this sort; there is a demand for ten times more than can be supplied by existing means of education."

"The Nightingale School," says the "Standard," "provides for volunteer pupils, who, having paid for their education, are, of course, free to do as they please with it, and we trust that its system will be adopted elsewhere. At present, we doubt whether any other school gives a professional training high enough, long enough, and full enough, to produce the kind of professional nurse to which we refer. But at any rate the thing can be done; and the pressure of candidates for such instruction would very soon lead to ample provision for their needs. The situation of a nurse born and educated as a lady, possessing high professional qualifications, and able to claim from a great school a testimony to her proficiency, would be one of dignity and independence; far preferable to that of an unemployed woman left with a bare maintenance, incomparably better than that of a governess, or any member of the few and overcrowded occupations in which ladies can practically engage. She could command amply sufficient remuneration and suitable treatment; and she who is educated to such a profession is in truth 'provided for.' At present the demand for competent superiors and instructors in nurse schools, hospitals, etc., would absorb all who could be trained; some few years must elapse before any considerable number of such nurses would be at the command of private families. So much the better for the profession. They would be rare enough at first to be able to establish their status and position for years before competition would cause them anxiety or oblige them to consider the humours of their employers."

These are encouraging words, and seem intended for the class for whose benefit these papers on employment were originated.

The following information as to training, I quote from L. M. H.'s useful "Year Book of Woman's Work," a second edition of which has just appeared.

Candidates may enter most hospitals as probationers. A few receive lady pupils who pay. Less than one year's training is not to be recommended to anyone, while three

years is the general period for which probationers are engaged—the first year as probationers, the second and third as nurses, with a rising salary. Such are the arrangements at the new Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, at which I understand there are still some vacancies. Were several ladies to enter together, they would, at any rate, avoid the uncongenial society, which is one of the drawbacks to entering most hospitals as probationers.

The salary, the first year, is £16, with board, lodging, and washing. Application to be made to Miss Merryweather, 8, Broad Sanctuary, S.W.

At the Middlesex Hospital four ladies are received for training. They board and lodge in the Home for Nurses, attached to the hospital, and are charged one guinea a week. Young women are also trained as nurses for other institutions at a charge of 10s. a week.

Ladies are also trained at St. John's Nursing Home and Sisterhood, Norfolk Street, Strand, at St. Thomas' University, Charing Cross, and King's College Hospitals, and at the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street. At St. Thomas', however, all must enter on the same terms, viz., as probationers under the Nightingale Fund.

At the Royal Infirmary, and Royal Southern Hospitals, Liverpool, and at the Infirmary, Leicester (address Miss Burt), ladies can also obtain training. The expense at Leicester is £40 a year, exclusive of washing.

The profession has thus special advantages. It is not expensive to train for; it would be encouraged by the medical profession, and approved by the sterner sex; and the position of trained nurse should not affect more injuriously the social position of any gentlewoman than that of governess. Rightly looked upon, both callings are honourable and even sacred.

SYLVIA.

In a former article I referred to Newnham Hall. On Monday the 18th of October, this New Ladies' College, situated at the back of the Colleges at Cambridge, was formally opened, and received into its rooms twenty-seven students, the resident mistress being Miss Clough, the sister of the poet. This Hall was much needed, as accommodation could not be found at Girton College. The large number of ladies who go to Cambridge for the purpose of attending lectures could not be provided with lodgings, a difficulty that will now be removed. Newnham Hall has been built, at considerable cost, by a number of persons interested in promoting the higher education of women, who have formed themselves into a limited liability company for that purpose. The payment for one term's residence at the Hall is to be £20. There are some exhibitions and scholarships, which are open to competition and can be held by lady students at the Hall. Those ladies who intend to make teaching a profession will be allowed to attend the lectures.



## OUR WORK-ROOM.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

As we are anxious to give ladies every assistance in making their own dresses, we are glad to announce that courses of lessons in practical dressmaking and cutting out are given at 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Lessons on Home Millinery will also be given shortly at the same address. Ladies intending to join these classes are requested to communicate with Madame A. Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, who will gladly supply necessary information as to terms, hours of classes, etc.

An AMERICAN SUBSCRIBER asks—For what purposes the Macramé lace is used in England; she has used it only for brackets. Will the editor please give some point lace patterns for brackets, tidies, etc. [Macramé lace may be used for trimming bed-hangings, and even knitted quilts. I fancy it is much the same as the old-fashioned work that our grandmothers called knotting. You should send twelve stamps to the Manager, Bazaar Office, 32, Wellington Street, for the Macramé Lace Book, which contains many good patterns and clear instructions.]

H. F. H. would feel obliged if Sylvia would tell her whether there is a band to form a collar to the pattern of night dress in the September number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. [The band consists of a straight piece of calico, width according to taste.] H. F. H. has tried the crochet pattern No. 533, but the directions are so vague that she cannot make it out. [The directions are not so full as usual, but I have just managed to do a pattern from them. It makes a pretty little pattern, though not exactly like the illustration, I confess.] H. F. H. has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN some time, but has not asked any questions before. She finds it very useful and entertaining. H. F. H. has recently lost her husband; as she is quite a young woman, it is peculiar to wear a hat on the beach in hot weather, as the bonnet and fall are so very heavy? [It is not usual, but is quite excusable in such hot weather as we had when you wrote in September.]

ROSE ELIZABETH writes—Will black velvet and black silk polonaises or tabliers be worn over coloured skirts this winter? [No.] And will black straw hats be worn? [Yes.] What kind of muff would be suitable for a lady of twenty-three? [Any kind she likes.] Could one wear a velvet mantle trimmed with corded silk, or ought one to have fur for winter? [Corded silk can be worn in winter.] Will those little round velvet hats that look like boys' caps, be as fashionable for ladies this winter as they were last? [Turban hats were not fashionable last winter, but they will always be worn, more or less, in furs or velvet.] What coloured bow should one wear at the throat with a dress of the enclosed pattern. [The very palest blue.] And is it too old-looking for a young lady of twenty-one? [No.]

LILLA has enough grey merino (pattern enclosed) to make a polonaise or skirt, and she would like to know which would be best for her to make of it, and what she could wear with it, and is it too light for winter? Lilla is short, and rather slight. [It is more suitable for a polonaise than for a skirt. Wear it over velveteen of a darker grey.]

MARIE writes—Dear madam, seeing the kindness with which you answer all questions asked by your subscribers, I have ventured to solicit your kind advice and assistance. I have a black crape cloth dress, which has been very little worn; skirt walking length, body attached to skirt, a small tunic and loose walking jacket, with wide sleeves, the skirt has back and front width, and one pair of gores; the material is 40 inches wide. Can this material be worn out of mourning if dyed? If so, I would like it dyed plum colour if possible, or what would you advise? [It would dye a dark purple, or a dark Navy blue.] Also, will you kindly give me a few hints as to how it could be made up prettily: could it be mixed with something warm, such as velvet, as I should want to wear it out of doors? [If you have it dyed dark purple, you might have it made up with velvet or velveteen of the same colour. Your loose walking jacket would perhaps make a tight basque jacket, if you prefer that.] I am going to trouble you still further. In your article entitled "Novelties of the Month," you mention a serge dress which can be had from Madame De Tour, trimmed with rows of braid, at a guinea and a half each. If I sent for one must I send my pattern to Madame De Tour, or how does she ensure the dress fitting? If you will kindly answer these questions I shall be much obliged to you. [You can have the bodice made by sending your measurements round the waist, shoulders, and length of back.]

Will Sylvia kindly tell MARGUERITA what she can have done to the dress like the enclosed pattern, which she bought in the spring, but has been very little worn because she disliked the make. It is made with puffs all down the front, and three puffs round the back, about a quarter of a yard from the bottom. The back is long, but tied up with tapes at the waist; then there are two long sash ends, with puffs round, and some smaller loops without them. The body is quite plain, but the sleeves and band are trimmed with brown satin, which is too much worn to use again. Marguerita is 5 feet 4 inches; has dark brown hair, and a pale complexion, and is thin,

and very upright, which is the reason the dress does not suit her, as it makes her look like a poplar tree. All the puffs are cut so that the dress could not be dyed, and Marguerita is afraid will prevent it from being made up in any other fashion; but as Sylvia is so clever, she may have some plan of her own. Marguerita is so delighted with the journal that she wishes it would come out every week instead of every month. Try and answer in November. [Full tabliers suit slight people like yourself, much better than trimmed skirts. I should make the dress into a pretty walking costume as follows:—Get six yards of brown and grey checked material rather similar to that of your dress. Cut out a tablier from the check, long and full, which trim with the puffs which are at present up the front of your dress. For a short skirt you can spare a width from the back of your skirt, and some material will be cut off the length of the other back widths. With all this you can cut the principal portions of the basque bodice as given in our pattern for two colours in June. The other portions will be in the check. Your present sleeves will do, trimmed with a cuff of the check. Gather the tablier up the front, and put small bows and ends of the brown material down the front. Gather it also on the hips, and drape it gracefully at the back. This style will not only suit your figure better, but will agree more with your pale complexion and dark hair, than an entirely brown dress.]

EUNICE wishes to know if Sylvia will kindly tell her the best way to trim and brighten up a dress like pattern enclosed. It is made with jacket-body apron, and a large square one at the back (very ugly), and perfectly plain skirt, no trimming being on the dress whatever, and blue is the only colour that suits Eunice's tall figure, fair hair, and complexion. [Trim it with a pretty dark and light grey checked material, with a bright blue line running through them. They have them at Peter Robinson's from 1s. 6d. per yard. Wear pretty blue bows with it in your hair and at the throat. Could you not cut off the corners of the ugly square tablier, and draw it up with tapes, so as to drape more gracefully?]

IDALIA writes—Dear Sylvia, I have a dove-coloured French merino dress skirt, a little way on the ground at the back, made with a deep pouff, jacket bodice, coat sleeves. The dress has just been made a year, but I have never had it on, as the dressmaker was desired to trim it with a nice contrasting colour, and instead she matched it abominably; so I took the trimming off and put it on another dress that it suited, and put the other one away. I should like it trimmed with black velvet, but cannot go to much expense; and as I shall have to do it myself, I should be glad if you would tell me how. Must I use piece or ribbon velvet? Will you kindly tell me how I must trim it, and how much velvet it will take? [Piece velvet looks best, but is rather troublesome to put on, in inexperienced hands, as it must all be put on the cross and lined. It is also more expensive than ribbon velvet. I cannot tell you how much velvet to get, without knowing where the trimming is to go. Your dress would be more fashionable if trimmed with narrow close pleatings of itself, or a darker shade of grey in merino or silk. Black

velvet on colours is not much worn just now.] Could I trim a homespun polonaise with knotted wool fringe? Can you tell me the price of it? [Yes. From 1s. 6d. per yard.] What would Madame Letellier charge for the flat pattern of the polonaise, on fig. 548 of this month's magazine? Could I have it cut with sleeves? Apologizing for troubling you, and hope I am in time for an answer in the November number. [The price is given under the illustration, 2s. 9d. for the flat pattern. You could have it with sleeves.]

VIOLET presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would she kindly say in the November Work-room what will be the most fashionable shape for winter bonnets. Will they have turned-up brims? [So far as I can tell so early in the season, the shapes will be various. The rather small shape with round brim will probably be a favourite.] And will hats have turned-up brims, or will they have broad brims, and be worn down on the forehead? [They are beginning to be worn forward again.] What kind of veils will be most fashionable? [The small untrimmed mask veil of net, most probably.] Are beaded ones still worn? [Very little.] Is borax good for softening hard water? I mean the water one washes in, or does it injure the skin? [I do not know, but can recommend a bag of oatmeal to be kept in the jug.] Does Sylvia mean to say that taking a small supper is injurious to the complexion? [Surely Sylvia never implied such a thing. I think a slight supper is a necessary meal for those who dine early, but rich, hot suppers injure the digestion, and consequently, the complexion.]

C. H. M. is very grateful to Sylvia for her kind advice, and ventures to trouble her a second time. C. H. M. has some black net, with a small round spot on it, that she would like to make into a sleeveless jacket and tablier. Would the jacket need to be lined, or could she make it without a lining? Does Sylvia think it would be an improvement to bead the jacket and tablier? [Net is scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of beads. The jacket ought to be lined with very thin black muslin. It would wear a very short time if made without any lining.]

MARY will be greatly obliged if Sylvia will give her a little advice. Mary has been in mourning fifteen months for her dear mother. She wishes to know if she can wear a black velvetene dress and black and white checked tunic for the coming winter? she having a large cloak which she thinks she can convert into a tunic, if Sylvia thinks it will be sufficient mourning. [It will be sufficiently deep mourning.]

SALLIE would feel greatly obliged if Sylvia would advise her what to do with a French merino dress like pattern enclosed. It is nearly as good as new, but being in mourning nearly every winter since she has had it, it is very old-fashioned. Would Sylvia advise her to have it dyed? [Yes.] And what colour? [Navy blue or prune.] Would it dye navy blue, brown, or dark green? [Any of these.] And which will be most fashionable this winter? [Navy blue and prune.] Can it be dyed without unpicking? [Most probably.] It is trimmed with black velvet and fringe; could that be dyed the same colour as the dress? [No. Black will not dye to the same shade.] My height is 5 feet 3 inches; am air, auburn hair, and rather stout. Would like to wear it with a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with very pale blue. Would be so obliged if answered in the November number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

AGUILLE will be glad if Sylvia would kindly tell her if the Bulgare pleats for outdoor dresses will be worn during the coming winter? [Yes, though not a very convenient style for outdoor dresses. The short train will be held up in the

left hand, which will get very cold out of the protection of the muff!] And also, whether the pleated cuffs for sleeves are cut straight or on the cross? [Straight.]

EMILY would like to know if Sylvia would kindly tell her with what she could trim a large tight-fitting silk velvet out-door jacket, nearly new; it is now trimmed with gimp and lace. Emily would like it trimmed with something to make it look warmer for winter, but is afraid sable would be too expensive, and does not like imitation fur. [Fox is not so expensive as sable. Or you might trim it with uncurled ostrich feathers. Chinchilla or opossum would perhaps suit your purse.]

MYRTALE writes—Dear Sylvia, I have not before troubled you, but should be very glad if you would now give me your kind advice on one or two things. Some time since I noticed pearl powder recommended to a correspondent for whitening the teeth. I procured some from a chemist, who said he should not like to advise its use for the teeth; and I want to know if it is some particular kind; and if so, where can I obtain it? [I never heard of pearl powder being used for the teeth. Will you kindly let me know in what number it was recommended?] I have a grey felt hat which has been very little worn, what would be the best shape to have it altered? I am rather short, eighteen years of age, and have an oval face. The Tyrolese and Lorne shapes used to suit me, is there not some such shape being worn now? [Hats will be worn rather high in the crown this year. Brims straight, curved, and turned up, every variety.] I have a handsome cashmere jacket, tight-fitting in the back, with basques beautifully trimmed, but the fronts are perfectly plain, and reach scarcely below the waist. Please could I in any way lengthen them by adding a piece on? I am always obliged to wear jackets on account of feeling the cold in my arms. [You might put pieces to the fronts, and cover the joins with trimming to match that on the back basques.] Should not coat sleeves of dresses be cut very small, so as to almost fit the arms tightly? [Very narrow indeed.] And are puffed sleeves still fashionable? [Pleats are more fashionable than puffs, laid on quite flat, either lengthwise or round the arm.] Can you tell me how to remedy the following? I have a grenadine bodice, made with basques back and front, but being so thin a material, if it is fastened moderately tight it gives, and being worn so loose it makes my waist look so thick. Can I wear a satin waistband with it, or would it be better to take away the front basques, and then wear a band? [Tuck the basques in under the tunic, or skirt, and wear an oxydized chatelaine belt.] Should dresses be made high in the neck, and tightly closed up for out-of-door wear? [Yes.] And is it considered vulgar to wear collars rather loose and open for indoors? [No, but it is not good taste to wear them so in the street.] Can you or the clever editor (whom we seem to expect to know everything), tell me if there is any means of preventing myself feeling the cold in the water. I am learning swimming, and thoroughly enjoy it but for this one thing. When I have been in the water about ten minutes I shiver dreadfully, and turn bluey white; sometimes my fingers go dead, however active I may be, and if I dip my head much, I have an intense headache afterwards. It does not arise from timidity, for I never feel the slightest fear, and shall be intensely disappointed if I have to give it up. [It arises from defective circulation. You should come out of the water immediately you begin to feel so cold. Then, perhaps, after awhile you may gradually be able to remain in

longer.] And now, dear Sylvia, I am afraid I am tiring you, but I know how good you are. [If you write again, please keep to the rules.]

HONOR will feel obliged if Sylvia will give her some directions regarding some cretonne work, as she is thinking of doing some. 1. Should the satin be stretched on a frame? [No. It is tacked on linen and worked in the hand.] 2. Where can the cretonne be purchased suitable for the work? [Messrs. J. and J. Simpson, 89, Newgate Street.] 3. After the group is cut out, should it be pasted or gummed on the satip, and how is this to be done most satisfactorily? [Paste is better than gum. It requires to be done very neatly, but you need not be particular to paste down all the edges, as the stitches will keep the cretonne down.] Is there any book of directions published, and where can it be procured? [I do not know of any book of directions. The work has been described more than once in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. It is not difficult, but requires taste in the arrangement of the birds, leaves, and flowers.]

VERENA writes—Will Sylvia kindly advise me what kind of jacket to have this winter. I want black, and one that will be useful for some time to come? Will the double-breasted pilot jackets be fashionable this winter? [Cloth jackets will be fashionable. They will be worn rather long, and trimmed with braid, passementerie, or fur. 2. Naturally you get hot when you dance. I know of no remedy.] Will some one send the words of "Robin Adair." [Please send a stamped addressed envelope, that the words may be forwarded to you.]

E. A. J. presents her very kind regards to Sylvia, and would be glad if she would tell her what kind of jacket will be worn this winter? Her income is not large, and she can only afford about 21s., 25s., 30s., or 35s., and she does not know at all what to choose. 2. Also, what kind of dress would be serviceable and look nice for church, and generally for best, what material, etc.? The trimmings and way of make E. A. J. can always gather from the magazine. [Cloth jackets will be fashionable this winter. Are you skilful enough to cut one out by the pattern given this month? If so, it would be cheaper to buy a good cloth, and have it made at home. The fashionable trimmings are braid, passementerie, uncurled ostrich feathers, or fur. A very dark blue cloth keeps the colour better than a black one. If you cannot make a jacket yourself, you should be able to buy a pretty good cloth one trimmed with braid for 35s. A good tailor usually makes ladies' jackets a better fit than you can buy them ready made. I am about to inquire prices of one or two, and will let you know next month. 2. Serge, cloth, vivogne, rep, satin cloth, or winter homespun.]

#### HOME DRESSMAKING.

MADAME ADELLE LETELLIER begs to announce that ladies can have their own materials fitted at 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, at a moderate charge, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten to one o'clock.

A course of lessons in Practical Dressmaking for ladies, cutting out, etc., will be given at the above address, on Mondays and Wednesdays, from two to half-past three o'clock, by an experienced dressmaker.

Ladies intending to join these classes are requested to communicate with Madame Adelle Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, as to terms, etc.

MARMION'S DENTILANE, an excellent and refreshing wash for the teeth, may be had at 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**RULES.**—1. All letters for insertion in the following month's issue must be forwarded before the 8th of each month to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

2. Letters must be written on one side only of the paper.

3. Name and address must be sent in full, though neither will be published where a *nom-de-plume* is used.

4. Letters for the Drawing-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Work-room or the Exchange Column.

5. No charge is made for replies to questions. Our Drawing-room is open to all.

**AUNT POLLY** writes,—Can any of your numerous readers tell me where the following words occur in the Bible, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." [These words are not in the Bible.] My sister and I have been subscribers for the last four years, and it is the first time that we have taken the liberty of asking a question; and we think that yours is a very nice journal, and we always recommend it to our friends when they say they cannot get anything nice to read.

**AN IRISH SUBSCRIBER** writes,—I would be so grateful if you could tell me what editions of classical books—I mean translations of old Latin authors, etc.—that a woman may read herself or for her boys? [Bohn's.] Are those nose machines advertised by A. Ross of any use? [I do not know anyone who has used one. Send a couple of stamps to Mr. Ross, 248, High Holborn, and he will send the pamphlet. Your letter is written with such pale ink that I cannot decipher the remainder.]

**NELLIE** writes,—I hope you will forgive me troubling you again, but I have to thank those kind correspondents for sending me the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," for which I am very much obliged; and I hope you will accept my heartiest thanks for kindly inserting the same; and I shall have to ask your kind forbearance for the following queries. I have learned music, but sometimes when I am playing I have to stop to ascertain what the notes are. [Practice will soon enable you to remember the notes. Practise diligently and carefully.] Would you kindly give me the pronunciation and meaning of the following words, viz.: a la Chinoise; infra dig.; c'est une autre chose; aux fines herbes; bretzel; sauer kraut; fleur-de-lis. [It is difficult to convey the pronunciation of French words by our English sounds, but I will do my best. A la Chinoise—ah la sheen-was, means, in the Chinese style. Infra dig. is pronounced as it is spelled, and is an abbreviation of the Latin *Infra Dignitatem*, meaning, "beneath one's dignity." C'est une autre chose—Sate on ohtre shose, means, "That is a different thing." Aux fines herbes—o feens airb, is an expression in cookery, meaning, "made of dressing fish by stewing them with various dried herbs. Bretzel, pronounced as spelled, is German for cracknel. Sauer kraut, pronounced sour kraut, is a German preparation of pickled cabbage. The fleur-de-lis—flur-dee, is the emblem of the Bourbon dynasty.] What are bouillonnes? [Bouillonnes are puffs.] Could you give me a recipe for whitening the hands? [Wash them with oatmeal soap in warm water. Always dry them thoroughly after washing, and wear gloves as much as possible. Also keep your wrists covered.] I saw one of your correspondents asked about

church decorations; if you could give us any hints as to garlands, etc., I am sure they would be valued by many of your correspondents. [In the December number we hope to give some suggestions as to tasteful decoration.] I cannot procure the copy-books that you mentioned at any of the stationers near where I am living, so I do not know where to procure them. [Send one shillingworth of stamps to Madame Adele Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and she will send you some. I think they are threepence each.] I noticed with regret the remarks of an Old Subscriber last month; but I hope you don't feel disposed to suppress the questions. I think the "Work-room" and "Drawing-room" very useful. I generally turn to them first. For instance, if one asks about a black silk dress, the answer to that query may serve many more. I have found much benefit from answers to querists similarly situated to myself. Those who appreciate Sylvia's letters are far more numerous than those who do not, I am sure. The magazine gets dearer every month; the articles on Novelties, etc., make it more attractive every time. I am sure I have scarcely patience to wait for the time for them to appear; the tales are so nice, but there is one drawback, and that is, you have to wait so long after reading one before you get the other. I have recommended it to all my friends, and they say it is the best and cheapest journal in existence. [I agree with you that publishing the question makes the answer more interesting and useful, and am glad you find the "Work-room" of practical benefit.]

**INO** is extremely obliged to J. B. H. for the words of song, Happy be Thy Dreams.

**PINE-ALOE** presents her compliments to the Editor, and sends a recipe asked for by one of your correspondents some time ago, for removing spots and grease from marble. Make a paste with fullers' earth and hot water; cover the spots with it and let it dry on; and the next day scour it off with soft or yellow soap. Also, someone asked if there was any kind of cord for hanging pictures besides blind-cord. Pine-Aloe has seen a kind of gilt wire for the purpose.

**AGUILLE** writes,—In the October number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, C. C. W. asks for something interesting on history or other instructive subjects. Will she allow me to recommend Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." If C. C. W. has any interest at all in history, and will read the book with a good dictionary and a great deal of patience, she will find it both interesting and instructive. It is published in three volumes, by Longmans, Green, and Co.

**MURIEL** writes,—Although I am not a very Old Subscriber, I must write a few lines to say how entirely I disagree with the letter written to you by one who so called herself in last month's number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. To me, your letters are one of the especial attractions of the magazine; and the unfailing patience, courtesy, and kindness with which you reply to even the most tiresome questioner, set an example which many of us would do well to follow in our every-day life. [Sylvia thanks Muriel very warmly for her kind and encouraging words.]

**EUGENIE** having been a subscriber to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for many years, feels sure that Sylvia will kindly answer the following questions. Where can Eugenie dispose of plain needlework made in the village school. Also ladies' fancy-work, to be sold for church purposes. [Perhaps some of our readers may

be able to help Eugenie.] Also, if she can tell her of anything that would destroy moths and insects almost instantaneously. Eugenie is collecting, and does not like the idea of pinning them. [The fumes of sulphur are supposed to kill insects instantaneously; but I do not know if this mode injures the specimens in any way.]

**EDNA** writes,—1. Where could Veloutine and Golden Ointment be procured? And what is the cost of each? [Veloutine can be had of M. Jozeau, Haymarket. I do not know the price. Golden Ointment may be obtained through any good chemist; small bottle, 2s. 6d.] Where could she get a good set of pearls—imitation, of course? [Packer's, Regent Street.] 2. Might onyx ornaments be worn for evening? [Yes, but not in full dress.] 3. Would it be considered good taste for Edna to wear a white straw bonnet during the winter, trimmed with dark violet velvet, with a merino and velvet costume of the same colour. [Yes.]

[All correspondents who write for the words of songs or verses must enclose a stamped, directed envelope, as we cannot occupy our space with them in future.]

**NINA** writes,—Can some of your correspondents give me directions how to mount skeletonized leaves? I have the leaves ready, and should much prefer mounting them myself than sending them away to be done; and with your kind help I shall, no doubt, succeed.

**LILLA** will be grateful if Sylvia will kindly answer the following questions in the November number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN:—What is the price, by post, of Rimmel's curling fluid? And is it quite harmless? Should one have a white cloth over a chest of drawers in a bedroom? [It looks tidier.] And if so, of what material should it be? [Similar to that on the toilet-table.] Is a green French merino dress (pattern enclosed) suitable for walking, or would it be too gaudy and vulgar? [Questions for the Work-room must be written on a separate sheet of paper.] What is the meaning of the words, sardiniere, eggery, and epergne? [A sardiniere is a small dish in which sardines may be sent to table, instead of in the tin, which looks so ugly. I never heard of an eggery. An epergne is an ornament for the dinner or supper table.] And what are serviette rings? [Rings for putting round dinner-napkins when rolled up after use. The rings are numbered, so that each person knows his own napkin.] Is there any difference between a breakfast and a dinner cruet-stand? [Sometimes a larger cruet-stand is used for the dinner-table, but the larger ones are now unfashionable. It is preferred to have them smaller and more numerous.] What is the use of salvers? [Servants hand cards and letters on them.] Also of breakfast stands? [Do you mean the revolving stands for the breakfast table? They are useful, because they enable each person to reach what they want by merely twisting round the stand.] Of what does a toilet set consist? [Bottles for perfume, a box for powder, and smaller bottles, all in china or glass.] What are toilet bottles for? [For holding scent.] And what is papier mache? [It is rather difficult to describe, though one sees it every day. Webster says, "A substance made of a pulp from rags, and cast in a mould, used for ornamental work." See "Work-room" for answers to your other questions; and having answered them all, may I ask you one? Why do you send me three or four different letters, all containing several questions, but with a different signature to each? I asked you in a former Number always to use the same *nom de plume*; but this month I have received three

letters from you, each with a different name. I am sure you will not knowingly give me more trouble than is necessary; and when I tell you that I have to alter the names, and refer back to the one you first adopted, I think you will kindly call yourself Lilla for the future, especially as you can have no object in using a dozen different names. We do not limit the number of questions to be asked, as you must have perceived, for you are one of my most constant correspondents, and I conclude therefore that you are a constant reader.—SYLVIA.]

BLACK EYES asks,—Will you please tell me if Madame Adelina Patti has any children, and if they have fine voices like their mother. [I do not know if the Marquise de Caux has any children.] Please how should the word Tarantelle be pronounced? [Tarantel is the nearest approach to the pronunciation in English, but the *an* is sounded very softly in French.] Can you or any of your subscribers tell me of a pretty and rather difficult piano-forte arrangement of "When other lips and other hearts;" or I believe the real name is, "Then you'll remember me." I should be very much pleased if some one would kindly send me through the "Drawing-room" the words of the above song. [Kindly send your name and address, with stamped envelope, for the words to be forwarded, as our space is too valuable to be occupied with words of songs.] I see some lady has advised you only to print the answers of the letters sent you. I myself should be very sorry, as some of them have been very useful to me. I hope the Editor will pardon the long letter, and answer my questions in the next journal.

KATE will be much obliged if Sylvia will inform her in next month's YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN what should be done if you must not give your card to a servant who opens the door to you on making a call, as, in the answer to a correspondent in the September number, Sylvia distinctly says, "Certainly not." [Say your name distinctly to the servant, and inform him or her to the door of the drawing-room, which he or she opens, and says your name to her mistress.]

EUNICE would be very glad if some one would kindly tell her the proper way to set dessert upon a table, if the glasses should be placed on or by the plates, if mats are proper on the plates, and leaves round the dishes. Eunice thinks THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN the most useful and sensible magazine ever written, and fully appreciates it. May I suggest that an illustration of a letter should be given in it, to give an idea how to conform to rules, as so many cause Sylvia so much trouble, the writer included? [On each plate is placed a d'oyelle and a finger-glass, half full of water; also a silver knife and fork. By the right side of each plate the wine-glasses are placed, their number and variety regulated by the wines you intend to give your guests. Leaves look pretty round the dishes. If you cannot get real leaves, there are very pretty artificial ones sold for the purpose. The rules for letters are not difficult to follow. You have observed them carefully. Many thanks for doing so.]

EILEEN presents her compliments to Sylvia, and requests her opinion of the enclosed pattern of wall-paper; it is intended for a large, lofty bedroom, with two windows facing the north, and a large black marble chimney-piece. [It is a very pretty paper for a large room.] What sort and colour carpet, window, and bed-hangings, etc., would suit with it. [They must be of a warm colour, as the grey in the paper is very cold and pure. A crimson felt carpet, and striped grey and crimson chintz for bed-hangings and windows.] Are crochet or knitted quilts nice for a respectable bedroom? And as there are two beds in the room, ought their hangings to be alike or different? It is my own and sister's room, and we wish to have it very pretty. [Nothing is nicer than crochet or knitted quilts. You might line one with crimson, to match the bed-hangings. The hangings of

both beds should be alike.] Does a mahogany toilet table require a cover, and of what sort? Would it do to have only strips of bed-side carpet for the floor? [A made dimity toilet cover. This would be the cleaner and healthier plan. You might have the boards beeswaxed, as they do abroad.] Are glass or china bedroom candlesticks used? [Yes. The safest are those with glass up to the top of the candle.]

DAISY will feel obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her some way of doing her hair, which is red, rather short, but very thick. Daisy is twenty years of age, rather short, and has always been accustomed to curls, as her hair curls naturally; but she thinks it is quite time she did it up in some fresh way, as it makes her look so very young. [As it is very thick, could not Daisy pin her hair up in curls, so as to suit her. The curls should be rather high over the forehead, and not too low at the back.]

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN,  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

(Young Englishwoman's Exchange.)

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.

3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.

4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.

5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.

6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.

7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.

8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.

9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words, "Lists sent on application."

COUSIN MAGGIE wishes to obtain Misunderstood (Florence Montgomery); Woman's Friendship (Grace Aguilar). She will give in return four pieces of music or songs for each book. Cousin Maggie has a large number of books in the Lily Series, which she would exchange for music. Send for list to M. A. P., Post Office, Low Bentham, near Lancaster.

X. Z. has "The Young Ladies' Journal," bound, 1864; would like to exchange for "Argosy," 1874. "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII., bound; also "Family Herald," from Vols. I. to XII., except Vol. V. Would like offers for exchange (good class of works). 10, Portland Place, Circus Road, St. John's Wood.

A. Z. R. has a most amusing game of Fortune-telling, for winter evenings, sent free for 12 stamps; and an excellent recipe for the complexion, easy of preparation and most efficacious, 16 stamps.—Address, Post Office, Witney, Oxon.

Mrs. J. A. Howell, 6, Clarkehouse Road, Sheffield, will give full price for the April, May, June, July, August, and September numbers of the "Quiver" for 1870.

Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged or at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.

Correct delineation of Handwriting, Names poetically delineated, Photos physiognomised. Each 13 stamps. To N. N., address with Editor.

Ladies' Gaiters. New style for coming season. Serviceable, comfortable, charming. 20 stamps, N. N., address with Editor.

A Lady is anxious to obtain remunerative employment as Wood-engraver. Would not object to work from home. Any subject undertaken. Would be willing to give a small commission to anyone obtaining employment for her. Address with Editor.

MISS A. supplies Christmas Cards, hand-painted, with mottoes. Small size, 2s. 6d.; large, 3s. 6d. Address with Editor.

PAULINE wants THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for March and November, 1874. Will give full price, and pay postage.—Address, Pauline, Greenmount, Omagh, Ireland.

MISS CLYDE, North Devon Lodge, Bideford, Devon, sends 20 roots of Devonshire ferns 6 varieties, for 12 stamps, postage ad. She sends a box containing 100 roots, 9 varieties, for 5s. No charge for package.

#### COMMISSIONS FROM ABROAD.

To judge from the letters that appear from time to time in the columns of the "Work-room" and "Drawing-room" from ladies residing abroad, they appear to experience great difficulty in obtaining articles of dress of recent fashion and good style; and it seems almost impossible for dwellers in India, America, and Australia, to procure the many luxuries of the wardrobe, the dressing-room, and the cuisine which, to those who live at home, have almost become necessities. The convenience, therefore, seems to be considerable that would accrue to our subscribers abroad, and even at home in places remote from fashion and shops, from being placed in a position to correspond with someone in London capable of executing commissions for ladies.

It is in the belief that she may be useful in this way that

MADAME ADELE LETELLIER,  
30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,  
London, W.C.,

has made arrangements which enable her to execute any orders of the foregoing kind.

In transmitting such commissions, ladies are requested to be very precise in giving details, descriptions, etc., of the articles they order, as it would be impossible to change them after having been sent abroad.

#### [Advertisement.]

INFANT MORTALITY.—We are not in the habit of writing in commendation of Patent Medicines generally, but as a safe remedy for difficult teething, convulsions, flatulency, and affections of the bowels is frequently required, we earnestly call the attention of mothers to ATKINSON AND BARKER'S ROYAL INFANTS' PRESERVATIVE. Unlike those pernicious stupefactive which tend to weaken and prevent the growth of children, this Preservative gradually improves the health and strengthens the constitution, and from its simplicity, in no case can it do harm, indeed it may be given with safety immediately after birth. For nearly a century this real PRESERVATIVE of Infants' Life has been recognized throughout the world as the best Medicine for all disorders of Infants, and is sold by Chemists everywhere, in 1s. 1½d. Bottles of the SAME QUALITY AS SUPPLIED TO QUEEN VICTORIA FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN.







*E. Thirion*

*A. Chouly*

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS  
MODELLED FOR  
The "Young Englishwoman"





DECEMBER, 1875.

## YOUNG LADIES.

### VII.—THE YOUNG LADY AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

IN bringing to a close the essays under this heading, in which we have endeavoured to sketch some of the prominent characteristics of young ladies, and offer in a respectful and most sincere spirit a few hints, which may not have been found unworthy their consideration, it seems natural and fitting that we should take into consideration the time of the year when the lines we write will come before our readers. It is not too much to say that, attractive as a young lady always is, she shows pre-eminently at the holiday time which bids farewell to one year and ushers in another. Summer *fetes* and out-of-door amusements are well adapted for graceful, pleasant, cheerful, young ladies to show to advantage, but winter seems to be the season when the domestic character is most developed, while, at the same time, the social gatherings appropriate to the time give opportunity for the exhibition of accomplishments, and those graces of manner which are so peculiarly charming.

It is unfortunate that Christmas, which has so many associations to induce serious thought, should be made a peg on which to hang so much nonsense as is commonly written about it. Where there is so very much gush, we fear there is but little sincerity. We should wear the white robes of charity, peace, and good-will all the year round, and not be left to look for them in our spiritual wardrobes when the Christmas bells are ringing. We

should make music in our hearts at all times, and not try only to attune our voices to the modulations of a Christmas carol. One of the greatest moral charms of a woman—as, indeed, of all responsible beings—is sincerity; affectation of geniality which is not natural, of charity which is not felt, is unworthy insincerity. There is a great tendency at this time of the year to “talk Christmas,” to “act Christmas,” and be therewith satisfied, as if the annual celebration was a kind of charade in which all members of the family were cast for characters—the father to appear, for this occasion only, as the jolly host, all hilarity and good fellowship; the mother as the liberal housewife, with abundant stores of dainties, the very genius of good dinners and desserts; and the daughters white-robed *ingenuées*, all innocent chatter, high spirits, and flirtation.

Very pretty all this, and not unfrequently very well acted—but still acted; and young ladies, to whom especially we address these remarks, may well consider that, if these qualities are so attractive at Christmas parties, most likely they would be attractive all the year round. Not, of course, that dancing and playing are to be their invariable occupations, but that the artlessness and cheerfulness should be the accompaniments of daily life, not put on at the end of the year with book-muslin and blue ribbons.

A favourite occupation for young ladies at Christmas

time is church decoration, and very charming a church looks, with holly and other evergreens gracefully adorning reading-desk and pillar, font and chancel. There is room for the display of considerable taste in such adornments, a taste which is generally better exhibited by women than by men, except, of course, regularly trained decorators. It is very pleasant to see a party of young ladies hard at work twisting wreaths, making floral monograms, and selecting suitable inscriptions, while rector and curate smile approvingly, utter mild and most decorous little jokes, and express themselves as delighted with the result of the day's work in the chilly church. No doubt they are greatly obliged, for the incumbent and curate of St. A—— feel that the church of St. B——, the next parish, will be greatly inferior in appearance; and even zealous and spiritual clergymen are not always superior to such little vanities, and even jealousies. When Christmas Day comes, the ladies who have worked so well are charmed with the result, and perhaps think that they have performed in a very satisfactory manner a religious duty. Is any one of them quite sure that she was thinking only of spiritual things when she was tying up bunches of evergreens, and pricking her fingers with holly leaves? It is not beyond the range of possibility that some of them went to the work only because, as somebody else was going, they did not choose to stay away, or because somebody might think they were not so religious as they ought to be, if they were not zealous in the cause of evergreens and red berries. It may be, too, that some feared that absence from the church on such an occasion would insure non-invitation to the delightful party which the wife of the rector always gives at Christmas time, or a glance of cold disapprobation from the particularly gentlemanly and accomplished young curate, whose advice is so instructive when seeing the ladies home from the village school, and who has such an extensive knowledge of botany, and such an admirable taste for embroidery. It is not exactly religious either, in the best sense of the

word, to be very disagreeable after reaching home because the work of another young lady is highly praised, or to go to bed in an ill-temper, with the repeated assertion, "I am sure I have caught my death of cold in that bothering church." It does not, besides, show a very elevated state of religious feeling if the thoughts are fixed during service on Christmas morning on the floral decorations, and a young lady whispers while kneeling for the general confession, "I knew my monogram would look sweetly pretty, and don't it, mamma?"

Here, as in other matters, we must not make mistakes, and yet how easy it is to make them. Church decoration is a graceful work, but it is not in itself a religious work: for religion is a matter of conscience and the heart—of conscience, as affects our individual responsibility; of the heart, as enlarging our capacity of Christian love for others. It is the motive of work which sanctifies work; if the young ladies decorated the church from inferior motives, they are no nearer the holy of holies than the masons who reared the edifice for the sake of weekly wages.

Allow us to say a few words about Christmas parties, those pleasant gatherings which we delight so much to attend between Christmas Day and Twelfth Night. There is usually plenty of fun, plenty of flirtation, a dance, with a decided tendency to romp a little, perhaps—no harm in it—a kiss under the mistletoe. The true intent of these parties is to give young people innocent amusement, in which the natural gaiety of youth may have free play, and accomplishments be exhibited for mutual enjoyment. The absence of affectation or selfishness is essential to enjoyment; so, too, is the absence of manœuvring supervision on the part of the elders. Some mothers try to parade their girls, with matrimonial designs on eligible young men; but, depend upon it, the most really attractive girls in a room are those who are unconscious of their beauty, and who enter in a spirit of frank unaffected cheerfulness into the amusements of the evening.

THE EDITOR.

## THE TIDES.

(From Longfellow's new Volume.)

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,  
 The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,  
 And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,  
 As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.  
 Then heard I, more distinctly than before,  
 The ocean breathe, and its great breast expand,  
 And hurrying came on the defenceless land  
 The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.  
 All thought and feeling and desire, I said,  
 Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song  
 Have ebbed from me for ever! Suddenly o'er me  
 They swept again from their deep ocean-bed,  
 And in a tumult of delight, and strong  
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

## HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

## III.—FARVIEW.

DIVA THANE, it is perhaps needless to say, was a child of the North. Her peculiar type of beauty blossoms only out of soil which, for half the year, withdraws its warmth into its deep heart, and wraps itself in a chill, white robe of snow. She had made her appearance in Savalla, about a twelvemonth before, unheralded and unknown, had rented the parlour of a decayed aristocratic mansion as a studio, and had tacked on the door a card signifying to the public that she was a painter in oils. She had thenceforth been an example of that freedom and independence of life which Art makes possible for its votaries, of either sex, as a compensation, in some sort, for the sacrifices that they are bound to make to her.

It soon became known that the Youles endorsed Miss Thane to the fullest extent, both socially and financially; else society might have given her a cool reception. But it could scarcely, in its haughtiest mood, have meted out to her a fuller measure of scornful indifference than she accorded to it, when, in due time, it made up its mind to hold out a condescending hand to her. She declined its invitations, she took no notice of its calls, she would none of its patronage. Just in proportion as it grew more eager, piqued by her indifference, and curious to penetrate the mystery which surrounded her, she became colder and more distant. Finally, society was compelled to understand that the sole favour which she would accept at its hands, was forgetfulness of her existence.

Nor was the public treated much better, in her capacity of artist. Visitors at her studio found free admission, and opportunity to examine, at their leisure, the pictures, sketches, and studies, which crowded the walls; but rarely did she turn from her easel, to give them more than the briefest glimpse of her statuesque beauty, or the most concise of answers to their questions. Generally, she found some reason for declining their orders; and fully one half of the pictures on her walls were labelled, "Not to be Sold," while the sale of the remainder was plainly a matter of the profoundest indifference to her. It must needs be inferred that she had means of subsistence other than her art, amply sufficient for her quiet, inexpensive mode of life.

Nevertheless, she worked with indefatigable industry, as well as undeniable talent. If her pictures evinced some lack of technical skill, they were endued with a force and feeling which more than atoned for its absence; since the one would address itself chiefly to connoisseurs, while the other went straight to the universal heart. They covered a wide range of subjects, yet a profound observer would have traced a certain connection

and sequence in them all. The earlier and cruder efforts of her pencil were pleasant outdoor scenes,—children wading in a sunshine brook, farm youths and maidens tossing about new-mown hay, and village girls dancing under wide-spreading boughs,—scenes so perfect in their idealization as to seem familiar to every eye, yet never without that inestimable something added or eliminated, which constitutes the difference between the picturesque and the commonplace. After these came works not only marked by greater skill of design and felicity of colour, but informed with a deeper feeling;—yet so delicately indicated that none but the finest instinct would have perceived how softly Love illumined the landscape, or shone in the smile of the youth, or looked up to the maiden from her own downcast eyes reflected in the water. Then came a sudden change,—pictures and sketches wherein the artist's pencil must have been driven by some terrible intensity of feeling, to have wrought with such sombre power;—such as an illimitable desert, with a man riding fast toward a wan, setting sun, and his long, backward shadow falling upon a woman's outstretched, yearning hands,—or the black silhouette of a drifting and dismantled ship, seen against a blood-red moon, setting in a dun and angry sea,—or a deep and dismal cavern, with a female figure lying bruised and broken at the bottom of a fissure, and a man, also torn and bleeding, seen at the end of a long vista, searching for what he will not find. These pictures affected the spectator like a nightmare; there was such a fell shadow of unmitigable fate in them all, and so notable an absence of anything like hope or faith, that while he acknowledged their power, he shuddered at their spirit.

Of course, Rumour could not help busying herself with a subject so inviting as the artist, though so bare of definite results. She was variously reported to be an escaped nun, a bride that had nearly lost her life at the hands of an insane bridegroom, a widow—barely a month a wife—seeking to throw off an intolerable burden of grief by the help of new scenes, new faces, and a new manner of life, and an heiress, fled from the importunities of harsh guardians and an unwelcome suitor. It will serve as an indication of the occasional correctness of the popular instinct, that not one of these conjectures cast any shadow upon the whiteness of her fame. Not more inevitably did her face suggest snow, marble, and whatever was at once white and cold, than her demeanour suggested their chill purity. Moreover, notwithstanding that she led so unfettered and independent a life, as compared with the majority of her sex—dwelling under her own guardianship,

and ordering her day's routine to her own liking—the closest scrutiny could not detect anything therein, that was not austere, lonely, and laborious enough to suit the cell of an anchorite.

Yet, though there was so little in her way of living to suggest affluence, it soon became known that her hands were open, and her purse deep, to any claim upon her benevolence. While it never appeared that she set herself to seek out objects of charity, to such as came to her, either in person or by proxy, her bounty was generally far in excess of the demand. The only grace which it lacked, was that subtle element of the giver in the gift, which imparts a sympathetic warmth to the silver or the gold, as it is dropped in the outstretched hand; augmenting, to a degree incalculable by any known arithmetic, its power of relieving the distressed heart. Though Miss Thane gave generously, she gave none the less carelessly and coldly.

The only person whom she distinguished by any mark of affection, or measure of confidence, was Coralie Youle. The two had been classmates at a Northern boarding-school, where the native girl had first soothed and petted the stranger through a severe attack of homesickness, and then had been devotedly nursed, in her turn, during a trying dispensation of scarlet fever; in consequence of which a friendship of more than ordinary warmth and tenacity had grown up between them; manifesting itself on Coralie's part, by a half-worshipping admiration, and on Diva's, by the strong, yearning clasp of a nature that puts forth no slender, fragile tendrils, but clings only in virtue of a bend or coil of its own tough fibre. To Coralie she was never cold, never unresponsive; the girl knew that there was no veiled, inner chamber of her friend's heart to which she had not some time penetrated, and which she would be allowed to enter again, whenever her presence could throw one ray of light across its dusk. With that she was satisfied. One thing the two possessed in common—the most absolute trust in each other.

Still, though Diva always received Coralie at her studio with deep-lit eyes of welcome, and a hand-clasp into which she had the power of putting more tenderness than ordinary women would express by a close embrace, and though she often joined her in long walks through the city and suburbs, it was rarely that she could be persuaded to visit her in her own home. If she did so, it was usually at an hour when she would be little likely to meet the other members of the family. It was as a great favour, therefore, that she had consented to stay to dinner, on the day when Bergan had met her. Nevertheless, when Coralie really set her heart upon anything in her friend's power to give, she always gained her point. And so it came to pass that, a few weeks later, when the family left for their summer residence of Farview, in the hill-region of the State, she carried Diva with her, for a visit of a fortnight.

Thither, also, after awhile, came Bergan; yielding to

Mr. Youle's entreaty that he would close the office, for at least a day or two, and give himself a breath of fresh air. Secure in his dearly bought acclimation, he had not purposed to leave the city; anticipating no worse effect from its summer atmosphere than a kind of dreamy languor, which, in his present state of mind, was perhaps more to be desired than any bracing of his energies. Nevertheless, he had come to feel for Mr. Youle a degree of filial affection; and he would not pain him by a churlish disregard of his kindness.

He reached Farview about sunset. For the last three or four miles, he had seen the low roof and broad piazzas of his goal looking down upon him from the hill top, as he journeyed up the valley, and when he finally stood on the green and flowery lawn, he felt as if his own being were suddenly and sympathetically magnified an hundred degrees, so wide was the lovely and luxuriant Southern landscape outspread before him. Field and forest spotted it with various verdure; a river drew a bright, wavy line across it; here, the yellow sunshine brought out clearly every line and tint; there, the clouds dimmed it with patches of shadow; and all around was a massive framework of sunset-gilded hills.

Half involuntarily, Bergan took off his hat. "How good are the works of God, and how harmonious in their relations to one another, when we get high enough to command a wide view of them!" he reverently thought. "So, too, I doubt not, I shall find it with the dealings of His providence, when once I have climbed to a proper stand-point whence to view them as a whole. Till then, let faith accept the truth which is hidden from sight!"

A larger party than he had expected to see, was gathered in the dining-room. A legal brother, who had received a general invitation from Mr. Youle to visit him during the summer, had hit upon this occasion; one planter from the neighbourhood was present by appointment, and another by accident; and there was also a lady friend of Miss Youle, with her young daughter, Nina, beside Miss Thane. The latter signified her remembrance of Bergan by a cool bow; but it was not until dinner was over, and the evening tolerably well advanced, that he found himself in her immediate vicinity. Coralie had been led to the piano, leaving him in a somewhat isolated position, near one of the long windows; and, while the notes of a fairy-like waltz seemed to be dropping from her slender fingers, as they flitted up and down the ivory key-board, he thought he might venture to step out on the moon-lit piazza, for a few moments, without being missed. Suiting the action to the thought, he discovered that Miss Thane had made her escape before him. She was leaning against a pillar, looking out over the moon-silvered valley with a weary and wistful expression scarcely in keeping with the calm, icy indifference of her wonted aspect. With a brief apology for interrupting her, he was about to retire, when she spoke, in a tone that seemed to accord him permission to stay if he chose.



"Coralie's music sounds sweeter outside than within."

Bergan drew near to her, not to let his voice penetrate to the parlour.

"That is true, I suspect, of many things in life. To feel their full sweetness, one must get a little out of their immediate sphere."

"Is that true of persons, also?" she asked, with a keen glance.

Some moments elapsed before Bergan could answer. Compelled by the question to make a sudden, rapid investigation into the deeper things of the heart, he was confounded at the unexpected result. Too truthful, however, to attempt to hide it, he finally answered, thoughtfully:—

"In some measure, I think it is. Miss Thane, did you ever experience quite that deep delight in the presence of a friend, which you sometimes (please remember, I say only *sometimes*) derive from the thought of him or her in absence?"

She did not answer the question. She only said, in a tone of cool irony: "You do not flatter your friends, Mr. Arling." But in another moment, she exclaimed, with a sudden, startling intensity of passion and longing—"Is there, then, nothing,—neither love, nor friendship, absolutely *nothing*, which answers expectation, and satisfies desire? Horrible, horrible thought!"

"I do not think so," replied Bergan, gently; "though I confess that I was troubled, at first, by the necessity of answering your question as I did. But I now recognize the fact thus revealed to me as very satisfactory evidence that our affections, our friendships, are to know a richer and lovelier development than they can ever attain to on this earth. In heaven there must be room for every lofty ideal."

Then, with a sudden deep intuition of the real necessities of the soul beside him, he went on to say—"Yet there, as here, I suppose, the one satisfying, completing thing will be the love of God. The soul was made to look up, not along a level; it can only find its highest joy in something superior to itself."

She turned and looked him intently in his face.

"Do you believe what you say?" she asked, doubtfully.

Very solemnly Bergan answered, "I do."

"Belief is nothing," she rejoined, after a pause, "action is the test. Do you *live* your belief?"

Bergan drew a deep breath. "I try to do so, Miss Thane."

She went on, seemingly so intent upon her own train of thought as to be utterly unmindful of the solemn and searching nature of the questions that she was putting:—

"You feel, then, this all-satisfying love of God in your heart?"

"In some measure, I trust I do."

"And when the sun suddenly dropped, or faded, out of your sky, and the past became a corpse, and the pre-

sent a burden, and the future a blank, what comfort did it give you?"

"The comfort of knowing that all things work together for the good of those that love God," responded Bergan, not without a momentary wonder at the curious appositeness of the question to his recent experiences, but quickly divining that she was looking more into her own heart than his, in asking it.

Coralie's music ceased suddenly. There was a little stir in the parlour, and a murmur of voices, as if some subject of interest were under discussion.

"Go," commanded Miss Thane, "they will be looking for you. I will follow you in a few moments."

He stepped back through the window. Coralie came toward him. "We are talking," said she, "of going down to the negroes' camp-meeting, a little below here; Mr. Sypher was just telling us that it is a sight well worth seeing, by night. Will you go?"

"I am entirely at your service," replied Bergan, courteously.

"And Diva!—where is she? Oh, there she comes."

Bergan turned. Miss Thane was standing between the curtains, with her usual expression of calm indifference.

Coralie explained what was wanted. "Would you like it?" she inquired, twining her arm round her friend. "There will be some fine artistic effects."

Miss Thane looked down upon her, with a softness that Bergan had never before seen in her face, and which gave it a marvellous beauty. "I like whatever you like, child," she answered, evasively.

In the hall, she stopped, and took a shawl from the rack.

"Oh, Diva," exclaimed Coralie, "you will not need that, it is so warm."

Miss Thane stood doubtful, with the shawl in her hand. Bergan took it from her quietly, and threw it across his broad shoulder. "It is always safe to carry a shawl, if not to wear it," said he, lightly.

There was no formal arrangement of the party. The path lay through the fields, and was often too narrow to admit more than one person; at other times, partnerships of two or three were formed or broken, very much by chance. A broad glory of moonshine not only lighted them on their way, but surrounded them with enchantment,—softening lines, and deepening shadows, and turning the whole earth into a new creation of silver and ebony.

#### IV.

#### A WORD IN DUE SEASON.

ERE long, the shadowy wood-line was reached, and very soon a red twinkle of light became visible through the trees, broadening and brightening as they advanced. The

sweet and solemn notes of a hymn, sung by many voices, next pervaded the air; and in a few minutes more, they were standing on the edge of the camp-ground, interested observers of a singularly picturesque scene.

Opposite to them was the speaker's stand, well lighted, covered with evergreen boughs, and affording accommodation to a goodly company of preachers, but too distant to be unpleasantly prominent. Between them and it, the whole vast space was crowded with negro worshippers; some sitting, some kneeling; here, an uncouth figure bowed in an attitude of absorbed meditation (or, it might be, indulging in a peaceful sleep); there, a dusky, upturned face, intent, or agonized, or rapturous, according as the owner was devoutly receptive, torn with conviction of sin, or blissfully assured of pardon. From among them the brown trunks of the forest trees rose straight and shapely as the pillars of a vast temple and overhead, the under surfaces of the leaves showed grey and spectral against the sombre night sky. Here and there, lanterns were fastened to the trees, but the place was chiefly illuminated by great fires of pitch pine, whence clouds of smoke arose ever and anon, and hung trembling in the tree-tops; and the flames of which, as they rose and fell, cast alternate glow and gloom upon the upturned faces, and seemed to work corresponding changes of expression,—sudden transitions of joy and sorrow for which there was no apparent cause. Outside of these fires, scattered groups of spectators now came out into bold relief, and now lost themselves in shadow; strong profiles caught the eye, and then vanished; here and there, too, white faces offered an effective contrast to their darker neighbours.

Altogether, it was a picture to delight an artist's eye; yet Miss Thane seemed scarcely to enjoy it. On the way hither she had been silent, shut up within herself, neither seeking nor giving amusement; and she now stood a little apart, letting her eyes rove absently from point to point, but without appearing to take intelligent cognizance of any. Yet she seemed to be listening, after awhile, to the voice of the white-haired negro preacher who occupied the stand, and talked of the comfort of religious faith in a way to argue profound personal knowledge of the subject,—albeit, his phraseology was illiterate, and occasionally absurd, calling a smile to some faces in the party. But Diva did not smile; her thoughts were evidently far below the surface of the subject, in depths where the gleaming ripple of the comic was unfelt and unseen.

The party was considerably scattered. Miss Youle and her friend, tired with their walk, had found a seat on the outermost of the benches, watched over by Judge Emly; the youthful Miss Nina and one of the planters had gone round to get a view from the other side; Coralie stood near a fire, listening to the low comments of Mr. Sypher; and Mr. Youle and Bergan were quite in the background, silent spectators, for the most part, of what was going on.

The white-haired speaker brought his brief address

to a close; and a number of negroes quitted the benches and came up the path. Mechanically, Coralie stepped back to make way.

"Take care," exclaimed Mr. Sypher, in a warning voice, "you will catch fire."

But he was too late. She had moved within reach of the draft, and her light muslin robe was wafted into the blaze. Instantly, she felt the heat, saw over her shoulder a rising tongue of flame, and with the insane impulse which usually seizes upon those in like peril, turned to flee from the danger which it was so impossible to distance. But scarcely had she taken a step, before Bergan's strong arm caught her, and flung her, face downward, on the ground; with a deft movement of the other hand and arm, Miss Thane's shawl was shaken out and thrown over her; and, in spite of her frantic struggles, she was held fast by one knee, while he applied both hands to the task of smothering the flames. Miss Thane was the first to come to his aid; then the rest of the party woke from their momentary stupor of alarm, and joined their efforts to hers. In very brief space of time, the work of extinguishment was complete, and Coralie, being lifted to her feet, still enveloped in the friendly shawl, was found to be comparatively uninjured. Her floating curls were singed at the ends, one arm was slightly reddened and smarting, and her nerves were considerably shaken—that was all;—all! where there might so easily have been death, or torture and disfigurement worse than death.

The whole thing had taken place so suddenly and swiftly, that only such persons as were in the immediate vicinity had been aware either of the peril or the rescue; so that it was by chance, as it were, that the whole vast multitude now burst forth with the solemn old Doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The great wave of sound flowed round and over the little breathless party, and charitably veiled or soothed its emotions. Mr. Youle, standing with his arm round his daughter, bowed his face on her head, and a large tear glistened on her soft curls; Miss Youle sank on her knees by the bench where she had been sitting, and wept silently; others of the party bent their heads, or lifted their hats; Diva Thane held one of Coralie's hands close clasped in hers, but her face was turned away. Suddenly, she threw her voice into the last line of the Doxology:—

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"

with a richness and power that were like the swell of an organ. It appeared to pervade and sustain the whole chorus of voices, and impressed them inevitably with its own character: which, to Bergan's ear, seemed not so much an expression of thankfulness, as the irresistible outbreak of a feeling that would gladly have given itself the more effectual relief of moaning aloud, had the opportunity been afforded it.

A bystander now considerably offered Mr. Youle the loan of his horse and buggy, and Coralie and her aunt were swiftly driven homeward. The remainder of the party walked back as they had come—Miss Thane and Bergan being in the rear. As they turned into the narrow woodpath, she motioned him to precede her; and he quietly obeyed, understanding, better than she knew, her desire to feel herself free from observation. Yet he failed not to listen for the sound of her light footsteps behind him, and to adapt his pace to hers. Meanwhile, his mind busied itself, almost against his will, with a new and serious question. In the little interval before the starting of the buggy, Coralie had taken his hands in hers, and thanked him for the service rendered her, with a look that haunted him still. There had been nothing in that look but what was most delicate and maidenly,—an involuntary attempt to help out with her eyes the broken words which yet expressed her gratitude so well; nevertheless, it had been possessed of some indefinable quality which had touched him deeply at the time, and now set him gravely to question within himself whether he had any right to be the object of a second look of the kind; at least, while the past was still a desolate grave, over which no grass yet grew green, no flowers bloomed. Trained to look difficult questions in the face, stripping them of all confusing or meretricious appendages, it did not take him long to arrive at an emphatic “No,” as the only possible answer to this one. Fortunately, he had not committed himself to any particular length of stay at Farview, and the sudden recollection of an important paper that he had locked up in his desk, instead of committing it to the safer guardianship of the fire-proof safe, suggested itself as an excellent excuse for a speedy departure. He decided that he would take his leave early in the morning, and see Coralie no more until he had determined that the past had become so far a dream as to admit of a new dream of the future.

This honourable decision being reached, his mind was sufficiently at ease to allow him to notice that his pace had gradually become a very slow one, in half unconscious conformity to the lagging footsteps behind him,—footsteps which spoke so unmistakably of a troubled mind or an exhausted frame. It even appeared that Miss Thane stopped altogether, now and then, by reason of absorbing thought, or from the necessity of taking breath. Bergan hesitated for a moment, divided between the fear of being intrusive, and the kindly impulse to afford timely help; but the latter prevailed, and, the path having widened somewhat, he turned and offered her his arm. She shook her head absently, at first; then seemed to become suddenly aware that support was needful, and accepted it.

“We are privileged to be silent, I believe,” said Bergan, as they moved on together, “only in the presence of strangers or friends. Count me in either category, as you please, and do not trouble yourself to talk. I see you are tired.”

“Thank you,” returned Miss Thane, in a cool tone of acquiescence.

Across the next two fields, their own linked shadows, sliding slowly over the ground in advance of them, were not more silent than they. The voices of their companions, who had far outstripped them, reached their ears only in subdued and harmonious murmurs. The moonlight lay over the earth like a visible blessing of peace; and even threw a kind of reflected brightness into Miss Thane's heart, by the aid of which she was better able to try to find some pathway out of its shadows. In that one terrible moment, when she had seemed to see Coralie wrapped in flames, a swift vision of herself, left standing alone in the world—without relative, without friend, without human affection, hope, or solace—a lonely, empty, unsatisfied heart—had risen before her, and left her appalled, even in the midst of her thankfulness that it was only a vision as yet, and not a reality. For, how easily, through the agency of a boat or an engine, a fever or a chill, a thousand every-day accidents, it might still become a reality! With what was she then to supply Coralie's place in her heart and life?

Awhile ago, she would have answered confidently, “With Art.” Now, she knew better. For two years she had been testing Art's capacity to fill and satisfy an empty human heart, and her soul was exceeding bitter with the unexpected result. She had painfully experienced the truth (though she could hardly be said to understand it as yet) that he who embraces Art with a thought of self and not of service, will find it turn to ice or to ashes in his arms. In itself, it has neither balm for affliction, nor skilful surgery for remorse, nor sunshine to throw athwart the black gloom of despair.

Out of this bitter knowledge Miss Thane finally spoke, apparently recurring in thought to their previous talk on the piazza:

“Mr. Arling, how is one to love God, if one does not?”

“I think, where it is not spontaneous,” Bergan answered, after a moment's consideration, “that such love is most surely to be attained through prayer and service;—a frequent lifting up of the heart to Him whom it would fain love; a constant endeavour to do His will, as the best means of developing and manifesting love.”

Miss Thane looked down thoughtfully. “I have known—a man,”—she began slowly, with a shade of irrepressible sadness in her tone,—“a man not less gifted with talent and intellectual power than yourself, and with a somewhat longer and more varied experience in the use of his gifts, who would have laughed at the idea of any virtue in prayer, except as affording a pleasant illusion to a weak mind.”

“I, too, have known such a man,” replied Bergan the image of Doctor Remy rising irresistibly before his mind, and causing a dull ache in his heart; “but was he—was this man of whom you speak—or had he ever been. in the devout, habitual use of prayer?”

She shook her head. "I do not know, probably not."

"Miss Thane, you would scarcely need to have me warn you that no man is to be accepted as authority, in law or medicine, who is not thoroughly conversant with the subject, both by study and practice. So those, and those only, who pray themselves, humbly, devoutly, persistently have any right to pronounce upon the efficacy of prayer."

She looked up at him quickly and keenly. "Pardon me, but—have you the right to speak with authority?"

"In some small measure, yes. I can certify you that the medicine is good, because I have taken it; that the staff is strong, because I have leaned upon it; that the weapon is efficient, because I have fought with it. Allow me to hope that you do not need the certification."

Her eyes fell, and her cheek flushed slightly, but she answered with her usual straightforward candour: "I was never taught to pray;—my mother died when I was born, and my father believed none of these things. I have no habit of prayer."

"Does no one pray for you?"

"I don't know—Coralie, perhaps."

Bergan looked down upon her, and a sudden moisture dimmed his eyes. His heart was taken complete possession of, for the moment, by a vast, sorrowful pity for this beautiful and gifted woman, who masked so empty and aching a heart with so cold a demeanour, impelling him irresistibly to help her, as he could.

"When you are next asked that question," said he, and there was a deep, rich melody in his voice, "do not say that you 'don't know,' for I promise to put up a prayer for you daily, from henceforth, until you send me word that you have learned to pray habitually and gladly for yourself. Hereafter, when you lie down to rest, remember that another—claiming no title of friend, but simply that of neighbour—has asked forgiveness for your day, protection for your night, and every strength that you need for your morrow."

The proud heart was touched at last. That is to say, Bergan's words were the effectual "last drop" in the full cup of the evening's varied emotions,—comparatively insignificant perhaps in itself, but none the less inevitably productive of overflow. Miss Thane's lips parted with a kind of gasp, scarcely distinguishable as sound, but profoundly suggestive of pain; and a perceptible tremor ran over her from head to foot. Suddenly releasing Bergan's arm, she sat down on a fallen tree by the side of the path, and covered her face with her hands, while tears, dripping through her slender fingers, glistened gem-like in the moonlight.

Yet it argued much for her power of self-control, that she made no sound, nor shook with any sob. Grief must be content to exercise over her limited, not absolute dominion.

Bergan withdrew to a little distance, and waited silently, looking out over the shadowy valley to the fair,

flowing outline of the moon-silvered hills. Those womanly tears, he was certain, would afford most safe and seasonable relief to whatever pain and excitement, whatever distressful memories or dismal forebodings, had resulted from the evening's events. For himself, comparative stranger as he was, he had no right to give Miss Thane more than the silent sympathy of a heart itself not unacquainted with sorrow.

Suddenly, the deep silence was broken by the soft whirr of wings. A bird, flying as straight over the moonlighted fields as if let loose by an unseen hand for that purpose, alighted in the boughs over the two motionless figures, and shook down upon them a shower of liquid notes,—sweet, clear, and joyous,—a very prophecy of hope.

The song being sung, the bird soon spread its wings and flew back to its nest and its mate. Then Diva rose, and held out her hand to Bergan.

"I accept your offer," said she. "Something tells me that the time will come when I can repay you in degree, if not in kind."

And Bergan, as he took the white, cool hand—empty now, except perhaps of a half-reluctant gratitude, and a moderate measure of good-will—had a singular intuition that some day it would be held out to him with an inestimable gift in it.

## V.

### AN AIMLESS STROLL.

LATE one afternoon, about a month after Bergan's return to Savalla, he quitted the office, which seemed to have grown unaccountably barren and dreary of aspect, and set out for an aimless stroll through the city. The air was fresh and moist from a recent shower, and the slanting sunbeams were working alchemic wonders in the streets and squares; turning the polished leaves of the oak and olive trees to silver, and hanging them with prismatic jewels, enriching the grass with a vivid green, and the earth with a rich golden brown, and imprinting the sensitive surface of every tiny rain-pool with a lovely picture of blue sky, fleecy clouds, and pendent sprays of foliage.

Through all these pleasant sights Bergan moved slowly and half absently, occupying himself less with their beauty than with the sober monologue of his own thoughts. Yet his gaze was not without occasional moments of intelligence, and in one of these he noticed a child, attended by a large dog, standing with a curiously doubtful, undecided air, in the midst of the square that he was crossing. Suddenly making up her mind, it would seem, she held out her hand to a gentleman coming from the opposite direction, who took no further notice of the mute appeal than was implied by a shake of the head. The sight was a comparatively strange one in those days,



when begging was resorted to as an occasional resource, rather than followed as a regular trade; and Bergan continued to observe the child with a certain degree of interest, though not with a wholly unpreoccupied mind, as he advanced toward her.

All at once, it struck him that there was something oddly familiar about her slender little figure. As for the dog, he was certainly an old acquaintance, as could easily be proven; and Bergan's lips emitted a low, peculiar whistle. There was an instant pricking up of the canine ears, and an inquisitive turning sidewise of the canine head, but the faithful animal would not leave his young mistress until he was absolutely certain that he recognized a friend. She, meanwhile, seemed to notice neither the whistle nor its effect; nor could she distinctly see what manner of man drew near, her eyes being dazzled by the level sun-rays, but she again mutely held out her hand.

It was instantly taken possession of. "Cathie," said Bergan, wonderingly, "what does this mean?"

She looked at him a moment in blank bewilderment, but ended by recognizing him and flinging herself into his arms exactly as the Cathie of a year before would have done; but with a deep, long-drawn, repressed sob, implying a profounder sorrow than had ever darkened the horizon of even that child of many and incomprehensible moods.

Yet Bergan was considerably relieved by her first words:—"Oh, Mr. Arling, don't tell mamma—don't tell Astra—please don't!" It seemed probable that the episode of the begging was simply one of the child's strange freaks.

"Did you do it for fun, then?" he asked.

"Fun?" repeated Cathie, with indignant emphasis, "do you think it's fun to beg, Mr. Arling? I don't. I was so ashamed that I wanted to hide my face with both hands."

"Then why did you do it?" asked Bergan, gravely.

The child's lip assumed its most sorrowful curve. "To get some money to give Astra," she answered. "We are very poor now; the bank went and got broke, with all mamma's money in it; and she was taken sick, and Astra couldn't get much to do, and we've had to move into a little mean house, in a dirty little street, where there are no flowers, nor trees, nor anything that's nice. And this morning I saw Astra take the last money out of her purse, to pay the rent, and she looked—oh! I can't tell how she looked,—something like that big grey man, with the little boy on his back, that she made so long ago; and I did so wish that I could do something to help her, just a little bit. So, when she sent me out to take a walk with Nix, it came into my head that I could beg for her, if I couldn't do anything else, and I thought I'd try it. Was it doing wrong?"

Bergan did not answer except by stooping to kiss the child's upturned face. His eyes grew moist.

"I know it must be wrong," pursued Cathie, innocently, "if it makes you cry, Mr. Arling."

"No, Cathie," replied Bergan, smiling reassuringly. "I do not think it was wrong,—at least, you did not mean to do wrong, and that makes a great difference. But I don't think that you will need to try it again. Now, certainly you can do something better; that is, take me home with you."

On the way, Cathie, secure in the sympathy of this trusted friend of better days, gave a more detailed account of the misfortunes that had befallen the little family, since it left Berganton. His heart ached as he pictured to himself the weary and wasting struggle with poverty that Astra had maintained so bravely, yet so hopelessly; heavily weighted, on the one hand, with the burden of disappointed affection, and, on the other, with the anxiety caused by her mother's severe illness. For works of art, there had been no demand; for portrait busts and medallions, there had been only a scanty and fitful one. Her last resource had been pupils in drawing, but these had now failed her, in consequence of the usual summer exodus of the city's wealthier population; by reason of which she was reduced to the bitter straits shadowed forth by Cathie's earlier communications. It was touching, too, to see what real nobleness of character had all along been hidden under the child's caprice and waywardness, as evinced by the fact that she said little of the privations that had fallen to her own lot, but dwelt chiefly on her mother's lack of accustomed comforts, and the forlorn face that Astra wore, when out of that mother's sight.

The house was reached before the story had come to an end. It was a little better than Bergan's fears, but far worse than his hopes. It smote him to the heart to contrast it with the comfortable and spacious mansion that had opened its doors so readily to him at Berganton, and wherein he had come to feel himself so pleasantly at home.

Cathie ushered Bergan into the dingy little room that served both for parlour and studio, and then rushed through the opposite door, full of the importance of the news that she had to impart. There was a smothered exclamation of surprise from the adjoining room, followed by a murmured consultation; and then Astra appeared in the doorway.

But it was by no means the Astra of Bergan's remembrance. The features were the same, to be sure, but the light, the hope, the energy, that had animated them, and informed them with such rich and varied expression, was utterly lacking. There was a perceptible line between the eyebrows, as if the brow were wont to be knit over difficult problems; and the mouth expressed a settled melancholy, which a smile seemed only to vary slightly, not to displace. Nor could Bergan help detecting a little hardness in it,—the look of a defeated general, forced to lay down his weapons, but still unsubdued in will.

What he most marvelled at, however, was that it immediately brought Diva Thane's face before him, as if

there was some 'subtle relation between them, though there was not the slightest resemblance.

Astra's manner to him was scarcely less altered than her face. It was not exactly cold, but it lacked much of the old warmth and heartiness. Bergan took no notice of it; he readily divined what chords of painful association were thrilled at the sight of him, and how inevitably her pride revolted against being seen in her present surroundings. Her hand was so cold when he took it in his, that he pressed it between both his own, with a vague idea of warming it; then, stirred by a sympathy too deep for ordinary expression, he bent over and touched it with his lips.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Nothing, just now," she answered, mournfully. "I believe my hands have lost their cunning,—if ever they had any. That is the last." She pointed to a small bas-relief.

It represented a child, skipping lightly down a flowery slope, trailing a vine behind her. The face was turned so far away from the beholder, as to show only the rounded outline of the youthful cheek and brow, but the figure expressed a wonderful joyousness. In more senses than one, it was plainly, "In the Sunshine;" which title was lightly scratched in the plaster.

Bergan studied it attentively. "It is as fresh as a rose," said he, "and as sweet. This 'Sunshine' is just what I want to brighten my office. I was thinking, this very day, that something must be done to make it less dismal. I suppose it is for sale?"

Astra bent her head a little stiffly. She doubted the reality of this new-born desire for office decorations.

He took out his purse, and laid a folded bank-note on the table. He expected that she would not look at it, until after he had gone, but she immediately took it up, opened it, and tendered it back to him.

"It is too much," said she proudly. And her look added, "I am no beggar."

"Is it?" inquired Bergan, with apparent surprise. "I thought it agreed tolerably well with the prices that you used to mention as the least you would receive for your works, in the future."

"I have lived to grow wiser," replied Astra.

"It is all the same," rejoined Bergan composedly, "I was about to say that, as my mother has long been entreating me to send her some sort of a portrait, it occurs to me that I cannot do better than to get you to make a medallion or a bust of me, whichever you please. The balance of the note can go toward the first payment. We will arrange for the sittings, as soon as you are at leisure."

Astra's lip trembled. Put in this way, the note might be retained; and no one knew so well as herself what an amount of relief to her, and of comfort to her mother, it ensured. But her pride was very sore, nevertheless, and her face was little grateful, as she dropped the note on the table, somewhat as if it had burned her fingers.

Bergan hastened to change the subject. "I am sorry not to see your mother," he began; but Astra interrupted him.

"She would like to see you very much," said she, "if you don't mind coming to her room. It is several days since she has left it; though I really think that she is better to-day."

"Why should I mind?" asked Bergan, smiling. "She used to call me her son sometimes; though you do take such pains to give me to understand that you utterly repudiate me as a brother."

Astra turned her face aside, to conceal the sudden unbending of the set mouth. "Indeed, I do not," she faltered.

Bergan drew her toward him, just as a brother would have done. "Then you will help me to persuade her to move into more comfortable quarters at once. I promise you that it shall be arranged so carefully as to give her the least possible fatigue."

Astra shook her head. "It cannot be; it would excite her too much. Her disease is of the heart; and joy kills as surely as sorrow. When I moved her here—being imperatively forced to do so, because I could not afford to stay where we were—I determined that, let come what would, she should not be stirred again, until she is a great deal better or—worse. Thank you for the kind thought, but indeed she is best off here, for the present,—now that I have the means of making her tolerably comfortable."

In the last sentence, there was some trace of Astra's old self; and, glad to have gained thus much, Bergan followed her to Mrs. Lyte's bedside.

If he still cherished any belief in the feasibility of removing her, it vanished with the first sight of her face. He wondered what could have led Astra to think her better. Even to his inexperienced eyes, the struggling breath, the beaded forehead, the ashy pallor, indicated but too plainly that the thread of her life was wellnigh spun.

Yet she was less changed, in some respects, than Astra. Her smile had the old sweetness; her face—when the excitement caused by his unexpected visit was calmed a little, and she could breathe easier—had the old expression of gentle resignation. It lighted up, too, at sight of him;—as he had reminded Astra, she had come to regard him with a half-motherly affection, during his residence in her house.

"It is very good of you to come to us," she said, gratefully; "it seems a great while since I have seen any friendly face."

"If I had only known that you were in Savalla, I should have come much sooner," answered Bergan.

"And if I had known that you were here," she responded, "I should certainly have sent for you. It is strange, Astra, that we never happened to hear of him."

Mrs. Lyte briefly explained the circumstances which had led to the removal. She stated, furthermore, that she

had written to Major Bergan, upon the failure of the bank where her money was invested, and inquired if he had sold the house, and whether there was any balance in her favour. To which he replied that he had done nothing about the matter, and proposed to do nothing at present; he only wished that she would come back, and live in it, as before. But this was impossible, she had now no means of maintaining so large and expensive a place. She had, therefore, written again, to the effect that she asked nothing better than the immediate foreclosure of the mortgage, and the sale of the property. Would he attend to it at his earliest convenience, and forward her the balance? To this letter there had been no reply; she took it for granted that a purchaser had not been found. What she desired of Bergan, in the event of her death, which she believed to be near at hand, was to hurry forward the sale of the place, and secure something for Astra, if possible. This he promised to do; and he added, in a tone that brought instant conviction to her mind, and tears of gratitude to her eyes, that, however this matter terminated, neither Astra nor Cathie should lack friendly aid, at need.

When he finally took his leave, Bergan beckoned Astra to the door. "Are you alone here?" he inquired. "Is there no one to share your labours and your cares?"

"We brought our old Chloe with us," replied Astra; "she would not be left behind, and indeed, I do not know what we should have done without her. But lately the good old creature has insisted upon going out to do a day's washing, now and then, to bring something into the family purse; she is out to-day. When she is home, she does all she can."

Bergan recollected the old slave, and doubted nothing of her fidelity. But, in the woeful event that he foresaw, Astra would need other help, other sympathy, he thought.

"Is there no one you can send for,—no relative, no friend, in Berganton, or elsewhere?" he persisted.

"None," replied Astra. "And what accommodations have we for such a friend, if we had one?"

There was nothing more to be said. He shook her hand warmly, told her that he had promised her mother to come again on the morrow, lifted his hat, with his usual courtesy, and went down the street, in such a maze of pity and perplexity, that he forgot to notice which way he went.

When he became cognizant of his whereabouts, he was standing before a large, old-fashioned mansion fronting on one of the principal squares of the city. On the door was a silver plate, bearing the name of "DIVA THANE, ARTIST."

## WHEN?

ONCE more the sunshine gladdens all the earth,  
Again do bud and blossom spring to view,  
As Summer flowers hasten into birth,  
And all things beautiful their life renew.

The waking earth is fraught again with gladness,  
The softened air with melody is rife,  
That seemeth but the requiem of sadness  
That reigned ere yet the flowers sprang to life.

The feathered minstrels wake again their song,  
To welcome Flora back with joyous strain;  
And high in air his anthem, hushed so long,  
The soaring lark in fulness pours again.

The zephyr softly fans each scented blossom,  
And sips the perfume from the new-born rose,  
As Summer, nestling closely on Earth's bosom,  
Once more doth all her floral wealth disclose.

The blackbird to his mate doth call again,  
In notes of love awaking in his breast;  
Sweet Philomel pours out her vesper strain,  
When Sol has settled tired in the West.

All things that life and feeling have rejoice,  
And only I in loneliness repine,  
Still waiting for the music of thy voice,  
In accents telling me that thou art mine.

Through all the years we number with the past,  
I've waited for the footstep never heard;  
Yet still methinks 'twill some day come at last,  
When love within thy breast hath faintly stirred.

The blackbird's mate will to his call reply,  
In music that shall echo through the glen,  
And, soon or late, thy footstep will draw nigh,  
But oh, my truant darling, tell me—when?

## NOTABLE LIVING WOMEN AND THEIR DEEDS.

## MARY CARPENTER.

"**B**E sure to take a bird out of a good nest," is a sensible piece of advice, and Dr. Lant Carpenter acted upon it when, on Christmas Day, 1805, he entered into the bonds of matrimony. His wife was a member of a respectable, though greatly reduced family. Her mother had been one of Dr. Carpenter's early religious friends. The mother has been described as "a meek and lowly spirit, whose life of trial was sustained by religious hope, elevated by pure devotion, cheered by Christian benevolence, and spent in the unwearied discharge of self-denying duty." The daughter of such a one was surely worth seeking for a wife; she could hardly fail to bring a blessing with her to any home.

Dr. Lant Carpenter, who afterwards became known to the world as an eminent theological writer, was, at the time of his marriage, residing at Exeter. He had, shortly before, been elected one of the pastors of the Unitarian congregation there, and to his ministerial duties he united those of a teacher of youth.

In the beginning of April, 1807, his first-born child came into the world. The name Mary was given to her, and forms the subject of the present memoir. "Our future," her father wrote to her many years after, "is involved in much uncertainty." Who would have guessed that this little child would have a life worth writing about, worth reading about, and, best of all, worth copying; that she would grow to be one of the most distinguished for good works of all her countrywomen?

She received her education, as did also her brothers and sisters who afterwards appeared on the stage, under

her father's superintendence. It included such subjects as classics and mathematics; in fact, brothers and sisters, in the matter of learning, seem to have fared pretty much alike. This, says Miss Carpenter, "never unfitted me for domestic duties; on the contrary, it rendered me more fully qualified to accomplish a woman's mission."

The upbringing of his children was conducted by Dr. Carpenter upon principles which are not fashionable in

these days. He insisted on a greater show of respect and required a fuller confidence than many now think necessary. "His watchful care," says his biographer, "to correct everything that he thought might lead to evil, which arose from his feelings of the great importance of early impressions and habits, might have assumed the appearance of severity, had it not evidently proceeded from a tender love, which his children were not slow to remark. He always nurtured in them such a confidence in his judgment, and such faith in his impartial affection, that they never even suspected that he could be actuated by any unkind feeling, or ever mistaken in his decisions respecting them." The consequence was that he secured not only

their respect, but their fond, affection. A more united family it would have been difficult to find.

One of the great changes in Miss Carpenter's young days was the removal, in 1817, of her father from Exeter to Bristol. At the latter city he undertook the charge of the Unitarian church of Lewin's Mead. He also engaged as before in the work of teaching.

There is little to tell of the life of our heroine till 1828, when Miss Mary arrived at the responsible age of twenty-one.



MARY CARPENTER.



On the morning of her birthday she received a letter from her father, full of the tenderest affection and warmest good wishes. "We know not," he said, "what is the path in which thou wilt be called to tread; but we feel all earthly solicitude swallowed up in the desire that thou mayest be the faithful servant of Christ, and mayest be enabled, while working out thine own salvation, and going on towards Christian perfection, to work for others the work assigned thee, and faithfully, calmly, and perseveringly do the Lord's will."

Miss Carpenter's education was now completed, and she was about to turn it to practical account. Dr. Lant Carpenter had long been in feeble health, and it was resolved that he should give up the school which he had conducted for many years, and devote himself altogether to the work of the ministry. This would, of course, produce a considerable deficiency of income; but Mrs. Carpenter and her daughters—there were three of them—were equal to the occasion. They undertook to commence a school for young ladies.

The project was carried out with characteristic energy. The three sisters went over to Paris for a few months to prepare themselves for the duties on which they were about to enter. The school was opened, and it proved, as it deserved to be, a decided success.

In this newly-founded school not only were female accomplishments taught, but the classics; instruction was also given in needlework and in many things useful in a family. "Among the ladies thus taught," says Miss Carpenter, alluding to this period of her career, "some made it their business in after life to instruct the poor and ignorant; others became admirable wives, and while conscientiously fulfilling the duties which they owed to their families, entered upon extended spheres of usefulness.

"This higher education does not, then, as is sometimes supposed, unfit women for their special duties, but, on the contrary, enables them to become better wives, better mothers, and more useful members of society." This is not the view of the mother who, when her daughter asked her, "What should a woman know?" answered, "To write well and keep accounts, that is all."

We shall let the Carpenter family live now in peace for five years from the date last mentioned, only telling the reader that the members of it did their duty, the father in his ministry, the mother and daughters in their school, and the sons in following their respective lines of life. But we must bring them again into notice in 1833, when a notable event happened in Miss Carpenter's history. The celebrated Hindu Rajah Rammohun Roy visited Bristol, and died there on the 18th October of that year.

Of this enlightened Indian reformer, it is worth our while to say a few words. He was born about 1780, and his ancestors were Brahmins of a high order. At a very early age he took to comparing the evidence for and against the various religious doctrines held by those around him. He found all of them repugnant to his

vigorous understanding, and boldly acknowledged this fact both to himself and to the world.

He roused the determined opposition of his father, his family, and his community. The only one who seems to have accepted his views was his mother; but sentiment got the better of her understanding. "You are right," she said to him, when once she was setting out on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut, "but I am a woman, and cannot give up observances which are a comfort to me."

Various works were published by Rammohun Roy, in Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit, the object of them all being the uprooting of idolatry. As he grew older he became convinced of the excellence of the moral theories of Christianity, and in 1820 he issued "The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness," a work which created a great deal of discussion.

In 1831 he visited England, and about the beginning of October, 1833, arrived at Bristol, where he had a valued friend in Dr. Lant Carpenter. Before many days had passed he fell ill, and a few days more saw him resting in his quiet grave. It was situated under some elm trees adjoining the lawn of a private house near the city.

Miss Carpenter never forgot her short intercourse with this great man. It left a deep impression on her mind, and gave a turn to her thoughts from which they never recovered. But for Rammohun Roy she might never have become identified, as she had been, with the cause of female education in the Rajah's native land. In 1866 she edited a work entitled "The Last Days in England of the Rajah Rammohun Roy." "The privilege," she says in the preface, "of paying such a tribute to the memory of so noble and excellent a man is highly valued by one who knew him personally, and who has always treasured with reverence the recollection not only of his devoted efforts in the cause of religion and virtue, but of his estimable qualities and purity of life."

We pass now over several years, and come to 1839, when Dr. Carpenter's health again gave way.

He sought relief at various watering-places on the Bristol Channel. Then he resolved to go to London for additional medical advice. Passing through Bristol on his way to the metropolis, he visited his home: it was the last time he was ever to cross his own threshold. "Little did his children think," says one of his sons, "when preparing for his arrival, with those marks of welcome which were wont to be so richly rewarded by the approving smile of paternal love and tenderness, that the place which once knew him, would know him no more."

The physicians were of opinion that he should travel for a time on the continent. He did so. On the 5th of April, 1840, we find him on board a vessel sailing from Naples to Leghorn. The weather was rough and it was as much as a skilful seaman could do to keep his feet. It is supposed that in one of the lurches of the vessel Dr. Carpenter lost his balance. Nothing was ever known for certain, except that he fell overboard. Two months,

afterwards his body was found on the coast near Porto d'Anzio, a small seaport about fifty miles south-east of Rome. It was interred there on the shore.

His family were in the hands of Him who befriended the widows and the fatherless, and after their natural grief was past, things went on for a time pretty much as before. But after devoting many years of her life to the training of young ladies of the higher classes of society, the subject of our memoir was to take in hand the education and reformation of a very different sort of pupils.

Shortly before the year 1850, a feeling of interest sprang up throughout the country in connection with the reformation of depraved and vagrant children. It was not the first time that the subject had attracted attention in England. As early as 1788, we may trace the germ of the reformatory movement in the working of the Philanthropic Society, which established a sort of farm-school, on the family system, where such-like children could be trained to industry and virtue. But apparently the times were not ripe for such a movement on a grand scale, and for the first half of this century, little—almost nothing, in fact—was done.

Miss Carpenter was one of the first in our own days to take an active interest in the subject. It was with feelings of the most enlightened enthusiasm that she threw her heart into the work. Was it the fault of these children, she asked herself, that they were condemned to a life of degradation and crime? "The answer," she says, "that presented itself to me was: It is not their fault; they are placed by God in this world, and they are His children, for He is the common Father of us all; and surely God would not destine any of his creatures to an existence of irremediable crime and misery! Was it, I asked myself, by an innate depravity that these children, were condemned for their lifetime to be felons and outcasts? The answer suggested to me was, that their depravity was not innate, but was owing to neglect and bad education—to their having worthless parents, or to having no parents at all: it was the duty of society then, I argued, to give these children such an education as would preserve them from all temptation to break the law, and would supply that moral training of which, by adverse circumstances, they had been deprived."

Miss Carpenter took a noble resolution: she determined to make it the special object of her life to elevate children such as these, and to obtain for them that education and position which, as the rising generation in a civilized and Christian community, they have a right to claim. And there were many who, in after days, could say of her that, under God's blessing, she had saved them from apparent destruction, if not from certain ruin.

Public interest in the reformatory movement grew stronger. We find Miss Carpenter giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the condition of criminal and destitute children, and taking an active part in several public conferences on the subject.

She also took the pen in hand and wrote several books advocating this good cause. In 1850, she produced "Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes;" in 1853, "Juvenile Delinquents: their Condition and Treatment." Miss Carpenter's views, as expressed in these works, were eagerly listened to. She commanded respect for she knew what she was talking about.

Ragged schools also received much of Miss Carpenter's attention. In 1850, she published "Ragged Schools: their Principles and Modes of Operation;" and in 1859, "The Claims of Ragged Schools to Pecuniary Educational Aid from the Annual Parliamentary Grant."

After long exertions, the efforts of those in favour of Reformatory Schools were crowned with success. In 1854, an Act was passed by Parliament for the better care and reformation of juvenile offenders in Great Britain. By this statute, when any person under sixteen years of age is convicted of any offence punishable by law, in addition to the sentence passed as a punishment for the offence, he may be sent at the expiration of the sentence to some one of the reformatory schools, and there be detained from two to five years, provided his sentence has not been for less than fourteen days' imprisonment. Thus Reformatory Schools were established.

One of the friends whom Miss Carpenter had interested in her efforts, was Lady Noel Byron. The way in which she and Lady Byron became acquainted was this: Miss Carpenter's brother, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, was at one time tutor in the family of Lord Lovelace, who married Lord Byron's "sole daughter" Ada. Through her brother, Mary Carpenter was introduced to the widow of the poet, and the benevolent peeress readily exerted herself to the utmost to second the efforts of the practical philanthropist.

In 1854, Lady Byron purchased Red Lodge at Bristol. "for the purpose of rescuing young girls from sin and misery, and bringing them back to the paths of holiness." Red Lodge is a large old red pile of building, possessed of some historical interest. It was built in ancient times as a monastery, and in the reign of Elizabeth was fitted up as the residence of a knight. Afterwards it became a young ladies' school, and in the early part of this century, was the residence of the celebrated Dr. Pritchard, author of the "Physical History of Man."

The grand carved oak drawing-room in this house is worth seeing. It is approached by a fine old oaken staircase, and is now used as the chapel. "Few houses, or even royal palaces," says Miss Carpenter, "can boast of so noble a remnant of antiquity as this. It was probably added to the original building by the knight, its proprietor, in the Elizabethan age, and evidently no expense has been spared to make it as perfect a specimen of that era as genius and the best material could effect. Tradition says that royalty was received in this, which was formerly called the throne-room, in two reigns; it has also been the

scene of many distinguished gatherings of the most accomplished and scientific of the age. No costly furniture interferes with its grand proportions, nor mars its marvellous beauty, and it is now consecrated to a higher and holier purpose than was ever contemplated by the original possessor."

As to the method pursued in this Girls' Reformatory and its results, we shall let Miss Carpenter speak for herself. "One great object," she says, "was to train the physical as well as the mental powers of these girls, so that they might get their living as domestic servants, or take care of their own little homes if they should be married. For this purpose they were employed in active work, such as washing, baking, etc.; they were also taught needlework, and in their hours of relaxation they took walks, indulged in innocent recreations, and frequented the society of good persons. Music was also taught on account of its peculiarly refining influence, and the coarse songs which the girls had formerly been in the habit of singing were exchanged for hymns and songs of an innocent and elevated character. They also learned to read and write; their reading was not extensive, but what little they did read was well understood.

"By such means excellent results were obtained; the girls were no longer outcasts, but were received into the society of respectable people."

Of course, some of those trained in the Reformatory have turned out badly; that was to be expected, but almost all have become useful members of society. To give statistics, during the four years from 1862 to 1865, seventy girls were discharged from Red Lodge. Of these, sixty were spoken of in 1866 as maintaining themselves honestly, and in many instances very respectably.

The number of inmates ordinarily inhabiting the Red Lodge is about seventy. The cost per head is put down at £18 18s. 1d., and the industrial profit at £1 14s. A short but interesting account of this reformatory institution was published in 1865 by Miss Carpenter, under the title of "A Day in the Red Lodge Girls' Reformatory: Our Memorial Tea and Anniversaries."

Red Lodge Reformatory had not been many years in existence when the generous founder, Lady Byron, died. She expired on the 16th of May, 1860, and no doubt many a tear has ere this been shed to her memory.

The following year, 1861, saw Miss Carpenter making a round of visits to prisons in Dublin, of which she afterwards wrote an instructive account. In 1864, she gave to the world two volumes on "Our Convicts." In these she discusses the condition and treatment of adult criminals, and calls public attention to what she deems important information and principles respecting them. Her labours amongst criminal and destitute children had led her to believe that the same system of management as she had adopted in regard to them might well be applied to men and women. In 1872, Miss Carpenter published another work in connection with the same subject, under the title of "Reformatory Prison Discipline, as developed

by the Right Hon. Sir Walter Crofton in the Irish Convict Prisons."

After the publication of "Our Convicts," she resolved on a visit to India. Its objects, she tells us, were to show friendly sympathy with the inhabitants of that great country, and also, if possible, to aid them in the work of female education, now regarded by the most enlightened of both sexes as of paramount importance. A third object was to obtain some relaxation, through change of thought and scene, after many years of almost unremitting labour.

She embarked at Marseilles, for the land of Rammo-hun Roy, on the 15th of September, 1866, and arrived in the harbour of Bombay on the 24th of the month. On the day after her arrival in Bombay, she received a copy of instructions which had been issued by the government of the Presidency to the heads of departments, requesting them to furnish her with all possible information in regard to education generally, and to youthful and other reformatories, and to afford her every facility for visiting and inspecting the institutions under their control. The "Instructions" went on to state that "Miss Carpenter's opinion has for many years been sought and listened to by legislators and administrators of all shades of political opinion in England, and his Excellency in Council looks forward to her visit to Bombay as likely to be of great public benefit, by aiding in the solution of many problems in regard to which much has yet to be learnt in India, from the results of European inquiry and discussion."

This communication was received by Miss Carpenter with great astonishment, and at first with some regret. Here was an end put to all her plans of relaxation. It was evident that her journey must now include a much more extended sphere than she had hitherto contemplated. An opportunity so courteously given of studying the different institutions of the country was not to be lost, even though it involved hard work.

The first place she visited was Ahmedabad, in Goojerat, and this city she found was considerably advanced in the superior position of women, and in appreciation of the importance of female education. Our Miss Carpenter kept her eyes open to other things besides her own special mission. The wild animals of Ahmedabad furnished her with a constant source of entertainment. "No zoological gardens," she writes, "are needed here. The monkeys exhibited the most entertaining tricks and gymnastic exercises gratis for our amusement, and were neither feared nor regarded with much surprise, as frequent visitors to the trees in our host's compound. The most charming little squirrels made themselves perfectly at home on the window-sills, and even ventured into the room if they had a chance of finding anything eatable. Beautiful green parrots were abundant in the trees, and especially appeared to delight in the large banyans under whose shade we took our drive." She once caught a glimpse of some tigers, but they were firmly manacled, and incapable of doing mischief to any one.

On the morning of the 14th of October, Miss Car-

penter left Ahmedabad, and proceeded by train to Surat. Here she was presented with an address by one of the native ladies, beginning, "Dear Mother," and headed, "To the very benevolent and virtuous woman, Mary Carpenter." The wording of the address was simple in the extreme, and its kindly phrases, says Miss Carpenter, "expressed the feeling which was everywhere manifested by native ladies in each Presidency, in connection with my visit. The fact of my coming from so great a distance to see them, unconnected with any society and without any other motive than a desire to manifest friendly sympathy with them, was sufficient to elicit a warm response. 'She loves us for ourselves,' has in it a touching significance to the heart, whether uttered by a poor dying Irish boy, or felt by Hindoo ladies."

From Surat Miss Carpenter returned to Bombay, where she remained for a few days inspecting educational and other institutions. Then she proceeded to Poonah. Next she visited Madras, where she found many kind friends, and was received not as a stranger, but as one with whom true sympathy already existed.

On the 20th of September she set foot in Calcutta, and here she received a kind invitation from the Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence, and Lady Lawrence, to take up her abode at Government House. Many important institutions were visited both in Calcutta and its suburbs, and much useful information was gained. When she arrived at Kishnagur, a native pen described the proceedings in the columns of the "Indian Daily News." The account is chiefly interesting to us for the following enthusiastic paragraph about our philanthropist:—

"It is not in my power to speak sufficiently of Miss Carpenter. The earnestness and suavity of her manners have already won her the golden opinion of the Indian public, and her talents have called forth their admiration. She has nearly realized the expectation entertained of her, in her mission of peace and progress. Her manners and conversation are well worth the study of our mofussil rulers, or of all our rulers in general. They would do well to attend one of those social gatherings in which, in a foreign land, she is surrounded by all who have the best power of appreciating worth, and listened to with a degree of fondness which nothing less than genuine goodness can excite."

The year 1866 was now at an end. "It had been an eventful one to me," says Miss Carpenter; "it had bestowed on me the crowning privilege of my life." Her great care was now to complete the work for which she had traversed the empire—to lay before the Governor-General the result of her observations. This she did, and early in January, 1867, she bade farewell to Calcutta.

We would gladly follow her, step by step, on her homeward journey, but want of space forbids it. Suffice it to say, that on the morning of the 20th of March, after having had an address presented to her in the Town Hall of Bombay by many of the native inhabitants, she set sail for England.

Immediately upon her return she issued a small pamphlet, "Suggestions on Prison Discipline and Female Education in India." This was a reprint, together with several additional documents, of the report which she had made to the Governor.

The next event was a presentation. On the 23rd of August, 1867, a number of Hindoo and Parsee gentlemen, and two Parsee and several English ladies assembled at 55, Parliament Street, London, to witness the presentation to Miss Carpenter of a beautiful tea service. It was the gift of her admirers in Bombay. The silver plate bore the following inscription: "Presented to Miss Mary Carpenter, by several of her native friends in Bombay, as a small token of esteem and gratitude for her enlightened zeal and disinterestedness in the cause of the education of the daughters of India, and as a memento of her visit to their country. Bombay, March 18, 1867."

In the following year she published "Six Months in India," in two volumes. They were dedicated "to the Honoured Memory of the Rajah Rammohun Roy, the great Reformer of India, who first excited in the author's mind a desire to benefit his country."

The Queen, to show her appreciation of Miss Carpenter's labours and her sympathy for the women of her great Eastern empire, favoured Miss Carpenter with an interview. In meeting with this zealous advocate of reformatory schools in her own country, perhaps her Majesty remembered that the first institution to which she gave her name was a reformatory for girls. It was established at Chiswick in 1834, under the name of the Victoria Asylum.

The Indian Government now granted £1200 per annum for five years, for the establishment of a Normal School at Bombay. Delighted to see that her views were in a fair way of being carried out, Miss Carpenter prepared for a second visit to India in 1868. A free passage was granted to her by the Indian Council.

She arrived at Bombay, and offered her gratuitous services to Government as Lady-Superintendent of the Bombay Normal School. Her offer was accepted. Early in the following year, however, from illness and other causes, she had to discontinue the work. It was thought necessary for her complete restoration to health that she should return to England. When she arrived at home she speedily grew well again, and her health, she says, became much better than before her visit to the East.

In 1869-70 she paid a third visit to India, to aid in promoting female education. She returned home; she resumed her labours; she superintended her reformatory; she visited schools; she inspected prisons; she imparted to others her own enlightened views.

But here we must leave her. We lay down the pen with reluctance, for it is a pleasure to write of a noble life, and to follow the career of one who knows no rest so long as there is good to be done. There are some reputations we might wish to have for our own; one of these is that of Mary Carpenter.



## JESSAMINE.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE weather changed on the morrow.

Coming home at nightfall, Roy found Jessie standing at the western window, surveying sorrowfully the unfavourable aspect of the heavens.

"It will be very unpleasant travelling in the rain!" she remarked as he entered. "The sun went down behind a portentous bank of clouds. And the wind is veering to the storm-quarter."

It was evident that the possibility of a single day's delay made her restless and anxious.

"The signs portend nothing worse than April showers, I hope," he encouraged her to believe. "Or, should there be a steady rain, you will soon ride out of it into the region of blue skies and milder airs. I see no reason for altering your arrangements. You will be sheltered and dry in the cars."

"True!" she answered, musingly, returning to the contemplation of the unpromising horizon.

She was perturbed, however, and unusually taciturn while they were at supper; dull and spiritless during the hour they spent together in the sitting-room; arousing herself with apparent effort to reply to his remarks, and rarely offering one of her own accord. Roy's attempts at cheerful conversation were less evenly sustained than was customary with him in her presence. It was not his intention that this last evening should be one of gloomy constraint, but it approximated this more nearly every moment. Both were abstracted, and each was unwilling that the other should discover the direction in which his and her thoughts were straying. So the pauses in the sluggish flow of talk became more and more frequent, until, at nine o'clock Jessie arose, with a sigh of relief.

"I must get a good night's rest, if I am to travel to-morrow. Will you excuse me if I go upstairs thus early?"

"Do not let me detain you a moment. Is there nothing I can do to assist you?"

"Nothing—thank you! There will be time to strap my trunks in the morning. You still think I had better go—whatever may be the weather?" stopping with the door in her hand.

"I do, certainly; that is, if you are not afraid of adding to your cold—if you are well enough."

"My cold is nothing. I have ordered breakfast at half-past six. I am glad the train does not leave so early as it did last year. Good-night!"

The cold, indifferent accents sank to the bottom of his heart like lead. What a millstone about this woman's neck was her marriage vow! His endeavours to make it

lighter, and her existence endurable—the work to which he had given his best energies and wisest deliberations; the self-abnegation and prayerful struggle he had accepted as the penalty of his grievous indiscretion, had proved futile. He had guarded eye, tongue, and action for five months; drilled them in friendly looks, words, and deeds, lest a glimmer of the affection that glowed—a pent but consuming fire in his soul—should offend or dismay her, had ministered to her with a lover's constancy and tenderness without a hint of love's reward. And this was the end! Some significant glance, an intonation, an excess of solicitude for her welfare, had betrayed his design to win her anew, and she had taken the alarm; was terrified and reluctant, without the power of escape. Or her constitution—physical and spiritual—had succumbed to the attrition of duty against womanly instinct. With vain care he had kept her shackles out of sight. Everything in her surroundings; the very pronunciation of her name by acquaintances, had reminded her continually of her anomalous position. Neither wife, nor maid, she stood, according to her morbid perceptions, alone and banned, without so much as a title to the shelter of his roof, except as a bondwoman. She could not forget that she was a slave. The untamable heart—in which the "love of liberty" was a "passion," was beating itself to death against the bars he had foolishly hoped to cushion and wreathe until she should cease to feel them as a restraint.

She had not loved him when she married him. That this change in her sentiments was not a passing girlish caprice, he had evidence in the words she had written to him while the right of free speech remained to her.

"Months of doubt and suffering have brought me to the determination to confess this without reserve."

"Doubt and suffering!" What were these to the horrors of her actual bondage?

"From which I cannot release her!" he repeated for the thousandth time.

His habit was to go to the library when she left him for the night, but he lingered, this evening, in the apartment he had fitted up for her with such fond pride; which she had made a sacred place by her abiding. There was a cruel pleasure in noting the tokens of her recent presence; in inhaling the odours of the flowers she had tended; in touching the books she had handled. She could never be more to him than she was now. He believed that she must, from this hour, be less; that the solace of her friendship would be withheld. Else, why her anxiety to be away from him? her chafing at the threatened delay of a day in her flight back to the only

real home she had ever known? Was the memory of the evanescent phantasy of her girlhood—the brief space during which she had deluded herself into the belief that she loved him, so sore and hateful that she would shun the sight of one who kept it in constant remembrance. Could it be true that he had, in the face of these frightful odds, cherished a hope that he might yet persuade her into a preference for his companionship?

A loud ring at the door-bell startled him into consciousness of the hour and place. Phœbe had gone up to bed, and Mr. Fordham went himself to admit the unseasonable visitor.

"Good-evening!" said a familiar voice when the door was unclosed, and Dr. Baxter walked in as naturally and coolly as if it were not ten o'clock at night, and he plentifully besprinkled with rain. "I was out thinking—and walking, after the warm day—and chancing to observe that I was at your door, I stopped to say 'Good-bye' to the lassie—to your wife. Mrs. Baxter mentioned to-night, at tea, that she was going to Dundee to-morrow."

He had obeyed Roy's impulse in the direction of the sitting-room, but declined to take a chair. His cravat was a damp string; the handkerchief twisted about his left hand bore marks of terrific usage, and when he removed his hat, every one of his stiff grey hairs appeared to have gone into business on its own account, so distinct was its independent existence. His eyes were like those of a partially awakened somnambulist, and his voice had dreamy inflections. Had his own mood been less sad, Roy must have smiled at the grotesque apparition, uncouth even to one so familiar with the peculiarities of the good man, as was his coadjutor in the business of his life. As it was, he appreciated gratefully the love the old scholar bore his former ward, and the new proof of this, evinced by his stepping without the charmed circle of metaphysical or scientific lucubrations to pay this, for him, rare visit of neighbourly courtesy and affectionate interest.

"I am sorry Jessie has retired," he said, sincerely. "She would have been happy to see you. But, in view of to-morrow's journey, she went up to her chamber an hour ago. I am afraid she is asleep by this time."

The doctor shook himself out of a menancing relapse.

"Eh! asleep—is she? Ah, well! that is as it should be. Don't disturb her! I merely called to kiss her, and bid her 'God-speed.' She is a dear and a good girl. Her price is above rubies. She carries our love and best wishes with her into her retirement. Since she is not up, I will leave my message with you. I believe—it seems to me that I *had* a message"—with an ominous twitch of the handkerchief, and a dreamier accent.

"She will appreciate your kind remembrance of her, sir. She prizes your friendship very fondly."

"Ah!" another mental shoulder jog. "We shall hardly see her again until autumn, I presume? I infer as much from what Mrs. Baxter has told me of her plans."

"There has been no definite time set for her return,"

said Roy, evasively, his heart heavier than before at the thought that Jessie had expressed to her cousin a desire for the long sojourn in the country.

Yet if he had failed to keep her with him now, what warrant had he for confidence in his ability to lure her back?

"You will be lonely without her?" the worthy President observed, something in the atmosphere of this, her especial apartment, conveying to his straying wits an indistinct perception of the void her absence would make in the daily life of the man before him. In his own way, he missed his restless and faithful Jane when she was not at home.

"I shall!"

Not another word before the lips were closely sealed.

The doctor looked at him quickly and keenly, then put out his hand to pat his shoulder.

"Keep up a brave heart, my lad! although the desire of your eyes be removed from your side, for a few weeks. Nothing cheats time of heaviness like work and hope. One you will find here in your accustomed avocations. The second will culminate in fruition when you are reunited to her you love, and, please God—in the blessedness of a father's love and delight, when your firstborn is given into your arms. It is a joy He has seen fit to deny me. I shall take my name down into the grave with me. His will be done! But I have not, on that account, the less sympathy with you at this juncture. Say to our Jessie that our prayers will follow her. You will go to her at the beginning of vacation, of course. And should you wish to run down to Dundee, for a day or two, each week, during the remainder of term-time, I will gladly take your classes. You can recompense me by letting me christen the heir"—a fatherly smile overspreading the dry face. "The advent is expected towards the last of July, Mrs. Baxter says."

Conscious that, in the drunkenness of his astonishment, he returned a lame and seemingly ungracious reply to offer and congratulations, Roy made no movement to detain the eccentric guest, when he, after another dazed look around the apartment, as if wondering how he had got there, espied the door, and approached it with the briefest of "Good-nights." While the master of the house stood rooted to the floor, the visitant accomplished his exit unchallenged and unattended. Another man would have taken mortal offence at the lack of respectful ceremony. The doctor, in his semi-trance, had not an idea of the commotion he had excited.

"I am not surprised that I am an offence in her eyes—that she must accuse me in her heart, of being less than man," muttered the husband, at length, passing a shaking hand over his pale forehead. "She ought to hate me for my seeming indifference—my unfeeling silence. She would if she were not an angel. My poor girl! And she has borne it all, without a murmur; like the brave true woman she is. God forgive me. I can never pardon myself!"

He was sitting, his arms crossed upon the table, and his head laid upon them, when Jessie glided in stealthily. Over her white wrapper she had thrown a crimson shawl, and her long hair was loose upon her shoulders. Whatever resolve had drained her cheeks and lips of bloom, and lighted the steady flame in her eyes, had been acted upon with precipitancy, lest her nerve should fail.

She halted upon the threshold, on seeing the bowed figure; then advanced more rapidly, but without noise.

"Roy, are you awake?"

"Yes."

But he did not lift his face.

"Are you sick?"

"No!"

"Can you listen to me for a few minutes?"

"As long as you wish."

His voice was hollow and tremulous to plaintiveness; but she took heart from its exceeding, if mournful, gentleness.

"I cannot sleep to-night," she commenced, hurriedly, "still less can I leave you to-morrow, without expressing to you, however feebly, my sense of the goodness and mercy you have showed me from the hour I entered this house until now. I may have appeared unobservant and unthankful; may have seemed to accept your benefits as if they were my due, when, in reality, I was unworthy of the least of them all; but it was because I did not know in what form to express my gratitude. If, in my acquiescence in your proposal that I should go to my sister for a season, I have used few words; have not thanked you for this fresh proof of your delicate watchfulness over my comfort and happiness, I beg you to attribute my shortcomings to other reasons than insensibility or misconstruction of your motives. I was entirely unprepared for the suggestion. It was a shock to me, because I had dared to believe that you would see fit to let me remain here with you until vacation, when we could go to Dundee together."

Standing on the other side of the table, she saw a slight but eager change in the expression of the mute form. It was as if his hearing were strained for her next utterance, but the features were still concealed.

On the roof of the oay-window, the soft, large drops of the April shower were beginning to fall in musical whispers.

Jessie put out a hand upon the marble top of the table to steady herself, as she resumed. There was that in this continued silence that awed and made her incoherent. It was unlike Roy's usual reception of her advances—his ready and indulgent courtesy. Her heart beat painfully and fast, but she did not swerve from her resolution.

"I know you so well—your purity of purpose; the standard of excellence you set for your motive and deed; your earnest desire to make me happy—that I fear you will, when I am gone, accuse yourself of want of skill or judgment in your treatment of me. I want you to remember then, that I broke through the reserve we have

aided one another to maintain, to assure you that, in no one particular would I have had your action different from what it has been—that, in language and demeanour you have been alike noble. Deserving your reprobation, I have received tender respect; having forfeited by my fickleness and falsehood all claim to kindness, I have been cherished as the truest wife in the land might hope to be. Something tells me that, when we part to-morrow, it will be to meet no more in time. It may be that the presentiment is born of my distempered imagination; but it has drawn my whole soul out in a longing I cannot frame into speech, to be at peace with you; to feel your hand again upon my head; to hear you call me once—just once more, by the holy name of Wife!

"For, I am your wife, Roy! Unworthy as I am of the title, it is the only glory I have. Until yesterday, I had dreamed of saying this to you in very different language and circumstances. It is just that this expectation should be disappointed. I do not appeal from my sentence of exile. But, by the memory of the love you once had for me—and I was full of faults then as now—do not send me away unforgiven, and *starving* for your affection—my husband!"

When he looked up, she was kneeling at his side, her eyes streaming with the tears that had impeded her utterance.

Still dumbly, he drew her to him; put back the hair from her face, every line of his own astir with a passion of pity and adoration she hardly dared to look upon. It was a minute before he could articulate. Then the tense lips were moved into womanly softness.

"You can forgive *me*, then, my Wife! Thank God!"

He laid his cheek to hers, and she felt the great sobs of the breast against which she leaned.

But for a long time there was nothing more said.

Except by the rain-drops whispering over their heads, broken, now and then, by the wind into little gushes that sounded like laughter, happy to tearfulness.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN the plenitude of her cousinly compassion for the lonely husband, Mrs. Baxter coaxed her spouse into escorting her to Mr. Fordham's on Thursday evening. The wind had settled into an easterly gale, after yesterday's genial warmth; the day had been unpleasant, and the clouds were still dripping at irregular intervals, as if wrung by impatient hands.

"But it is an act of common humanity to visit the poor fellow in his solitude, my dear, while his desolation is fresh upon him!" she sighed, sympathetically.

"Mr. Fordham was in the library," said Phoebe, with an air of bewilderment at the lady's query, and to the library the consoler accordingly tripped, with footfall of

down, and countenance robed in decorous and becoming pensiveness.

Her light tap was unanswered, but uncertain of this, she took the benefit of the doubt, and entering bouncingly, as was her habit, she surprised Jessie, sitting upon her husband's knee, one hand buried in his hair, the other clutching his beard, in a fashion at once undignified and saucy. Both were laughing so heartily that their neglect of the warning knock was explained.

When the confusion of mutual explanations was over, Mrs. Baxter learned, to her amazement, that the journey to Dundee was postponed until after the College Commencement.

"I *wouldn't* go when I found that Roy wanted to get rid of me!" said the transformed wife. "When I put him into the confessional, he owned who was his fellow-conspirator in the scheme for my banishment. For shame, Cousin Jane! I have long suspected you of a weakness for the handsome Professor, but you sit convicted of a deliberate attempt to remove him from the guardianship of his legal protector, that your designs upon his affections might be more vigorously prosecuted. And no sooner do you suppose that the coast is clear, than you present yourself, arrayed in your best dress and choicest smiles, and with actually a rose-bud in your brooch! to make sure of your game. I shall never trust in human friendship again!"

"You are ungenerous to triumph over me so openly—and in the poor, dear Doctor's hearing!" returned her cousin, holding her fan before her face, with a theatrical show of detected guilt.

"I ought to have some compensation for the excruciating anguish the discovery cost me," retorted Jessie. "Tongue cannot describe the tremendous struggle I went through before I could bring myself to undertake the investigation of your perfidy and his susceptibility. I know just how Esther felt when she screwed her courage to the sticking-point, and made up her mind and her toilette to face Ahasuerus and a possible gallows."

Roy was pretending to listen to the Doctor's elaborate disquisition upon an important political question, but he stole a sidelong glance at the sparkling face, across the hearth, and smiled, in gladness of content.

She was his blithe, lovesome witch again. The baleful enchantment that had ensnared her fancy and distracted her thoughts from dwelling upon him and his love—he refused to believe that he had ever lost her heart—was destroyed, and, by him, remembered no more as a thing of dread. More to spare him pain than to shield Orrin, Jessie had not entered into the particulars of her estrangement, or revealed who was the prime agent in bringing it about. Wylls's name was not mentioned by either.

"I had a bad, wild dream—" she thus explained her defection. "A dream that made me doubt you—Heaven—myself—everything! that robbed me of love and hope, with faith. I was susceptible, giddy, undisciplined; and

I was grievously tempted by an evil spirit. Maybe"—humbly—"I am no better or wiser now; but I am ready and thankful to give myself up to your guidance. I ought to be a good woman in future; for I have been dealt with very tenderly by my Heavenly Father—and by you, my best earthly friend!"

Roy had no fear. His second wooing was, he felt, crowned with richer, more enduring success than the first had been. He cared not to ask, or to conjecture by what art his image had been clouded over, since he saw it now clearly mirrored in a heart tried by refining fires.

The christening feast was not held until December, at which date Master Kirke Lanneau Fordham was four months old.

Eunice had taken her school and cottage for a year, and the interesting *fête* could not be appointed until she could make her arrangements to be with her sister. Work for the good of others, and wholesome meditation, had brought to her, as they must to all healthy, God-fearing souls, healing and peace during the months she had spent in her new domicile. With the June vacation had come Jessie and her husband; and when the little claimant upon their love and care arrived, the lonely woman, who had put thoughts of her own wifehood and maternity from her for ever, when she turned the key upon the souvenirs of her one love-dream, opened her heart and took in, with the babe, comfort and hope that were, to her, fresh and beautiful life. What Roy's arguments and Jessie's entreaties could not accomplish, the innocent young eyes and clinging baby-finger, effected within a month after her nephew's birth. If Kirke went to Hamilton, she would follow, she promised, and early December saw her domesticated in the Fordham household.

"I wish Orrin Wylls and his wife were not coming, this evening!" said Jessie, confidentially to her sister, as they were arraying the boy for the grand occasion.

Eunice looked in no wise surprised at the impetuous exclamation, albeit it was the first avowal of dislike of Roy's relative she had ever heard from Jessie's lips.

"It would not have been expedient to omit them from your list of invitations, my dear!" she returned, with her slow, bright smile. "For Roy's sake, you must disguise your antipathy."

"Antipathy isn't too strong a word, Euna! You cannot understand what reason I have to distrust that man! to despise both himself and his wife! And the *début* of Papa's boy ought to be all brightness to Mamma!" suspending the process of the toilette to strangle him with caresses.

"He cannot hurt you now, love. Even poisonous breath soon passes from the finely-tempered steel."

The look and tone silenced the other. Eunice's insight of the tempter's true character was deeper than she had imagined. Even she never dreamed how, and at what cost, the knowledge was gained.

Miss Kirke was an attractive feature of the assembly



that night. Many thought her handsomer than her more lively sister. There was not one present who would not have ridiculed the idea of a comparison between her classic beauty and Mrs. Wylls' shrewish physiognomy. Once, the two ladies talked together for five minutes, near the centre of the front parlour, the light from the chandelier streaming on both. Eunice was dressed with her usual just taste, in a lustreless mourning silk, a tiny illusion ruff enhancing the fairness of neck and face, her abundant hair arranged simply without ornament. She possessed the rare accomplishment of standing still without stiffness, and no nervous play of fingers or features marred the exquisite repose of her bearing, as she listened to or replied to her companion.

Hester was in the full glory of brocade, diamonds, and point lace, with French flowers twisted in her pale tresses, and trailing bramble-wise down her back. She fidgeted incessantly; her skin was muddy with biliousness and discontent; she perked her faint eyebrows into a frown every other minute; her laugh was forced, and the viscid tones had a twang of pain or ill-humour. She was getting very tired of keeping up the appearance of conjugal felicity with so little assistance from her lord; growing bitterly conscious of the motives that had impelled him to the uncongenial marriage, and disposed to eye jealously every woman to whom he paid the most trifling attention.

"I suppose you are baby-mad, like the rest?" she said, pulling viciously at the golden chain of her bouquet-holder. "I am in a deplorable minority here, to-night. Christening parties are always a bore to me. I am so sincere, you know, so apt to say what I think, that I can never go into raptures over the little monkeys, as everybody else does. I presume, now, that it is considered rather a nice child—if there is such a thing—isn't it?"

"We think him a noble little fellow; but we do not require the rest of the world to agree with us," replied Eunice, with unruffled politeness.

"I *detest* children! just perfectly abominate babies! I wouldn't have one for a kingdom. And Orrin loves his own ease too much to want them. He is an *awful* hypocrite, Miss Kirke. You were very wise not to get married. He can't abide children"—raising her voice—"although he is making a fool of himself over that bundle of lace, lawn, and flannel yonder."

Eunice, inwardly provoked at the irreverent and inelegant description of the royal cherub, could yet respond, with apparent composure.

"He does it from a sense of duty, or a desire to please, probably."

She followed the direction of the wife's scornful eyes.

The folding doors were open, and through the archway they had a view of the mother, tempting her boy with a flower she had taken from a bouquet near by, laughing at his open mouth, starting eyes, and fluttering arms as he tried to seize it. Orrin had approached her while his wife was speaking to Eunice; accosted her

before she was aware of his vicinity. His remark, delivered with his most insinuating smile, and in his inimitable manner, was evidently a compliment to the beauty of the child; but she met it with lightness bordering upon contempt. Dropping the flower, she lifted the babe from his temporary throne on the stuffed back of an easy chair, and walked away.

Mrs. Wylls tittered shrilly, and clapped her hands.

"A decided rebuff!" she sneered, more loudly than good breeding would have counselled. "It is strange, Miss Kirke, that your lady-killer is so slow to learn the mortifying fact that he ceases to be irresistible when he has been guilty of the mistake of matrimony."

Orrin, nervously sensitive to her tones, heard and saw her, while he affected to do neither; saw, likewise, by whom she was standing, and that she showed beside her neighbour as a tawdry, artificial rose, faded and tumbled, does when near a stately, living lily.

Seeing and admitting all this, he heaved an inaudible sigh that did not touch his eyes or chasten his careless smile. His inward moan was not—"Me miserable!" or "Fool that I was!" or anything else poetical or tragic; but—"If I could have afforded it!"

"The fair Euna will wear better than *mia cara sposa*!" he owned, candidly. "But money outlasts beauty, and is more necessary to a man's happiness. Love is only a luxury; an indulgence too costly for the enjoyment of most wedded pairs. Beryl eyes and a Greek profile would not have paid my debts, nor the future claims of carriage-makers, and horse-jockeys, and yacht-builders. No! I have done all that man could, in the like circumstances. Better bread buttered on both sides by Hester, than a dry slice with Eunice."

He owed Miss Kirke no grudge; found placid satisfaction in reviewing their intercourse, akin to that he experienced in the contemplation of a fine, mezzo-tinto engraving or a moonlit landscape. But Jessie irritated and piqued him. If her gay insensibility were bravado, he would yet make her drop the mask. His wife was right in affirming that the passion for conquest was not extinct after a year of married bliss.

"She did worship me in those days!" he ruminated. "Worshipped me madly and entirely, as men are seldom loved, as few women are capable of loving. Does she take me for an idiot in supposing that I credit the thoroughness of her cure!"

Lounging in a desultory way through the rooms, bowing to this, and exchanging a pleasant word with that one of the friends collected to do honour to the infant scion of the house, he contrived to waylay Jessie in the hall. She had transferred the baby to the nurse's care, and was returning to her guests. A fierce impulse possessed him as he marked her happy face, flushed by excitement into loveliness that had never been hers in her girlhood. She was passing him with a slight and nonchalant bow, when he arrested her.

"Can I speak with you for a moment?"

"Now?" she said, dubiously, looking toward the parlours crowded with company.

"Now! I can wait no longer! Is anyone in the library?"

Before she could reply, he had pushed the door back, and led her in. The room was not needed for the use of the guests, and was unlighted except by the low fire in the grate.

"I will light the gas!" said Jessie, trying to withdraw her hand from his clutch.

He tightened the grasp. It is said that every man is a savage at some time of his life. The brutish devil was rampant now in the polished citizen of the world, the indolent epicure. If he were ever to regain his lost influence, it must be by a *coup d'état*—by threats, rather than flattery. He would show her what she risked in attempting to dupe and foil him. A desperate expedient, but the case was not a hopeful one.

"What affectation of prudery is this?" he asked roughly. "Time was when you were less scrupulous about granting me interviews in the firelight. Do you imagine, silly child, that your over-acted farce of wifely devotion blinds me as it does the fools you have called together to-night to witness this pretty display of domestic felicity? Or"—his tone changing suddenly—"that any amount of coldness and cruelty can extinguish my love for you? the love you once confessed—in my arms—was reciprocated by yourself, then the betrothed of him who now believes you to be his loyal consort? You have found it an easy task to deceive him, because it is not in him to worship you as I do. You may struggle to escape from me, but you know I am speaking the truth, and leaving half of it untold. Don't drive me to distraction, Jessie! or I shall divulge that which your husband, with all his phlegmatic philosophy, may resent. Resent, possibly, upon me—certainly upon you—in treatment you will find it hard to bear. I have warned you before that generous forgiveness of an offence to his dignity and self-love is a height of virtue unknown to Roy Fordham. I warn you that you are dealing with a desperate, because a miserable man!"

"This is a specimen of the superior manliness, the lofty magnanimity you vaunt as your characteristics—is it?"

She had wrested her hand from him. The faint red glare revealed the outlines of a figure drawn up to its full height, and instinct with anger and defiance. The clear accents were stinging hailstones.

"I am not afraid of you, if I do shrink from your touch. I am glad you have given me this opportunity to say what you ought to know. You played upon my inexperience and loneliness, when I was committed—a too trustful child—to your care by my betrothed and my father. You tampered with my active imagination and my credulity, until you wrought in my mind false and florid views of life; and when your train was ready to be fired, insinuated suspicions—which you knew were

groundless!—of Roy Fordham's honour, and his fidelity to me."

"I suggested no suspicions!" he interrupted.

"You nourished the germs planted by Hester Sandford's slander. And when I did not know where, or upon what I stood; when my brain was teeming with unhealthy fancies, and my heart sick with fever and thirst, you offered me what you called love—dragged from me the admission that it was returned."

"Since perfect frankness is the order of the day, allow me to observe that the 'dragging' was not a difficult process!" interjected Wyllys, offensively.

"I am willing to allow your amendment—if you will consent to have me repeat this story in detail to all who are assembled in the other room," she returned undaunted. "I should enjoy the task, because it would pave the way for an avowal I should exult in proclaiming to the universe. It is that I value the least hair of my husband's head more than I ever did you—body, soul, and what you denominate as your heart; that I would rather serve him as a bond-slave, and never receive a word or glance of affection, if I might live near and for him—than to reign an Empress at your side; that I never comprehend the height, depth, and fulness of his condescension and love at any other time as when I reflect that these are bestowed upon a woman who was once misled into the conviction that you were a true man, and that she cared for you. I stand ready to say all this—and more. I am no weak girl, now, to be terrified by bugbears. There is a perfectness, even of human love, that casteth out fear. You forget this when you threaten me with my husband's displeasure."

She laughed, and all the corners of the quiet room caught up the mirthful echoes.

"Why, if Roy stood where you do, I could tell him all you have said, without a blush or tremor. That I have never done this, you owe to my reluctance to betray to him the baseness of one in whose veins runs the same blood as in his. I would spare him the pain and shame of seeing you for what you are. But I wish he knew everything!"

"I think he does!"

While she was speaking, a shape had loomed into motion from a recess formed by two bookcases at the further end of the library, and was now at her side. As her husband's voice greeted her astonished ears, she felt his supporting arm about her.

"Hush, my darling!" he said, at her stifled scream. "I came in for a book just before you entered. After hearing Mr. Wyllys's preliminary remark, I thought it best to let you vindicate yourself without my help. Not that I needed to hear your justification, but I meant that he should. We will go back to our friends, now. Shall I tell Mrs. Wyllys that you are waiting to take her home?" to Orrin.

"If you please," was the equally formal reply.

A week later, Selina Bradlev brought Mrs. Baxter a piece of startling news.

"It is certainly true!" she insisted, as the other looked her incredulity. "The house and furniture are offered for sale. It is very doubtful when they will return. They may reside abroad for years—take up their permanent abode in Paris. Mr. Wyllys affects to treat the plan as one they have been considering this great while, but there are queer stories afloat. Hester is indiscreet, you know. They had a violent scene in the hearing of the servants on their return from the Fordhams' christening party. The most unlikely, but a popular, rumour is that Hester was furiously jealous of her husband's attentions to Jessie, or her sister, that night. She threatened to leave him and go home to her father, unless he would take his oath never to speak to either of them again."

"You may well say 'unlikely!'" Mrs. Baxter said, eyeing the Doctor apprehensively, as he sat up to his eyebrows in a book at a distant window. "They are going to Paris, you say?"

The Doctor had lowered his volume, let go his cravat, and pushed up his spectacles.

"So Hester says, and is in ecstasies (apparently) at the prospect. As for Mr. Wyllys, he professes to think American society a very wishy-washy affair compared with Parisian circles."

"Humph!" snorted the Doctor. "They could not choose more wisely and consistently. Paris is the world's repertory of gilded shams."

He tied a double knot in his handkerchief.

THE END.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

THE kindly social instincts which form part of every true woman's character, will most naturally lead our young housekeeper to pleasant thoughts of entertaining her friends. One of our most agreeable social duties is that of returning the kind hospitality of our friends, and this may be done even where the income is so limited as to demand the exercise of strict economy.

The English are essentially a dinner-giving people, and it is now quite the custom to cement intimacy by partaking the social meal with our friends, and where this can be done with perfect comfort to the guests, it is a very pleasant and sociable way of promoting social intercourse. The very circumstance of the guests being invited to dine on a certain day, at a certain place, should be a guarantee that the best care will be given to render the repast as complete and perfect as possible. It is a very well known fact that many persons give dinners with the sole idea of getting into society; and in many of these dinners comfort and true enjoyment is sacrificed to show and ostentation. If you wish to give a really good and enjoyable dinner party, there are some very important points that must not be overlooked. In the first place, the food must be well chosen and well cooked. Secondly, the guests must be well selected. When adequate means are not at hand to secure these results, it will be better to avoid giving dinner parties of a ceremonious kind, and be content with giving such simple, friendly entertainments as may be within their means, and which may also be quite as favourable to the growth of true friendship as the most costly and elaborate parties. If a dinner party is to be given, the invitations must be sent at least a week or ten days previously, in the joint names of the host and hostess. It is well to have an equal number of ladies and gentle-

men. If possible, the guests should be acquainted, or if not, they should be people who would be likely to meet each other with pleasure.

If guests with some conversational powers can be selected, it will add much to the success of the evening.

It must not be forgotten, in issuing the invitations, to limit them by the size of the dining-room, as each person will require at table at least eighteen inches. Plenty of room should be left for the servants to pass freely round while serving. It is scarcely necessary to say that several changes of plates, knives, and forks should be provided over and above the number of persons invited, as the requirements of the guests must be the first consideration, and there must arise a delay in the service if the supply is not very liberal. Although table decoration is so much in fashion at the present time, it has a bad effect when carried to excess. Large massive arrangements of fruit and flowers do not suit a small table, as they screen some of the guests, and impede the helping of the dishes. Corner ornaments are also objectionable, unless the table be very large. Although flowers and growing vines are no longer used to decorate tables, they form a very pretty ornament to the sideboard, providing always that they do not usurp the place required for the articles of service. As it is now the custom to place fruit on the table at the beginning of the repast, a beautiful effect may be produced by well grouped fruit, bordered with a tasteful arrangement of choice flowers. A handsome centre ornament of this kind, with two or four smaller ones, will be sufficient, unless the table is very large. Artificial flowers should not be used, as even in winter some flowers and ferns may be procured everywhere. Unless very ample attendance of the best kind is at command, it is well to

have water-bottles, salt-cellars, etc., within easy reach of each guest.

As it is now the custom to leave the table-cloth on for dessert, it is necessary to have slips of the same kind of damask which may be removed in order to leave the cloth fresh. The folding of the serviettes should be uniform, as the effect is better than when each is folded in a different form. One that admits of the roll being placed within it is the most convenient. They require to be slightly starched, and a warm iron will be necessary to press them smoothly in the required fold.

The coloured glasses now generally used, give a bright and pleasant colour to a dinner-table. They also serve to indicate the kind of wine to be used; in England they are usually placed at the side of the guest, but in France they are placed in front, and this has great convenience to recommend it, as it gives more space for the attendants to serve and remove plates. The glasses forming a line round the table has a very pretty effect, but as this arrangement is not very common in England, it might embarrass the servants in helping wine. If the party is large, the place of each guest at table should be indicated by a little card, on which the name is written, as it would be difficult for the hostess to remember exactly, the place assigned for each. Some very pretty little cards for this purpose, are little round plates, with white centre for the name. They are printed in imitation of different patterns of antique china. If the dinner is *a la Russe*, it will be necessary to have a card with the menu before each guest; but as this style of dinner requires attendants, who must be accustomed to carve, it is usually reserved for very ceremonious dinners, and unless excellent attendance can be relied on, is likely to be uncomfortable.

For friendly dinners given to about eight persons, a good plain English dinner is in the best taste. It is, however, no longer the custom to have more than one dish (with its accompanying sauces and vegetables) on the table at a time, unless the party is large. The soup is replaced by the fish, and the joints are not kept waiting under cover until the made dishes have been handed round. This is an improvement on the old system, as it permits the enjoyment of each dish, with its accompanying sauces and vegetables.

When it has been quite decided what meat, poultry, game, etc., will be required for the dinner, I should advise the young housekeeper to take her cook to aid her in choosing the articles best suited to her requirements. This should be done in good time, as all joints are much improved by being "hung." With game this is absolutely necessary, in order to develop the true flavour. A turkey also is very much improved in tenderness and delicacy of flavour, by being hung some time. All the preparations that can be made in advance will prevent much trouble and annoyance to the mistress, and will also give the cook more time to attend to the more important business at last; soups, jellies, and some light dishes had

much better be prepared a couple of days before they are required. Early on the days in question, the silver and glass should be polished as bright as possible; nothing adds more to the good effect of a dinner-table than attention to this point. The hostess receives her guests in the drawing-room, which ought not to be more lighted than is absolutely necessary.

When all the guests have arrived, the dinner should be announced. The lady of the house should then quietly indicate to each gentleman the lady he is expected to take into dinner. The host will, of course, give his arm to the lady of highest rank, or to the one to whom he wishes to show the most respect. The lady of the house follows last in order, with the gentleman who is to be the most honoured, and who will place himself at her right hand at table.

After the dessert has been partaken of, the hostess will choose a time when the ladies are not particularly engaged in conversation to give the signal to rise. The gentlemen rise also, one of the younger ones holding the door for them as they pass. After some time coffee is served to the ladies in the drawing-room. When the gentlemen arrive tea also is served.

A first dinner-party is always a very trying ordeal to a young housekeeper, even when it is only a friendly party, or a small gathering of near relatives; but with a little forethought and care in the arrangements beforehand, all will be made easy; particularly and especially if she has confidence in her cook. Should the giving of a dinner party, even on a small scale, be found inconvenient, an evening party or social tea may satisfy all requirements.

In preparing for a small evening party, the arranging and lighting the drawing-room should receive special care. An ill-lighted room has not only a bad appearance, but it has also a depressing effect on the spirits. Gas is the most convenient and ready method of lighting; but good moderator lamps and wax lights, produce a much more pleasing effect, and they have also the advantage of not making the room so warm. Any large tables or other articles of furniture likely to prevent the guests from moving freely from one part of the room to another should be removed; fresh muslin curtains, and a few well-arranged flowers will give a cheerful, pleasant aspect to the rooms.

If a small room can be spared for tea and coffee, and any light refreshment required during the evening, it is convenient, as it leaves the dining-room free for the supper, which should be prepared, and the table laid early in the day. Everything should be at hand, and the changes of service and silver all placed in readiness. Jellies, creams, and salads should not be placed on the table till just before the supper is announced, as they are likely to spoil an otherwise perfect supper, unless they are served quite fresh and firm.

If all the preparations have been made in good time, and all the little details carefully attended to



early in the day, it will be a great advantage, as it will leave the servants at leisure to attend to the guests when they arrive, and perform the service without that objectionable hurry and bustle so often seen. It will also allow the young mistress of the house thoroughly to enjoy the society of her friends. How often do we see a fair face clouded by sad misgivings and doubts as to the success of the supper—a care which

might easily have been avoided by a little personal attention.

The difference between a little supper table which has been wholly arranged by unskilled servants and one which has had the advantage of the supervision of a lady, must strike every one; and I am sure our young friends will not regret the trouble they may take to ensure that very agreeable result—a “really pleasant party.”

### SOMETHING TO DO.

A NEW aid to woman's work has lately been inaugurated in the shape of “The Woman's Gazette,” which is conducted by L. M. H., the author of a small volume that has frequently been praised and quoted from in these pages,—viz., “The Year-book of Woman's Work.” It is always to be feared that such periodicals as address only a limited class of readers have but a small chance of success; but the “Woman's Gazette,” though naturally labouring under this disadvantage, aims at supplying a want. The editor thinks “there is urgent need of a special organ to represent the many branches of women's work, to print correspondence, to supply the latest information, and to form a medium for advertisements.” The object, therefore, of this publication is to “furnish the latest information upon all work, remunerative or otherwise, needing the services of women, and upon the ways and means of obtaining employment therein,” and to “afford a means for mutual consultation, comparison of work and results, and an opportunity for harmonious co-operation.” The editor explains that it is not from any wish to separate the interests of men and women that this paper is devoted to the special need of the latter sex; but merely because it appears that the field of educated and industrial female labour is quite unprovided with any recognized advertising medium, and it is as inconvenient as it is unnecessary to search for a matron, a nurse, or a governess among advertisements for travelling tutors or curates.

The profits from the sale of the paper are to be appropriated for the benefit of women who depend on their own exertions for a livelihood. And this is my reason for noticing the “Woman's Gazette” in this portion of our magazine. Here is “something to do” for our poorer sisters. Every one who takes it helps not only herself but the cause of those who need money, either from illness or incapacity.

Putting charity out of the question, much information is to be found in its pages. The second monthly number has just been issued, and contains hints that workers will find useful, and much news about work.

Another branch of occupation has been opened to

ladies under more advantageous circumstances than has been the case hitherto. A work-room has been established at 42, Somerset Street, Portman Square, where ladies are taught the art of dressmaking, and where orders are executed by these ladies, under the direction of a skilled manager. A special work-room in the same house is devoted to high-class decorative embroidery, where skilled workwomen may find remunerative employment, and the unskilled are taught by a lady who has made art needlework a special study. All the work is done on the premises, so that only ladies residing in the metropolis may benefit by this association. Orders have already come in and more have been promised. The list of lady patronesses include the names of the Dowager Countess of Galloway; the Countess of Bective; the Lady Mary Fielding; the Lady Constance Lefevre; Lady Burrell; Mrs. Alexander Brown, 12, Grosvenor Gardens; Miss Elizabeth Sewell, Ashcliff, Bonchurch; Miss Wallace, 47, Harley Street; Miss Hubbard, Leonardslee, Horsham.

The entrance fee is five guineas, and in both departments, viz., the dressmaking and the fine art needlework, the workers attend daily, and are expected to conform to certain rules.

In order to meet the expenses of the first year, an appeal for subscriptions is made to all interested in the subject of “Women's Work.”\* When once the Institution is well started, it is believed it will be entirely self-supporting; and the Society will eventually be worked on co-operative principles.

I paid a visit to the Embroidery Room, wishing to be in a position to give my readers the particulars of this new attempt to get work for women, and found the ladies busily employed on some beautiful bordering for curtains in the antique style, for which Mr. Gillow had sent them an order. Miss Scott, the Directress of this branch of the Association, is sanguine as to further orders, and it is sincerely to be hoped she may not be disappointed, for it is pleasant to see ladies in a comfortable room, working

\* Donations can be paid into the Account of the Ladies' Dress-making, Millinery, and Embroidery Association, at the St. Marylebone Branch of the National Provincial Bank of England 35, Baker Street.

together and quietly conversing, as they might in their own drawing-rooms, and to remember that they are earning their livelihood without having to struggle and battle with the world, as too many women have to do.

To turn to a very different and far less pleasant mode of earning one's bread, I have been requested to mention that the winter session of the London School of Medicine for Women, 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, opened on the 2nd of October, and comprise classes in Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Physiology, and Practice of Medicine. All ladies, not already registered students, who desire to enter the School as Medical Students, should pass the Examination in Arts to be held at the Apothecaries' Hall on September 24th and 25th, 1875, and January 28th and 29th, 1876. No one will be admitted to the study of Medicine before the completion of her eighteenth year.

The fees for the entire curriculum of (non-clinical) Lectures required by the Examining Boards will be £80, if paid in one sum; or, if paid in instalments, £40 for the first year, £30 for the second, and £15 for the third. The fees for separate courses of the (non-clinical) Lectures required by the Examining Boards will be £8 8s. for each subject in the Winter Course, and £5 5s. for each in the Summer Course. The fees for hospital instruction are additional, and will be announced subsequently.

Ladies not desiring to study Medicine with a view to practice may attend the classes on payment of the fees, without passing the Examination in Arts, but will not receive certificates of attendance.

All those who desire to enter the School are requested

to apply to the Dean for a form of application for admission.

A register of desirable lodgings, etc., in the neighbourhood of the School, is kept by the Secretary, Miss Heaton, to whom all students not already resident in London are advised to apply for information and advice.

TIME TABLE FOR WINTER SESSION, 1875-76.

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.
Physiology.	9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	5 p.m.	
Practice of Medicine.		2.30 p.m.	2.30 p.m.		2.30 p.m.
Anatomy.	4 p.m.	4.15 p.m.	12.30	5 p.m.	
Surgery.	5 p.m.		5 p.m.		5 p.m.

The lecturers at this School are, Mr. Reeves, London Hospital; Mr. Rivington, London Hospital; Mr. Heaton, F.C.S., Charing Cross Hospital; Dr. P. H. Stokoe, Guy's Hospital; Dr. Sturges, Westminster Hospital; Dr. H. B. Donkin; Dr. King Chambers, St. Mary's Hospital; Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.; Dr. Ford Anderson; Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell; Dr. Dupré, F.C.S., Westminster Hospital; Dr. Shewen; Mr. Cowell, Westminster Hospital; Mr. Critchett; Dr. Bastian, F.C.S., University College; Dr. Cheadle, St. Mary's Hospital; Dr. Sankey, University College, and Dr. Murie, Middlesex Hospital.

The Dean of the School is Mr. A. T. Norton, of St. Mary's Hospital.

SYLVIA.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE Prince of Wales is apparently enjoying himself greatly in India, and making himself generally a favourite. He has "condescended to men of low estate," attended the dinner given to soldiers and sailors, visited native schools at Bombay, and received a wreath from the hands of young Parsee girls. The visit to the far-famed Caves of Elephanta was a brilliant affair. These renowned and picturesque caverns are on an island near Bombay, and they contain remarkable sculptures, some broken, others well preserved. A large effigy of an elephant gives the name to the island, and the gigantic bust of a three-headed deity is supposed to represent the Hindoo trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Directly in front of this statue was spread the tables at which the Prince entertained his guests. The old caves were most brilliantly illuminated; and surely never before were the

gloomy recesses of sacred Hindoo temples made so gay. The popping of champagne corks, lively conversation, and not unfrequent laughter were unwonted, if by no means unpleasant, introductions to an acquaintance with one of the profoundest of Asiatic mysteries. Of ladies there were many, and we imagine they will not readily forget the picnic in the Caves of Elephanta.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a pleasing and elegant poem, the scene of which is the shores of the Gulf of Genoa in the tenth century. The poem is evidently the fruit of a cultivated and imaginative mind; and if it does not exhibit the very highest poetical qualities, it contains sufficient evidences of poetic feeling and a command of poetical diction sufficient to insure for it a very honourable place in literature.

An American author, Mr. Bancroft, has just published

an historical work of great value, "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast," in which he describes, from monuments and authentic records, the Mexicans, Aztecs, Peruvians, and other races known to Cortez and Pizarro, and gives a great amount of interesting information respecting the traces of nations anterior to them, but lost to history. We look forward with some apprehension to the prospect of the study of the old Mexican language ever becoming a portion of the modern curriculum of education. Here is a specimen word given by Mr. Bancroft; it is the name of a flower—"mihuiitilmoyocutlatonpicixochitl." Imagine the effect of trying to say to a young lady, "Permit me to offer you this beautiful mihu—etc., etc." Tom Hood, writing about the old English expressive names of flowers, was rather hard on the botanical nomenclature, and said if people really loved flowers, they would not call them such hard names. What would he have thought of the Mexican word?

A young woman in America was tried for burglary, not an offence commonly committed by the fair sex. She would not employ counsel, but herself addressed the jury. Her eloquence, aided, perhaps, a little by her good looks, gained a verdict of "Not Guilty," in which the presiding judge expressed his concurrence. Then ensued a scene.

The charming accused left the dock, ran to the bench, and embraced the judge, who returned the salute, amid the plaudits of a crowded court. After that, the musical absurdity, "Trial by Jury," now being played at a London theatre, in which the judge becomes the accepted lover of the beautiful plaintiff in a breach of promise case, is scarcely a burlesque.

The accomplished and deservedly popular vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne, was married on the 16th to Mr. Agabeg, a barrister, at the Savoy Chapel, Strand, where, a few months since, another charming singer, Miss Antoinette Sterling, was wedded. Very appropriately, on each occasion, there was full musical service. The admirers of Miss Wynne, especially the musical lovers of Wales, her native country, who are justly proud of her, will heartily wish her all happiness, while hoping that her marriage is not an intimation of the retirement from the concert-room of "the Welsh nightingale."

This is our last chat with our readers in which we this year indulge. Our Magazine will commence 1876, with, we hope, new attractions, among which will be, a new serial tale, short tales, historic incidents of interest, and a new series of biographies, double acrostics and other exercises for ingenuity.

---

### SYLVIA'S LETTER.

---

ALWAYS take note of the pretty things, the new things, and the useful things I see, that I may tell my readers about them in my next letter. One of the prettiest things I have seen for some time is the ALEXANDRA DIAMOND TRIMMING CORD, manufactured by BINN'S PATENT ENDLESS BAND CO., Oak Mills, Lowmoor, near Bradford. This cord is intended for trimming dresses, mantles, jackets, hats, and bonnets. It is similar in effect to a row of beads, and shines like satin. It is made in all colours, and would be very effective used as a trimming for dinner dresses of light coloured silks, satin, or velvet. For finishing off cushions and other varieties of fancy work, the Alexandra Cord is invaluable. It can be ordered through any draper, or from any Fancy Repository, which is the "dictionary" name for what we call a wool shop, in every day parlance.

The hat in the illustration on our next page is a good sample of the union of simplicity with elegance. The sole trimming consists of one long ostrich feather, with a small velvet bow to hide the stem. A good ostrich feather is a valuable possession. It will clean over and over again, and when it does get too thin to do up, it can be laid by till a few more companions, who have also

seen their best days, can be sent with it to be made up all together, into a thick, black feather.

Warm stockings are a necessary luxury (if that be not a contradiction in terms) in this damp weather. They may be had of MESSRS. JANNINGS and SONS, 16, Fenchurch Street, at from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per pair, made of ribbed cashmere and supplemented with merino, where they are apt to wear soonest. These prices are those of the best quality. Ladies' undervests are manufactured at the same establishment, in all sizes, in merino, cashmere, and lamb's wool. In fact, all sorts of comfortable, warm things are purveyed by the Messrs. Jannings, including muffs, boas, and ties in all kinds of fur. Their Acme and Copenhagen Gloves continue to maintain their reputation for good wear, and comfortable fit.

For all sorts of fancy, as well as plain work, I can recommend the cottons manufactured by JONAS BROOK and BROTHERS, of Meltham Mills, Huddersfield, and of 49, Cannon Street, E.C., as wearing well and being very pleasant in use.

Madame Adèle Letellier now supplies very pretty initial letters for sewing on the useful little chatelaine bags so much worn. The prices of these letters are 5d.

each in italic capitals, about an inch in length, and for old English capitals, larger in size, 1s. 10d. each letter. They can be sent by post for the usual letter charge.

I have been shown a curious little contrivance among the Christmas novelties of *MONSIEUR RIMMEL*, 96, Strand. It consists of a rose for the button-hole, to which is attached a long gutta-percha tube, with a ball of the same material at the end of the tube. This ball is filled with scent, and a slight pressure of the fingers upon the ball suffices to send a small jet of the scent in any direction wished by the wearer of the rose. It is called the Gushing Rose, and the price is 1s. 6d.



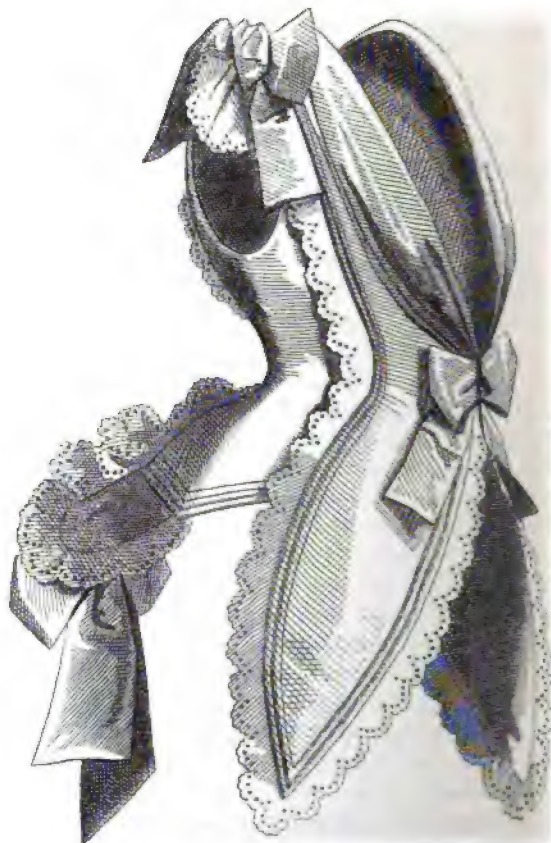
His Christmas Cards are extremely pretty this year. There is a charming bunch of flowers, whence, on a string being pulled, ten little Cupids spring forth, in various attitudes. Another represents the dreams of the young and the old, on the occasion of the new year—the one looking on into the future, the other back into the past. Many of them show poetic thoughts and fancies.

The half guinea Christmas hamper contains perfumes, crackers, Christmas cards, and ornaments for Christmas trees. The crackers are simply delightful. I opened one that contained a small bottle of "Spirit of Love," which I guessed to be scent, besides a pretty picture and a bon-bon. Others contain sentences in seven languages.

A pretty surprise for children is contained in a piece of something resembling the bark of a tree, but one end opens and shows it to contain a fan, prettily painted.

The Japanese mosaic set, containing boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, and collars, forms a nice present for a gentleman. The price is 10s. 6d.

For a lady no present can be nicer than a fan, and they can be had at 96, Strand, in all varieties. Those with a picture on a neutral tint background are really works of art. Figures are more fashionable than flowers. I saw one, representing a young girl standing in a thoughtful attitude, while two Cupids are mischievously threatening her peace of mind. One has climbed a ladder



[I give here the illustration of our Cut-Out Paper Pattern.]

to take better aim, and is fitting an arrow to his bow. The other holds two more arrows to make the attack on her heart quite successful.

A very pretty fan is of carved wood with black satin and peacock's feathers. Real lace fans may be had from four guineas to £25. I was also shown a lovely fan entirely made of mother-o'-pearl, inlaid with gold flowers. Purses and cigar-cases are also popular Christmas presents. They, too, are to had at this delightful establishment.

Wishing my readers many pretty Christmas boxes and many pleasant Christmases, I bid them good-bye till next year.

SYLVIA.



## ANOTHER AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.



A NEW college has been opened for women, in Massachusetts, where all the advantages of a university education are offered the students. Wellesley College is the generous gift of a single public-spirited citizen, whose deed is worthy of all imitation. The Massachusetts college was undoubtedly prompted by the success of Vassar (recently described in this magazine), but it is modelled on a somewhat different plan. It aims to give the benefit of higher education to the daughters of the poor as well as the rich. Most of the work in the building is to be done by the students. They will be initiated into the duties of chamber-maids, and into the arts and mysteries of the kitchen. After an arduous demonstration in Euclid, they will be called upon to undertake the preparation of boiled mutton with capersauce, or the rolling out of a flaky crust for chicken-pie. Astronomy will be followed by vigorous action with the broom, and the valedictorian of the coming commencement will be pointed out as the young woman with a feather-duster in her hand.

Two points in the higher education of women seem to be accepted as settled. One is, that a full collegiate training is perfectly adapted to the feminine sphere, and the other is that separate colleges are better than the mixed system. The five hundred students at Vassar and the four hundred who have recently entered Wellesley College in Massachusetts abundantly demonstrate that a university education is eagerly sought by the gentler part of creation, and that they prefer to be in classes where their associates shall be those of their own sex. One lady graduated at Cornell University at the last commencement, three at the University of Michigan, and a few others at various small Western institutions; but the total of female graduates throughout the United States would not equal in numbers the late graduating class at Vassar College. Indeed, there seems now to be no enthusiasm for the mixed system. Those who are pledged to its support still sustain it, but rather as a

matter of principle or prejudice than from a strong belief in its practical benefits. Its disadvantages seem to outnumber any possible good that may accrue to the students. The system will never become popular with the female pupils, nor is it likely to be generally endorsed by their parents. At present there is no adequate provision made for the collegiate education of women in institutions of their own, but there is no doubt that it will come by and by, and then the mixed system will be abandoned. Scores of applicants have been turned away from Wellesley and Vassar this year for want of room, and some of these disappointed young women will probably apply for admission to colleges where the men are in the preponderance.

It is to be hoped that the example set by the Massachusetts college, in the matter of household duties, may be imitated elsewhere. The woman who goes into her library with the keys of knowledge in her hands ought also to be qualified to go into the kitchen and direct its workings. There is something attractive to the masculine heart—which is said to lie very close to the digestive organs—in the rosy sophomore rolling out biscuit, and the plump senior measuring raisins for a pudding. The heroes of their dreams would not for the world have these young women despise their books, but still less would they wish to see them ignorant of household duties and neglectful of the cares of home. If training in these useful arts can be made to take, in the case of women, the place occupied by rowing, fencing, and other athletic sports among young men, the college curriculum will be evenly filled out. The friends of advanced education for women believe that it can be done, and have begun their experiment on a grand scale. They deserve success. Their plan aims at the highest usefulness as well as the most extensive culture. If the woman of the future fails to become a good cook and neat housewife, as well as a successful scholar, it will not be for want of opportunity and training.

## MORNING.

DAY is dawning. Slim and wide,  
Through the mists that blind it,  
Trembles up the rippling tide,  
With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior-angel sped  
On a mighty mission,  
Light, and life about him shed  
A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands,  
And with splendours shaken,  
Bids the sleeping seas and lands  
Quicken and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb.  
Thought has light for neighbour.  
Room! the rival giants come—  
Lo, the Sun and Labour!

## HOME MILLINERY.

**I**N my last chapter on the subject of Home Millinery I promised that my supposed pupil should undertake the trimming of a rather more elaborate bonnet than that explained in her last lesson. My readers will admit that the following illustration might appear to present difficulties at the first glance, but with a little explanation on my part, and some attention on theirs, these will soon vanish.

The bonnet is of pale grey felt with turned-up brim, lined with black velvet. On the hair a spray of roses and dark berries. A long grey ostrich feather falls over the bonnet, and above the spray of flowers is one rose and a bright coloured wing. Pale grey damassé ribbon is arranged in loops and ends above and below the brim.

The first thing to be done is to line the brim with velvet, and as the latter must set perfectly plain, it will require some care. The velvet must be cut to the shape of the brim. To do this, lay the shape crown downwards on the table, place the velvet over it, and pin it upon the brim here and there. Then cut it round the outside, leaving a good half-inch of turning all round. Proceed to cut away the inside, leaving an inch of turning."

When this has been carefully done, the brim must be lined according to the directions given in our last lesson, taking care to keep the velvet in place upon the brim which it was cut out to fit. This must be attended to, for the back of the brim is narrower than the front. The crown is then lined (see directions in last lesson), and the next thing to be done is to arrange the damassé ribbon. A little practice will soon produce those careless looking folds which look as though they had come there without trouble or intention on anyone's part—not even their own. This is the great art of millinery—to conceal art.

Graceful as feathers and flowers are, they require to be deftly arranged, or they may even look ungraceful. The stem of the feather must always be hidden. The finer the feather, the easier it is to arrange gracefully. Oh, my readers, never buy an inferior feather! They should be—

"Not at all, or all in all."

If they cannot be of the best, do not wear any. But a good feather will clean, wash, or dye, many times over. They who aspire to be "home milliners" must learn to

wash and curl them themselves. I have never tried to wash a coloured feather, but have frequently succeeded with a white one.

Proceed as follows:—Make some clean warm water (it must not be boiling, only warm), very soapy, and squeeze the blue-bag into it three or four times. Shake the feather about in this soapy water, and gently rub it down the middle with the fingers—or, if very much soiled, with a soft brush—until it is perfectly clean. Then plunge it several times into perfectly clean, cold, soft water, shake it well, and dry it in the sun, if there happen to be any sunshine, or before the fire, if not. Keep

shaking it at intervals until it is perfectly dry. Then take a silver knife—or a paper knife—and curl each frond gently, beginning with the tip. If the feather be very thick and full, curl some of the fronds over the stem. While curling it, keep shaking it out to the heat, which helps it to curl. It is an operation that requires some patience, but the mechanical skill is easily acquired.

My next lesson shall be devoted to instructing my supposed pupil (I hope I have one!) to make one of the fashionable Rink hats, which are so very becoming and comfortable.

IRIS.



## NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.

THE dreariest month of the year is drawing to a close, the leaves have all fallen, the people have returned to town, and the shops are beginning to look Christmas-like. Here is one crowded with the most beautiful and ingenious toys that ever gladdened childish eyes, another looks perfectly luxurious with its piles of magnificent furs, and further on are windows entirely filled with evening dresses of every delicate tint, while everywhere we are dazzled by the numerous glittering ornaments now so fashionable.

Some one has said that we are back again to the golden age, and if the golden age meant *glitter*, he was right. It is surprising how much silver and gold is now worn, not only as ornaments but in braids and trimmings. Those upon walking dresses look pretty and (at present) are too expensive to become common, but as trimming to evening dresses I think they are in better taste.

We are now looking forward to our Christmas gaieties, and a few words upon the necessary finery will I hope be welcome.

In the first place, what is fashionable? For married ladies rich and heavy materials such as brocaded silks (those of two colours or shades of colour are very elegant) and velvets are best, but for young people we are glad to see that more tulle and tarlatane dresses are being prepared. Nothing is prettier for young girls than white tulle or tarlatane, but both these materials are now made in almost every shade of colour and have the advantage of lasting a little longer than the white ones. We can supply tarlatane ones either white or coloured prettily and fashionably made for £1 5s., or if with white silk bodice for £1 15s. I have seen two very pretty dresses for young girls that I will here describe.

One was made of white tarlatane, the skirt covered with pleatings and bouillonnés. The tablier, trimmed to correspond, was drawn up in a coquillé behind with bows of white faille, with a white silk and silver fringe upon the ends. The cuirasse bodice of white silk, cut low and square in front and laced behind, was trimmed round the edge of the opening with a blonde lace and a bouillonné of tarlatane, and inside with a pleating of *crêpe lisse*. Bows to match those upon the tunic in front and at the back of the neck. The sleeves, composed of bouillonnés of tarlatane, were trimmed to correspond, with blonde and bows. The price of this dress was three guineas. The other was made of maize tarlatane, the skirt in bouillonnés, with a pleated flounce headed by a ruche at the bottom. Two scarves of maize faille were draped across the front and fastened with bows of the same behind. The bodice, which was made of

faille, was cut low in a point both back and front, and trimmed with ruches and pleatings of tarlatane. Elbow sleeves trimmed with pleated frills, with under sleeves of white silk. The price of this was three and a half guineas.

The evening flowers are exceedingly pretty, particularly those in which gold or silver are introduced. They vary very much in price, but we can send very pretty little half wreaths or sprays for the hair or dress, from 2s. 6d. each. With regard to evening boots or shoes, they look much better when matching the dress, and if at any time our subscribers will send sufficient silk (or a pattern and we can procure it) of whatever colour is required, with a shoe as a pattern, we can send them for 12s. an exceedingly pretty pair of shoes with high heels and large satin rosettes. Boots are of a proportionate price, but they are not so fashionable for evening wear as shoes. These little details, boots, gloves, etc., make an immense difference to a lady's toilette, and no one can look really well dressed unless they are in accordance with the costume. In speaking of fichus last month an error was made in our article; it was stated that they could be had from 10s., whereas it ought to have been from 7s. They still continue very fashionable, and will be found very useful for Christmas parties and dinners where full evening dress is not required. They are made in every material such as *crêpe lisse*, lace, muslin, etc., but quite the prettiest I have seen were of *écru* silk net, trimmed with lace to match. This silk net is a novelty, and a very pretty one, and the laces to match are beautiful. With these fichus, knots of black velvet or coloured ribbon are generally introduced; their price is 7s. 6d. each, or with undersleeves to match and knot of ribbon and lace for the hair, 12s. 6d.

In this magazine Izod's Patent Corsets have been advertised, and I take this opportunity of recommending them to our subscribers as most comfortable, well shaped, and durable ones. This I can testify from personal experience. Their prices vary from 7s. 6d. to a guinea, and for those who cannot procure them in the country shops we shall be happy to obtain them in London.

LOUISE DE TOUR.

For the special benefit of our provincial subscribers, we have just finished arrangements which will enable us to supply them with evening-dresses for the coming season, in book-muslin and tarlatane, in various shades, trimmed with satin, and made in the latest styles, from one guinea upwards, on the shortest notice. Please send measurements with P.O.O., payable to MADAME LOUISE DE TOUR, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE nouveautés of the season, are for this winter rich damasked, brocaded and matelassé materials, all silk, or silk and wool.

Costly embroidery is also employed to an extent

point, a combination of all that fancy can imagine that is most dainty and coquettish, with all that is most sumptuous and magnificent. Velvet flounces, cut out and embroidered in raised stitch, forming trimmings



676.—NEW WINTER COSTUME (FRONT).

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

Slightly trained skirt of dark brown cloth with a deep flounce, closely pleated round the lower edge and bound at the top with brown velvet. Tunic of brown plaid of two shades, with pleated flounce of the plain material and crossway band of brown velvet. The tunic is open at the back, and reeved above a handsome echarpe of brown velvet, which falls nearly to the edge of the train, and is finished off by a

unknown for years. Appliqué in velvet, satin stitch in chenille and floss silk, and raised work in purse silk over velvet, satin, faille, or cashmere, compose the most tasteful and distingué of trimmings. It is the art of ornamentation in the toilet brought to the highest

of the most extreme elegance. Sometimes the pattern is one of large scallops worked in overcast, with three or five rows of open work circles. All these open work circles worked round in raised stitches are extremely effective over a skirt of pale blue or pink.



mauve, maize, or crimson satin. This embroidered velvet is also employed for tabliers or draperies over silk skirts. The same style of raised and open work silk embroidery is reproduced upon black faille, deeply scalloped out. Very pretty dinner dresses are trimmed with flounces of black faille, scalloped out and em-

broidery patterns are worked in satin stitch and point d'or, in the style of broderies upon crêpe de chine, with the beading in gold or silver, or even of coral, garnet or turquoise. Fancy may indulge in all its whims. The great point is to be elegant and to wear one's toilets with the required grace and demi-



677.—NEW WINTER COSTUME (BACK).

rich knotted silk fringe. Jacket bodice of plaid with sleeves of plain brown, the latter having a reeving of brown velvet at the back. Revers and bands of the same material are introduced on the jacket, and knotted fringe of the same make, but narrower than that on the echarpe, completes the trimming. Pleated frill and sleeves of white mull muslin.

broidered in the above style, placed over finely pleated flounces of coloured silk, forming quillings between the scallops.

Another pretty and elegant style of broderie is worked in raised white silk over mauve, pink, blue, maize, or cardinal faille, or of coloured silk over faille to match. Over white faille, very fanciful Oriental

voltura. All the different styles of broderies we have mentioned are also worked upon white or light coloured cashmere for in-door toilets. It is, in fact, broderie Anglaise applied, for the winter season, to velvet, silk, and cashmere, as it was for the summer, to cambric, toile, and batiste.

Gold, silver, and steel braids are more fashionable

than ever, and are employed of every size and style upon all toilets, both morning and evening, but of course always of a somewhat dressy description; for simpler costumes there are mohair and fancy braids of every kind, which are combined with fringes to match. Buttons are also to be had of all styles to correspond with braid from the simplest mohair plait, to the finest gold soutache. Passementerie buttons of black silk with a gold or silver pattern are the prettiest, and are always worn upon mantles that have anything of either metals in their trimmings.

This month, costumes are all of warm, thick materials, at least all those for the day time, of course, for it is one of the most incomprehensible aberrations of human nature that in the coldest of weathers we wear the lightest and flimsiest materials of an evening.

To begin then, with the robe de chambre, we will note one which is called *le coire de feu*, and which is both elegant and comfortable. It is made of coloured cashmere, the shape that of a straight paletot in front, and that of a Princesse dress at the back. It is buttoned all the way down in front with small silk buttons, and has a plain turned-down collar, cuffs, and pockets of a darker shade of cashmere. These are stitched on with light-coloured silk, and a spray of flowers is worked, also in silk, upon each point of collar and cuffs, and upon the upper and lower part of each pocket. Another, called *Le Réveil*, is of the same shape, but of a darker shade of cashmere, and lined throughout with flannel. Collar, cuffs, and pockets trimmed with black velvet; bows of black velvet all down the front. Both these very nice robes de chambre can be worn to an early breakfast when no company is expected. The latter has a small cape to match, which may be worn at pleasure. It is far better to wear such a dress, fresh and new, of a morning, than to keep up for such a purpose an old and shabby dress of some more costly style. The same model is made of striped flannel when it is meant to be solely confined to the bed-room.

In walking dresses, we will mention first a costume of rough-looking English material, which goes here by the name of Nickerbocker, and which is speckled, of two shades of grey or brown. The skirt is made with three gathered flounces, the last only put on with a heading, and each bound round the edge with a bias band of checked white and black or brown Tartan. Tunic trimmed with two wide bias bands of the same. This tunic is drawn tight to the back, where it is gathered up into a narrow puffing. Aumonière pocket at the side, trimmed with the checked material. Long cuirasse lined throughout with red or violet flannel, coming down tightly over the hips, rounded behind, and forming two deep peaks in front. It is edged all round the bottom and up the fronts with a bias band of checked Tartan. Coat sleeve with revers of the same. This costume will be found useful for morning walks and shopping expe-

ditions. It can be worn with a cloth mantle, and felt hat or bonnet.

A most elegant costume, for afternoon promenade or visits, is of woollen matelassé and faille. Long faille skirt trimmed round the bottom with a fine plisse, which is much deeper behind than in front, the front part being almost entirely covered with a long and wide tablier of the matelassé material, which is edged round with a handsome net work headed tassel fringe, fastened about midway up the skirt behind, with a large bow of velvet or faille. Cuirasse bodice of the matelassé material with faille sleeves. This dress may be either black, which is always bien porte, or of some dark colour, such as prune, scabieuse, tête de nègre, maroon, bronze, or marine blue.

A handsome mantle, to wear with any dressy town toilet, is of fine Montagnac cloth, with plushy inside. It is a very long paletot, tight-fitted to the waist at the back, and semi-loose in front. A rich double pattern of passementerie goes down the middle of the back, one half goes down each front and each sleeve. The extreme edge is brodered with skunks. A long square pocket is placed on either side, a little to the back. It is edged with fur, and ornamented with double passementerie buttons, and with a bow of grosgrain silk ribbon. The same model is made of black velvet, lined with quilted silk, and merely trimmed round with fur.

The muff should be of fur to match the trimming of the mantle, or even of the same material as the costume, and merely trimmed with bands of fur.

Muffs are not made larger this winter than they were last. Silvery and blue fox, chinchilla, and grebe, are favourite furs. But of course sable is ever the prince of furs. Mantles are so closely trimmed up to the throat that any sort of fur cape or collar becomes unnecessary, but some few boas have made their appearance, and we may reckon them as one more old fashion coming into favour again.

Cloaks lined throughout with fur are more fashionable than ever this cold winter. A favourite model is the *Rotonde*, an ample mantle of black faille or grosgrain silk, lined with squirrel fur, which lining shows a little beyond the edge all round. There is a small hood at the back, and it is fastened in front with a double clasp of oxidised silver. This style of mantle may be used as a carriage wrap, and be thrown off upon entering a house when one goes to pay a visit. A smaller tight-fitting garment may, in such a case, be worn over it, for the *Rotonde*, however warm and comfortable, is not particularly elegant in shape, and by no means sets off a lady's figure to advantage.

Dressy bonnets are made this winter of white or very light coloured French felt, trimmed with long ostrich feathers. This is even more dressy than the velvet bonnet. Last winter a lady wore a felt bonnet for everyday toilet, and velvet for best, but now, *nous avons changé tout cela*; the most elegant of all bonnets is the broad

brimmed halo-shaped bonnet of white or pearl grey felt, and the black velvet capote is incontestibly the simpler one of the two. Indeed, the black velvet bonnet is now quite an everyday affair; and to be accounted elegant a velvet bonnet must be matched in colour to the dress. The chapeau becomes so much a part of the costume that it becomes almost impossible to describe one by itself, and not en rapport with some fashionable dress.

This indeed is no doubt the reason why ladies who prefer a simple style of toilet, either from taste or necessity, are so faithful to the black velvet capote, the ever useful and lady-like chapeau.

The velvet capote is generally made with limp crown and drawn border. It is trimmed inside with a torsade or bandeau, over which is placed a spray of flowers, or a small bird. Feathers and coques of ribbon outside.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

---

### BALL COSTUMES.

1. Costume in grey faille and white brocaded silk. Trained skirt, with large box pleat at the back; the front puffed and gathered, is ornamented on the sides with bias folds. Tablier in white brocaded silk, pointed in front, side piece trimmed round with a fold of faille, and a fringe. A puff of grey faille at the back is joined to the tablier. Peplum cuirasse bordered with grey faille and lace at the back. A berthe of faille trimmed with fringe goes round the low bodice which is finished at the top with a lisse frill; in front a small bouquet. A similar

bouquet is placed with a grey feather and aigrette in the hair. Long gloves of pearl grey.

2. Costume in salmon colour faille and white gauze, plain trained skirt, Duchesse tunic, with low bodice, the back simulates the cuirasse, the sides and fronts are of the Princesse shape. The tunic is trimmed round with lace and flowers. A similar wreath is brought across the front of the tablier, terminating at the back of the cuirasse, and on the folds of the white gauze train. A wreath of rosebuds and leaves gathers the folds of this train at two different parts, as shown in engraving. Berthe of gauze, and round it a wreath to match.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

---

The pattern for this month is a cuirasse without sleeves, open en chale, with fichu ends in front. It consists of six pieces, front, back, side piece, short rounded piece for the basque, long piece should come from the shoulder in front, and unshaped piece, half of scarf for the opening. This may be made of yellow faille, edged all round with

lace and a narrow rouleau of a darker shade of yellow. The scarf part should be of this darker shade, and bows of corded ribbon of same shade are placed on the back, front, and epaulettes. Any other colour in two shades suitable to the wearer would be equally effective.





## Indoor Toilet.



678.—INDOOR TOILET (BACK).

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, half-price; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

678.—INDOOR TOILET.

Trained skirt of brown grosgrain silk, with deep flounce of the same material arranged to form a heading of a narrow puffing, and stand-up frill. Tunic and sleeveless jacket of striped fawn-coloured serge, trimmed with



## Indoor Toilet.



679.—INDOOR TOILET (FRONT).

679.—INDOOR TOILET.

a heavy silk fringe. The jacket fastens down the back with passementerie buttons of brown silk. Plain tight sleeves of brown grosgrain silk with deep coat cuffs. At the back of the tunic three bows and ends of brown grosgrain. Collar and under-sleeves of closely pleated crêpe lisse.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE dramatic world of London is busy enough just now. Seldom, indeed, do we find such a round of attractive pieces at the principal theatres as are to be seen at present.

At the Princesses there is the famous "Rip Van Winkle," with Mr. Jefferson acting the part of the hero as superbly as ever. It is indeed a pleasure to have got this magnificent actor back among us, and no one should lose the opportunity of witnessing one of the most picturesque and finished performances that have ever been given in this country.

At the Gaiety, too, we are greeted with the sight of a well-known face and the sounds of a familiar voice. Mr. Toole has returned from his American tour as full of fun as ever, and the roars of laughter which greet him in his well-known characters of Simmons, in the "Spitalfields' Weaver," his finest part, by the way; Harry Coke, in "Off the Line;" and Spriggins, in "Ici on Parle Français," which he has probably played over two thousand times, show that he has lost none of his hold upon the theatre-going public. True, there is nothing new to see, but it is always well worth seeing; and it is quite possible that Mr. Toole might be able to hold the Gaiety stage with the very same pieces until this time next year.

At the Prince of Wales's we are treated to an admirable performance of Messrs. Charles Reade's and Tom Taylor's "Masks and Faces," another old favourite; the chief feature in which is Mrs. Bancroft's charming rendering of the part of Peg Woffington. With all the memories of a brilliant predecessor to contend with, Mrs. Bancroft makes such a very decided success of the part that it may be written down as one of her very best efforts. There is all the delicacy and refinement which her long experience as an actress of high-class comedy has given her, and all the old fun and vivacity which distinguished the Marie Wilton of the Strand. Mr. Bancroft's performance of Triplet, the shabby broken gentleman, a part which has hitherto been associated almost exclusively with the name of Mr. Benjamin Webster, has made an advance in his art, of which one would hardly have believed him capable. Mr. Bancroft has never yet made a mistake in his choice of a character, but in the parts in which he has hitherto been principally famous, he has always been felt rather to have been emphasizing, and at times exaggerating his own individual characteristics than portraying a distinct and separate character, as if in fact the parts were written up to Mr. Bancroft, rather than that Mr. Bancroft was accommodating himself to the part. But in "Masks and Faces" there can be no doubt of the assumption any more than that

it is one of the most finished and conscientious character. Equally good in their way, though the characters are to a certain extent subordinate, are the Mabel Vane of Miss Ellen Terry and the Sir Charles Pomander of Mr. Charles Coghlan. On the whole, we may congratulate Mrs. Bancroft on having pitched upon a piece which appears so exactly to suit the powers of her very clever and carefully assorted company.

Mr. Henry Irving's "Macbeth" still continues to attract crowds to the Lyceum. We have already expressed our opinion about this remarkable performance, and do not see any reason to alter it. That "everybody," to use the usual phrase, would run to see it, was of course to be expected; and no doubt Mr. Irving has many admirers who would set down every part he attempted as a success, simply because he attempted it. But we cannot believe that Mr. Irving's permanent fame—whatever that may be supposed to be—will rest upon his Shakespearian assumptions. As an actor of melodramatic parts, he was undeniably in the very front rank; and the sooner he returns to them the better, we venture to predict, will it be for his reputation.

A benefit performance of "The School for Scandal," which has taken place since we last wrote, was chiefly remarkable for the performance of the part of Lazy Teazle by Miss Emily Fowler. We have already had occasion to speak of the marked rise this lady has made in her art; and the performance to which we are alluding showed that she may be counted upon for doing something even much better than anything she has hitherto attempted.

Occupying as they do so distinct a position of rivalry to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it was only to be expected that the authorities at the Alexandra Palace would do their best to find some adequate counter-attraction to Mr. Mann's famous winter Saturday Concerts. They have shown the very truest wisdom in declining a competition with the Sydenham concerts, which would only have savoured of plagiarism, and provoked that comparison which is proverbially odious; and have decided to look for their chief attraction in another direction from that in which Mr. Manns has found for so many years the very highest form of entertainment for his patrons. The chief features of the Saturday Concerts at the Alexandra Palace are to be the revival of such forgotten works as may worthily be brought to light again, and the devotion of a certain section of the programme to music of a miscellaneous or popular character. The wisdom of the latter arrangement is self-evident; it enlarges to an extent impossible under the Crystal Palace arrangement the area of the probable patrons of the concerts, and at

he same time allows those who care only for high-class music to dispense altogether with the popular element which so many find distasteful at Sydenham and yet are compelled to tolerate. As an earnest of what may be expected in the way of revivals, Handel's "Esther" was given at the opening concert, which took place on Saturday, November 6. A better selection could hardly have been made, since "Esther" not only possesses several features of interest peculiar to itself, but also served admirably to display to the best advantage the powers of the musical forces, choral and instrumental, which Mr. Weist Hill so ably directs. Not the least among the many claims which "Esther" has upon our attention, is the fact that it was the first of that magnificent series of oratorios which have given to their great composer undying fame. It was the first gush of the stream that gave us the "Israel," "Judas," "Samson," and a host of other colossal works, culminating in the "Messiah." And yet how singular has been its fate. Written originally in 1720, when Handel held the position of organist or "chapel-master" to his magnificent patron the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, for a small and select circle of friends, it was not performed publicly until some years later; and after having been given only a very few times, has been since the year 1757 shelved as a complete work, until only the other day. So many are the beauties of the work, and so thoroughly characteristic are they of the composer's very best style, that it is hardly possible to understand how it has been, and it undoubtedly has been, among the least-known of all Handel's oratorios. The overture which, for many years, has been played at the annual festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's, has been really the only familiar number in the whole work. However, now it has once been resuscitated, we may hope that it may often be heard, and there will be no doubt about the popularity either of the lovely airs with which it abounds, or the choruses, which, though less frequent than in most of Handel's subsequent oratorios, are among the most effective he ever wrote. The performance at the Alexandra Palace was worthy the occasion. It was evident that the very greatest pains had been taken with the rehearsals, and the result was that both band and chorus were well up in their respective parts. The soloists were Mademoiselle Nouver, an English lady hitherto unknown in our concert rooms, though her clear soprano voice renders her a decided acquisition, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Howell, Mr. Wadmore, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Mr. Weist Hill conducted the performance most carefully and zealously.

Meanwhile, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns has got through about half of his ante-Christmas series, and the chief attraction he offers to his patrons continues to be the playing of his unrivalled orchestra. This season, moreover, it appears to be a prominent feature of Mr. Manns's arrangement to familiarize his audience with the most favourable specimens of modern music which have

not hitherto been heard in this country. Thus we have had a programme overture by Herr Volkmann, entitled Richard III., and supposed to depict, musically, the chief scenes in Shakespeare's play of that name; and a symphony, somewhat eccentric in form but abounding in passages of great beauty, by Joachim Raff, together with other pieces of minor importance by Chopin, Liszt, and other composers.

Mr. Chappell commenced his eighteenth season of Monday Popular Concerts on November 8, and found his patrons as numerous and enthusiastic as ever. Two only of his usual string quartette were present, namely, Messrs. L. Rico and Zerbini; the first violin being in the hands of Herr Wilhelmj, whom one sees gladly in a position so much more worthy of him than that which he has been occupying lately; while Herr Daubert was a thoroughly efficient substitute for Signor Piatti; and Madame Essipoff appeared as the solo pianiste. With such a large proportion—for Mr. Chappell—of fresh faces, the presence of Sir Julius Benedict, who has for so many years given his valuable aid at these concerts, was doubly welcome. His accompaniments to the vocal music were as faultless as ever. Most of the pieces given at the opening concert were well-known favourites—the only novelty being a trio for the pianoforte and strings, written by Herr Bargiel, half-brother of Madame Schumann. This work had, as must always be the case at the Monday "Pops," the greatest possible advantage; but it cannot be said to have been a great success: it is ambitious without being effective. The vocalist was Mr. William Shakespeare, a former pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, who has already done some good work, both as a pianist and as a composer. He possesses a tenor voice of much sweetness, and sings with considerable taste and skill. The first of the Saturday afternoon concerts—an institution which only a few years ago branched off from the parent tree—was given on the Saturday following the first Monday concert. At subsequent concerts Signor Pezze has taken the violoncello, and Madlle. Anna Meklig has been the pianiste.

Mr. Walter Bache gave his annual pianoforte recital on Monday, November 1, at St. James's Hall, assisted by Mrs. Beesley, whose first performance last season at a concert given by her instructor, Dr. Hans von Bülow, created such a marked sensation, and Herr Wilhelmj.

Our remaining items of musical news must be briefly summarized. The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden will have terminated before this meets the eyes of our subscribers, and the house will be given over to Mr. Rice for his Christmas Pantomime. Mr. Carter's series of Oratorio performances at the Albert Hall are going on with a fair amount of success; but up to this time the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society has made no sign. We hear, however, that they are proposing to give a grand concert on December 20, at which Mesdames Nilsson and Trebelli will assist.



680.—MORNING TOILET.

*Paper Pattern, Costume, 5s.; Paletot, 2s. 9d.; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

680.—MORNING TOILET.

Morning toilet from a model from Petit St. Thomas, Rue du Bac. The skirt is of faille, trimmed with narrow pleated frills. The jacket is of thick ribbed cloth. It is half-fitting, cut up to the waist behind, and fastened with fancy buttons in front. The edges of this vêtement, and the large square pockets at the sides, are bordered with braid stitched on with silk.





681.—NEW COSTUME OF BLACK VELVET AND FAILLE.

*Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d. ; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

*MADAME L. DE TOUR supplies all the Bonnets, Hats, and Caps Illustrated in this Magazine.*

681.—NEW COSTUME OF BLACK VELVET AND FAILLE.

New costume of black velvet and faille, trimmed with a silk and gold braid. The train skirt is plain in front, and covered behind with a series of little flounces (alternately one plain and one gathered) of faille. The square cut tunic, which is drawn up with two long ends falling over the train, is edged with a deep silk fringe, and above that with a broad braid. A pocket ornamented with braid and fringe is placed at the side. The bodice is made half of silk and half of velvet, that is to say the centre of both back and front and the sleeves are of silk, and the rest of velvet. It is trimmed with braid to match that upon the tunic.



682.—NEW INDOOR TOILET.

*Price of Pattern, 5s. 6d. ; Flat Pattern, half-price ; to be had of MADAME A. LETELLIER, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*



684.—APRON OF BLACK CORDED SILK.

*Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d.*



683.—APRON OF BLACK GROSGRAIN.

*Price of Pattern, 1s. 6d. ; Flat Pattern, half-price.*

685.—WALKING COSTUME.—*Price of Pattern, 5s. 6d.*





685.—DINNER DRESS.—*Price of Pattern, 6s. 6d.*



687.—TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT.—*Price of Pattern, 2s. 9d.*

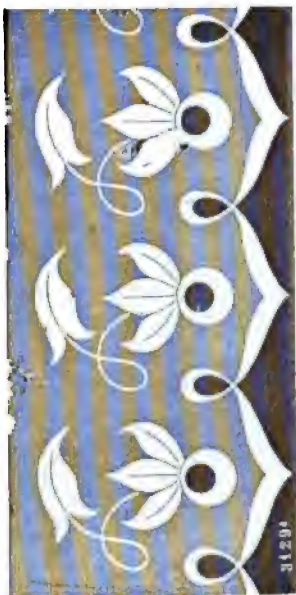


688.—TIGHT-FITTING MANTLE OF GREY VELVET CLOTH.  
*Price of Pattern, 3s.*



689.—NEW COSTUME.  
*Price of Pattern, 6s.*





691.—EDGING FOR WASHING MATERIALS.



692.—ROSETTE FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.



693.—EDGING FOR WASHING MATERIALS



694.—DETAIL OF EMBROIDERED FOLIO IN APLIQUE.

We recommend the Cottons of MESSRS. JONAS BROOK BROS., Meltham Mills, Huddersfield, and 49, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

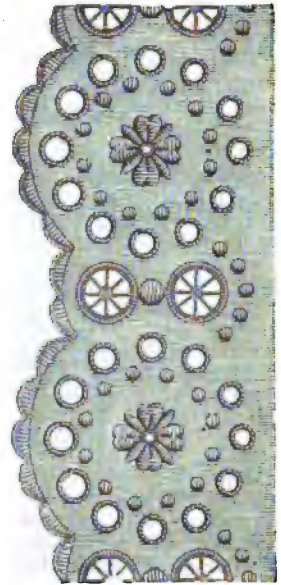




695.—INSERTION FOR UNDER-LINEN.



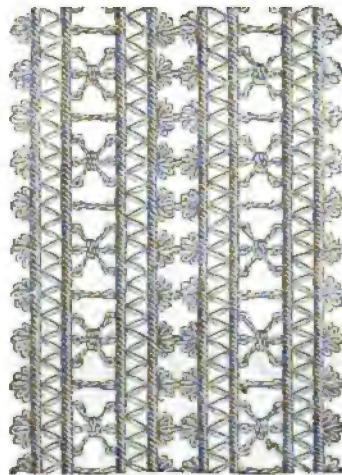
696.—EMBROIDERED FOLIO IN APPLIQUE.



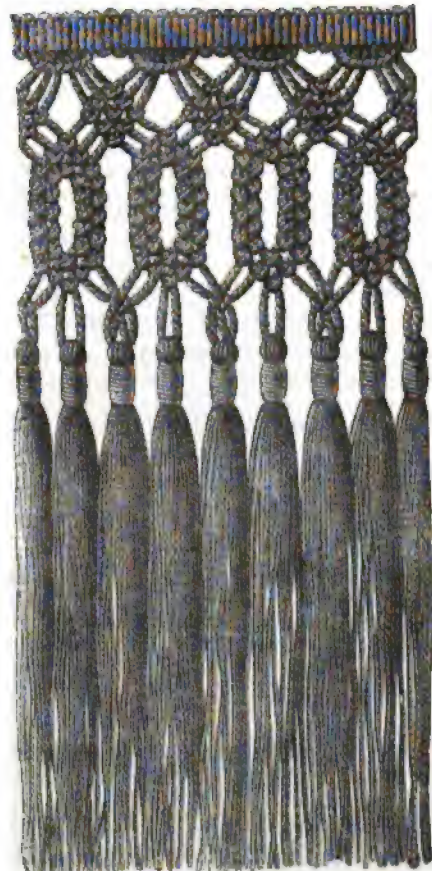
697.—EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN.



698.—FRINGE FOR DRESSES.



699.—INSERTION FOR UNDERLINEN.



700.—FRINGE FOR DRESSES, PALETOT, &c.

We recommend the Cottons of MESSRS. JONAS BROOK BROS., Meltham Mills, Huddersfield, and 49, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

**No. 682. COSTUME OF BEIGE AND LIMOUSINE.**

Trained skirt, with deep, closely-pleated flounce, and narrow bands of the same material. The front breadth, where the flounce is not continued, has a vertical puffing of beige up the centre. Side pieces shaped en tablier, and edged with fringe, meet below the puffing; the upper one being of beige, the lower one of striped grey and blue limousine. The latter material is used for the sleeveless jacket, and is trimmed with fringe and bows of blue grosgrain silk. Sleeves of grey beige.

**No. 683. APRON.**

Of black grosgrain, with closely pleated flounce below a crossway band of black velvet, edged with broad and narrow guipure lace. Pocket with vandyked flap, trimmed to correspond, and with an agraffe of passementerie.

**No. 684. APRON.**

Of black corded silk, with pocket on the right side. A closely pleated flounce of the same material, ornamented with straps of beaded passementerie, finished off with tassels, is introduced round the lower edge. The pocket is made to correspond, and has a bow and ends of black grosgrain ribbon.

**No. 685. WALKING COSTUME.**

Trained skirt of grey cashmere, with deep flounce arranged in alternate folds of cashmere and grosgrain silk of a deeper shade. Above the flounce, narrow, closely pleated frills of cashmere, with band of grosgrain. Tunic draped en écharpe, and edged with silk fringe. Jacket bodice of grey cashmere, with crossway bands of grosgrain. At the wrists close pleating of cashmere.

**No. 686. DINNER DRESS OF GROSGRAIN AND CASHMERE.**

Plain dress of dark blue grosgrain silk, with high bodice and long, tight sleeves perfectly untrimmed. Polonaise à la Juive, of pale blue cashmere, embroidered in chain and satin stitch, with bright coloured silks and gold cord. Buttons and agraffes of passementerie, with dark blue silk cord, are employed to drape the skirt in folds on each side below the waist.

**No. 687. TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT.**

Of steel blue Eugenie cloth, with worsted braid, silk fringe, and small passementerie buttons.

**No. 688. TIGHT-FITTING MANTLE.**

Of grey velvet cloth, with trimming of black braid, fringe, and grelots. On the front and side breadths bows of black grosgrain silk.

**No. 689. NEW COSTUME.**

Of black grosgrain silk, arranged at the back in vertical folds. Long tunic of grey vigogne, with black worsted braid and black fringe. Jacket bodice of vigogne, with revers of black grosgrain, and trimming of worsted braid.

**Nos. 691 & 693. TWO EDGINGS FOR WASHING MATERIALS.**

**No. 691.** This design is embroidered on a ground of mull muslin, batiste, or nansook, in satin, overcast, and buttonhole stitch.

**No. 693** is embroidered in point de Venise, satin and overcast stitch on batiste or fine lawn. The ground is then cut away from the embroidery.

**No. 692. ROSETTE FOR ANTIMACASSARS, ETC.** Crochet.

This pattern may be crocheted either in white cotton, or

in black or coloured silks. 4 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, \* 9 chain, 2 purl of 5 chain and 1 slip stitch, 1 long treble in the last of the 9 chain, 8 times alternately 1 purl, 1 long treble in the same stitch where the last was worked, then 2 purl, 1 slip stitch where all the long treble were worked, 4 double in the 4 stitches of the 9 chain, 4 chain, 1 treble in the first stitch, repeat from \* 5 times, joining as required by the work.

**Nos. 694 & 696. EMBROIDERED FOLIO IN APPLIQUE.**

The folio itself is made of thin boards painted à la Chinoise, with gold on a black ground. The outer side has an applique embroidery of corded silk on a ground of pale lilac.

Our illustration No. 694 gives one half of the design. A circle of black velvet, embroidered with bright coloured silk in satin and chain stitch, is edged round in chain and overcast stitch, and the same stitches are used in the sprays and tendrils which surround the circle. The sides of the folio are fastened together with a strip of leather.

**No. 695. INSERTION FOR UNDER-LINEN IN EMBROIDERY.**

This design is embroidered in fine lawn, nansook, or mull muslin in satin, plain, and overcast stitch.

**No. 697. EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN IN EMBROIDERY.**

These effective patterns are embroidered on batiste or nansook in satin, overcast, and buttonhole stitch. The wheels are worked in lace stitch, and the ground cut away.

**No. 698. FRINGE FOR DRESSES AND PALETOTS, ETC.**

Crochet and Knotted Work.

This fringe is made in separate parts, which are joined together in the course of the work. Each pattern is made as follows: \* 1 bar of 7 chain, going back along them miss 1, 5 double, repeat 4 times from \*, then 15 chain, close into a circle with 1 slip stitch, 28 double in the circle of 15 chain, 1 double in the stitch between the 5 double and the 15 chain, 5 times alternately 1 bar of 6 chain, going back along them miss 1, 5 double, 1 double in the free chain of the opposite bar, 5 double in the 5 chain of the bar, 3 chain, 1 double in the missed stitch of the same bar, 4 times alternately 1 chain, 2 double separated by 3 chain in the missed stitch of the next bar, then 2 purl of 3 chain and 1 slip stitch, 18 double in the centre 18 of the 28 double, 2 purl, 4 times alternately 2 double separated by 3 chain in the missed stitch of the next bar, 1 chain, 1 double in the missed stitch of the next bar, 3 chain, then 5 double in the 5 chain of the last bar, close with a slip stitch. Fasten, and cut off the thread. This completes one figure. Crochet the following patterns in the same way as shown in the illustration. Then crochet along the upper edge as follows: Alternately 1 treble in the upper parts of the next stitch, 1 chain, miss 1. In each of the centre 10 double of the lower edge, knot strands of silk 7 in. long, according to our illustration.

**No. 699. INSERTION FOR UNDER-LINEN, ETC.**

Russian Braid and Lace Stitch.

The insertion requires four braids, having on one side single and on the other five fold loops. They are joined together with lace stitch as shown in the illustration. The bars are worked in overcast stitch, and filled up in point de reprise. On the side of the five fold loops the braids are merely sewn together, care being taken to fasten off carefully.

**No. 700. FRINGE FOR DRESSES, PALETOTS, ETC.**

Passementerie Work.

The material required is fine silk cord, which is knotted according to the illustration. The tassels at the lower edge are made of purse silk.



## OUR WORK-ROOM,

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.** All letters requiring answers in the following month's issue must be forwarded to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., before the 5th of each month.

2. All letters asking questions should be written on one side only of the paper, and a space should be left for each answer.

3. In writing for advice as to the making up and altering of dresses, it is advisable to mention height, complexion, and colour of hair, in order that the best combinations of colour may be given.

4. Photographs sent for this purpose cannot be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped directed envelope.

5. Letters for the Work-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Drawing-room or the Exchange Column.

No charge is made for replies to any question in the Work-room: it is open to all comers, and all are welcome.

As we give elsewhere all the latest information as to modes and styles, we cannot answer questions as to the way of making up *new materials*, except when the quantity is so limited as to require contriving, in which case we are glad to give our best help.

LOUISE would feel much obliged if some one would inform her where the dyed willow for plaiting can be obtained.

HORR I. writes—Dear Sylvia, I shall not make a long preamble as apology for troubling you, as I am sure you would not wish it, but at once enter on my subject. I have a dress, diagonal, pattern enclosed; it is made with two cross folds on skirt, 6 and 4 inches in depth; apron 26 inches deep in front, cut in five pieces, and running off very narrow at the back, where it has sash ends 36 inches long, mitre-shaped at end. Apron and sash has crossfold, two and a half inches, laid on with piping of brown satin; the sash ends form loops, which the back of the jacket entirely covers, it is so long; the jacket body has pointed ends in front, cut up at side, and trimmed with pleating of satin three quarters in depth on cross at the edge; the body has cross-piece piped on one edge, with pleating of the narrow satin on the other round armhole, and down to the bottom of front pleat. I have tried to match it, but cannot; the dress cost me five pounds, and I have seldom worn it, it is so dowdy and uncomfortable. Can you suggest any way that I could have it altered? It was bought and made at a first-rate shop, and that makes it more annoying. I have been advised to take the narrowest fold off skirt, and put it on the apron; but I think that would spoil the one and be no improvement on the other. But I await your opinion, thinking your versatile talent will be able to help me out of my dilemma. [I scarcely understand what the fault of the dress is, unless there is too much of it; but that can hardly be the case, as you have been trying to match it. It would also have helped me greatly if you had given me a description of your figure, height, etc., and if you had told me whether the dress is walking length or trained. Perhaps the long basque of the jacket does not suit you, but jackets are to be worn long this winter. However, there will be many worn with short basques, and you could cut yours short, and trim all round with pleating of satin. The material is too rich and heavy to require very much trim-

ming. I shall be glad to help you more efficiently, if you will let me know precisely the faults of your dress. When you write, please use only one side of the paper.]

DECIMA would feel obliged if Sylvia would kindly advise her what to do with a very showy Irish poplin dress, large Stuart plaid. It is quite good, but old-fashioned, being made with plain gored skirt, slightly trained, bodice and sleeves trimmed with black velvet and fringe. Decima is tall, dark, and slight, with very quiet taste, and that is why she has seldom worn this showy dress. The enclosed pattern scarcely conveys any idea, but is the only piece Decima has. Kindly say if D. has conformed to the rules. [The pattern is so large and the colours so various, that I fear the poplin will only look well as supplementary to a dress of black velvet or velveteen. Even then it would have to be used sparingly, but plaids are so much worn now that you had better use it while it will look fashionable. It would make charming dresses for a little boy.]

E. F. S. writes—Would Sylvia kindly advise me what colour to dye a grey silk rep dress, not navy blue, as I have a winter dress of that colour. I am fair, with bright complexion, and about five feet in height. [It will dye green, maroon, claret, purple, or prune colour. The latter would be my choice.] Also, how should I make it up. The skirt has no trimming on it. The polonaise is open and quite short in front, and comes in two long points at the back; it is trimmed with a crossfold; the body and sleeves are also trimmed with crossfolds, and I have two yards of the stuff besides. Please answer in the December number if possible. [I should trim the front breadths with crossfolds, and leave the back plain, except for bows and ends made from the long points of the polonaise.]

Mrs. H. writes—Will Sylvia kindly tell me how I can alter a dress (pattern enclosed) which I had three years ago, but is as good as new, as I have been in mourning. It has a short skirt, with two bias tucks three and a half inches deep; a rather short polonaise without basques, open in front, with revers that do not sit nicely towards the waist, and coat sleeves rather tight and short. I have brown hair and eyes, pale complexion. [If the polonaise is long and full at the back, you could turn it to the front to form a tablier; but if there is not enough for this, you had better get some velveteen of the same shade as your dress, and have a tablier and sleeveless jacket of it to wear over your skirt and bodice. Add on false cuffs of velveteen to your short sleeves. They are now worn very tight.]

HORR II. has several questions to ask Sylvia. As this is only the third time she has asked help, and being a very old subscriber, she hopes Sylvia will not think her too troublesome. 1st. Hope has now been in mourning for her mother nearly twelve months; she and her sister think of lightening their mourning after Christmas; shall they put crape away entirely? and in that case, what would Sylvia advise their trimming their best dresses with? The dresses are French cashmere, very fine demi-trained skirts, trimmed now with three deep folds of crape at back; two in front, pointed to suit the tablier, which is pretty long, and has a fold of crape; and there are cashmere revers at sides trimmed with crape, a long sash and loops also trimmed, cashmere sleeves, deep crape cuffs, and crape sleeveless

jacket. Hope does not wish to spend much money on trimmings, but the dress is quite good, and she would like it to look nice. [Hope and her sister can leave off wearing crape now; they can put pleatings of silk or folds of silk everywhere that the crape is now. The silk need not be quite new nor very thick; one of your half-worn skirts will do. If this be too expensive, put folds of the cashmere round the skirt, and trim the revers, bodice, and sleeves with fringe. Cloth jackets.] 2nd. She intends buying a good black silk after Christmas; wishes to have a handsome dress for a room. How shall she have it made? what trimming? Hope has several yards (eight) of good real black Maltese lace, about half-finger wide. Could she wear lace, or is it too soon? And would Sylvia say how many yards of silk ought to be sufficient? Hope is about 5 feet 2 inches in height, over thirty years of age, and a medium figure, neither thin nor stout. [See last paragraph of Rules for Work-room. Hope can wear lace if she completely leaves off crape. A dress takes from 16 to 30 yards of silk, according to trimming.] 3rd. Hope has two black glacé silk skirts lying by, one is perfectly good, seven breadths each, nine fingers long; the other skirt has been a good deal worn, is rather shabby, is a trained skirt of the shape worn six years ago, with a flounce three fingers deep round the skirt, trimmed with black ribbon velvet. She has also about three or three and a half yards of black cashmere, quite good; it is in a large circular cloak. She knows glacé silk is old-fashioned, but would like to use the things. Will Sylvia tell her how she could make a dress of all three mixed, or the good silk and cashmere, for every day wear when the days begin to lengthen? [If the cashmere is wide width, you can make a polonaise to wear over the good silk skirt. If you do not trim your cashmere dress with the worn one, keep it as it is for evening wear under black grenadine or tarlatane.] 4th. Hope and her sister are thinking of getting black chip bonnets when putting away their crape ones. Would Sylvia advise them, as being the best value? They want whatever they get to do them all through the spring and summer, as living in a small country town bonnets are seldom worn, except to church. What trimmings would be best to look well, without being too expensive? [Chip will certainly be the best in that case, for, though felt wears even better, it would be unsuitable for summer weather. Black silk.] 5th. Can Sylvia say are black gloves to be had in the kind known as Swedes? and where can they be got? Hope has heard of them in colours as being excellent for common wear. Can Sylvia recommend the Copenhagen Glove in black? Now Hope has finished her long list of questions, and hopes to be forgiven if Sylvia finds her very troublesome. She and her sister like the magazine much, and think it far beyond any other young lady's magazine, and quite a marvel for the price. [Swedish gloves are to be had of Gask and Gask, Oxford Street, with two buttons, at 2s. 6d. per pair. The coloured ones wear very well. I have never tried black.]

JANE will feel greatly obliged to Sylvia if she will kindly give her a little information respecting a dress (pattern enclosed) for her little girl of eleven years. It is a very good skirt, with three pinked frills, but made with a polonaise; and I would like a jacket body, with apron. Would

Sylvia suggest something to go with it to make it a pretty dress, and how it could be arranged. [Blue cashmere, velveteen, or satin cloth of a darker shade would look very well as a tablier and jacket bodice.]

LINDA will feel greatly obliged if Sylvia will direct her how to alter a black French cashmere dress, it is walking length; or could it be altered to the present fashion? The front breadths have five puffs of cashmere, each headed with narrow beaded gimp, the last one headed with a quilling of the cashmere, the back breadths have two pleated flounces at the end of the skirt, 6 inches and 5 inches in depth, and going all round the bottom of the dress is a narrow box-pleated frill. The upper skirt is tunic make, very short in front, long and puffed up behind; the body is jacket make. The height of Linda is 5 feet 6 inches. Also, how to alter a blue serge dress. It is very much soiled in front, and she thought a square tablier would hide that. It is walking length, with a gathered flounce 11 inches deep on the skirt, the front breadth being trimmed with bias bands V-shaped, and bows down the middle and sides. It has an open polonaise, short in front, trimmed with kilted flounce and braid. Linda would also wish to know how the "Hyde Park Wrap," given in this month's number, is put together; she cannot understand how the hood is fixed. Is only half the pattern given? [The skirt may be made a little longer by joining on some black material to the top of the back breadths. The trimming on the skirt will not require alteration. Turn the back of the tunic to the front. For the serge dress, make a square tablier of your polonaise. Only the half of the Hyde Park Wrap is given on the diagram sheet. It consists of a plain straight piece of material about three quarters of a yard wide, and trimmed round all the edges. Sew the trimming on the right side all down the inner side, for it is to be turned back about 4½ inches, as explained in our instructions. A slight join is made up the middle of the back to form a hood. A shawl may be made into a fashionable garment by cutting it down the centre, and making it up in this shape. It is not a bad plan to make the join for the hood at about a third the length of the garment, so as to have one end longer than the other. The short end then hangs a little below the waist, while the long end folds over on the chest, and falls over the left shoulder, thus forming a double protection for the chest, and being more graceful in wear than two ends of equal length.]

DORA presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would be very grateful for some advice on the following subjects. Supposing she can afford a new dress this winter, besides an evening dress she wants, what colour and material would Sylvia recommend that would show to advantage under a plain sealskin jacket? I do not wear out many clothes; wearing principally black on week days, and having a good serge (blue), and a grey woollen dress; I should not want one that would be worn out in one season. I like velveteen, either black or coloured, but would black show well under dark seal? I should mention I am of medium height; have a round, plain face; blonde complexion, with light eyes (called blue), and golden-brown hair (wavy). Do you not think for any one wearing a dress of this kind so seldom, they are better made in a plain long skirt so as to last for future years? What kind of fur would you recommend my having a muff of to use with a seal jacket? Would you recommend me having my jacket made into a tight-fitting? A friend wants me to; I am only twenty years of age. I know I look better in tight-fitting, but my jacket was only new last year, and the back is a beautiful piece of fur. I

bought it large to last me for years. I have very little money to spend, and all I buy I like good, and so have to manage with few articles. It is the opinion of a valued friend, also of my mother and others, that I look forty years of age in it, in the back. I rather grudge to have it cut; what do you think it would cost? [It seems to me that it would be a great pity to have it cut. You might have it slightly shaped to the figure by a good tailor or dressmaker. Black velveteen looks well under sealakin. In fact, any colour looks well with it. Strictly speaking, your muff ought to be seal, but that is expensive. You might wear chinchilla or opossum.] May I ask two questions more? I want a dress that would do for a ball, or to a friend's house at an evening's entertainment, or an occasional dance, what would you recommend? My mother likes me in a blue (rather pale), or deep claret. Some friend says black grenadine so soon wears out; and I do not think white muslin would do for such constant wear; but I can get a rather pale blue in this poplin at 2s. 11d. per yard. Do you think it would be too extravagant wear? And should you not have a rather long and plain skirt made, and a postilion body edged with silk fringe, and how many yards do I want? [The poplin is dear at that price, as there is cotton in it. Black grenadine lasts a long time if you get the canvas grenadine. If you were to get a pale blue silk you could wear it with white polonaise, or blue, and vary it in the trimmings, whereas a white muslin would soon require washing. About fourteen yards of silk would make a long plain skirt, with deep basque bodice laced up the back. The basques may be trimmed with silk or lace, or simply bound with silk, as you wish.] I am doing up a navy blue serge dress, a very fine serge, with ball fringe round a very long tablier, and falling nicely at the back; and the back of the short serge skirt will be trimmed in tabs of black tresse braid. Would you recommend a velvet cuirasse or a silk one with the serge sleeves? I cannot match it in silk under 5s. 11d. Do you think the body of velvet or silk will look patchy when the skirt is trimmed with braid? Would you recommend a velveteen this colour? [It is a very pretty colour. I should recommend dark blue velvet for the cuirasse for winter wear, of an extremely dark shade. Can any of our readers tell Dora how to clean an eider down skirt.] I must mention I ordered October part of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, to see if I should like to take it always. I am not satisfied with many of the other journals, which only contain trash. I want to take up something with matter in it. I like the articles on "Young Ladies," "The Young Housekeeper," "Notable Living Women," "Something to Do," "Letters on Politeness;" also the lines "Which."

ANONYMA writes: Dear Sylvia, I once more trouble you for your valuable assistance, and what could I do with a silk dress (pattern enclosed), 8 breadths in skirt, 84 inches in length behind, 42½ inches in front, high and low body. I expect it will be too old-fashioned, do you? I think it would be better dyed, it is not soiled in the least. [There is no pattern of silk enclosed. If you refer to the mauve, it is not silk, but a shiny material of mixed cotton and silk. It would not dye. As it is so enormously long, you might make a tablier of the length, and wear it as a house dress in spring.] 2. Will homespun dresses be worn this winter? If not, what could I do with a grey one and a brown one, plain skirts, jacket, waists, and tunics? [They will be worn.] 3. I want a jacket for outdoor wear this winter; what would you advise me to get? Will tight jackets be worn; if not, what will? [Cloth jackets will be much worn. The shapes vary—tight, loose, and half-fitting—that

is, tight at the back, and with loose front.] 4. Also, what kind of glove is the Tyrol Glove, mentioned in the September number of *Novelties of the Month*. Are they kid or silk? [Kid.] 5. Will the enclosed pattern for plaid be fashionable this winter? if not, what could I do with a dress like the same, made walking length tunic, trimmed skirt, etc.? [It would only do for trimming a black or very dark-coloured dress.]

ANONYMA writes—I am going to seek your advice once more on the following queries:—1. Did I enclose a letter for the Work-room last month? As it was not inserted, I thought I had made a mistake, and not enclosed it. 2. What could I make of eight yards of silk like pattern. I thought of making a skirt, and trimming it with small frills. Would there be enough for that, and getting some other material for a polonaise? or would some coloured silk go well with it? Any suggestions as to colour suitable, etc., will be esteemed a favour. 3. What could I make out of six yards of cord, like pattern enclosed? Would it look nice for a skirt with some other material over it, or would it look too much like mourning? 4. What will twelve yards of rep, like pattern enclosed, make up into? I thought of making it up with black velveteen. Would that look nice? If so, how should I have it done? 5. What kind of bonnet, hat, and jacket should I wear with the above things? I thought of a black velvet bonnet. If approved of, what colour should I have it trimmed? Finally. What could I do with eleven yards of alpaca, like pattern? Would it be good enough to make up into anything? Hoping this will be answered in the December Number, I am much obliged for past favours. I have much pleasure in forwarding the words of Robin Adair for Verena. [1. You will probably find your letter, with the answer, in this month's Work-room. We had not room for all last month, and were obliged to leave many over until the present number. We insert all in the order in which they come, and so our best to reply in good time; but, with so many correspondents, it is difficult to arrange space for all questions without curtailing the stories, which would be a pity. 2. You might buy some black cashmere or French merino, and trim the costume with pleatings of the black silk. It would only make a plain skirt; there is not sufficient to trim it. Coloured silk is not worn with black silk. 4. This would make a skirt, which you might trim with some of your black silk, and get some cord to match to make tablier and bodice, also to be trimmed with kilt pleatings of the silk. It would not look like mourning. I do not think the colour would look well with black velveteen; it is too red. The only way you could use it would be as a costume, trimmed with its own colour in a darker shade, which would tone it down. 5. A black velvet or felt bonnet would be the best, as you could wear it with any colour. Have it trimmed with black, and you can put in a coloured bird or flower if you like. A black cloth jacket would be very nice. 6. The alpaca would make a useful house dress, but is too thin to be worth making up elaborately.]

HELEN will be greatly obliged if Sylvia will tell her how to make a nice dress for the winter. She has a brown poplin dress (pattern enclosed), with a long gored skirt quite plain, the body and sleeves are worn, and therefore useless. Would it look nice made into a sleeveless polonaise, over a brown velveteen skirt? Helen is rather little and rather stout, pale complexion, light-brown hair. [It would look very well indeed as Helen suggests.] Helen has been a subscriber to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for some time, but this being the first time she has troubled Sylvia, hopes she has conformed to rules. [In every respect.]



KATHLEEN writes—I shall be much indebted to Sylvia if she will give me instructions how to make up an old silk dress, like the enclosed piece. It is only a thin silk, and not worth much expense in remaking. I had none spared like it when it was made. It has a plain skirt, not very long. Tunic at the back like those worn last year, points in front about three quarters of a yard long, a plain waist, and coat sleeves. The latter and the tunic are trimmed round with a bias band like the dress, piped with a darker shade, and there are bows like the dark down the front of the dress. No part is soiled except the waist. I want the dress, if I can make it presentable, for evening parties during the winter; if it cannot be made nicely without something new, I should not object to a little expense if it is worth it. I have also a long white grenadine dress, with three frills on the skirt; the upper part of the skirt is entirely plain, except for the puffed back; the waist fits me very badly, and the sleeves are too short? Could the dress be made wearable? I have a yard of fine black cashmere, and a low black velvet bodice; if they would be any use in trimming, I might cut them up. [I should keep the dress as it is, and wear it under a tablier and open bodice of pale mauve or white muslin. Open the bodice down the front *en cœur*. If you have pretty arms, cut your sleeves to the elbow, and trim with frills of the mauve or white muslin. 2. You cannot trim grenadine with either cashmere or velvet. You had better have a new body and sleeves.]

AGGIE presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would be greatly obliged if she would tell her where the pattern of the gentleman's flannel vest, illustrated in the diagram sheet of October, could be obtained, as she cannot find it in Madame Goubaud's price list of paper patterns. [Apply to Madame Adèle Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.] Aggie has a waterproof cloak, nearly new, which has a cape twenty inches long, and sleeves drawn in at the wrist with elastic. Will Sylvia tell her how it could be altered, as the sleeves are so troublesome to get on in a hurry? [Make them rather wide, coat shape, and dispense with the elastic.]

MYRA writes—I am much pleased with your useful magazine, and seeing that you answer all kinds of questions, I am going to trouble you for a little information respecting a velvet jacket. Would you send me, per post, a suitable pattern for one that will not be likely to look particular for some time to come? My age is over 40, and I am not stout or tall, only medium height; therefore I do not want one to look too young. Please state what price velvet would be suitable. I should like it good, but at the same time do not wish to be at more expense than I can help. Would you have any trimming on it, and what quantity of velvet would be required? State the price of the pattern, and I will return in stamps. [Madame Adèle Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will give you all the information you ask for. The price of the pattern would be 2s. 9d. I would not trim a new velvet jacket; trim it when it has been worn a season or two.]

MERRIE writes—How much material would be required to make a travelling cloak, like the

pattern in the August number? [I cannot discover to which cloak you refer; there are one or two mantles, but none is specified as a travelling cloak.]

MAMMA would be obliged if any of your correspondents would give knitted or crochet patterns of couvre-pieds or antimacassars in wool, and directions for making them. Mamma has received patterns of night-caps from Madame Goubaud (now Letellier), which have given satisfaction. She thanks the Editor for inserting her wants. [If you write again, please use only one side of the paper.]

IDA WALES again comes to Sylvia for kind assistance, to answer her a few more troublesome questions in the December number. She has been in mourning for more than three months for an uncle, wearing little crape, and now wishes to have an old silk dress (which she has had dyed and looks quite new, as the silk was very good) made up with some other material, so that she could wear it during the present season. Her mamma wishes her to be in slight mourning a little longer, therefore, if Sylvia could advise her what to get, and how to make it look fashionable, she will be very pleased. The old dress was a long plain skirt and body, with two narrow frills at the bottom of skirt. [Make it up with black cashmere or French merino tablier and basque, sleeveless bodice.] She has also another plain black silk dress similar to the above, only plain bands of silk trimming it instead of the frills. Could she have it made up for evening wear with muslin or what? [Grenadine, tulle, net, or *crêpe de chine*.] She is rather tall, slight, darkish-brown hair, with very pale complexion. Ida Wales has a very good chinchilla muff, and wishes to have trimmings on her jacket to match. About what price could she get a good set, about two and a half inches wide? And would kind Sylvia think it too old-looking for her? [At this width, chinchilla is about 25s. per yard. It would not look too old.] Also, if chinchilla can be nicely cleaned? and where? [Chinchilla cleans well. Cook, furrier, 90, Oxford Street.] She wrote to the Drawing-room in one of the summer months, to ask if the Editor would kindly give a pattern for a sofa blanket. The answer was—Not suitable for the time of year. As Ida Wales does not know a better-suited time than now, therefore, if she would kindly give one in the next month she would be much obliged. [We shall see if we can give one soon.] Also, if it would be convenient to give a pattern hood for the bolster waterproof? [Apply to Madame Adèle Letellier, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, for this.] Ida Wales concludes, trusting she has kept to the rules, wishing Sylvia and the Editor every success with their very interesting and useful magazine.

EDITH ROSE will be greatly obliged if Sylvia will tell her how to remake a half-fitting velvet jacket (it is rather long and quite plain, coat sleeves), and what it should be trimmed with. It has been dyed, but looks like new. What shapes will be worn this winter? She wishes to make it up herself. She is married, about forty, and a thin figure. [Long, half-fitting at the

back, with fronts either loose or shaped, is the fashionable form. Trim with fur, feather trimming, or rich lace. For other questions see "Home Millinery."] She was much pleased to find in the October number of her YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN the subject of Home Millinery introduced, it is what she has long wished; it would be most useful to herself, and no doubt to many others. She has by her some violet velvet and black lace, which, with the addition of ribbon, a flower, or feather, would make her, she feels sure, a useful winter bonnet. She would be most grateful for a few hints, which would help her to make it herself. [See "Home Millinery" for this month.



Get a shape resembling this, and make a soft crown of the velvet. It will look better without the lace, unless the latter be very good. If you have any difficulty write to me.] Edith Rose begs to differ in opinion from "A very Old Subscriber." She thinks Sylvia's letters delightful, and the magazine very nice and useful; it is an old favourite, and one she looks forward to with pleasure each month; it has given her many hours' amusement in a dull country place.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**RULES.**—1. All letters for insertion in the following month's issue must be forwarded before the 8th of each month to SYLVIA, CARE OF EDITOR, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

2. Letters must be written on one side only of the paper.

3. Name and address must be sent in full, though neither will be published where a *nom-de-plume* is used.

4. Letters for the Drawing-room must be written on separate paper from those intended for the Work-room or the Exchange Column.

5. No charge is made for replies to questions. Our Drawing-room is open to all.

AMY writes: Dear Madam,—I have only just read the letter of "A Very Old Subscriber;" but I cannot help taking pen in hand at once, to refute what seem to me statements so unjust and fault-finding. First, the complaint respecting the "Drawing-room." Surely very few, if any, of your readers would agree that it is against the journal to publish questions as well as answers. It is by so doing that the "Drawing-room" is one of the most interesting features of the magazine, and has become what its name implies—a pleasant flow of chit-chat on varied and mostly entertaining subjects; and I must confess that I always begin the magazine at the end, reading with great avidity the correspondence both in the "Drawing-room" and "Work-room," in which I find not only amusement but instruction in the shape of useful hints on dress and varied subjects. And I know that in asserting that these portions of the journal, with your letters (for which I thank you heartily every month) are amongst its chief attractions, I am only acting as mouth-piece for the many—for a very large majority—of Young Englishwomen who enjoy and profit by them as I do, month by month, and who would give a hearty assent to all I have said. Hoping that the journal may be more and more appreciated and successful, I remain, most truly yours, AMY. [Many thanks.—Sylvia.]

AGNES writes: Dear Sylvia,—Can you give my sister and myself directions for making sealing-wax baskets and a cone-work card-basket? I have as many cones as will make a pretty one, but I do not know how to set about it. [A sealing-wax basket is made as follows: Cut six or eight strips of cardboard wide and rounded at the top, and tapering off to an inch at the bottom. Stitch these firmly together, so as to make a prettily-shaped basket. Then cut a pretty handle out of cardboard, and sew it firmly on at each end. Get some sticks of the best sealing-wax, of whatever colour you prefer—red is best—and dissolve them in spirits of wine; this will take some time to do. When the sealing-wax has quite dissolved, brush it over the basket, inside and out, and while it is wet, scatter rice over it. The rice will adhere firmly as soon as the sealing-wax is cold. Then wash it all over with another coating of sealing-wax. For making a card-basket in cone-work, procure some strong cardboard, over which paste brown paper. Proceed as for the sealing-wax basket to procure the shape. Strip some of the large cones of their scales, and stitch these evenly and firmly round the edge of the basket, as many rows as you like, according to the depth of the basket. The remaining space is filled in with the cones, arranged in any variety of ways you prefer. Acorns look pretty mixed with them, and the extreme point of the

large cones come in very well with the smaller ones; these are glued on. When all is arranged, varnish the whole with the best copal varnish, using a camel-hair brush of medium size. When the varnish shall have thoroughly dried, line the basket with silk or cashmere, and trim with ribbon. Wall-brackets look very well in cone-work.]

DOVE writes,—Will Sylvia kindly tell me how to get rid of a quantity of crickets which infest our house? ["The Cultivator" says:—"No insect which crawls can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum is all melted; then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling-hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbour vermin. If in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a wide chalk mark just round the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it; but a continuous chalk mark half-an-inch in width, will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chintz bug at a reasonable distance, and travellers should always carry a bundle of it in their hand-bags to scatter over and under their pillows in hotels, etc. While staying at an hotel once, with a party, most of whom complained sadly of the nightly attacks of these disgusting insects, I was able to keep them entirely at bay by its use, and I distributed the contents of my bundle among the party, to their great relief."]

DORIS is informed that the charge for an advertisement such as she sent is two shillings. See advertisements at end of "Drawing-room."

FRANCESCA has a number of specimens of different packs of cards, some of them very pretty. Could Sylvia kindly suggest in the next number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN any use to which they could be put? [They might make pretty letter-racks, if arranged in semicircles, glued together at the lower end and silk pasted at the back to keep them in their place. The back of the rack might be of pasteboard, covered with silk. Little bows of ribbon to match the silk might be sewed on where the cards do not meet, and the rack might be finished off with two large bows of ribbon at the two lower corners. Perhaps some of our readers may suggest a better idea. If not, next month I will try again.]

HELIOTROPE sends her compliments to the Editor, and would like to know by the next number, if drinking tea is injurious to the complexion? [Yes, if taken in excess.] Is coffee? [I have never heard that it is.] What are the best means of improving the complexion? [Fresh air, simple food, and exercise.] Also what shape of bonnet will be worn this winter? [Round, oval, and gipsy shape.] Heliotrope likes THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN so very much.

A. C. would be glad if the Editor, or any of his correspondents, would kindly tell her of a cure for warts.

JESS will be much obliged if the Editor will answer her three questions. Jess has taken the magazine for several years, and has never

troubled the Editor before. What is the meaning of a Polyglot Bible? ["Polyglot means containing many languages. A Polyglot Bible is one in which translations into several languages are contained in one volume for instance, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish.] Is the J sounded in Don Juan? [Not in Spanish; but English people usually pronounce the J.] The name of the song with the following lines at the end of each verse:—

"I laugh when I tell them to let me be,  
For I know that my love will be true to me."

[I never heard this song. Perhaps you are thinking of—

"I tell them they needn't come wooing to me  
For my heart, my heart, is over the sea."

This is Claribel's "Maggie's Secret."]

FANNY.—It is impossible to tell anyone character from a description of their personal appearance. Even clever physiognomists are frequently mistaken in their judgment; and I do not think the cleverest of them would undertake to describe an individual's character from a description given by an inexperienced person. What reason have your friends for supposing the person in question to be only amusing herself? You must be careful, and exercise your judgment. It is a difficult case; and unfortunately, there are many similar, even in these days of actions for breach of promise. These disagreeable things do not seem to have had a salutary effect on the male flirt, for such actions do not seem to diminish in number, extraordinary as it seems that so many women should be found willing to bring them, even under the greatest provocation.

S. P. will feel greatly obliged if Sylvia, or any of the correspondents of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, can tell her the words of a song called "The Hazel Dell," commencing, "In the hazel dell my Nellie's sleeping;" also of an old song called "Dorothy Daisy." She has taken the magazine a long time, and likes it very much. Has never asked any questions before; hopes she has not infringed any of the rules. [Please send stamped directed envelope for the words to be forwarded to you.]

CARICE would be grateful if the Editor would answer the following questions in the December number of the magazine. Carice is expecting to make her home very shortly in the United States, and would be sorry to lose your valuable magazine. Could you tell her in what way she could get it? Could she have it direct from England, or get it through an American bookseller? [The latter would be the less expensive way, as Carice would not then have to pay postage.] Which is the proper finger to wear the engaged ring on? Is it the same as the wedding-ring? [Yes.] Also, will it be right for bridesmaids to wear tulle veils like the bride, or should they have bonnets? [They should have bonnets or hats.]

JACQUELINE would be much obliged if the Editor could inform her whether the dish called pot-au-feu, mentioned in the article entitled, "The Young Housekeeper," of the November number, is made with salted or fresh beef. [Fresh.]

FLORENCE will feel obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her some way of doing her hair, which is brown, rather short, but thick. Florence is seventeen years of age, and very tall. [The hair is now worn coiled round the head. Tie it high at each side, slightly twist it, and lay it softly fold over fold.]

ELLA would be much obliged if Sylvia would tell her if it would be proper for two girls, 14 and 16, to wear grey this winter, when they have been in mourning a year for a mother? If so, what material would be most suitable? [Dark grey may be worn. Homespun, serge, beige, or cloth.] Also, what kind of a bonnet should a girl sixteen in half-mourning wear this winter? Should it be black straw? [Black straw or felt, trimmed with black. There may be a few grey or white flowers mixed among the black.] What is the most suitable way for a young girl to do her hair who objects to a pad. It must not be a roll, as that does not suit her. [Curls are the only other way.] Is the word "gray" spelt most frequently with an "e" or an "a"? [The English spell it with an "e," the Americans with an "a."] Ella hopes she has conformed to the rules, as she has never before written. She has been a subscriber for some time, and likes the magazine very much. She hopes to see an answer to all her questions in the November magazine. [The November number was in print seven days before Ella's letter was written.]

SARAH writes.—When printed cards of invitation are sent out (I mean, "at homes"), how should they be answered? [Formally.] Are there printed forms for the purpose? [No.] When you have used your finger-glass after dinner, what is the proper thing to do with it and the d'oyley? [Leave them as they are.] Should the servant remove them? [Not till everyone has left the dining-room.] When finger-glasses are not used, is it the proper thing to have lace mats and the port and sherry glasses (if none other are used) and silver knife and fork placed on the dessert plate before handing them round? [Yes, all but the glasses.] Will you tell me of something to clear my voice before singing—it is sometimes rather thick? [A raw egg is the best thing.] In conclusion, I should like to add my poor opinion to that of the greater number of your subscribers, that the journal could not be better conducted. Please do not publish the address. [We never publish real names and addresses except in the Exchange, when authorized to do so.]

GERTRUDE's first query is an advertisement, and can only be inserted as such. Is the Italian language a very difficult one to learn? [Not very.] Is it possible to earn a good income by singing at concerts? [Yes, when the singer has made a name.] What will be the most fashionable way of dressing the hair this winter? [See reply to Florence.]

YELLOW HAMMER writes,—I have "Mrs. Beeton's Household Management," but do not find in it a receipt for French mustard. Can some of your correspondents kindly give me the necessary directions? I was sorry to see in one of your late numbers that the system of giving the questions as well as the answers of correspondents was disapproved of. I think it admirable, and hope it will not be altered. [It will not be altered.] Can you tell me a cure for a smoky drawing-room chimney? [If the chimney be kept well swept, the fault must be in the building. Only an architect can advise you in this case.] Please tell me the reason why my pickles, though otherwise nice, are so sour and sharp as to be almost uneatable. [To what kind of pickles do you allude? Home-made or otherwise?] There is a short poem commencing,—

"Three poets in three distant ages born ;"

Will you kindly give me the remainder, and tell me the names of the three poets? [The three poets alluded to are Homer, Virgil, and Milton. I will give you the words next month. The poem, of which Dryden is the author, is an epitaph on Milton, and may be seen on the external wall of a church in Cannon Street, City.] I wrote some time ago, signing myself Mary Jane, to ask the height of Venus de Medici; but received no reply. [I believe the height is 5 feet 4 inches.] I have subscribed to THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for some time,

and think no alteration could be an improvement.

FRANCESCA wishes to know what asylums for the indigent blind exist in the South and West of England, and will feel grateful to Sylvia for any information which may enable her to get the blind child of a poor widow admitted into one where he would be maintained and be taught some way of earning a livelihood. [I am unable to give the information, but I hope some of our kind correspondents will be able to do so in the January number; or, if sent by post, I will forward replies with pleasure.—Sylvia.]

Can any of our readers tell FRANCES of a really effectual cure for chilblains; or, better still, of a good preventive?

KATHLEEN asks if anyone has the song entitled "Polly" to dispose of for a trifle, or in exchange for another song? She believes it is by Molloy, but is not certain.

K. M. would be obliged if anyone could give her a good receipt for oatmeal cakes.

FRANCES presents her compliments to Sylvia, and would be much obliged if she would kindly insert the following questions in next month's issue of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. What kind is an onyx ring? I saw it offered in exchange. [Onyx is not valuable. It is in shades of red.] I have heard there is a superstition about breaking a looking-glass? would you please tell it to me. [It is considered unlucky; but I cannot tell why.] What is the most becoming way for a person with a round face to do up her hair, and what style of hat ought to suit her? [The hair should be arranged high on the head, and flat at the sides. The oval-shaped hats are the most becoming.] Is there a paper published that advertises for young ladies wishing to make themselves in some way useful? Where would I get it? [Such advertisements may be seen in any paper. There is none specially devoted to them.] The enclosed cure for hydrophobia may be useful to many of the readers of the magazine, if you insert it. [I hope for our readers' sakes that they will not be likely to want a remedy of the kind. The recipe you send is most unlikely to be efficacious.] Kindly say if I have written according to rules. [Yes.]

MABEL W. will feel very much obliged to Sylvia if she will tell her whether the Swiss Fairy Organs, price 3s. and 5s., constructed to play a variety of airs, are durable, and as good as they are advertised to be. M. W. first saw them advertised in the "Queen" newspaper, as to be had at different places; but the only place she remembers is W. Pike, 2, Maryland Road, London, W. [I have had no personal experience of them, but am told they do not last. They can scarcely be expected to do so, at the low price at which they are sold.]

ELIZA writes,—Madam, I am writing to ask you if you could give a pattern of square and lappets in point-lace for lady's cap, in an early number of the magazine; it would be such a nice present for our elderly friends for Christmas or New Year, if you could give it in time. [The patterns for December were all arranged before your letter was received. I hope there may be something suitable.] Also, can I get Madame Letellier's price-list of point-lace materials, and where? [She will send it you on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Address, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.]

ENTOMOLOGIST writes,—I have much pleasure in answering Eugénie's question in entomology. I think the practice of pinning insects alive has now quite fallen into disuse, as it is not only cruel, but in nine cases out of ten renders the specimen quite unfit for the cabinet. Neither should I advocate the use of fumes of sulphur, as it is a most troublesome, unpleasant—and, to persons who are at all weak in the chest—often a dangerous operation; and, though it appears to have no effect on some insects, there are many others, especially among

Lepidoptera, whose beauty it totally destroys. I think the best of all plans is to gently raise one side of the cover of the box in which the prize is secured, and to slip in a strip of thick blotting-paper, which has been immersed in chloroform. In a second or two the insect is insensible, and dies without suffering the least pain or injury. This plan is expeditious, easy, and inexpensive; and I have never found it render any insect unfit for setting, as some seem to imagine it does. One word of caution is necessary. It is not pleasant to visit our setting-house, and to find the moths we "killed" some days ago, as lively as ever, and perfectly ruined by their endeavours to free their wings from the braces that hold them down. To prevent this, let none but the strongest chloroform be used, and make it a rule never to raise the lid of the box for at least five minutes after the dose has been administered. It is true that many die in one-fifth of that time, but it is best to err on the right side; and to be quite sure that the very large, full-bodied moths will not revive, I often leave them from twenty minutes to half-an-hour. A little experience will teach all that is necessary, and as I have been collecting some years, I shall be most happy at any time to render Eugénie all the assistance in my power.

B. A. would be very much obliged if anyone would tell her the most likely place for selling embroidery or crochet for trimming. She hears that linendrapers sometimes buy it. She is very anxious to earn a little money, of which she is in want just at present, and would gladly undertake any sort of employment that she could do at home.

FEFFA would be so much obliged if Sylvia could give a pretty pattern of a pinafore for a little girl of two years, muslin, diaper, or nan-sock. Feffa has the superintendence of the village school work, and she thinks Eugénie would find it a good plan to let one woman in the parish have the work to sell at her cottage, giving her 1d. in the 1s. for her trouble on all she sells. Feffa finds aprons, children's clothing and shirts are readily bought by the poor if not priced too highly. [We will give the pattern on the January diagram-sheet.]

ELIZABETH has a quantity of fur of the enclosed pattern. Would Sylvia kindly tell her how to clean it. Elizabeth has taken THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN from the very first, and likes it very much. [The fur is squirrel. You can clean it with bran or sawdust. Get it very clean and dry, and lay it over the fur; after it has been on it for some time, rub it off with your fingers. It would be safer to send it to a dyer and cleaner.]

HELEN will be grateful if some of the correspondents of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN will kindly tell her how to cook potato chips. She has tried them several times, but cannot succeed in making them crisp and curled.

FRIZ has short natural-curling hair, which will not grow, much as she wishes it to. Can Sylvia, or any of her numerous readers, recommend her anything that will make it do so, in the way of hair-wash, pomade, etc. Friz likes the magazine very much indeed, and hopes she has kept to the rules.

AGGIE will feel much obliged if the Editor will tell her the pronunciation of the word reredos. [As it is spelled—two syllables.] She has some china which she thinks is old; it is stamped with a crown, under which is No. 26, two sprays of leaves, and the letters J. & R. G. Can the Editor tell her whether it is old? [I will try to find out for you before our next issue.]

PENCIL would like to know the best way to set pencil-drawings; she has tried a solution of gum, but only succeeded in smearing and spoiling the sketches. Pencil would feel very much obliged if Sylvia could tell her of a better plan. Pencil has taken the magazine for some time, and thinks it very good indeed. [An artist friend tells me that skimmed milk on which not a particle of cream has been allowed to remain, is the best preparation.]

["Foretold" is declined with thanks. "A Fragment" would be good if more care were taken with the metre. Does not Louise see that in this line—

"Some gaze on the future with prophetic eye,"

the accent is thrown upon the syllable "pro," which is not the principal syllable of the word prophetic. This fault occurs frequently in the verses sent. I give the best, but even here the last line jolts.

"E'en distance might part us—of land or of sea.  
If I, in my loneliness, certain could be,  
That thy changeless love rested ever with me,  
Oh, my beloved!"

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

1. All letters on this subject must be addressed—

*To the Editor of  
THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN,  
Warwick House, Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.*

(*Young Englishwoman's Exchange.*)

#### RULES.

2. All letters must contain a large, fully-directed, stamped envelope, the stamp to be enclosed, not affixed.
3. Notices must be written legibly on one side of a sheet of paper, separate and distinct from communications for the Drawing-room or Work-room.
4. Announcements of the nature of an Advertisement cannot appear in this column.
5. The charge for insertion in THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S Exchange is threepence for every twelve words, and one penny extra for every additional four words, except in cases where the address is published. The insertion, in these cases, is free.
6. The only articles that can be advertised for sale are Books and Music.
7. All articles of wearing apparel advertised for exchange must be new; Furs, Laces, Shawls, and Rugs alone excepted.
8. Notices must be sent before the 10th of preceding month.
9. We cannot continue to publish long lists of music. These form uninteresting matter for general readers. Therefore, advertisers will oblige by substituting for the lists these words, "Lists sent on application."

Mrs. Pickles has for exchange, "Cassell's Family Prayers," "Hebrew Heroes," by A. L. O. E.; also other books and magazines, and a quantity of music. Send for lists to Mrs. Pickles, 3, Park-View Terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

A. Z. has several pieces and songs to exchange or dispose of at reduced prices. List sent on application. A. Z. wants Milly's Faith, Janet's Choice; Ring Out, Wild Bells (Songs); Lucia di Lammermoor, and Thalberg's Home,

Sweet Home (Pieces).—Address, A. Z., Post-Office, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

A Lady has a modern point-lace V-shaped collar, beautifully worked, suitable for middle-aged lady. Also, a piece of Spanish point-lace for brackets or gipsy tables. All useful offers requested.—Address, Myra, Post-Office, Market-Weighton.

SNOWDROP will be pleased to exchange the song, Come Back to Erin, for a piece of the same air for any other pretty and rather simple.—Address, S. L. S. P., Hache Court, near Taunton, Somerset.

ANNIE has a very pretty new imitation silver dog-collar, which she wants to exchange for imitation silver locket and chain, or will sell for half-a-crown. She also wants old penny postage stamps, and will give a song for 500. List sent to choose from. No post-cards.—Address, A. G. S., Bridgen Hall, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

K. M. has THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN for 1869, '72, '73, '74, and '75, which she would dispose of for half price.—Address, Manor House, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

A. M. S. has several pieces all in good condition, to exchange for other music, or anything else useful. List sent on application to Miss A. M. Sanderson, Heath Lawn, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, Ireland.

X. Y. Z. would like to exchange (all bound) Vols. I. and II. Cornhill; Brook's Gazetteer, by Findlay; Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII., "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine;" "Family Herald," Vols. I. to XII. (except Vol. V., which is imperfect). Open to offers. Would like large edition of Warne's "Cookery," "Father Fabian," or nice books for boys. 10, Portland Place, Circus Road, St. John's Wood.

Good duets for piano and harmonium at a third, or exchange for other good harmonium music, or offer; also several volumes of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN to exchange for other periodicals, or offers. Mrs. M. Odell, High Street, Epping.

RUBY has a black straw hat trimmed with faille, lined with lavender, with black ends. Take in exchange chinchilla muff, or open to offers. Also Maltese veil, cost a guinea; would take half, or what offers.

FRIZ has several songs and pieces of music for sale or exchange, all in good condition. Open to offers. List sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—Address, Friz, Post Office, Petersfield, Hampshire.

*Advertisements of Lady's Work, Pet Animals, etc., for this part of the Paper, are charged or at the rate of One Shilling for Twelve Words.*

E. T. B. is obliged to the ladies who ordered MS. songs, and still sends them from 6d. each, clearly copied. Love's Morning, Douglas, She Wandered Down, etc. Long list for stamped envelope. E. T. B., 15, Buckland Street, Millbay Road, Plymouth.

An Orphan girl, aged 15, who has very delicate health and limited means, begs the kindness of sympathetic lady readers to order a few Christmas presents, mats, dolls, book-marks, etc., which she will execute quickly and

well, at a very moderate price.—Address, Typhers, Post Office, Barking Road, Plaistow, Essex.

Pictures cleaned by an experienced artist. All particulars with the Editor. Charges moderate. J. J.

Ladies' Gaiters. Present season. Damp-proof, fashionable, charming. 20 stamps. N. N., address with Editor.

Graphic delineation of Character from Handwriting, 13 stamps. N. N., address with Editor.

#### COMMISSIONS FROM ABROAD.

To judge from the letters that appear from time to time in the columns of the "Work-room" and "Drawing-room" from ladies residing abroad, they appear to experience great difficulty in obtaining articles of dress of recent fashion and good style; and it seems almost impossible for dwellers in India, America, and Australia, to procure the many luxuries of the wardrobe, the dressing-room, and the cuisine which, to those who live at home, have almost become necessities. The convenience, therefore, seems to be considerable that would accrue to our subscribers abroad, and even at home in places remote from fashion and shops, from being placed in a position to correspond with someone in London capable of executing commissions for ladies.

It is in the belief that she may be useful in this way that

MADAME ADELE LETELLIER,

30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,  
London, W.C.,

has made arrangements which enable her to execute any orders of the foregoing kind.

In transmitting such commissions, ladies are requested to be very precise in giving details, descriptions, etc., of the articles they order, as it would be impossible to change them after having been sent abroad.

#### [Advertisement.]

INFANT MORTALITY.—We are not in the habit of writing in commendation of Patent Medicines generally, but as a safe remedy for difficult teething, convulsions, flatulency, and affections of the bowels is frequently required, we earnestly call the attention of mothers to ATKINSON AND BARKER'S ROYAL INFANTS' PRESERVATIVE. Unlike those pernicious stupefactive which tend to weaken and prevent the growth of children, this Preservative gradually improves the health and strengthens the constitution, and from its simplicity, in no case can it do harm, indeed it may be given with safety immediately after birth. For nearly a century this real PRESERVATIVE of Infants' Life has been recognized throughout the world as the best Medicine for all disorders of Infants, and is sold by Chemists everywhere, in 15. 13d. Bottles of the SAME QUALITY AS SUPPLIED TO QUEEN VICTORIA FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

#### NOTICE.

With the January Number of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN will be presented an Original Piece of Music, "THE RED BERRY WALTZ."













